It's written in her eyes

by SilentRain91

Summary

Clarke is a respected and devoted teacher who always follows the rules. The school year has already begun when a new student, Lexa, enrolls. Lexa doesn't speak due to something tragic she witnessed. A special connection sparks between Clarke and Lexa, which neither one of them can truly deny.

Teacher/Student AU.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
“Good morning, Miss Griffin,” Principal Kane says politely as Clarke enters his office. “Thank you for coming here this early on such a short notice.”

“Good morning,” Clarke replies politely with a smile, shutting the door behind her. “It’s no problem at all,” she says, waving her hand a bit to dismiss that kind of thought. She had barely woken up this morning when Kane called, asking her if she could arrive at school earlier than usual and of course she had said yes, being the dedicated teacher she is.

“Please, take a seat,” Kane says as he points at the chair in front of him.

Clarke nods briefly and sits down, looking up at Kane to hear what he has to say. So far she doesn’t know yet why she has been called in early, which could mean there is an issue, although that’s not necessarily what’s going on.

“A new student will be joining us today,” Kane says, cutting to the point.

“Oh,” Clarke replies, surprised given how the school year began two months ago.

“Her name is Lexa,” Kane explains further. “Lexa Woods. She will have most of her classes with you,” he says as he hands Clarke Lexa’s schedule.

Clarke accepts the schedule and looks at it, seeing that Kane is right that most of Lexa’s classes are with her. “I will make sure she feels welcome here,” she says kindly, assuring him.

“As you know I always appreciate the efforts you make,” Kane says gratefully. “With this particular girl I want to ask you to keep an eye on her and to make sure she grasps what you teach.”

“Of course,” Clarke says, as if that speaks for itself. Seeing how the girl has missed the first two months, she wants to test her knowledge to ensure Lexa isn’t behind. “Is there an issue?” she asks curiously.

“No, not mute,” Kane answers, placing his hands down on his desk as he frowns. “However, there is an important detail,” he says thoughtfully. “According to her guardian, she doesn’t speak.”

Clarke frowns at that, because she knows there are certain schools in the area adapted specifically for children who are deaf, mute and blind. “Lexa is mute?” she asks, letting her confusion sound through in the tone of her voice.

“No, not mute,” Kane says, shaking his head. “According to her guardian Lexa stopped talking a few months ago and nobody knows why. She should be able to speak, but for some reason or another she refuses to,” he explains. “That is why she is enrolled in our regular school and not an adapted school.”

“Alright,” Clarke says calmly as she tucks Lexa’s schedule away in her briefcase. “I will keep an eye on her and if there is anything out of the ordinary, I will let you know.”

“Once again, I appreciate your efforts,” Kane says gratefully. “That will be all, for now.”
Anya knocks loudly on Lexa’s door, having heard her alarm going off five minutes ago. “Lexa!” she shouts through the door. “It’s time for school, get up!” She sighs and waits, but no answer comes. Not that she should expect an answer because the girl refuses to talk.

She remembers how roughly three to four months ago, Lexa stopped talking just like that, from one day onto the other. No matter what she said, the girl didn’t say anything at all. Ever since she has taken Lexa to doctors to check if she had lost her ability to speak, but that didn’t appear to be the case. After the doctors didn’t get any results, she took the girl to psychologists and even psychiatrists, all to no avail. Recently there was a unanimous decision that she would have to wait until Lexa would decide to speak again and so she enrolled her into a regular school.

“Lexa, please,” Anya says desperately, knocking onto her door again. “It’s your first day, I don’t want you to be late,” she pleads. Just as she thinks to give up, the door opens.

Lexa rubs her eyes and stares at Anya, having heard her since the first knock. She knows she is going to a new school today, two months after the school year begun and she doesn’t like it. Not that it makes a difference because she has no choice in the matter.

“I made you some breakfast,” Anya says with a chipper tone in her voice. “There’s eggs and toast, unless you’d rather have cereal?”

Lexa shrugs and walks towards the bathroom so she can take a shower before getting dressed for school. This school probably won’t be much different than her other school and she’d rather stay at home in her bed so she doesn’t have to deal with it. She turns the water on as warm as her skin can bear without burning.

Anya is in the kitchen, eating her breakfast when Lexa walks in, wearing jeans and a plain hoodie. “Are you looking forward to go to school?” she asks, still trying to get the girl to talk.

Lexa sits down and shakes her head.

“Well, when your first day is over we could talk about how it went,” Anya suggests, glad that Lexa at least still communicates a little bit by using body language. She can tell from the way the girl raises her eyebrow that her suggestion is being perceived as ridiculous.

Lexa quietly eats her breakfast and doesn’t even look up when Anya continues to talk.

Clarke watches how her students enter her classroom after the bell rung. “Raven,” she says softly as Raven walks in. “I want you to sit in the back,” she instructs calmly, aware that the girl usually sits in the front, but Raven is her best student.
"I like sitting in the front row," Raven replies. It’s not that she wants to disobey or something, but she’s not so fond of suddenly having to give up her spot and crawl into the back.

"We will have a new student," Clarke explains, moving her hand to signal Raven she has to sit in the back, where there are still empty places. She wants Lexa to have a spot in the front row so she can easily keep an eye on her.

"Okay," Raven says, sighing deeply. She groans at the extra distance she has to make with her brace, because sitting in the front row isn’t only because she wants to pay better attention. No, her other reason is so she would be closer to the door.

"Good morning, babe," Finn says, winking as he puts his backpack down.

“It is Miss Griffin,” Clarke corrects Finn. “If I have to tell you again you can clear your Friday afternoon for detention.”

Finn hangs his head and punches his best friend, Murphy, who laughs.

Clarke had hoped that as seniors they would be more mature, but so far two months have passed and her hopes were pointless. She wishes most of her students would take an example from Raven, who always works hard for her grades.

The students fall into a deadly silence when the principal walks in.

“Good morning, students,” Principal Kane says with a strong voice.

“Good morning, principal Kane.”

“Miss Griffin, as I told you, I have a new student for you,” Kane says, directing himself towards Clarke. He turns around and signals with his hand for the new student to enter.

Clarke sees a girl with long brown hair walking in and the look in the girl’s eyes make her wonder if the girl is feeling anxious or nervous. “Thank you, Principal Kane,” she says politely, nodding at him to let him know she got it from here.

Kane glances at the students one last time before leaving the classroom.

“Students, this is Lexa,” Clarke says, introducing the new girl. “I expect you all to be polite.” She looks especially at Finn and Murphy who think they’re the class clowns. “Lexa, I’m Miss Griffin,” she says softly to the girl in what’s almost a whisper. “Take a seat.” She points at the front row, hinting at the empty desk.

Lexa slowly breathes in through her nose and walks towards the back row, where she notices empty seats and she can tell the teacher was suggesting she should sit in the front, but she’s not comfortable with that. It feels better for her if she can sit at the back where she can hide herself away from the others. As she sits down, she sees Miss Griffin is staring at her and for a moment she worries she’ll be called out to sit at the front of the class, but instead the teacher’s eyes break away from her.

Clarke decides to let Lexa sit where she wants, as long as the girl pays attention to her class. She can see the look on Raven’s face that says ‘are you kidding me, did I give up my seat for this’. Ignoring the curiosity of her students who are whispering, she turns to the board to write something down. After that she expects complete silence and her students know that.

“Hey,” Raven says to the new girl as she spins herself a quarter on her chair to look at her. “The name’s Raven, Raven Reyes.”
Lexa looks at the girl – Raven – who is now tilting her head and giving her a questioning look. She tries to smile a bit, but it feels forced and it probably doesn’t even look like a smile.

Raven knits her eyebrows together and wonders why Lexa isn’t introducing herself. Okay sure, the new girl has been slightly introduced, but that barely counts. “You’re Lexa, right?” she asks and as soon as she does she might as well face-palm for asking the obvious.

Lexa responds by slowly nodding. She guesses Raven must be curious because she’s new, but eventually that’ll wear off.

“Hmm,” Raven hums as she places a hand on her bad leg, massaging her knee. “Not much of a talker, are you?” she asks, noticing how Lexa hasn’t said a single word yet.

Lexa’s eyes flit down to Raven’s hand, where the girl is massaging her knee and she frowns a bit when she sees the brace, but then looks away when she realizes she was rudely staring. To answer Raven’s question, she shakes her head. Definitely not much of a talker at all, which is an understatement.

Raven can’t tell if Lexa is too shy to speak or anxious or whatever. She saw how the girl looked at her brace and then quickly glanced away as if she had been caught playing with fire. “Two months into this school year, must be tough,” she says, thinking what that must feel like. “I have notes from the past two months. If you want them I could give you a copy tomorrow,” she offers politely.

Lexa thinks about Raven’s offer, which is kind and could be helpful in case she has to catch up, so she nods.

“Um right…” Raven says hesitantly, noting how Lexa still isn’t talking. “I’ll bring a copy of my notes along tomorrow.” She’s confused when the girl simply smiles at her, which must be Lexa’s way to thank her or something.

Lexa stares when Raven scoots her desk a bit closer towards her, because she thought that by now she would have repelled the girl, not draw her closer.

“Relax, I won’t eat you,” Raven jokes to ease up Lexa’s tension when she sees her eyes are like saucers. She fishes her schedule out of her backpack and puts it down, seeing how Miss Griffin is still writing stuff on the board. “Don’t worry, she always lets us talk a little while she’s writing, as long as we’re not too loud and shut up when she turns around again,” she explains to Lexa.

Lexa looks at the schedule and follows Raven’s finger that traces over it. She wonders how the girl got that brace, but it’s not like she’s going to ask and perhaps Raven loathes that question as much as she loathes being asked why she doesn’t speak.

“Okay so next up we have Miss Blake,” Raven concludes, having explaining the schedule for today. “You’ll be seeing the most of her, every day at least an hour to be exact and most days more.” She is about to say something again when she sees Miss Griffin has turned around, which is her cue.
Clarke is sitting behind her desk, papers for a test neatly stacked on it as she waits for her sweaty students to walk in for their last class of today. She knows they tend to be up to five minutes late directly after gym, because Lincoln doesn’t always keep a close eye at the time and then when the bell rings, the students suddenly have to hurry and get changed.

The test is to see how much knowledge her students have gathered so far and also to see how much Lexa knows. It’s not for points, so they don’t have to complain about it. She watches how her students walk in, being rather noisy and they often are after gym, but this time they’re being louder than usual. When Raven slumps in last, she doesn’t see Lexa, which confuses her. Surely the new girl couldn’t have gotten lost if she followed the others?

Raven sighs deeply and slumps over to the teacher’s desk.

“Where is Lexa?” Clarke asks, although she can guess Raven was just about to tell her.

Murphy laughs and nudges Finn with his elbow. “That freak started screaming in the middle of gym,” he says, laughing louder.

“Murphy!” Clarke says with a reprimanding tone. “I do not want to hear you say that word again.”

“Sorry, Miss Griffin,” Murphy mumbles. He ceases his laughter and punches Finn to cut it out too.

Clarke turns her attention towards Raven. “What happened?” she asks, concerned.

“Lexa began to scream in the middle of gym,” Raven answers, frowning because she had been sitting on the bench as always due to her leg. “I don’t know what happened or why she was screaming, but she ran off and apparently she locked herself into the toilets. Mister Oakley is still trying to convince her to come out, I think.”

“Okay, you can take your seat, Raven,” Clarke says, trying to keep herself calm. “Ontari, hand out these tests,” she instructs, pointing at her stack of papers. “I want you all to work on these and I will be right back.” Without another word, she walks out the door, leaving her students to it.

Lincoln is softly knocking on the door, still waiting for Lexa to unlock it and come out. “Clarke,” he says softly when he sees her, relieved because his attempts to get the girl open the door have been pointless so far.

“I got it from here,” Clarke says, aware Lincoln has gym with the juniors now. She knocks on the door and puts her ear to it, but she can’t really say she hears anything. “Lexa, it is Miss Griffin,” she says calmly, concerned about what happened. “Can you open the door, please?” she hears the lock clicking open and after taking a deep breath, she opens the door.

Lexa is sitting on the floor, rocking back and forth with her head on her knees and her arms firmly wrapped around her legs.
Clarke crouches down in front of Lexa, respectively keeping some distance between them because she doesn’t want to upset the girl further. “Did something happen during gym?”

Lexa looks up and stares into Miss Griffin’s blue eyes. She’s not quite sure whether to nod or shake her head, because the answer is debatable.

“You’re safe here,” Clarke whispers softly. “Would you like me to call your guardian so you can go home?”

Lexa shakes her head, because she doesn’t want Anya to know she screamed. It’s not the first time she screamed during the months she hasn’t been talking, but it is better if her guardian doesn’t know about this incident.

“Okay, I won’t make the call,” Clarke says, keeping her voice soft and kind. “We can go to my class when you’re ready.”

Lexa slowly gets up and she’s relieved when Miss Griffin keeps her distance, but she still flinches slightly when she passes by her. This is definitely not how she wanted her first day at this new school to go and she can imagine some students will bug her about this, because she already heard some of them calling her a freak.

Clarke frowns, but she doesn’t say anything. It worries her how Lexa screamed and locked herself up and it’s also concerning that the girl doesn’t speak. She wants to be able to do something to help Lexa, but she realizes that to even attempt helping the girl she needs to earn her trust first.

“Are you okay?” Clarke asks worriedly, although it sounds like a stupid question to ask in this situation and she won’t get much of an answer either way.

Lexa shrugs and for a second her eyes lock with Miss Griffin’s, but then she looks away and stares at the door instead, waiting to go to class so she can get through the rest of this horrible first day.
“Hey,” Anya says when she sees Lexa is home. “How did your first day go?” she asks curiously, hoping that maybe she’ll get an answer this time. It doesn’t matter how long it will take for Lexa to speak because she won’t give up on trying.

Lexa shrugs and puts her backpack down, not planning to reply much to Anya’s question. She wonders why her guardian is being so stubborn to keep getting her to talk. Why is it so hard for people to leave her alone? Her first day was awful, horrible, bad, pathetic and much more that isn’t good. Raven seemed rather friendly, but that might be a temporary thing, especially if she keeps having those episodes where she screams. During gym some guys from her class were teasing her and surely it was most likely innocent, but when they poked her she lost it. Being touched in any way is difficult and even the lightest touch can be enough to make her scream for hours. It’s embarrassing she screamed on her first day at her new school, but she couldn’t help it. They shouldn’t have poked her because if they hadn’t done that then she wouldn’t have screamed and caused such a scene.

Anya smiles sadly and puts two plates on the kitchen table so she can work on their dinner. She hopes that this school will work out for Lexa since her last school didn’t. It’s hard to know what went wrong exactly because with the girl’s old school, at some point the principal kept calling her up to let her know Lexa wouldn’t stop screaming and other students teased the poor girl about it, which didn’t help either.

Lexa walks up to her room with her backpack to quietly retrieve for a moment until she will be called out for dinner. It would be easier if she could simply stay in her room, but then Anya would worry too much and it wouldn’t make anything better.

Anya remembers how three to four months ago when Lexa still spoke, it wasn’t much at all. The girl would only say a few words and when asked why she screamed at school, she refused to respond. That’s how eventually someday Lexa stopped talking altogether. When the new school year broke through, it was clear the girl couldn’t return to her old school because it had gotten so bad that even mentioning that school made Lexa scream. She has a deeply unsettling feeling that something bad happened to the girl, but she has no idea what and for as long as Lexa refuses to speak, there is little she can do to help her. From the bottom of her heart she wants this new school to be better and she wishes that the girl will talk soon. She has lost count of the nights Lexa woke up screaming, probably having some kind of nightmare, but she also noticed quickly that approaching the girl too closely only makes it worse. It’s better to keep a respective distance, to let Lexa have her own personal space and to avoid invading it.

Lexa pulls her blanket over her head and sobs silently, trying to process the day. She can tell Finn and Murphy aren’t nice, but they must think they’re really funny. If they can simply leave her alone that would be great. Nobody needs to say anything to her whatsoever, it’s okay if everyone would ignore her because she would rather be as invisible as possible.

“Lexa, dinner will be ready soon,” Anya calls out from the kitchen. “Are you coming?”

Lexa dries her eyes and slowly gets up to go to the kitchen, ignoring yet another attempt from Anya to have her say something. The look on her face can easily be passed off as her being tired rather than being sad.

“I have ice cream for later,” Anya says when Lexa sits down. “Would you like to have some tonight?” She hopes that perhaps they can watch a movie together while eating some ice cream, to
have a ladies night.

Lexa slowly moves her fork around, not much interested in the food because she’d rather go back to her room. She looks up at Anya and shakes her head, to let her know she doesn’t want any ice cream. After this dinner she will go back to her room and stay there for the rest of the night. She doesn’t care about all the things her guardian comes up with, like the ice cream, just like she didn’t care to celebrate her birthday.

Anya’s eyes are slightly glassy, but she tries to keep it together since crying wouldn’t help. A month ago she had tried to celebrate Lexa’s seventeenth birthday and she personally made a birthday cake, but that day the girl didn’t even come out of her room. It worries her that specialists haven’t been able to help Lexa and that they can’t help her as long as she doesn’t speak to say what’s wrong. They even tried letting the girl write it down, but even that didn’t go anywhere.

“Hey, O,” Clarke says with a smile as she enters the teacher’s lounge, noticing Octavia sitting there with a cup of coffee from the corner of her eye.

“Oh, hey,” Octavia replies as she turns a bit. “Coffee?” she asks kindly while grabbing a second cup.

“I’d love some,” Clarke says earnestly as she takes a seat next to Octavia.

“That new girl doesn’t seem to talk,” Octavia says, recalling yesterday. “Lexa was it, I think,” she continues, a bit uncertain. “I asked a question during class and pointed at her to answer, but the poor girl looked like a deer caught in headlights.” She had to select someone else to answer, while hushing a few students who were making comments.

Clarke grabs a cup of coffee and listens to Octavia’s words. “Lexa doesn’t speak,” she says calmly, to make that clear. “She’s not mute, but she doesn’t speak.” She wonders when Kane will brief the other teachers about this, so they can be wary of it.

“I guess in that case I won’t call her out to answer things anymore,” Octavia replies thoughtfully. “I heard from Lincoln what happened during gym.”

“Did Lincoln see something happening?” Clarke asks, considering all she knows is that Lexa suddenly screamed and locked herself up in the toilets.

“No, he didn’t,” Octavia answers. “All he said was that he suddenly heard her scream and then she ran off.”

Clarke sips from her coffee, letting the taste linger on her tongue. She has been friends with Octavia for as long as she can remember. They pretty much grew up together in the same neighborhood and they went to school together. Their years in college were amazing and when they both got a job here, it couldn’t be better. They’re like sisters, inseparable. Here they are as teachers, both twenty-six years old.

“I think I’ll give my students a test in a few days,” Octavia says, sharing her thoughts aloud. “Mostly
for Lexa, to see what she knows and what she doesn’t know.”

“That’s a good idea,” Clarke agrees. “I did that too.”

“On another note, Lincoln and I have been talking about children,” Octavia says with a smile, changing the topic. She doesn’t constantly want to talk about school related things. “He thinks it might be a good time, because we both have a steady job here and our house is coming along great.”

“Is your new kitchen finished yet?” Clarke asks curiously, aware that Octavia and Lincoln have been revamping the house they bought together. They were both in their first year of college when Lincoln was in his last year of college and she knew Octavia was sold after his first hello.

“Almost,” Octavia replies. “Our new oven will be delivered and placed this weekend,” she explains. “After that our kitchen will be done.”

“Any more pressure from Aurora and Indra?”

“Oh god, don’t get me started about them,” Octavia answers, running a hand through her hair. “I love my mother and his mother is great too, but they’re both driving us crazy. Their baby fever is worse than mine.”

Clarke chuckles at that, because she knows Aurora and Indra have been waiting eagerly to become grandparents. They’re both amazing women and she met them several times, especially Octavia’s mother, who she already knew since her childhood.

“Indra is amazing,” Octavia says with admiration. “She gave us things for our kitchen.”

The school bell rings, signaling them that it is time to go to their classrooms to face their students.

“I will see you at lunch, O,” Clarke says with a small smile, putting her cup aside in the sink.

Lexa nervously grips the edges of her lunch plate as she enters the school cafeteria. Yesterday she blended in as if she was invisible, but today she can see a lot of eyes are on her so word must have traveled about how she locked herself up in the toilets yesterday after she ran out of gym.

“You okay?” Raven asks, softly placing her hand on Lexa’s arm. When she sees the girl stiffening and turning pale she quickly pulls her hand away. “I’m sorry,” she apologizes.

Lexa is amazed to hear Raven apologizing because that’s new for her. Usually people laugh or mock her or something, but they don’t apologize. She can see the Latina’s leg is hurting and that she needs to sit down soon.

Raven cocks her head when she sees Lexa holding her hand out towards the plate she’s holding. She can guess by now that the girl doesn’t plan to speak, because that seems painfully obvious by now if it wasn’t already. Following Lexa’s gaze she sees her nodding from her plate towards a table. “Um okay,” she says hesitantly, allowing the girl to take her plate for her. Normally she doesn’t like it at all when people want to help her because she’s fine on her own, but her leg is hurting quite a bit and
she needs to sit down.

Lexa carries both trays towards the nearest table so Raven doesn’t have to walk too far and so they can be rather close to the exit in case she needs a quick escape. Staying as close as possible to exits makes her feel a little safer.

Finn bumps roughly into Raven, nearly knocking her over. “Oops,” he says, laughing lightly and nudging Murphy with his elbow to have him laugh along.

“Watch where you’re going!” Raven snaps angrily at Finn. “You asshole.” She remembers how he used to like her, up until last year when she ended up with her leg brace. Ever since then Finn has been nothing but a complete jerk and she knows he bumped into her on purpose.

“Geez, relax,” Finn says as he walks away.

“Ugh, that piece of shit,” Raven grumbles as she walks over to the table where Lexa just sat down. She can see the shocked lock on the girl’s face about what happened. “Finn is an idiot, don’t mind him.”

Lexa puts Raven’s plate down in front of her and she can see the Latina is massaging her knee again. She wants to know if Raven is okay, but if she isn’t being told spontaneously then she won’t know.

“Hey, what the fuck!?” Finn shouts loudly, drawing the attention from the entire cafeteria. “What the fuck is your problem?” he hisses at Ontari.

“You were in my way,” Ontari replies coldly, not caring that Finn’s food is now on his shirt. She glares at him with strong disdain, never having liked him at all. Finn and Murphy are like thorns in her eyes.

“I like her attitude sometimes,” Raven whispers to Lexa. “She doesn’t take shit from anyone, but she can also be really cold. Ontari pretty much hates everyone and if you’re in her way, then you’re in her way.”

Lexa looks over her shoulder, seeing how Ontari even tosses Murphy’s tray and surely he wasn’t in her way because from what she saw, Ontari went out of her way to get to him. Something just doesn’t add up, but Raven seems too distracted with her food now and it’s not as if she’s going to mention anything anyway.

“Aw man, I forgot my pudding,” Raven sighs. She carefully moves her leg to get up again to go get her pudding. “No, no, I got it,” she says quickly to Lexa, seeing how the girl was about to get up, probably to get it for her. It was already more than enough to allow Lexa to carry her tray and she doesn’t need any more charity stuff.

Lexa worries about Raven, unsure of how much pain the Latina must be in with her leg. She can see Raven grimacing sometimes, but it also appears that she wants to hide her pain. Her face morphs into horror when Raven bumps directly into Ontari as she turns around with her pudding and from what she sees the Latina is a bit horrified as well, probably anticipating the blow.

“Shit,” Raven mutters, cursing silently. “I didn’t mean to,” she says to Ontari. She feels a hand tightening around her wrist and only now she realizes that Ontari must have wrapped her hand around her wrist to steady her from falling. Okay that explains why she didn’t get knocked onto the floor.

“Watch out where you’re going, Raven,” Ontari replies, narrowing her eyes slightly. “You could have fallen.”
“Um right, yeah,” Raven says, a bit confused that there isn’t some kind of explosion coming from Ontari. Maybe this is some kind of pity thing because she’s a cripple. “Can I have my wrist back now?” she asks impatiently. “I’ll let you know if I ever need your hand,” she says bluntly, winking and it sinks in too late that she should watch what she says.

Ontari lets go of Raven’s wrist and walks the other way without responding.

Lexa sees how red Raven’s cheeks are when she sits down again, with her pudding this time. She wonders if the Latina is actually blushing or if she’s merely embarrassed or something, but she’s relieved that Ontari didn’t push Raven or worse.

“Shut up,” Raven mumbles, blushing more because it feels like Lexa can see what she’s thinking.

Lexa tilts her head, because really she didn’t say anything at all and she wouldn’t. She smiles slightly, a bit amused to see Raven blushing so much.

“Okay, yes,” Raven says, keeping her voice low so other students wouldn’t hear her. “You’re right, okay,” she continues on, even though Lexa obviously didn’t say a word. “Maybe I have a tiny little crush on Ontari,” she admits while she tries to stop blushing. “She can’t know though, she’d hate me.”

Lexa’s face falls and she looks away, saddened to hear Raven say that.

Raven knits her eyebrows together in confusion. “Um...,” she says hesitantly, wondering why Lexa’s face changed so fast. “Does it bother you or something that I’m not straight?”

Lexa grabs her tray and hurries to get away, leaving the cafeteria and a very confused Raven. She locks herself up in the toilet for the rest of her lunch break while she tries not to let the past get to her.

At her last school she came out as a lesbian and it didn’t go well, people didn’t take the news well and now she would rather keep that part to herself. Knowing that Raven likes girls worries her, because she is scared that someone else would go through what she went through and she wouldn’t wish that upon anyone.

The fact that Raven said Ontari would hate her for it really worries her, because she doesn’t want the Latina to get into any kind of trouble, especially not after how kind Raven has been towards her. The memories from her past still haunt her every day and it makes her want to scream all the time, but she knows she can’t do that.

Taking a few deep breaths, she splashes some water in her face and holds on to the edge of the sink in an attempt to steady herself. When the door swings open and Ontari enters, her nerves are over the top. If it could be left at being called a freak, like Finn and Murphy tend to do, then she can be okay.

Ontari turns the sink next to Lexa on and washes her hands, looking at the new girl from the corner of her eye. “You left in quite a hurry,” she points out, having seen how fast Lexa left the school cafeteria. “The food isn’t that great anyway.”

Lexa turns the water off and looks at Ontari and then at the door, suddenly not so comfortable anymore to be here.

“You really don’t talk at all huh?” Ontari asks dryly. She finishes washing her hands and slips them in her pockets. “If Finn and Murphy ever bother you, just nod at me or something and I’ll fuck them up.”

Lexa is confused and she wonders why Ontari would even do that when she doesn’t know her. She nods shortly, to let the girl know she didn’t ignore what she said.
“Ah the signal,” Ontari jokes as she pretend to roll up her sleeves, even though she’s wearing a shirt. “That’s my cue.” She laughs when Lexa’s eyes widen. “Relax, I don’t always bite people.”

Lexa can sense that Ontari is actually nicer than people at this school seem to believe. It seems clear that the girl strongly dislikes Finn and Murphy, but from what she saw she doesn’t think Ontari hates Raven and apparently not her either.

“Damn, the bell,” Ontari groans when the school bell rings, signaling the end of their lunch break. “See you later, new girl,” she says with a mild icy tone as she leaves the toilets.
Chapter 3

Clarke watches her students trickle in one by one, now that their lunch break is over. It passed faster than she expected it would, because she was still finishing her sandwich when the bell rung. At least she doesn’t have to worry about what to cook tonight since Octavia invited her over to eat dinner at her place and considering Lincoln will be cooking, she couldn’t say no. His food is phenomenal and the quality doesn’t have to succumb to that of restaurants.

Raven pensively moves towards the back of the class, after having considered sitting at the front row. Lexa didn’t want her desk anyway, so there’s no need for her to sit in the back anymore and on top of that lunch turned out really awkward. She wonders why the girl ran off like that, after she pretty much confessed that she isn’t straight. Not much being one to hold grudges, she will give Lexa another chance.

Lexa slowly breathes in through her nose and out through her mouth while she sees Raven plopping down next to her. She didn’t think the girl would even want to sit near her after the way she ran out. Feeling guilty about it, she takes a piece of paper and a pen, scribbling down that she’s sorry.

Raven raises one eyebrow when Lexa slides a piece of paper towards her that reads ‘I’m sorry’ on it. “It’s whatever,” she says casually, dismissing what happened. “Does it matter that I’m not straight?” she asks, wanting to check if that was the issue.

Lexa shakes her head, not planning to run away this time. She has no issues at all with Raven not being straight and she isn’t straight herself, but she doesn’t dare to admit that.

“Oh, good,” Raven whispers, keeping her voice low as she sees Miss Griffin is about to start talking.

“Today I will test your knowledge a bit further,” Clarke says to her students, ignoring how some of them groan. “I’m aware I already gave a test, but this will be a bit different,” she explains. “When I call your name, you will come to the board.”

“Do we really have to do that?” Finn asks, mumbling to Murphy. “This sucks.”

“Finn,” Clarke calls out as she holds out a piece of chalk. “Considering you’re so enthusiastic, you can go first.”

“Haha, idiot,” Murphy whispers to Finn, nudging him while he laughs a bit.

“And you can go next, Murphy,” Clarke says, hoping that will silence them both. “Don’t forget, students, this is your senior year.”

Lexa anxiously watches how her fellow students are being called forward one by one to solve a question. She doesn’t like being called forward and well, there are many things she doesn’t like about school. Even being here isn’t fun, but Miss Griffin seems kind so that helps a bit.

Clarke calls Lexa out last and watches closely how the girl tries to solve the question. It pains her to see how Lexa is shaking a bit, but at least the girl is doing what she’s asked to do.

“ Weird freak,” Finn comments.

“Out of my class, now,” Clarke says with a strong reprimanding tone.
“You should send Lexa away,” Finn retorts. “What good is a mute anyway?”

“Finn, out of my class and to the principal’s office right now,” Clarke says coldly, scribbling down a note and handing it over to Finn. “You have earned yourself detention for a week.”

Lexa finishes writing down the answer and lets go of the piece of chalk. She glances at Miss Griffin, to see if she can be dismissed and return to her seat.

“Good job,” Clarke says proudly, nodding her head in approval as she reads Lexa’s answer. She has a feeling that the girl is rather smart and that missing out on the first two months hasn’t affected her. “You can sit down now,” she whispers to Lexa.

Lexa quietly returns to the back of the class, nervously passing by the other students. Nobody makes any comments, which might be because of how strongly Miss Griffin punished Finn when he wasn’t silent. She can see that her teacher is strict, but also kind and beautiful.

“It smells good in here,” Clarke says while her nostrils welcome a delicious smell. “My compliments to the chef.”

Lincoln pokes his head around the corner, hearing heard Clarke. “Thank you,” he replies with a warm smile. “I’m looking for an assistant to taste everything.”

“That’s an invite I can’t deny,” Clarke says, eager to try Lincoln’s food. “Your food is always amazing.”

“He burned my eggs a few days ago though,” Octavia points out. She smiles when Lincoln gives her a knowing look. “It was kind of my fault for distracting him,” she adds truthfully.

“Kind of completely your fault,” Lincoln corrects Octavia.

It makes Clarke smile how Octavia and Lincoln interact with each other and she has a positive feeling about their relationship. Personally she has been single, aside from occasional dates that never really went anywhere. Her relationships with women and men alike were always short-lived, oftentimes because they had different goals and views which made them bump heads.

“Are you still in contact with Niylah?” Octavia asks Clarke curiously.

“No not anymore,” Clarke replies. “It wasn’t going anywhere.” She dated Niylah for a while, but the spark simply wasn’t there so she put a stop to it before they could be anything.

“We should go out sometime,” Octavia suggests. “It could be one way for you to get to know some new people.”

“I’ll think about it,” Clarke says thoughtfully, not fully rejecting Octavia’s suggestion.

“I have some new clothes that are amazing to wear for when we go out together,” Octavia says, adding that to convince Clarke. “Lincoln can have a night out with the guys.”
“You do know he only hangs out with Bellamy because he’s your brother, right?”

“I don’t mind.” Lincoln cuts in, although he knows that what Clarke said is true. If Bellamy wouldn’t be Octavia’s brother then he wouldn’t even bother being friends with him or his friends.

“See,” Octavia says cheerfully. “It’s all arranged.”

“One night,” Clarke relents, offering a compromise.

“You won’t regret it,” Octavia replies, sure that they can have a good time. “We could go this weekend, what do you say?”

“Saturday night?”

“Yes.”

Lexa clenches her fists tightly, digging her nails into her skin as she sees the door of her bedroom is open and she sees clothes stacked on her bed, which tell her that Anya has been in here and she doesn’t like that.

“I was cleaning out your bedroom today,” Anya says as she shows up behind Lexa. “You still had some old clothes in your clothes, which I put aside because some of them might not fit you anymore,” she explains calmly.

Lexa turns around and leans against the wall, seeing that Anya is holding a shirt in her hands, one of her shirts that she recognizes all too well.

“I found this cut up shirt in your closet,” Anya says, frowning as she stares at it in her hands. “Did you do this? If there’s a shirt you don’t like I can always get you a new one.”

Lexa bites her bottom lip and doesn’t say anything, doesn’t even move her head in any way. The last time she wore that shirt was at her old school, before things happened. She didn’t cut it up, she didn’t do it, but someone else did.

“You can look through the stacks on your bed, to see what still fits.”

Lexa feels a bit of rage boiling up at the fact that Anya touched her things without her permission. She runs into her room and slams the door shut, crouching down against it as she wraps her hands around her ears and screams.

Anya is startled by Lexa’s sudden action and screaming. “Lexa!” she shouts loudly, trying to overpower the girl’s screaming. “Stop screaming! Please!” she shouts even louder. It would be more pleasant if she could speak quietly, but since Lexa is screaming that’s impossible. “Is this because of your clothes!?” she asks, wondering if that’s the problem. “Or because of this shirt!?”

Lexa places her head between her legs, still screaming and keeping her body against the door to keep Anya out.
Anya can feel her throat is hurting from trying to shout louder than Lexa’s screams. She tries to get inside the girl’s bedroom, but she senses there is something holding the door shut, which could be Lexa. Eventually she gives up on shouting and waits for the girl to stop screaming. She is Lexa’s foster parent and lately it has gotten a lot harder, but the girl is only a year away from turning eighteen and she’s not going to kick her to the curb for having problems.

“Today you will be working in groups,” Octavia says to her students. “Groups of three or four,” she clarifies. “I will let you all choose your own groups, so choose wisely. This is important for your grades.”

“You with me?” Raven asks Lexa, since they’re sitting next to each other anyway.

Lexa nods and looks around, wondering who else will join them. She would understand if nobody would really be eager to team up with her, but perhaps with Raven that will be a bit different since the Latina seems smart, even smarter than her.

“Let’s do this,” Ontari says as she sits down next to Raven and Lexa. “What?” she asks when Raven gapes at her. “You look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

“You’re with us then,” Raven says casually. “Cool, we’re complete.” She doesn’t need a fourth person in their team. It’s shocking that Ontari is sitting with them, although she had to sit with someone and this might purely be about her grades.

Ontari takes her note block and a pen. “You can write it down,” she says to Lexa, shoving it towards her.

Lexa nods and accepts the pen, writing their task down while Ontari and Raven discuss it. Every once in a while they ask her if she agrees, to which she simply nods.

Raven grimaces slightly and massages her knee, feeling her leg hurting a bit more again. She already took some painkillers, but those only help so much.

Ontari pulls an empty chair near Raven and taps on it.

Raven gratefully places her bad leg on it, to let it rest a bit. “Thanks,” she whispers to Ontari who merely nods at her. “I wish I’d never had gotten into that car accident,” she grumbles, regretting it every day that she got into that car. “This brace makes me ugly.”

“Nonsense, you’re fucking gorgeous,” Ontari says bluntly. She sees both Raven and Lexa stare at her. “Raven looks good, right?” she asks Lexa.

Lexa squeezes her fingers tightly around her pen, but nods anyway. Sure Raven is a beautiful girl and she hopes agreeing with Ontari won’t get her in trouble.

“You must be talking about yourself,” Raven says to Ontari, finding her confidence to flirt.

“I like your shirt,” Ontari says calmly as she looks at Raven. “I bet you look better without it
though.”

Raven’s cheeks flush a deep shade of red and she looks down at her desk, even though Ontari probably sees how badly she’s blushing.

Lexa’s eyes flit between Raven and Ontari and she’s sensing that Raven’s crush could be mutual. She’s surprised to hear them flirting openly and it’s a type of freedom she can’t imagine having.

Ontari laughs, amused by how she rendered Raven speechless. “You’re too easy,” she comments.

“Ha, you wish,” Raven retorts, not having any of that. “I’m not that easy,” she says, disagreeing. It’s rather insulting if Ontari would think that she’s easy because that’s not the impression she wants people to have of her. “Try me.”

“Maybe I will,” Ontari replies with a serious tone.

“Are you kidding or are you serious?” Raven asks, not wanting to make an assumption. “For real, I want to know.”

“Try me and you’ll find out.”

“Now you’re using my words against me,” Raven mutters. “Ugh, obnoxious girl.” She can’t bring herself to call Ontari a bitch because that sounds way too harsh.

“You’re feisty,” Ontari says, grinning. “I dig it.”

“Yeah? Well maybe you should go out with me this weekend.”

Ontari crosses her arms and reads what Lexa has written down. “Maybe I will,” she says dryly to Raven.

Lexa rolls her eyes and unfortunately both Ontari and Raven notice. She shrugs, because it’s not her fault that they’re being so obvious and a bit similar.

“Gayyyy,” Finn comments, cupping his hands next to his mouth.

“Yes, and?” Ontari replies, not bothered by Finn’s comment. “Going out will be a blast.”

“That’s gross.”

“No, it’s actually fun,” Ontari says. “I know some good places. It’s a shame we can’t legally drink, but oh well.”

Murphy makes disgusted faces with Finn. “That’s disgusting,” he says.

“I know right?” Ontari replies. “It’s a shame they don’t let seventeen year olds drink. That law kind of sucks.”

“Kissing girls is gross,” Finn says, acting as if he’s about to vomit.

“It’s cool if you’d rather kiss guys,” Ontari says dryly, not letting Finn have his way.

“No wait… that’s not… I didn’t!” Finn replies, shocked. He glares angrily when other students laugh. “I don’t kiss guys!”

“Students!” Octavia shouts to restore the order in the class. “Work in silence.”
“Awesome,” Raven whispers to Ontari, holding her hand up for a high five. She melts on the inside when she gets a high five and even though she isn’t sure what Lexa will do, she holds her hand up to her as well.

Lexa chews nervously on the inside of her cheek, amazed by how Ontari handled Finn and Murphy, which left her even more speechless than she already was. She looks at Raven’s hand, but can’t bring herself to give her a high five. Hopefully nobody will be harming Raven and Ontari when they’re not within the school walls, because it worries her that something might happen even though those thoughts are due to her own past.

“Ten more minutes,” Clarke says as she glances at her watch. “Calm down, students.” She can see they are eager to go home and they’ll probably rush out the second the bell rings, but right now they still have ten minutes to go and need to be calm.

“Cool sketch,” Raven whispers to Lexa who has been sketching something with a pencil.

Ontari leans over Raven’s desk to see Lexa’s drawing. “Neat,” she whispers, agreeing with Raven.

Lexa puts her pencil down to look at them, seeing how ridiculous it is that Ontari is leaning all the way over Raven’s desk, because if her chair clicks she’ll be on Raven’s lap.

Clarke frowns in confusion when she notices Ontari is hanging over Raven’s desk, apparently looking at something on Lexa’s desk. “Pay attention, ladies,” she says with a serious tone, causing Ontari to sit back down. “Raven, read the next page,” she instructs.

Raven glances down at one of Ontari’s hands that’s resting on her good leg. She clears her throat and starts reading, while pretending her crush isn’t caressing her thigh during their class.

When the bell rings most of the students hurry to leave, while Ontari gets up slowly and waits for Raven to take her time.

“I’ll see you tomorrow,” Raven says to Lexa, who is closing her books and taking her time. She smiles at Ontari who is smirking. “I could walk you to your motorcycle,” she offers.

“Sweet, maybe I can give you a ride sometime.”

“I doubt it with my leg,” Raven replies sadly as she taps her brace.

Lexa is tucking her book away in her backpack when she sees someone’s shadow casting over her desk. She looks up, staring directly into Miss Griffin’s clear blue eyes.

Clarke looks at the drawing on Lexa’s desk, admiring the girl’s skills. She can see Lexa has been sketching herself and she can see there is a lot of sadness apparent in the drawing. “Hi,” she says with a kind tone in her voice. “I would like to give you a few more tests sometime to test your knowledge further,” she explains softly, thinking how she can’t put all her students through those tests since not all of them missed the first two months of school. “In discussion with your guardian
this could be done Friday afternoon. I wrote a note for your guardian.” She puts a piece of paper down on Lexa’s desk with her signature on it, which basically explains the girl needs to stay longer on Friday for those tests and not because of detention or anything.

Lexa reads the note and carefully folds it to put it away. She’ll give it to Anya once she’s home and it’s a relief that Miss Griffin gave her this, because it’s not as if she would actually tell her guardian.

“It will be right here in my classroom,” Clarke explains calmly. “Nobody else will be around, so it will be nice and quiet.” She hopes that will ease Lexa’s mind and nerves. “Those tests won’t count for your grades. I merely want to see where you stand academically.”

Lexa nods and puts the rest of her things away so she can leave. Her eyes shift from Miss Griffin’s blue eyes to her rosy cheeks and her honest smile, formed by pink lips. Great, now her teacher might think she’s some kind of creep who is checking her out.

“You don’t need to bring anything specific Friday afternoon,” Clarke adds as an afterthought. “Everything you’ll need will be here.”

Lexa tucks a lock of her hair behind her ear and slumps her backpack over her shoulder. She tilts her head and points at the door, mentally cursing herself for not finding it in herself to speak.

“Yes, you may leave now,” Clarke says as she steps out of the way to give Lexa more space. She smiles when the girl gives her a short wave as she exits, which is a bit adorable. Some might say Lexa is simply very shy, but it’s clear to her that there is so much more underneath the surface.
Lexa adores Costia’s deep brown eyes and her blonde hair that cascades beautifully over her shoulders, and the pink blush in her cheeks matching her pink lips perfectly. She can’t believe she’s lucky enough to have such an amazing angelic girl into her life, who above all she can call hers. The last few months have been a blast and it feels surreal that their feelings are mutual.

“I love you, Lexa,” Costia whispers right before pulling Lexa close and kissing her softly. “I love you so much.”

Lexa smiles and caresses Costia’s cheek, feeling every syllable whispered against her lips and she knows Costia’s words are pure and honest. “I love you too,” she whispers back earnestly. “You’re beautiful.” Even while they’re standing in an alley nearby their school, this location seems perfect. They have shared many kisses in this alley, hiding away in the dark where they didn’t have to worry about being seen.

She has been thinking about telling Anya about Costia and introducing her, hoping that her guardian will like the girl. Then again, it would be very surprising if there would be someone out there who wouldn’t like Costia. Her sweet precious Costia is a girl full of heart with everything she says and does, and she can see how much others like her. It’s been wonderful that Costia only seems to have eyes for her, while she is nearly the opposite, although they do say that opposites attract. Personally she isn’t exactly a social person by any means, being more of an introvert who keeps to herself whilst Costia is an extravert and can be chatty with literally anyone.

Lexa knows how often other students have been ogling Costia and even tried asking her out on more than one occasion, more and more as the school year went on. Now that their school year is coming to an end, even more students have tried to ask Costia out, disappointed each time she tells them no. She knows Costia is loyal to her and nobody’s attempts will change that. Even though there is a lot Anya doesn’t know yet, she has a positive feeling that her guardian will take a liking to Costia.

“I have to tell you something,” Costia says as her face falls. She chews on her bottom lip, barely meeting Lexa’s eyes.

“What is it?” Lexa asks, interested to know what it is. “You can tell me anything, you know that,” she says, encouraging Costia to spill what’s going on. Something about the tone in Costia’s voice makes her stomach turn and she hopes it won’t be bad news.

“My parents said we’ll be moving soon,” Costia says sadly. She fidgets with the hem of her shirt, staring at her arms which are covered in sunscreen to protect herself from the sun. “It might be next week.”

Lexa’s jaw drops in utter disbelief. “Next week?” she asks, surprised. “But it is Friday now. Does that mean you’ll be gone after this weekend?” She can hardly believe that her girlfriend will most likely leave, just now that their relationship is becoming public. At this point she didn’t get a chance yet to tell Costia that she wants to introduce her to Anya.

“Yes, I think so,” Costia replies and instantly her hands are on Lexa’s cheek, wiping her thumbs at her tears. “I’m sorry.”

“I don’t know what to say,” Lexa says shocked.

She didn’t think Costia would actually be moving away, not this soon. Maybe after high school, sure,
so they could go to college together, but not within a week. After this year they still have one year in
high school left and Costia did mention before that she would be moving with her parents at some
point, although she honestly believed they would still have some time. It didn’t cross her mind that
Costia’s parents wouldn’t care about this school year not quite being over yet and them being
juniors, not seniors yet.

From the look on Costia’s face and the sound of her voice she can tell Costia didn’t anticipate this
either. This is a punch for them both and she doesn’t know how to accept that Costia might be gone
after this weekend. All her plans fall into pieces now and she knows that when Costia leaves it’ll feel
like a part of her heart is leaving too. She wishes she could offer Costia a smile rather than tears, but
it deeply saddens her that her first love will be gone. Costia will always be her first. Her first kiss,
her first touch, everything.

Costia blinks back a few tears of her own as she looks deeply into Lexa’s eyes. “I’m so-”

“Hey, dykes!” someone shouts from behind them, cutting Costia off.

Lexa’s face hardens as she turns around, staring at the person who shouted at them. “Cage,” she
says with a low growl, seeing him and four of his buddies.

Cage is the closest person she has to an enemy, always bringing trouble with him. She remembers
how a few weeks ago Cage had put his hands roughly on Costia’s ass and she had punched him,
breaking his nose upon the impact. Ever since then he has been glaring at her with his buddies,
sometimes even following her at school through the hallway.

“Grab them,” Cage instructs his friends while he points at Lexa and Costia.

“Cos, run,” Lexa says, quickly aware that they’re outnumbered. She has to make sure Costia
doesn’t get hurt while she tries to fight them off. If she can keep them busy long enough then Costia
can run.

“No,” Costia replies stubbornly, taking Lexa’s hand in hers. “I won’t leave you alone.”

Lexa swings her fist in the face of the first guy who wraps his hand around Costia’s wrist. “Don’t
touch her!” she shouts angrily. She loathes it when someone touches her girlfriend without any
consent at all, because it is simply inappropriate and wrong.

Cage slaps the palm of his hand hard in Lexa’s face. “Shut up!” he hisses at her as he slaps her
again.

Lexa kicks and screams, slamming her fists around wildly, while begging Costia with her eyes to
run. She kicks down one guy by kicking him in his stomach and knees another while her fist collides
with the chin of the third guy. When Cage tries to reach out for Costia, she jumps onto his back and
claws at his eyes, feeling how the last guy pulls at her hair.

Tears stream down Costia’s face while she tries to attack one of the guys who is grabbing Lexa’s
right arm.

Lexa awakes with a jolt, screaming as she tries out to block the nightmare she had, but sadly it
always returns because it is so much more than a nightmare, it’s a memory. No matter how much she
tries to forget it and repress it, the nightmare of her past keeps haunting her and she relives it nearly
every night.
“Lexa!” Anya shouts as she swings Lexa’s door open. It’s not the first time the girl starts screaming in the middle of the night. “Hey, Lexa,” she whispers as she sits down on the edge of Lexa’s bed. “Look at me,” she asks as she gently coaxes the girl’s chin up. “It was just a bad dream.”

Tears stream down Lexa’s cheek and she wishes those words would be true, wishes it would be just a bad dream, but it isn’t. She pulls her head back, moving away from her guardian’s caring touch and is relieved when Anya doesn’t attempt to touch her again.

“Do you want to tell me what you dreamt about?” Anya asks, still trying to get Lexa to talk. She’s not a mind reader so she can’t know what has disturbed the girl so much. As usual, Lexa shakes her head. “Nightmares can appear quite real, but they’re not,” she says softly. “You’re awake now, you’re safe.”

Lexa knows Anya wants to help her, but this isn’t helping. She can’t say what’s going on, just like she couldn’t tell it months ago. It’s too painful and even the mere idea of telling someone makes the words burn in her throat. Each time she tried to write it down, the page stayed empty while her pen was shaking in her hand.

“Good morning, good lookin’,” Finn says with smug confidence as he enters the classroom.

“Finn,” Clarke replies with a warning tone in her voice. “I told you before to address me as Miss Griffin,” she says calmly, not planning to keep repeating herself.

Raven walks in while leaning a bit on Ontari because of her leg hurting more again today. She’s happy that her crush seems to be into her as well and that they will be going out soon.

“Yo dykes,” Finn mumbles.

Lexa walks in right behind Raven and Ontari, hearing Finn’s words that cause her to freeze. She clenches and unclenches her fists a few times, glancing back at the door and considering running away. That one particular word scars her deeply and it is a trigger, even when it isn’t directed at her.

“Jesus fuck!” Finn curses when Lexa starts screaming. “Cut it out, you freak!”

“Finn Collins!” Clarke says reprimanding. “Out of my class now, I do not want to hear that word ever again.”

“What? But she’s screaming!” Finn retorts angrily. “Someone needs to lock her up in a mental ward!”

Ontari turns around while holding Raven’s arm so she wouldn’t fall. Her eyes flit from Lexa to Finn suspiciously while she tries to figure out what that piece of shit did to make her scream. “I’m going to let go for a moment,” she whispers to Raven.

Raven nods and leans against a desk.

“Hey,” Ontari says softly to Lexa, while Miss Griffin is talking with Finn in the hallway. “What’s the
Lexa stops screaming and looks around, embarrassed to see how the other students are staring at her. She didn’t mean to draw their attention to them, but when she’s triggered she can’t help it.

“Finally, the freak is being quiet again,” Murphy mutters. “About time.”

Ontari grabs Murphy’s book off of his desk and throws it at him. “Messing with her is messing with me,” she says coldly as she glares at the students. “This chick is with me. If you bother her I’ll cut you.” She looks them all in the eyes, one by one, letting them know she doesn’t take any shit.

Murphy pales and ducks away under his desk, horrified that Ontari would actually cut him.

Ontari holds her hand out towards Lexa with a smile. “You coming, babe?” she asks kindly, ignoring some of the gasps spreading around the classroom.

Lexa doesn’t accept Ontari’s hand, but she nods and follows her to the back of the class. It’s a bit of a relief that the moment is over now, because she felt lost and didn’t know what to do, as if she was frozen on the spot.

Clarke walks back in, having sent off Finn to the principal. She sees that Lexa is sitting in the back of the class now and no longer appears to be screaming. It worries her that something must have set off the girl. She turns her back to the board, writing something down with chalk.

“You’re great,” Raven whispers to Ontari. “I like your attitude, but I like your ass even more.”

Ontari grins and fists her hand in Raven’s hoodie, pulling her close and kissing her cheek, near the corner of her lips. “I have my assets,” she admits. “But so do you.”

Lexa anxiously places a piece of paper on her desk and grips her hand around her pencil, trying to distract herself by sketching for a while. She glances briefly at Ontari, who apparently is looking at her and it puzzles her why such a tough girl would be so kind to her. Anyone who befriends her basically kills their social life, but it looks like both Raven and Ontari couldn’t care less about that.

Ontari narrows her eyes slightly while Lexa draws and she silently wonders what or who has hurt the girl so much to make her retrieve into herself like that. She knows life can hand out heavy punches in the most painful ways, which is a lesson she learned when she was still a kid. Her mother was always physically and verbally abusive, hitting her a lot and cursing at her all the time. It was a rough childhood to go through, but she refused to break and for each punch she’d punch back harder, figuratively speaking. When she was put through foster care, she met a lot of kids with fucked up pasts and there’s no way she’s going to pretend that Lexa would be fine. She has no idea what the girl went through, but what she does know is that it’s not normal for someone to refuse to talk. Personally her life has been better since her cousin, Roan, got her out of the system. He’s the only decent person in her family and the only one who cared.

Clarke turns around, watching her students as she points at the board behind her. “This is your homework, which is due by Monday,” she explains. “Write it down so you won’t forget it.” She knows she shouldn’t tell them things like that anymore, considering they’re seniors, but for now she still reminds them. “Murphy, pass it on to Finn,” she instructs, knowing Murphy is Finn’s best friend.

“Yes, Miss Griffin,” Murphy replies politely as he scribbles it down.

Clarke sees Murphy rubbing the back of his head every now and then, which is odd. It’s possible that the boy has a headache, although she assumes he would say something if he would need to see the school nurse. Murphy also seems surprisingly silent for his doing, but that could be because she
sent Finn off to the principal and he might not want to get into trouble as well.

“I’m hungryyy,” Clarke says as she enters the teacher’s lounge. She didn’t have time this morning to eat breakfast and she’s been counting down the hours for her lunch break.

Octavia looks up from her steamy cup of coffee. “Do you want half of my sandwich?” she asks kindly. “I’m not that hungry today, so I won’t be eating all of it.”

“No, that’s not necessary.” Clarke replies, rejecting Octavia’s offer. “Thank you, but I brought my own lunch.” She hurries towards the fridge and retrieves her lunch from it.

“I have two apples,” Octavia says as she puts a second apple down next to her first. “If you want one, go ahead.”

“Received an apple from one of your students again?”

“Every day,” Octavia confirms with a smile. “The juniors are sweet, always bringing me fruit.”

“You mean always bribing you,” Clarke corrects Octavia.

“First of all, they know it won’t have any influence on their grades,” Octavia retorts. “Secondly, you’re just jealous you didn’t get an apple from your students,” she points out.

“Oh now you guessed it,” Clarke says sarcastically. “I can’t stop thinking about apples.”

“Here is one,” Octavia says as she puts one of her apples in front of Clarke.

“I want some coffee,” Clarke mumbles without getting up. She smiles when Octavia puts a cup of coffee in front of her nose. “I want a new car.”

Octavia laughs lightly and shakes her head. “I can’t help you there, Clarke.”

“It was worth a shot,” Clarke replies. She sips from her coffee, humming in delight. “How has your morning been?”

“It’s been going well,” Octavia answers. “Two students didn’t do their homework that was due today, but other than that there were no issues,” she explains. “How was your morning?”

“I had to send Finn to the principal’s office again,” Clarke sighs. “Maybe this time he will improve, I can only hope.”

“He does seem to be quite the troublemaker,” Octavia agrees. “Any word from Lexa yet?” she asks and sees how Clarke frowns deeply. “I’m not kidding,” she clarifies. “I didn’t mean it as a play on words. I meant to ask if she has said something by now.”

“No, unfortunately she hasn’t,” Clarke replies, hearing the sincerity in Octavia’s voice. She knows her friend shares her concern about Lexa. “It will take time, I think. This is only her first week here,
after all."

“That’s a good point,” Octavia readily agrees. “I hope Lexa will be okay. From what I gathered she screams easily and that can’t be a good sign,” she says concerned. “Perhaps we can have a word with her guardian sometime, to check if Lexa is receiving professional help.”

“We could have a word with her guardian,” Clarke agrees, not rejecting that idea. “At some point we will see our student’s parents and if there are clear issues by then we could bring it up carefully.” She doesn’t want to attack Lexa’s guardian in any way or make it sound as if the girl isn’t receiving proper care. Her first concern is Lexa’s home situation, although she has a feeling that what’s going on goes far deeper than that or might not even have anything to do with the girl’s guardian.

“Okay, we could do it like that,” Octavia says, giving it a rest for now. “I want to help her and I wish I would be trained for something like this.”

Clarke can hear how helpless Octavia feels and she can relate quite a bit to that feeling, wanting to help Lexa as well while being unsure of how to do that. All she can think of is to give the girl time to stop hiding behind her silence. From what she has seen she knows there is a storm in Lexa’s eyes, waiting to be unleashed.
Chapter 5

“Do you want pudding or yogurt?” Ontari asks Raven.

“Obviously pudding,” Raven replies. “And I can get it myself you don’t need to get it for me.”

“Okay,” Ontari says calmly as she backs away, letting Raven get her own things. “That first table looks good.”

Raven frowns as she picks up her tray, knowing that Ontari always likes to sit at the back of the cafeteria and not near the exit. She can sense her crush simply said it because of her leg, which is nice, sort of. “I don’t know, I guess I’d rather sit somewhere in the back,” she says challengingly, wanting to show that she can handle it. She sees Lexa giving her a certain look, but of course she won’t say anything.

Lexa quietly follows Raven and Ontari to the back, considering they appear to want to be her friends and since they’ve been so kind to her it’s all good. She’s still worried that they’d get in trouble at some point and end up getting hurt.

“You can pick the movie tomorrow,” Ontari says to Raven, referring to their upcoming date.

“Hmm, I’m thinking action or something,” Raven says, sharing her thoughts. She’s wondering what she’ll be wearing, but it seems clear that Ontari isn’t kidding, unless a bet has been placed onto this. “I’ll pay,” she offers.

Ontari shakes her head, disagreeing. “You won’t be paying,” she says with determination, planning to pay for their whole date.

“Ugh,” Raven sighs. “At least let me pay my half.” She’s quite independent and doesn’t need anyone to pay for her, not even when it’s a date.

“Okay,” Ontari gives in. “Fifty-fifty then.” She doesn’t want to ruin this before they even get the chance to go out.

Lexa watches Raven and Ontari interact with each other and in some ways it reminds her of her days with Costia, how they used to sit together to eat their lunch and how they used to laugh and smile. The past is gone and the future is hungry.

“Don’t like your lunch?” Ontari asks Lexa, seeing how she’s poking it around rather than eating. She notices the vacant look in the girl’s eyes, which worries her and she wishes she’d know what kind of trouble Lexa is in so maybe she could help.

Lexa glances down at her lunch and shrugs, not having much of an appetite anyway. The people at this school are different than the people at her old school, but in a good way. Seeing Finn and Murphy glaring with disgust from a few tables away worries her and they could have unpredictable actions, which she knows from her experience with Cage. She doesn’t believe in the whole ‘boys will be boys’ kind of crap, because some things are simply wrong and can’t be excused.

“You didn’t really eat yet,” Raven points out, sharing a concerned look with Ontari. “Maybe you want some of my lunch?” she asks, although she has a feeling the food isn’t the issue.

“You should try the pudding,” Ontari says. “It’s good.”
Lexa doesn’t want to be scrutinized, so she quietly accepts some of their food and tries it. It’s a relief when Ontari and Raven concentrate on each other again rather than on her.

“Two hours to go and then we’ll be free,” Raven says with a chipper tone, looking extra forward to her weekend, now that Ontari will be in it.

“Mhm,” Ontari hums with a spoonful of pudding. “Gotta love Friday afternoons.”

Lexa doesn’t say anything that she has to stay longer to make some tests that Miss Griffin will give her. Not that she would talk either way, so it doesn’t make a difference. She will have the classroom to herself and won’t have to worry about any comments from other students.

Lexa’s pencil snaps in half as she puts too much pressure on it. She should have been stronger and fought harder, maybe then she could have helped Costia and prevent her getting hurt. It saddens her that her last memory with her ex-girlfriend is such an awful one, because ever since that day, she hasn’t seen or heard anything anymore from Costia. Her hand is shaking as she zones out from the class and she knows that even with her eyes open, she can’t stop the nightmares.

“Stop it,” Lexa says as she tries to break free from the guys that are holding her. “You’re hurting her, stop!” It breaks her to see how Costia is struggling against Cage and one other guy.

Cage laughs maniacally and glares at Lexa. “You’re wrong, dyke,” he says, filled with hate. “She likes it and she’ll realize that we’re much better than you are.”

“Are you out of your mind!?!” Lexa retorts furiously as she tries to fight harder against the guys who are holding her. “You’re hurting her, she doesn’t like that.”


“I’ll kill you,” Lexa threatens as she kicks her foot up, hitting Cage’s knee.

“I was going to let them carry you away,” Cage says as he glances at his friends. “I changed my mind now.”

Lexa freezes when Cage tangles his hands in Costia’s hair and kisses her. The scream that follows cuts through her heart. She wants to punish that bastard for touching her girlfriend.

“I will let you watch,” Cage says to Lexa, laughing with his friends at the look on her face.

“No!” Lexa shouts as she moves her arms wildly and kicks her legs, trying to break free.

Costia turns her face to look at Lexa. “Lex…”

“I love you, Cos,” Lexa says earnestly.
“Lexa.”

Lexa’s head snaps up with tear-filled eyes, looking directly into Miss Griffin’s blue eyes and she’s startled when she feels her thumbs wiping at the tears that threatened to spill.

“Lexa,” Clarke whispers softly. “You don’t have to make these tests right now if you’d rather go home,” she says calmly, not wanting to put Lexa through this when she’s struggling.

Lexa is relieved that the other students aren’t around anymore, now that she’s here alone with Miss Griffin for some tests to see which knowledge she has. It hurts that when she told Costia she loves her, she didn’t know those would be the last words she’d ever be able to say to her.

Clarke gently caresses Lexa’s cheek until her tears are gone, but she can see a few more brimming in those green eyes. “Would you like to go home?” she asks, concerned about the girl’s wellbeing.

Lexa slowly shakes her head, because she knows Anya would question why she’d be home so soon. She would pull away at the touch, which would be her natural reflex, but she doesn’t. There is something soothing and comforting about Miss Griffin’s touch.

Clarke carefully lowers her hands, regretting that she acted so impulsively because from what she observed, Lexa doesn’t like being touched and she didn’t even warn the girl. She sits back on the chair in front of Lexa’s desk, adjusting her facial expressions to what she hopes is gentle.

Lexa chews on her bottom lip and hesitantly moves her right hand over her desk, towards Miss Griffin’s hands. She didn’t know a touch could relax her so much and now that her teacher removed her hands from her cheeks, she craves contact again, but she stops about two inches before their hands would touch.

Clarke’s eyes flit down to Lexa’s hand and back up to her eyes, seeing a lot of confusion. She lifts her hand up, noticing how the girl follows her movement exactly and places it down on top of Lexa’s hand to test if that is what the girl wants.

Lexa exhales deeply and closes her eyes for a moment, concentrating on the way Miss Griffin’s thumb strokes her hand, helping her calm down further and keeping her nightmare at bay, at least for now. It’s odd how Miss Griffin’s voice was the first thing to break her out of it.

Clarke cocks her head and studies Lexa, pleased to see her visibly releasing tension while her eyes are closed. The girl is special and it is amazing how strong Lexa appears, despite the horrors she must have been through, which she can only imagine.

Lexa opens her eyes and is slightly startled to see Miss Griffin observing her, although she shouldn’t be surprised. She clears her throat, but it hurts and all she can manage is to mouth ‘I am sorry’.

“There is nothing to be sorry for,” Clarke whispers, surprised to witness Lexa mouthing something. Even if the girl still isn’t speaking, she definitely considers this progress and it intrigues her. “It’s okay to feel and to express how you feel. You never need to apologize for that.”

Lexa nods slowly in understanding and squeezes Miss Griffin’s hand as she wonders why her teacher is showing her so much kindness. In her old school when she screamed, she was always the one who got in trouble. Her teachers would send her off to the principal’s office, who would call Anya to discuss her behavior. Her old school didn’t want her anymore, but it’s a relief she doesn’t have to go there anymore and face her demons.
Clarke smiles when she sees a hint of a smile on Lexa’s face, which is beautiful and has a feeling a smile doesn’t come easy for the girl, especially not a genuine one.

Lexa fishes a new pencil out of her backpack to continue with the tests. This time she hopes to concentrate better to get through this, because surely Miss Griffin would want to go home as soon as possible.

Clarke sees Lexa blushing when the girl lets go of her hand and resumes her tests. It’s adorable to see Lexa so flustered and she guesses it is because of the contact that took place for a little while. She takes it as a good sign that the girl wasn’t screaming, because it’s progress.

Lexa looks up every once in a while, seeing Miss Griffin still sitting nearby, leaning slightly on the desk that’s in front of hers. Her teacher is really beautiful and it sends her mind to places where it shouldn’t go. She likes the way the corner of Miss Griffin’s lips curl when she smiles and the shimmer in her blue eyes. Her teacher’s blonde hair reminds her of Costia and she has a very similar angelic aura in the way she carries herself. She blushing deeper when Miss Griffin catches her staring and it really is a relief that nobody else is around.

Clarke crosses her arms as she observes Lexa further, surprised to see her blushing more since their skin isn’t touching anymore. She could think the girl is being shy right now, but it appears as if there is more to it, almost as if Lexa is attracted to her. That would be ridiculous, although then again it wouldn’t be all that ridiculous since students can be attracted to their teacher. At the end of the day she’s just a human being, like her students, albeit older of course. She’s curious what Lexa’s voice sounds like and hopefully one day she’ll know. Patience is a must and she won’t pressure the girl, which would have the opposite effect.

“Hey,” Anya says when she sees Lexa walking in while she’s stirring in a pot. “Did your tests go okay?” she asks curiously, aware that the girl was given some tests today.

Lexa nods, grateful for the yes or no question since she won’t talk anyway. She knows Anya doesn’t stop trying to communicate and it appears that her guardian finds it enough is she shakes her head or nods, which is better than nothing at all. One day she’ll probably talk again, but for the time being she has found comfort in silence. The last words to ever leave her lips were that she loves Costia. After that the only sound she made is screaming when something triggers her or when she wakes up from a nightmare.

“Can you put the plates on the table, please?” Anya asks kindly. “I’m a bit busy finishing up our food,” she adds, explaining that she has her hands full. “It should be ready in five or ten minutes.”

Lexa inhales deeply, smelling Anya’s special tomato sauce recipe, which tastes and smells delicious. She has to admit that her guardian knows how to cook, but unfortunately she rarely enjoys a meal regardless of its taste. Before she stopped talking, she regularly complimented Anya on the food she made. It surprises her that her guardian hasn’t given up on her and sent her back to an orphanage or something of the sorts, though she’s worried that in a year when she’ll turn eighteen, she could be kicked out.
“Lexa,” Anya says with a slightly urgent tone in her voice, seeing how Lexa seemed lost in her thoughts. “The plates,” she reminds the girl.

Lexa nods and opens the cupboard, reaching for two plates. The tests did go quite well, although she was more than a bit distracted by Miss Griffin’s presence, especially considering how she had been sitting right in front of her.

“Coming through,” Anya says as she lifts the pot from the fire and moves to put it on her kitchen table. She wouldn’t want Lexa to bump against it and burn herself accidentally. “Do you want a full plate or just a bit?”

Lexa replies by shrugging, quietly appraising Anya’s tireless efforts to have her say something, anything. There are moments like this where it crosses her mind to say something small or to reply, but worries her is that once she does, there would be too many questions waiting for her, questions which she isn’t ready to dare answer, so for now she will hold on to her comfortable silence where she doesn’t have to explain her nightmares or why she screams on certain occasions.

“Two plates you say, huh?” Anya comments teasingly. She smiles with hope in her eyes when Lexa’s lips appear to curl upwards for a split second and if she had blinked right then, she would have missed it.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Warning: mention of rape in this chapter.
Read with caution.

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When the bell rings, letting everyone know Monday has passed, the students hurry out of the classroom to go home. Clarke is used to her students wanting to go home fast and nobody really likes Mondays anyway. She can see that Lexa is still sitting down behind her desk, not making any moves to get up.

Lexa inhales slowly and exhales shakily while her hands are gripping her desk. She’s been putting a lot of thought into this during the weekend and decided that it’s time. For so long she has kept it to herself and didn’t speak about it with anyone, well, she didn’t talk at all. Miss Griffin was kind to her Friday and what made it all even better was that she helped to ground her, to snap her out of her darkest thoughts which were causing her pain.

Clarke waits until every other student is gone. She shuts the door and walks up to Lexa’s desk, taking a seat to sit down in front of her. Seeing the girl hesitantly placing one hand on her desk with her palm open while her other hand is gripping the desk, she reaches out and squeezes her hand gently to let her know that she’s here. She’s willing to listen to Lexa, even if it means listening to her silence.

Lexa opens her mouth to talk, but her words die in her throat before she can voice them. She squeezes Miss Griffin’s hand while the knuckles of her hand that are gripping her desk are turning white. “H-help,” she chokes out, pain flashing through her eyes.

Clarke gently rubs Lexa’s hand and listens to her, letting her take her time. She hears how painful it is for the girl to share this, how broken she sounds, but also how much Lexa needs to share this. The girl is incredibly brave for telling her all of this, for speaking up and she respects Lexa immensely for that.

“At my last school...,” Lexa says hesitantly, feeling how her throat closes up. “I came out and I was in a relationship back then,” she explains softly as tears well up in her eyes. “I’m into girls and there were some guys who called us disgusting and...” she cuts herself off, seeing how her hands are shaking. “There were five of them,” she continues, swallowing hard. “We were alone and they... they wouldn’t leave us alone.” She blinks back a few tears, wanting to get this out for once and for all. “Three of them held me down and I tried to get them off. I kicked and screamed, but nothing helped.” She wishes she would have fought harder, but one of them held a knife against her throat. “The other two grabbed Costia and threatened her.”

Clarke gently rubs Lexa’s hand and listens to her, letting her take her time. She hears how painful it is for the girl to share this, how broken she sounds, but also how much Lexa needs to share this. The girl is incredibly brave for telling her all of this, for speaking up and she respects Lexa immensely for that.
“I asked them not to harm her,” Lexa continues, her voice cracking more now. “They didn’t listen, not even when I offered they could do anything they wanted with me if they would let her go, because they could tell how much she meant to me. She screamed and I wanted to help her, but I couldn’t even reach her,” she says sadly, feeling that pain all over again, hearing Costia scream. “They made me watch while they…,” she blinks a few tears away and shakes her head. “They raped her because she was my girlfriend, because she rejected them.”

“I’m so sorry, Lexa,” Clarke whispers earnestly, seeing how Lexa is in a world of pain and has gone through hell. “I can’t imagine how awful that must have been for you.”

“I failed her,” Lexa says sadly, wishing she could have kept Costia safe.

“Lexa, you did all you could,” Clarke says softly as she cups Lexa’s cheeks to look at her. “What happened isn’t your fault and it will never be your fault. You are a victim.”

Lexa stands up from behind her desk and without thinking much she wraps her arms around Miss Griffin, who was just standing up as well. She holds on tight as she cries on her shoulder, letting it all out. All these months that passed since it happened she has been blaming herself a lot, feeling like she failed Costia.

“Shh, you’re okay,” Clarke whispers softly. “You’re safe, I got you.” She can hear Lexa breathing rapidly and she feels her nails lightly digging into her back due to how strong she’s holding on to her.

“I…I can’t do this alone,” Lexa says, her voice barely a whisper now. She wants to tell Anya, but she can’t bring herself to do that because she’s scared.

“You don’t have to do this alone,” Clarke replies as their hug breaks.

“I want to tell my guardian,” Lexa confesses. “But I just…,” she says, shaking her head to blink more tears away.

“If you like I can set up a meeting,” Clarke offers. “Your guardian can come to school and we can talk to her together,” she suggests calmly. “Would you be okay with that?”

“Y-yes,” Lexa replies hesitantly. “What if she… kicks me out?” she asks, worried that Anya won’t want her anymore once she knows about her issues. It’s already a surprise she’s not kicked out yet after all the times she screamed until her lungs burned.

“Your guardian cares deeply about you,” Clarke whispers, having a positive feeling that it’s true. “Nobody is going to kick you out.”

Lexa knows that there’s no way back now because she took this step. She spoke and asked for help, and now that’s what she’ll get even if it terrifies her.

“Here’s some pudding for my puddin’,” Ontari says as she puts pudding down in front of Raven.
before sitting down next to her.

“That was lame,” Raven replies, laughing lightly. She knows it’s partially her fault because she watched Suicide Squad with Ontari during the weekend and it had been her suggestion.

“If you don’t want your pudding I’ll eat it,” Ontari says while reaching out to grab it.

“Maybe I don’t mind,” Raven comments, chewing on her bottom lip. “There’s another type of dessert I like more.”

Ontari loves it when Raven is being a bit shy. “Yeah?” she asks, bringing her face closer towards Raven’s. “Do tell.”

Raven grins and closes the small gap between them, eagerly kissing Ontari. Ever since they spent most of their weekend kissing, she hasn’t been able to stop kissing her each chance she gets. It feels amazing to be together with the coolest girl in the entire school.

Lexa smiles, seeing Ontari and Raven happy together. “I’m happy for you both,” she whispers honestly. Her worries about them showing their affection publicly have diminished significantly given how well they’ve been handling bullies.

“Wow,” Raven says, stumbling back a bit as she breaks her kiss with Ontari. She’s shocked to hear Lexa speak out of nowhere for the first time. Honestly she didn’t think the girl would say a single word during their school year.

“Thanks,” Ontari replies to Lexa, winking at her. “You should hang with us sometime.”

Lexa presses her lips tightly together and nods. “Yes,” she says nervously. “I think I can do that.”

“Ohhh a double date!” Raven suggests gleefully. “See any person you fancy?” she asks, not wanting to assume if Lexa would be straight or not.

Lexa cringes slightly at that because she’d rather not to that whole date thing. There is one woman she likes, but that’s too complicated. “I suppose some girls here are cute,” she says as she awkwardly scratches the back of her neck.

“Yas, welcome to the club,” Raven replies with a big smile. She holds her hand up in Lexa’s direction.

Lexa pauses for two seconds, but then she gives Raven a high five anyway. She’s still working on speaking and on touch, although she’s getting there, slowly, with the people she feels like she can trust.

Ontari kisses Raven’s cheek and places her hand on her thigh, causing Raven to blush.

“It’s cute how flustered you get when it comes to Ontari,” Lexa comments to Raven.

“I think I liked it better when you didn’t talk,” Raven teases, hoping she’s not going too far.

“Too bad,” Lexa retorts. “You’ll have to get used to it.”

“Damn,” Ontari whistles. “Go big or go home, eh?”

"Yeah," Lexa sighs deeply. "Something like that."
Anya’s brows furrow as Lexa paces around in the principal’s office while Miss Griffin speaks. She listens in horror how Miss Griffin relays what Lexa told her the other day and occasionally she sees Lexa nodding to agree. All this time she had no idea the girl went through all of that and she feels bad that she hadn’t pulled her away from her old school sooner. Now she knows why Lexa screamed so much when she found that cut up shirt and questioned her about it.

Lexa stops pacing around when Miss Griffin stops talking and she focuses her eyes on Anya, afraid to hear what she will have to say. She’s scared that her guardian might find her disgusting or too difficult to handle or something.

Anya slowly stands up, pushing the chair back a bit. She walks up to Lexa and stops before she would be directly in front of her, to avoid coming across as intimidating or threatening. Wordlessly she holds her arms open, offering the girl a hug if she would want it.

Lexa cries and slumps into Anya’s arms, which wrap tightly around her. She wouldn’t have been able to share her story if she hadn’t been able to open up to Miss Griffin. It was a risk, a big one, but she’s glad that she took it because now a weight is gone. Even though it will take time, breathing will become a little bit easier and she hopes that eventually the nightmares will subside so she can pick up her life.

“I’m sorry,” Lexa whispers near Anya’s ear. She should have told her guardian sooner, but she was never able to.

“You have nothing to be sorry for,” Anya whispers, holding Lexa even tighter than she already was. “You are the bravest person I’ve ever known. I’m going to help you, Lexa.”

Lexa is shocked that Anya is being so kind towards her. She doesn’t hear any disappointment or anger or anything bad for that matter. “You’re not kicking me out?” she asks disbelievingly.

“Never,” Anya promises. “I’ve wanted you from the very first day I met you,” she says earnestly. She’ll always be more than simply Lexa’s guardian, because she’s also her friend and her family.

Lexa’s eyes find Miss Griffin’s over Anya’s shoulders. ‘Thank you’, she mouths to Miss Griffin. Without her teacher she would not be standing here right now with her guardian hugging her. She would have probably been in her bedroom, maybe even screaming or having another flashback.

Clarke reads Lexa’s lips and smiles at her, happy to see how much this means for the girl who already suffered way more than she deserved. What she did was not much and it was the right thing to do, but she can tell that it was a lot for Lexa. Each time the girl wants to talk, she’ll be around to listen whether it is during a lunch break or directly after school hours.
“Miss Griffin,” Lexa says quietly as she shuffles towards Miss Griffin’s desk.

Clarke looks up at Lexa, momentarily confused because she thought all her students had left already given it is Friday, which usually means they hurry to go home. “Yes, Lexa?” she asks with a warm smile.

“I was wondering if you want to have dinner at my place tomorrow,” Lexa answers nervously, fidgeting with her hands. “Any is going to cook,” she explains. “It’s our way to thank you for your help.”

Clarke is aware that it can happen for a teacher to be invited over for dinner at a student’s place, although that is something that’s more likely to happen in elementary school, not in high school. “That sounds lovely,” she replies politely, not wanting to be rude. “Which time?”

“Around six,” Lexa replies, surprised that Miss Griffin actually said yes. Anya had said she could ask, but that she shouldn’t expect her teacher to say yes.

“Okay, I’ll be there,” Clarke promises. “Was there something else, Lexa?” she asks, seeing that the girl isn’t moving yet.

Lexa follows Miss Griffin’s hand, seeing how she runs it through her hair. Her teacher is a breathtaking woman and she wonders if Miss Griffin is even aware just how beautiful she is. “Um, no,” she says, snapping out of her trance. “That was all, I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Until tomorrow, Lexa,” Clarke replies, smiling at the girl again.

Lexa bites her bottom lip and blushes as she hurries out of the classroom.

Clarke wonders if Lexa was actually checking her out or if she’s drawing the wrong conclusions. If it’s true that the girl is attracted to her in any way then that’s flattering, but also complicated and inappropriate.

“I’m sorry that my work got in the way,” Anya apologizes. “I will call Miss Griffin to explain, surely she’ll understand.”
“No, wait,” Lexa replies, halting Anya from calling Miss Griffin. “I can cook.”

“Are you sure about this, Lexa?” Anya sighs. “We could always invite her another time,’ she suggests.

“She helped me and I don’t want to cancel this at the last moment,” Lexa explains, feeling like that would be rude and it would also be embarrassing if she’d have to ask Miss Griffin again another time, because then there would be the risk of having to cancel again.

“Okay,” Anya relents. “But don’t burn the house down,” she says teasingly. “If there is anything, you can text or call me.”

“I’ll be careful,” Lexa promises. She gives Anya a hug before watching her leave. Hopefully Miss Griffin likes spaghetti, although she never met anyone who doesn’t like spaghetti.

When it is 5pm, Lexa begins with the spaghetti, planning to keep it simple. She glances at her clothes, a pair of jeans and flannel. It looks decent enough to have her teacher over while wearing this. She puts some candles on the table and lights them, wanting to set a warm mood.

It’s almost six when the doorbell rings, which must mean that Miss Griffin has arrived.

Lexa opens the door with a small shy smile and for a moment she can’t remember for the life of her how breathing works. The sight of Miss Griffin wearing a black dress that’s flattering her curves makes it impossible not to ogle her.

“Hello, Lexa,” Clarke says politely before entering.

“Hi, Miss Griffin,” Lexa replies shyly. “I hope you like spaghetti,” she says quickly, trying yet failing to avert her eyes.

“Please, call me Clarke,” Clarke insists. “We’re not at school right now and yes, I like spaghetti,” she says while she takes her coat off. In different circumstances she would not allow a student to call her by her name, though they are in private now and the formality isn’t necessary.

“Clarke,” Lexa repeats, clicking her tongue as she pronounces her name. It sounds rather unique for a woman to be named Clarke and she decides she likes it. There is something special about Miss Griffin, something attractive.

Clarke likes the way Lexa says her name, but she quickly shakes that thought away. “Where is your guardian, Anya?” she asks curiously, not really seeing or hearing anyone else. From what she understood this dinner was supposed to be with Lexa and Anya.

“Her work came up,” Lexa explains apologetically. “I didn’t want to cancel on you, so I’m cooking.”

“Oh,” Clarke says lightly. “Well, alright. That is considerate of you,” she says, appreciating Lexa’s effort.

Lexa gestures towards the table and when Clarke selects a chair, she pulls it back for her to sit. She smiles nervously and nearly trips when she serves the spaghetti.

“Are you feeling okay?” Clarke asks, concerned. She can see that Lexa is incredibly tense and jumpy, which makes her worry about what’s on the girl’s mind.

“Yes,” Lexa answers quietly. She had contemplated responding with a nod, but she doesn’t want to
appear rude or disinterested. “Can I get you something to drink?”

“Anything would be fine,” Clarke answers, not exactly picky.

“No, no, no,” Clarke says, chuckling at the delightful laughter she hears from Lexa. “You don’t want to see me paint. I’ve become incredibly rusty at it.”

“I somehow doubt that, Clarke,” Lexa replies, her eyes full of mirth. “Perhaps you could paint me sometime,” she suggests carefully.

“Hmm, perhaps,” Clarke agrees, not fully wanting to say yes or no yet.

Their dinner had gone well and didn’t turn out silent at all. At first it did seem as if their dinner was going to pass without any words, but soon enough they had fallen into comfortable chatter. Now they are seated on the couch, giving their stomachs some rest.

Lexa can’t help but look at Clarke’s pink lips, which must be very soft. She is sitting so close to Miss Griffin that their knees are touching, especially when they laugh. It gives her a good feeling that Clarke can make her laugh so effortlessly.

Clarke is relieved to see Lexa so relaxed and she can’t imagine herself growing tired of her laugh. This dinner felt like a date, though she would never admit that aloud. She has to keep reminding herself that she is a teacher and Lexa is her student.

“I want to thank you more than I have so far,” Lexa says, her hand now resting on Clarke’s knee.

“You already thanked me enough,” Clarke replies, not needing the girl to do more than she has already done. “Dinner was lovely, I had a good time.”

“So did I,” Lexa agrees. Her tongue darts out of her mouth to moisten her lips and she doesn’t fail to notice how Clarke follows the movement of her tongue.

Clarke snaps her eyes back up to Lexa’s and she knows she’s been caught. She hadn’t meant to stare as much as she did, but the girl is special. “I should get going soon,” she says, aware that she has started to be too friendly.

“I really do want to thank you more,” Lexa whispers. She leans in closer, taking her time to observe Clarke who is not backing away from her, which she assumes is a good sign.

Clarke can see what’s about to happen and she should pull away and stop Lexa somehow, but then those green eyes drown in hers. Her sanity abandons her when the girl’s lips press ever so lightly against hers and she opens her mouth to allow Lexa’s teasing tongue. She tangles a hand in the girl’s hair, losing herself in their kiss.

Lexa kisses with more hunger as Clarke’s tongue dances around hers deliciously, happy that this kiss is being reciprocated and that she’s not the only one who has these feelings. A moan rises from her throat while her hands rest on Clarke’s sides.
Clarke’s mind snaps back into focus because oh god she is kissing Lexa. She is kissing a student, her student no less, her seventeen year old student, who has been through a lot. This is wrong, so wrong, even though it feels amazing.

Lexa freezes when Clarke pulls away due to the shock that’s written on her face. She drops her hands as if burned, unsure what to do or say now. A part of her wants to kiss Miss Griffin again, though she doubts that would be appreciated.

“I shouldn’t have,” Clarke says with a panicky tone. “I’m your teacher and you’re my student.”

“I don’t mind,” Lexa whispers, not caring about their age difference. “You haven’t done anything wrong,” she says, considering she instigated it.

“This is wrong, Lexa,” Clarke replies, shaking her head while she runs a hand through her hair. “I can’t do this.”

Lexa leans back against the couch, a tear rolling down her cheek because hearing Clarke say that cuts through her.

“It’s my fault,” Clarke says, not wanting Lexa to feel bad about this. “I’m supposed to be the responsible adult who shouldn’t have let this happen.”

“It’s not your fault,” Lexa disagrees. “I am old enough to make my own decisions and to know what I am doing.”

Clarke runs her thumb across Lexa’s cheek, catching her tear. She can see the exact moment where the girl stares at her and they both stop breathing.

Lexa isn’t sure whether she initiated it or if Clarke did, but they’re kissing again. Their lips move eagerly, trying to find a steady passionate rhythm.

When their kiss breaks, minutes later if not an hour later, they are both breathless and shocked.

“I… I have to go,” Clarke says, backing away to leave before they repeat that mistake again. “I’m sorry, Lexa, but we have to pretend this never happened.”

Lexa wrings her hands together as Clarke leaves hurriedly and she knows that no matter how hard she would try, she will never forget what happened tonight. Her lips are burning from the sweet taste of Clarke’s lips which still lingers.

Chapter End Notes

I blame my Clexa feels for this.
“Hey,” Raven says, swinging her arms around Lexa to hug her. “Still sad?” she asks, holding her friend at an arm’s length to observe her.

“I’m not sad,” Lexa answers, even though she kind of is. She hasn’t stopped thinking about Clarke and how it hurt when she said they have to pretend they never kissed. “Everything is fine.”

“I’m not quite buying it, but okay,” Raven replies, letting it go. She doesn’t want to push if Lexa doesn’t want to talk about what’s wrong.

Lexa has been accepting to some light touches or even hugs, though it depends who it is from and it’s only okay when she expects it. She already knew Raven was going to hug her when she saw her friend walking up to her. A hug from behind for example would startle her too much and that would not be good.

Ontari tiptoes towards Raven from behind and puts a finger to her lips to tell Lexa not to give her away. She wraps her arms around her girlfriend’s waist, who shrieks.

“Ri,” Raven says, gasping. “Put me down,” she demands when Ontari lifts her off of her feet.

Ontari gently puts Raven down again and smiles when her girlfriend turns around to kiss her. “Guess what kind of rumor I picked up?” she asks, swinging an arm over Raven’s shoulder while her eyes flit between her girlfriend and Lexa.

Lexa shrugs because she won’t guess it even if she tries. Ontari always seems to hear things here and there, with most of the time half of it not being true, so she takes it all in with a grain of salt.

“Hmm,” Raven hums, tapping her chin with her index finger. “I think you heard that you have the most awesome girlfriend and friend ever,” she guesses, grinning.

“That too,” Ontari replies, squeezing Raven a bit tighter as she pecks her lips. “I heard this crappy school is planning some kind of camping trip for us seniors,” she reveals. “Some dude overheard it from the teachers’ lounge,” she says, assuming that must mean it’s true.

“Ugh camping,” Raven groans. “Are they fucking kidding me?” she curses, frustrated. “With my leg that’s going to be hell,” she mumbles, rubbing her bad leg which always aches.

“You can sleep on top of me,” Ontari suggests, winking. Deep down she’s worried about how bad Raven’s leg might hurt, though she knows her girlfriend hates pity and such.

“Mhmm, we’ll be sharing a tent,” Raven says, suddenly seeing the bright side of it all. “On second thought, yay camping.”

Lexa snorts and shakes her head. It’s sweet to see Raven and Ontari happy together, but it also
makes her wish she could have that kind of freedom with Clarke. She’s not so sure what her thoughts are on a possible camping trip, though if Miss Griffin will be there it could be nice. During the week that has passed since they ate dinner together and kissed, Clarke has hardly spared her any glances, which makes her feel rejected.

“Shoot, where are my manners,” Ontari says, opening her arms to hug Lexa. In between hugging Raven and sharing the rumor she heard she had forgotten.

Lexa appreciates that Ontari never overwhelms her with a hug and most of the time her friend holds her arms open and waits for her to step into the hug, which never lasts longer than a second or two. It’s nice to have Raven and Ontari as her friends because they’re both so kind and considerate towards her.

“Freaks!” Finn shouts, laughing with Murphy.

“And proud!” Ontari shouts back.

“That boy needs a life,” Raven says, rolling her eyes.

“I don’t get why he’s like that,” Lexa mumbles, confused why some people are so hateful.

“He probably has a lot of insecurities deep down and bullies others in a measly attempt to feel better about himself,” Ontari replies. “I pity him.”

“Finn uses his big mouth to compensate for his tiny dick,” Raven says, smirking as Lexa’s jaw drops. “Anyway, what’s good?”

“Your lips,” Ontari answers bluntly.

Raven puts her hands on Ontari’s hips, tugging her closer for a kiss.

“Geez, get a room already,” Lexa comments half-heartedly.

“Hush,” Raven mumbles, reaching out to give Lexa a light push.

“I’ve got some catching up to do,” Lexa replies cheekily, not planning to keep her mouth shut.

“I must say I’m impressed Lexa has made so much progress,” Octavia remarks as she stirs her spoon through her coffee. “It’s good to see that she’s been getting better and that she dares to speak from time to time. She’s a brave girl.”

“Yes, it is great and I agree that she’s brave,” Clarke replies, trying to give nothing away as she plasters a smile onto her face. She sips slowly from her coffee while Octavia says a few more things about Lexa. As if she doesn’t think of the girl enough already she also has to endure her friend talking about her. “So we will be informing our students about the camping trip today,” she says abruptly, changing the topic.
“Ah yes,” Octavia says with a soft sigh. “I hope they won’t behave like wild animals in the woods.”

“I hope so too,” Clarke agrees. “Teenagers can be rather hormonal, especially guys,” she says, because some of the guys in their class are a real piece of work. “We should keep an extra eye on Finn and Murphy to ensure they behave.”

“Mhmm,” Octavia hums in agreement. “Boys and girls definitely can’t share tents.”

“Three nights in the woods is going to be interesting,” Clarke mumbles. “I’m curious to see their survival instincts and how well they can work in a group.”

“Kane assigned Lincoln to join the trip,” Octavia reveals.

“Lincoln is going to make the students jog in the mornings isn’t he?” Clarke asks, knowing Lincoln well enough.

Octavia responds with a broad smile.

“I’ll wish him good luck with that,” Clarke says, doubting that the students will be happy to hear it.

“Just because it’s a camping trip doesn’t mean they get to sleep until noon,” Octavia points out.

“True,” Clarke admits, considering school begins in the morning as well. “I take it we’ll be jogging as well?”

“You bet,” Octavia answers, grinning as Clarke groans. “I’m going to enjoy it. It’ll keep me in shape.”

“I should buy a few things for the camping trip,” Clarke says, making a mental note of what she’ll need. “I have a sleeping bag somewhere, but I don’t have a tent.”

“You could sleep in my tent,” Octavia offers. “It’s definitely big enough for the both of us.”

“Huh,” Clarke replies, frowning. “Aren’t you going to share a tent with Lincoln?”

“Not for this trip,” Octavia answers, shaking her head. “It’s all about being a good example for our students.”

Clarke waits for her students to trickle in while she leans against her desk. The good morning they mumble sounds far from enthusiastic, though nothing new there.

Lexa follows Raven and Ontari to the back of the class, sitting down next to Raven who is sitting in the middle. When she looks up she catches Clarke’s eyes for a moment, but unfortunately it hardly lasts a second.

Clarke tries to focus her eyes anywhere aside from Lexa, although every once in a while she can’t stop herself from looking at the girl. Something seems to be drawing her towards Lexa, which is not
wise and she has to ignore it. The girl isn’t even eighteen yet for Christ sakes. She’s relieved that Lexa hasn’t told anyone about what happened, or at least she assumes nobody has been told.

Lexa sighs when her sketchbook falls onto the floor while a few of her sketches spread around. She hurries to pick them up, considering she’s been sketching Clarke a few times. Not that she’s any good at it, but she doesn’t want to risk someone possibly seeing her sketches and knowing who she has been drawing.

Ontari ducks under her desk to help Lexa collect her papers again. “Hmm,” she says lowly, eyeing a sketch she just picked up. “Not bad,” she says to her friend, handing it over to her.

“They detail is on point,” Ontari whispers, winking at Lexa. “She sure has pretty eyes.”

Lexa nods as a blush colors her cheeks. She’s definitely caught, but Ontari doesn’t seem to mind. Not that crushes on teachers are unheard of. They’re actually quite common from what she has heard. Plus, she’s no fool. She knows several students can’t keep their eyes off of Clarke.

“I have news for all of you,” Clarke announces, her voice strong and loud to gather the attention of her students. “Thursday morning we will leave to go on a camping trip in the woods and we will return Sunday afternoon.”

Most of the students respond by cheering and shouting through the classroom.

“Settle down, students,” Clarke says sternly. “Silence!”

The students clamp their mouths shut when Miss Griffin slams her palm on the desk.

“Much better,” Clarke says, now that she has their attention again. “There will be rules on this camping trip,” she continues. “First of all, boys and girls can’t share a tent.”

“Boo!” Finn complains. “If the gays get to share a tent we should be allowed to share one as well.”

“You ain’t gonna see me impregnate some girl, buddy,” Ontari comments dryly.

Finn turns around on his chair to glare at Ontari. “This is unfair,” he says angrily. “Where is the equality now, huh?”

“You could hook up with a guy,” Raven suggests.

“Rules are rules,” Clarke cuts in. “Your sexuality is irrelevant. Boys will not share tents with girls, period,” she says, not wanting to hear any further complains about that. “During this trip you are all allowed to keep your phones on you. However, during activities you’re not allowed to text or call, evidently.”

“We can share a tent,” Ontari whispers to Raven and Lexa.

“I should give you two some privacy,” Lexa whispers, not wanting to barge in on the happy couple. “I’ll get my own tent.”

“Don’t be silly,” Raven whispers to Lexa, siding with what Ontari said. “You can share with us, it’s cool.”
Lexa appreciates that they’re trying not to third wheel her, though she honestly wouldn’t mind being alone in a tent. Raven and Ontari are happy together so they should get to have privacy. She’ll see what happens once they’re in the woods rather than discussing it further now.

Clarke’s eyes flicker briefly to Lexa again while she shares more details about the camping trip and the rules that will apply. She can see the girl whispering every now and then with Ontari and Raven, though it’s not interrupting her or disturbing the others, and she is relieved to see Lexa warming up to them, so she decides not to reprimand her for it.

Ontari smirks each time she spots Miss Griffin casting a glance at Lexa, especially when her friend isn’t looking. “Interesting,” she whispers.

Raven, who had been trying to balance her pencil above her lips, drops it. “What is?” she asks quietly.

“Stuff,” Ontari answers vaguely. “We’ll talk about it later,” she promises silently, patting Raven’s hand.

Lexa is staring so much at Clarke that she forgets to blink. It isn’t until her eyes grow watery that she realizes she needs to blink.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter will be posted tomorrow, pinkie promise. You can find me on twitter @Silent_Rain91
“Thursday to Sunday,” Anya reads, skimming through the note from school which Lexa gave her. “I have a tent you can use, but I’ll have to buy you a few things such as a sleeping bag.”

“I will text you whenever I can,” Lexa says as she puts the plates and the cutlery on the table to help out. “Cl- Miss Griffin said everyone is allowed to use their phones, aside from when activities take place.”

“That’s understandable,” Anya replies, slightly surprised that they’ll be allowing phones. Then again, it’s four days so it wouldn’t have been reasonable to prohibit phones. “Text me whenever you can and want to,” she says, not wanting Lexa to stress about it.

“Okay,” Lexa agrees, deciding to text Anya at least once a day to briefly let her know how it’s going.

Anya puts the note down, having read all of it. She’s happy that Lexa speaks now and that she’s been on the better hand, though she did notice that the girl has looked upset recently. It could be because of something that happened at school, but Lexa seems to be keeping it to herself.

Lexa takes a seat at the table once she’s done setting it. “I might miss you a little,” she says, hoping to earn a smile.

Anya glances at Lexa, seeing the playful smile on her face. “Try a lottle,” she replies, returning the girl’s smile with one of her own.

“That’s not an actual word,” Lexa points out, her tone light.

“Well, it is now,” Anya says with half a shrug. “If you want dessert it is,” she adds teasingly.

“The mutiny,” Lexa replies with a fake gasp.

Anya smiles brighter and ruffles a hand through Lexa’s hair, despite her complains. “You’re a good kid,” she says sincerely.

“Eww, Anya,” Lexa objects, swatting her hand away. “I’m not a kid.”

Anya knows that Lexa is a teenager who probably wants to be seen as an adult, but in her book the girl still counts as a kid. “Thanks for missing my point,” she says dryly.

“Anytime,” Lexa says, making a salute signal.

Anya chuckles, feeling amused to learn that Lexa can be sassy. She wants to believe she’s kind of chill for a guardian because the girl is more of a friend in her eyes than someone she would parent.
Clarke smiles when Lincoln opens the door to let her in. “Hey, I brought apple pie,” she says, handing it over to him.

“Hello, Clarke,” Lincoln replies warmly. “I would have taken your coat if I could.”

“My bad,” Clarke says, entering the house. “Hey, O,” she says when she spots her friend.

“Good to have you here, Clarke,” Octavia replies, pulling her friend in a hug. “Dinner is going to be ready any minute now. Indra is cooking.”

“Oh okay,” Clarke replies, surprised to hear that Indra is here.

“Clarke, it has been a long time,” Aurora says, walking up to her.

“Hey, Aurora,” Clarke says, politely hugging Octavia’s mother. “It sure has been,” she agrees, not having seen Aurora in a while.

“How are you?”

“I’m good,” Clarke answers, though that’s not exactly true. Not that she would share that something has been nagging her mind when that something is the kisses she shared with Lexa during that particular dinner, which she hasn’t mentioned to anyone. “What about you?” she asks politely.

“I am good as well,” Aurora answers, smiling as she sits down on the couch. “I’m hoping to have a grandchild soon,” she says, glancing at her daughter.

“Not this again, mom,” Octavia says, groaning quietly. “Lincoln and I are not in a rush, we have time.” Lincoln and she did decide they want a child, though they’re not going to rush everything simply because their parents are eager for a grandchild.

“Are you seeing someone at the moment?” Aurora asks Clarke. “I believe you were seeing that woman, Niylah was it?” she asks hesitantly.

“I’m sorry about this, Clarke,” Octavia whispers in her friend’s ear.

“It is fine,” Clarke assures, waving it off. “No, I’m not,” she answers Aurora. “Niylah and I broke up a long time ago.”

“That’s unfortunate,” Aurora replies, her smile faltering.

“Sometimes things don’t work out,” Clarke says, not affected by it. It never got to the point where they had something serious. “I have moved on.”

“I know a young woman you might like,” Indra says to Clarke, stepping out of the kitchen. “We have yoga classes together and she is an interesting woman. She is a kindergarten teacher.”

Octavia face palms and shakes her head. She kind of feels sorry for Clarke for having to put up with
all of this, even though she’d also encourage her friend to date someone and be happy.

“I appreciate it, but that’s really not necessary,” Clarke says, politely declining Indra’s offer to give her the phone number of a stranger. She’s not interested to date anyone, especially with recent events she needs to clear her mind and be alone for a while.

“If you change your mind, I’m only a phone call away,” Indra says sweetly.

Clarke doubts that she would change her mind, but she nods with a smile anyway to let Indra know she will keep her offer in mind.

“Roan, this is my girl, Raven and my pal, Lexa,” Ontari says, gesturing at them. “Ladies, this is my cousin, Roan.”

“What’s up,” Raven says, nodding her head at Roan. She appreciates that he’s not looking at her brace, but it’s possible that Ontari warned him not to do that.

“Hello,” Lexa says quietly.

“We’re going to make our homework in my room,” Ontari says to her cousin. “Don’t disturb us.”

“Do you want anything to drink?” Roan calls out as Ontari goes to her room with Raven and Lexa.

“Three beers,” Ontari answers, because it doesn’t hurt to try.

“A drink that isn’t alcohol,” Roan retorts, not going to give them alcohol despite how harmless a couple of beers might seem.

“Just give us some sodas then, dude,” Ontari says, slamming her door shut.

“You seem friendly with your cousin,” Raven comments, raising an eyebrow.

“That was nothing,” Ontari replies, plopping down on her bed. “Roan’s chill. We’re friends even if it doesn’t always look like we are.”

“That trip is coming up tomorrow,” Raven mumbles. “I got everything packed.”

“It sucks that you have to go home tonight,” Ontari says Raven.

“I know,” Raven replies, sighing. She would have wanted to sleep over when her girlfriend asked, but she didn’t get permission to do so. “At least we’ll be sharing a tent for three nights, so that’s better than nothing.”

“I shouldn’t share a tent with you two,” Lexa says, bringing that up again. “As a couple you should have the freedom to spend some time in private.”

“If you insist to sleep in your own tent, sure, but you could place yours next to ours,” Ontari replies,
not wanting to push Lexa away. “And you’re welcome to change your mind and sleep in our tent anyway if you’d rather not sleep alone.”

Lexa is relieved that they won’t keep trying to convince her to share with them. It’s not that she would be against that idea, but she wants to give them some alone time. She’s used to sleep alone anyway so it’s no trouble at all. Tonight is going to be slightly different, considering Anya gave her permission to sleep over at Ontari’s place. She feels kind of bad that she got permission while Raven didn’t.

“You sketch a lot in class,” Raven says to Lexa while Ontari puts some music on.

“Sometimes,” Lexa replies, though she knows that’s an understatement.

“Have you ever tried graffiti?” Raven asks curiously.

“Graffiti is awesome,” Ontari cuts in. “There’s a wall near our school where I’ve put this giant dragon.”

“That’s yours?” Lexa asks, surprised. She has seen it before and she loves the detail that’s been added into it. “I never really tried it,” she says to Raven, to answer her question.

“Mhmm,” Ontari hums proudly. “We could do a wall together sometime,” she suggests.

“I can’t really run if cops arrive,” Raven replies, regretfully tapping her brace.

“Babe, if the cops would come I’d carry you,” Ontari says, grasping Raven’s hand to run her thumb over her knuckles.

“You know I hate that,” Raven mutters, wanting to be independent.

“What do you say?” Ontari asks Lexa. “Would you do it or do the cops scare you?”

Lexa scoffs at that because out of the things she’s scared of that’s not one of them, although Anya probably wouldn’t be happy if she were to get caught doing something illegal. She’s not an angel by any means who would always follow the rules, but she’s not a trouble seeker either.

It passed midnight and Raven left some hours ago to go home. Lexa has been trying to fall asleep, to no avail. It feels strange to sleep next to Ontari, who hasn’t stirred for an hour or so. She thinks back of her past and the memories make her want to scream, though she refrains from that because she doesn’t want to disturb her friend and Roan from their sleep.

The look on Costia’s face the last time she saw her is imprinted on her memory forever and she wishes she could forget. It’s not that she would really want to forget her ex, but she would rather only remember the good things. She was so helpless when they were harming her and many times she wishes the roles would have been reversed, although Costia shouldn’t have even been there at all, neither as the victim nor as a witness.
Tears roll down her cheeks on their own accord and then she feels Ontari shifting next to her. A slight panic overwhelms her when her friend opens her eyes. She’s not sure if she woke Ontari up or if she wasn’t even asleep in the first place.

“I’m sorry,” Lexa whispers, wiping at her tears.

“Hey, there’s no need to apologize,” Ontari whispers gently. “You’ve got nothing to be sorry for because you haven’t done anything wrong.”

“It should have been me, not her,” Lexa blurts out.

Ontari sits up and leans against her headboard. “Can I touch you?” she asks, seeking permission first.

Lexa nods and then Ontari is caressing her arm. It’s oddly soothing. “Have you ever felt so helpless it made you want to scream?” she asks quietly.

“Many times,” Ontari answers, keeping her voice low. “Sometimes talking about it helps rather than keeping it all in.”

“I noticed,” Lexa whispers, having to agree that there’s truth to that.

Ontari guesses Lexa has been through something heavy, which must have caused her silence when she was new at school. “I’m proud of you that you’ve found the courage to speak up,” she whispers, still caressing her friend’s arm. “That was really brave of you.”

Lexa crumbles and pulls Ontari in a hug, telling her what happened in the past with Costia because tonight is one of those moments where everything is breaking and she’s desperately trying to hold all of her pieces together. She never thought she would be sharing this with a girl who is seen as a rebel who hates most people, but yet here she is.

“Lexa, look at me,” Ontari whispers, gently grasping her friend’s chin to make eye-contact. “You were a victim as well, not just a witness. What happened is not your fault and will never be your fault. Abusers are cruel and it’s never the fault of the victim.”

“It scares me sometimes that the past would repeat itself,” Lexa confesses.

Ontari knows what it feels like to be scared of that type of thing. “You’re safe,” she whispers, hugging Lexa tighter now that she’s allowed. “I got you and nobody is going to harm you right now.”

“Safe,” Lexa repeats, her tears subsiding because Ontari is right. At the time being she is safe.

“If in the future you get a nightmare and wake up or if you can’t sleep, you can call me,” Ontari offers. “It doesn’t matter if it’s the middle of the night in a school week or anything, just call me and I’ll be there. I’d even come over to your place if you want, though I might look like a zombie.”

Lexa chuckles quietly at that. “Why are you so kind to me?” she asks, amazed because she never really gave Ontari any reason to be so caring towards her.

“I know what it feels like to be haunted by demons from the past and to feel as if it’s you against the world,” Ontari answers grimly. “And I’m here to tell you that it doesn’t have to be that way, because you got me, you got Raven and you got your guardian. Let’s kick those demons together, hmm?”

“Yeah,” Lexa answers, finding it slightly easier to breathe now. “Let’s.”
You will all still get another chapter tomorrow. I did pinkie promise after all. :)

Chapter End Notes
Clarke should have packed her backpack sooner rather than at the last moment, but there’s been so much on her mind recently that she forgot. She hasn’t stopped thinking about Lexa and how good those kisses felt, amazing even. But it’s wrong, very wrong and illegal on top of that. It’s strictly prohibited for a teacher to get involved with a student. She can’t tell anyone because she would get shunned for it.

Octavia is her friend, though telling her could likely result in losing her as a friend, at the least. That’s if she’s lucky because if Octavia would know she might report her. It doesn’t even matter that Lexa initiated the first kiss, considering she had every power to stop her. She was perfectly aware of what was going to happen and she still let it.

Then they had kissed again. She should have known better because she is the adult who needs to keep a straight head. That evening keeps replaying in her mind, especially each time she sees Lexa. What makes it worse is that if she could go back in time, she would lean towards kissing the girl again rather than not kissing her.

“What’s wrong with me,” she mumbles, sighing in frustration. “She’s a student for fucks sakes,” she curses, needing to knock some sense into herself to stop thinking sinful thoughts.

Her thoughts slip to Lexa’s soft pink lips and her delicious teasing tongue. She wonders what else the girl can do with that tongue of hers. She thinks of Lexa’s hands which had settled on her waist, wishing those hands would roam over her body.

“I need a cold shower,” she whispers, sighing deeply. She drops everything and pats towards her bathroom; even though it’s already night and she should be going to sleep. It’s near impossible to sleep while her body is particularly awake.

She undresses as fast as she can and turns the water of her shower on, stepping under the stream. The cold stream of the water draws a gasp from her, though it doesn’t stop the heat she feels between her legs. A hand disappears between her legs and even doing this while thinking of Lexa makes her feel like she’ll go to hell.

Her fingers move rapidly, two at first, but then three. She tips her head back, resting it against the cold tiles while the water runs down her body. “Mhmm,” she moans, biting down on her bottom lip. “Oh yes,” she whispers when she’s close to the edge.

The memory of how Lexa kissed her plays through her mind and she imagines having the girl here with her in her shower. She comes with a strangled cry and Lexa’s name tumbling from her lips.

“Fuck,” she curses, shivering because the water is definitely too cold. “A cold shower doesn’t work, check,” she mutters. She turns the water off and hurries to wrap a towel around her naked body.

“I’m doomed,” she says, staring at herself in the mirror. “You can’t feel that way, you hear me?” she asks her reflection with an aggravated tone. “She is seventeen, you could go to jail for touching her.”

She has always been professional, always followed the rules and she is a much appreciated teacher. When Kane told her to keep an eye on Lexa he didn’t mean she should have an eye on the girl. She never planned to be attracted to a student, it simply happened, though that’s a weak excuse.
The harder she tries not to think of Lexa the more she does think of her. She falls down on top of her
bed, her hair still wet from the shower she took. The cool air touching her body causes her to
shudder. She should put some pajamas on and set her alarm. It will be morning soon enough.

“There you both are,” Raven says, sitting on a bench with her stuff next to her. “I’ve been here for
ten minutes, waiting, all alone, lonesome, sad.”

“Way to be dramatic,” Ontari replies teasingly. “I missed you too,” she says, sitting down next to her
girlfriend to kiss her.

“The traffic was annoying,” Lexa says, to apologize for arriving later than Raven did.

“Roan just doesn’t know how to drive properly,” Ontari comments, though she knows it wasn’t her
cousin’s fault.

“You’re both here now, so it’s all good,” Raven replies, happy to see them. “Everyone’s been
gathering over there,” she says, nodding her head to their right. “I bet they expect us to get on the
school bus soon.”

“I hate that bus,” Ontari mutters. “It kind of smells weird.”

Lexa hasn’t been on the school bus yet, though it sounds like it’s going to be annoying. “They said it
will take three hours,” she recalls, which only makes it worse.

“I’m going to nap on the bus,” Raven says, stretching her legs as she stands up. “You can wake me
up when we’re there.”

Lincoln blows his whistle for the students to gather near the bus.

“I’ll get your stuff,” Ontari says to Raven, insisting she’ll carry it. “You shouldn’t put any pressure
on your leg.”

“Alright,” Raven relents, though she does roll her eyes.

Lexa looks around at the students and teachers until she spots Clarke. From what she can see Miss
Griffin looks tired, but she could be wrong. There is brief eye-contact until Clarke averts her eyes.
She’s not a fool, it’s clear to her that Miss Griffin is trying to avoid her, for which she wishes her
good luck for this camping trip.

“Do you want to sit somewhere in the front?” Ontari asks Raven, not wanting to burden her
girlfriend by making her walk to the back of the bus.

“Nah, the back is cool,” Raven answers, giving Ontari a shake of her head. “The teachers sit at the
front and I’m not interested to sit near them.”

“Maybe you want to sit near the teachers,” Ontari says to Lexa, winking at her.
“I don’t,” Lexa replies, blushing lightly. “Shut up, Ri,” she mumbles.

“I once had a thing for a teacher too,” Ontari reveals.

“That’s the opposite of shutting up,” Lexa says, not wanting to be teased about the crush she has on Miss Griffin.

“Keeping my mouth shut ain’t my forte,” Ontari replies, grinning. “I guess you’ll just have to deal with it, huh?”

“How friendly of you,” Lexa says dryly, though she knows that Ontari doesn’t have ill intentions.

“I’ll help you with your tent when we arrive,” Ontari promises Lexa, changing the topic. “I’m a pro at setting up tents.”

Lexa gets on the bus while Lincoln checks her name on some list. She picks up a weird scent that she can’t quite distinguish, but it’s not a pleasant one, so Ontari wasn’t kidding. A piece of the seats in the back look as if someone dragged a knife through the cushions and someone drew with a black marker on the back of the seats in front of her. There are even a few phone numbers scribbled down, from which she isn’t sure if the owners of those numbers put them there themselves. It wouldn’t be the first time that some jerk would jot down someone’s number on a random place.

“It irks me too,” Raven says out of nowhere, causing Lexa to jolt. “Sorry about that,” she mumbles while she fishes through her stuff for a marker.

Lexa settles down again, calming her breathing while she watches Raven color over the phone numbers to hide them.

Finn leans over his seat and looks at Lexa with a dirty smirk on his face. “You’re such a fre-”

“Finish that sentence and I’ll set your tent on fire at night,” Ontari threatens Finn, glaring at him. “If you ever bother any of my friends again you’re going to regret it.”

Finn’s face pales. “I’m going to tell the teacher you threatened me,” he replies with a shaky voice.

“You shouldn’t harass or bully people,” Lexa says coolly, finding her voice to speak up. “Do you have any girls in your family?” she asks, not waiting for Finn to answer. “Think of how you’d feel if someone would treat that girl the way you treat girls.”

“You’re talking…,” Finn says, his face unreadable, “with words.”

“Yes,” Lexa replies dryly. “And one plus one is two, the sun rises every morning, there are twenty-four hours in a day. What else is new?”

Ontari grins when Finn moves his mouth like a fish on dry land without any words coming out. When he finally turns around, she gently nudges Lexa’s side with her elbow and winks at her.

“Damn,” Raven whispers, smiling at Lexa. “Someone’s on fire today.”
Octavia’s good example must have gone out of the door when she puts her stuff in a tent she will be sharing with Lincoln, not that it matters to Clarke because she’s fine with having a tent all to herself. Her tent was rather easy to set up because she simply had to throw it open and watch it unfold by itself.

Lexa glances at her tent, which is within the perimeter that’s been set. Her tent is only a few steps away from the tent Raven shares with Ontari. The other tents are further away, though that could be due to the way Ontari was glaring at the other students.

Clarke had meant to place her tent as far away from Lexa’s as possible, but with all the students taking up spots so fast her tent is not that far away from the girl’s. Due to the good weather in this area everyone is wearing summer outfits. Seeing Lexa in short shorts and a tank top makes her want to sin, which she obviously shouldn’t do. Of course she noticed before that the girl is rather attractive, but it wasn’t until they kissed that she’s wanted Lexa.

Lexa smiles when she sees Clarke checking her out. She waves at her, to which Miss Griffin promptly ducks away and enters her tent. There is no way that her feelings aren’t mutual otherwise Clarke wouldn’t have kissed her back when they had dinner that time. She’s not blind either and she can see that Miss Griffin looks at her sometimes in a way that’s different from how she looks at others.

Clarke retrieves a bottle of water from her backpack and she wonders how she will survive this camping trip. It really doesn’t help how her mind is telling her that Lexa has her tent to herself and so does she. That’s definitely not what she should be thinking about. She can keep it together for three nights. What’s the worst that could happen? It’s not like she’s going to sneak out at night to do something she shouldn’t with Lexa. No, absolutely not.

Chapter End Notes

Such foreshadowing, unless I'm just kidding. :)

The next chapter will be posted soon. For the time being I've only been writing for this story so updates should stay frequent. I've outlined it further so I know where I'm going with this. I haven't decided on the ending yet though.
Chapter 11

Dare I say that this chapter is my personal favorite?
Yup, it is.
Enjoy ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The sun is slowly but surely setting, the yellow rays turned into specks of orange and deep red. Lexa took advantage of this opportunity to sneak away and sketch. It helps to clear her mind for a while. She’s sitting on a tree that looks like it must have broken off during a storm or something, judging from the fact that it doesn’t look like it was a clean cut.

The wind is blowing gently, keeping her hair out of her face. She hopes it won’t turn because it would get obnoxious fast if she would have to keep tucking her hair behind her ears. There are footsteps sounding nearby, which means someone is approaching. At least now that she expects it she won’t jump up.

It’s relatively silent for a while, save from the distant sounds of students and teachers who stayed near the tents. Then a twig snaps and the footsteps are closer until they come to a halt. Whoever approached her isn’t saying a word and judging from the sudden shadow that’s fallen over her sketch she can assume the person who is here is observing her sketch.

“I know you’re there,” Lexa says quietly, covering her sketch with one of her hands.

“Hey,” Clarke replies softly. Even though she hadn’t meant to startle Lexa, the girl jumps up. “I didn’t mean to startle you.”

Lexa already knew that from the silent approach, though the fact that it’s Clarke’s voice she’s hearing did startle her. She didn’t know she was caught sneaking away and for a moment she thought that it could have been Ontari or some random student.

“Is sneaking away a habit of yours?” Clarke asks as she sits down on the tree, though she keeps a respective distance from Lexa. Respective in the sense their bodies aren’t touching, but close enough to glance at the girl’s sketch.

Lexa shrugs and moves her hand away to uncover her sketch. “I didn’t think anyone would notice,” she answers as she continues sketching the sunset.

“I always notice you,” Clarke blurts out. God dammit, she needs to think before speaking because now Lexa is looking at her with those green eyes widened in surprise. “I keep an eye on my students,” she says, in an attempt to mask her slipup. “It’s my job. I would be a poor teacher if one of my students were to wander off without me noticing.”

“You don’t have to pretend as if what you said first isn’t what you really meant to say,” Lexa whispers, snapping her eyes back to her sketch. “It’s nice to know you notice me. That I’m not just some blip on your radar among many.”
“You’re special, Lexa,” Clarke replies, trying to be cautious yet needing the girl to know that. “I see your sketch is coming along pretty well.”

“You can have it,” Lexa says, offering it to Clarke.

“I’ll be sure to frame it,” Clarke says, winking. The more words that come out of her mouth the worse she’s making things.

“It’s your turn,” Lexa says, holding her sketchbook and pencil out to Clarke. “I recall you considering drawing me.”

“I said perhaps,” Clarke points out as she accepts the sketchbook and the pencil. “I suppose I can give it a try, but you’ll have to sit still.”

Lexa smiles and even though she wants to be completely still for Clarke to draw her, she can’t stop her eyes from flitting down to follow the swift movements of Miss Griffin’s hand. Each time Clarke’s eyes snap up to observe her, she follows them and holds her gaze.

Clarke swallows thickly, nearly dropping the pencil due to how breathtaking Lexa is. She smiles and gives it her best shot to draw the girl’s beautiful cupid bow lips, those lips from which she knows all too well what they feel and taste like. Her free hand reaches out to brush through Lexa’s hair, which seems to make the girl blush.

A smile tugs at Lexa’s lips when she notices that Clarke is slowly leaning towards her. She puts her hand on top of hers while they close the gap together to meet in the middle. There’s no way she’s going to pretend as if this isn’t happening, even though it feels surreal.

Clarke mentally curses herself for giving in to her temptations after only having arrived here in the woods some hours ago. She contemplates backing away, but then Lexa’s teasing tongue probes at her lips and she becomes putty in her hands, melting in her fingertips as she surrenders to their kiss.

Lexa’s lips tremble in their kiss as she cups Clarke’s neck and tangles her other hand in her hair, drawing her impossibly closer. She wants to make this last for as long as she can, for as long as Miss Griffin will permit her.

Clarke moans when Lexa sucks her bottom lip between her lips and a beat later she hears Lexa moan as well. The sound sends electricity coursing through her body, down to her core. Her hands slip under the girl’s tank top, caressing her lower back.

They break apart when footsteps are approaching. It must be more than one person, unless it’s one person who is dragging something along.

Clarke quickly makes sure her clothes are still properly in place while she hands Lexa her sketchbook and her pencil back. “You should go back to the tents,” she whispers, because the girl can’t stay out here. Eventually more teachers could notice Lexa’s absence and look for her.

Lexa grasps Clarke’s shirt and in a moment of courage she crashes their lips together. “I won’t forget this,” she whispers like a promise.

Clarke watches Lexa walk away and shakes her head. “Fuck, I’m so fucked,” she mumbles quietly to herself. It’s morally wrong and it’s selfish of her how much she wants the girl. She is twenty-six while Lexa is only seventeen.
“Whoa, watch out,” Raven says when Lexa nearly barrels into her.

“Sorry, I didn’t see you,” Lexa apologizes. She’s too distracted to pay much attention to her surroundings.

“We saw you leaving a while back,” Ontari says to Lexa. “We figured we’d see if you’re doing okay.”

“Yeah, I just needed some fresh air,” Lexa replies, but she immediately regrets her choice of words. They’re literally out in the woods, can’t get much fresher than this, and from the way Ontari raises her eyebrow she’s thinking the same.

“That’s a neat sketch,” Raven comments, glancing at the sketch in Lexa’s hands.

“Oh uh, I was just drawing randomly,” Lexa says nervously. It’s the sketch Clarke drew of her, so it would seem weird if she would have been drawing herself.

“Doesn’t look like you drew it,” Ontari says, not buying it. “Your style is different.”

“Is that Miss Griffin’s work?” Raven asks Lexa. “Ri and I saw her walking away from the tents,” she explains, to clarify why she’s mentioning Miss Griffin.

“Yes,” Lexa answers, realizing she’s kind of cornered now. “Miss Griffin was kind enough to draw this.”

Ontari smiles at Lexa. “How long have you had a crush on her?” she asks, enjoying this a bit too much.

Lexa answers with a shrug and keeps walking to head back to the tents. She really doesn’t need to tell them any details and it’s more than enough that they know that she has a crush on Miss Griffin.

Ontari gazes at Lexa’s swollen lips, which makes her wonder what happened. “Okay then,” she says, dropping it with a sigh.

Lexa puts the sketch away in her tent, tucking it somewhere safely inside of her backpack so nobody else can look at it. She appreciates the lock that Anya has given her that she can use to lock her tent at night while she sleeps. It gives her a certain sense of security that nobody can enter her tent randomly at night without her permission. In the worst case her tent could be cut open, but that sounds like a rather desperate measurement for someone to get inside of her tent.
“We don’t want to hear any complaints,” Octavia says sternly. “It’s getting late and you all need to be up early in the morning.”

“You all heard Miss Blake,” Clarke says with a strong tone. “And no wandering around in the woods,” she adds, holding her index finger up. “Is that clear?”

“Yes, Miss Griffin,” the students reply, sounding quite annoyed.

“We expect all of you to be responsible and to behave,” Lincoln says. “You have all been informed of the rules, which need to be followed down to the letter.”

“Have a good night,” Clarke says with a friendly smile. She loses her composure for a split second when Lexa winks at her.

Octavia waits for all the students to get inside of their tents and to make sure no girl is sharing a tent with a guy. “Alright,” she says quietly, stretching her arms. “I’m going to call it a night,” she says to Clarke while she grasps Lincoln’s hand.

“Sleep well,” Clarke replies, smiling as her friends walk away to get in their tents. She sees the few other teachers who tagged along disperse as well. When she walks to her tent she hears a nearby tent zipping open.

Lexa pokes her head out of her tent and holds her flashlight under her chin, given it is dark out. “Clarke,” she whispers, drawing her attention.

Clarke walks over to Lexa’s tent and crouches down to be at eye-level with her. “You should go to sleep,” she whispers, not wanting to risk someone else overhearing.

“I can’t sleep yet,” Lexa replies quietly. “Do you want to go for a walk with me?”

“Did you not hear what I said five minutes ago?” Clarke asks, tilting her head to the side. “I said no wandering around in the woods,” she repeats.

“I didn’t peg you for someone who would follow the rules,” Lexa answers bluntly.

“That’s not funny,” Clarke whispers, displeased. It’s another reminder of how she did something she shouldn’t have, on two occasions.

“Would you be more comfortable with spending some time in my tent rather than going for a walk?” Lexa asks, gesturing inside of her tent which is reasonably cozy, for a tent.

Clarke wonders when Lexa decided to talk so much, which mostly happens when they’re alone. As if she would be more comfortable in the girl’s tent, no, that would be torture. She’s not supposed to enter a student’s tent, that’s all kinds of wrong. Going out in the woods for a walk does seem safer and it would reduce the risk to get caught, but it’s still wrong.

Lexa frowns at Clarke’s lack of an answer. “Clarke?” she whispers, waiting for her to say something.

“What would you prefer?” Clarke asks, and that’s not what she should be doing. She has to be the adult who should say no. “You can choose,” she says, which is the wrong line.

Lexa does consider going for a walk with Clarke, though having her in her tent is a tempting choice. She leans forward and cradles Miss Griffin’s face in her hands. “I have a lock for my tent,” she whispers as she gently tugs Clarke inside of her tent, having made her choice.
Clarke hardly breathes when Lexa zips the tent shut. She watches the girl clicking the lock in place and she has to admit that it’s a relief nobody can randomly zip the tent open. Lexa looks sinful in the black shirt and boxer briefs she’s wearing, but that’s because of her sinful thoughts.

Lexa rocks back and sits down, her flashlight dimmed. She holds her heart while she waits, waits for Clarke to do something, depending on what she wants.

Clarke grasps Lexa’s wrists and gently pushes her down. She captures the girl’s lips while one of her hands disappears under her shirt, rising up bit by bit.

Lexa feels Clarke pausing when her hand is close to her chest and then Miss Griffin breaks their kiss to look at her, as if she’s trying to make sure that this is what she wants. She uses this chance to switch their positions, bringing Clarke onto her back. “Tell me what you want,” she husks, trailing Miss Griffin’s jawline with her finger.

“Anything,” Clarke whimpers, feeling needy and desperate.

Chapter End Notes

I could have teased more, but that would have been torture. Clexa needed this. I just want my gay babies to be happy.

p.s: the next chapter will be posted tomorrow. :) You can find me on twitter @Silent_Rain91
Chapter 12

“I’m majorly judging Miss Griffin right now,” Raven whispers to Ontari, shaking her head while she sighs. She can’t believe what she just saw with her own eyes, but her girlfriend saw it too, so it’s not a figment of her imagination.

“Same,” Ontari agrees, not too happy about how things are turning out. Lexa has been through so fucking much and she’d hate to see someone taking advantage of her friend. Lexa is in a vulnerable position, with which Miss Griffin helped, but it’s wrong that Miss Griffin is advancing on her friend. She thought Miss Griffin simply liked or admired Lexa, not that she’d actually crawl inside of her tent.

“I don’t think I even want to know what they’re doing,” Raven whispers, scrunching her nose up. “What do you think we should do?” she asks, seeking her girlfriend’s opinion and advice.

“I’m not sure,” Ontari answers, knitting her eyebrows together. “Lexa obviously has a thing for Miss Griffin, but now I’m worried she’s taking advantage of her. Miss Griffin should know better and she better not be using Lexa as some toy to play with,” she grumbles quietly.

“It won’t be pretty if they get caught,” Raven mumbles, clicking her flashlight out. She had been about to have a walk with her girlfriend when they had seen Miss Griffin disappearing inside of Lexa’s tent.

“One sign from Lexa that it ain’t consensual and I’m turning Miss Griffin in,” Ontari whispers, ready to throw a fit if her friend gets hurt.

“Even if it would be consensual it’s still illegal,” Raven points out. “Maybe we should keep this to ourselves for now,” she suggests. “If Lexa knows that we know she might get very defensive and we don’t have the full picture of it yet.”

“You’re right,” Ontari agrees. “Did you still want to go for that walk?”

“I don’t know,” Raven answers with a pained smile.

Ontari takes Raven’s hands in hers. “What is it, babe?” she asks quietly, concerned.

“My leg is hurting,” Raven answers, sighing as she lowers herself to lie down.

“Can I take your brace off?” Ontari asks, waiting for Raven to nod. “I’ll massage your leg,” she whispers, though she knows that won’t do much.

“Mhmm,” Raven hums, lifting her leg for a moment to make it easier for Ontari to take her brace off. “With kisses?” she asks with a hopeful smile.

“Of course,” Ontari answers, gently massaging Raven’s leg.

Raven closes her eyes, trying to concentrate on Ontari’s soft hands rather than on the pain. “I don’t deserve you,” she whispers, feeling like she’s not worthy enough to be with Ontari.

Ontari disagrees with that. “You do,” she replies. “You’re amazing and I hope you’ll realize someday that you deserve the world. I might not be able to give you the world, but I can give you my heart.”
“That’s so damn corny, even for you,” Raven replies, unable to stop a big smile from splitting open. “You’re making me all emo,” she says when happy tears escape her.

“Ugh, now I’m going to cry too,” Ontari mumbles, groaning.

“Way to be a supportive girlfriend,” Raven teases.

Lexa spends a part of the night kissing Clarke while their hands caress each other’s arms and back. It’s fairly innocent, but so far she doesn’t feel the need to go further than this. She knows that Miss Griffin is struggling with her morals and going slow seems like the best choice.

Clarke could have said no to this, but since she’s already sinning and getting burned she might as well let it be. She can’t deny the pull she feels towards Lexa, even though it’s wrong. Her knee slips between the girl’s legs, pressing there.

Lexa gasps at the contact. “Maybe we should go for that walk,” she suggests, before they both end up naked and rush things.

“Yes,” Clarke agrees, despite the rules. She already broke plenty of them, might as well break one more by letting Lexa wander around in the woods. In all fairness it’s doubtful nobody else would break that rule, though as a teacher she should know better.

Lexa presses another kiss to Clarke’s lips before opening the lock so she can zip her tent open. It’s gotten even darker, which means she’ll definitely need to take her flashlight with her.

“You can’t tell anyone about this,” Clarke whispers as they clamber out of the tent.

Lexa knows that Clarke is not talking about the fact that they’re going to wander around in the woods. “I don’t plan to,” she replies, to ease Miss Griffin’s mind.

“Are you warm enough?” Clarke asks quietly. The night isn’t exactly cold, but Lexa is only wearing a shirt and some shorts she put on, while she is wearing sweatpants.

“Yes,” Lexa answers while they sneak away from the tents. “I’m sure we can figure something out if I do get cold,” she whispers suggestively.

Clarke is taken aback by Lexa’s new bout of confidence. It’s dangerous because it only makes the girl appear more attractive. They don’t say that confidence is sexy for nothing, because it really is.

Lexa touches her fingertips to Clarke’s hand, silently asking permission to lace their fingers together. She exhales quietly when Miss Griffin opens her hand to let her do just that. This gentle touch feels comforting to her.

“Have you been interested in a teacher before?” Clarke asks while they stroll through the woods. Lexa’s past won’t make a difference, but she’s curious.

“No, I haven’t,” Lexa answers, frowning at the odd question. She wonders if that’s Clarke’s way of
trying to gauge if she’s into older women or if she’s trying to ask if she has a kink for teachers. “Have you ever been interested in a student before me?”

Clarke should have known her question would fire back. “No, never,” she answers, shaking her head at the same time. “I didn’t think I would ever be drawn to a student,” she says earnestly. “I’m not supposed to see a student in this light.”

“I know,” Lexa whispers, aware of the unfortunate position Clarke is in. It would have been easier if they both would have been students or teachers, or simply not in this position, but it is what it is.

Clarke sighs audibly. She puts her hands on Lexa’s hips, backing the girl up against a tree. “If we would get caught…,” she whispers, torn between what’s morally right and what she wants.

“As long as we’re careful we won’t get caught,” Lexa replies, not too worried about that.

“I shouldn’t drag you into this,” Clarke whispers, shaking her head before resting her forehead against Lexa’s.

“You’re not,” Lexa says, wanting to assure Clarke that this is something she wants. “I’m choosing this because I like you and it would be nice if we could explore where things could go between us. You’re not responsible for the choices I make.”

Clarke’s morals are telling her no yet everything else is saying yes. When she bobs her head in agreement and catches Lexa’s lips, her sanity leaves her again. She’s putting a lot on the line, but each time they kiss she wants this more and more. Sneaking around in the dark, kissing against a tree makes her feel young again. Or well, younger, since she’s not that old. Perhaps she is interested in the girl for the wrong reasons, to feel this thrill of feeling young. Lexa is her personal aphrodisiac.

Lexa smiles into their kiss, feeling relieved that Clarke isn’t going down the road of telling her that she should pretend as if this didn’t happen. Today has been going great, first when Miss Griffin sketched her and when they kissed, then in her tent when they locked lips for a long time and now they are here, out in the woods, kissing again.

Raven sticks her tongue out at her girlfriend and at Lexa as Lincoln gathers the students for a morning jog. She can’t run with her bad leg, so obviously she gets to relax while the others suffer.

“You look happy,” Ontari says to Lexa, observing the smile on her face.

“I had a good sleep,” Lexa replies, although in reality she hardly slept at all. She was up for most of the night, enjoying Clarke’s company. She’s sleep ridden now, but it has been worth it.

“Mhmm, looks like it,” Ontari mumbles. She sighs quietly, wondering how long Miss Griffin stayed in Lexa’s tent. So far it looks like her friend wanted it and doesn’t seem hurt, but she’ll keep an eye on things anyway, just in case.

Lincoln blows on his whistle. “Follow me,” he instructs loud and clear.
Clarke sticks at the back with Octavia to watch the students and to ensure none of them get behind.

“You look like a zombie,” Octavia says, frowning at Clarke. “Did you get any sleep?”

“No,” Clarke answers, deciding there’s no need to lie about that bit. “I missed my bed at home,” she says, which she did.

“One night down,” Octavia replies, patting Clarke’s back. “Only two more nights to go,” she says, feeling in a good mood. “I hope you’ll sleep better tonight. If you want I can come over to your tent tonight for cuddles that will help you sleep.”

“Not that your cuddles aren’t good, but I doubt that would help,” Clarke says with a small smile. “Besides, Lincoln would miss you.”

“He’s a big guy, he’ll live,” Octavia says, knowing that Lincoln wouldn’t mind. She would miss him as well, but one night isn’t much.

“That’s more information than I needed,” Clarke replies, smirking when Octavia’s jaw drops.

Octavia slaps Clarke’s ass and runs a bit faster to taunt her. “Come on, Clarkey,” she calls out over her shoulder. “Put some pep in your step, have a little fun while you run.”

Clarke rolls her eyes because she’s definitely nowhere near as optimistic as Octavia is when it comes to running. In fact, she hates running because it makes her boobs move up and down repeatedly. She owns some good sport bras, which she conveniently forgot at home.

Ontari pushes the urge to say something down when Lexa starts to run slower, as if she’s trying to fall behind on purpose, which she thinks might be true. Miss Griffin is running behind after all. She hopes that her friend knows how badly she’s playing with fire. She’s willing to bet they kissed more than once, if not a lot more than kissing. After everything Lexa entrusted her with about her past she wants to protect her. She doesn’t see how things could possibly end well between those two.

Lexa slows down enough until she has fallen behind to the point where Clarke catches up with her. “Not a fan of jogging?” she asks casually, keeping it modest in case someone hears them.

“I’m keeping an eye on things and running at the back is the best way to make sure nobody is being left behind,” Clarke answers, choosing her answer carefully. “With the slow pace I’m going at I can save some of my energy for later.”

“Good call,” Lexa replies, quieter this time. “You’ll need some energy later.”

Clarke trips over her feet due to a loss of concentration, inflicted by Lexa’s words, and of course the girl is steadying her so she doesn’t collide with the ground. The feeling of Lexa’s hands on her arms makes her skin burn.
Lexa feels a bit queasy now that she’s been divided into a group for some kind of activity. Ontari and Raven are in her group so that’s not bad, but what makes it bad is that Finn and Murphy are in her group as well. They’ve been given some sort of map with checkpoints they need to reach and at each checkpoint a teacher will be waiting to give them a task to complete.

The purpose of the activity is to see how well they work in a group. She wouldn’t have minded it if it wasn’t for having those two guys in her group. Something about their glares unsettles her and even though she spoke up on the bus on their way to these woods she’s not assured that there won’t be any issues. If anything, Finn and Murphy look as if they’re waiting to strike, waiting to take revenge.

“Here, you can hold the map,” Ontari says to Lexa, thrusting it in her arms. “Lead the way, commander,” she adds with a smirk.

Lexa works her jaw slowly, not having signed up to lead. She glances at the map to see where they need to go. “Left,” she says, nodding her head to their left.

Raven rubs her hand over her brace, hating how much she’ll be walking for this activity. At least when she’s at school she can sit. Sharing a tent with Ontari is great. The activities and the other hand aren’t.

Ontari bends slightly through her knees in front of Raven. “Hop on my back,” she says, tapping her hand to her shoulder to encourage her girlfriend. “I’ll give you a piggy back ride.”

Raven groans audibly. She’d rather be independent and not accept any pity or whatever, but she has to admit that her leg is aching badly. “You’re going to exhaust yourself,” she says as she hops onto Ontari’s back.

“Please, you hardly weigh anything,” Ontari replies, scoffing. She could get somewhat tired after a while, but she doesn’t care about that because her girlfriend shouldn’t walk all the way while her leg is hurting so much.

Lexa glares warily at Finn and Murphy who are whispering in each other’s ears while they’re throwing dirty smiles at her and her friends. She doesn’t trust them one bit, though it’s a relief to know that she and her friends aren’t outnumbered by them. It was a stupid idea of the teachers to put them together in a group, although she can see why they did it.

After walking for about half an hour they find the first checkpoint where Miss Blake is waiting for them.

“You are well on time,” Octavia appraises, not having expected this group so soon. In all fairness she thought they’d arrive later than scheduled because she thought they’d get in each other’s hair. “Are you alright, Raven?” she asks, concerned to see the girl being carried by Ontari.

“I’m fine,” Raven answers while Ontari gently lowers her. “Ri’s got me covered,” she says, winking at her girlfriend.

Octavia opens her duffel bag and retrieves pieces of wood. “These pieces can form a T shape,” she explains as she holds it out to the students. “Once you can form the shape, I will put a stamp on your
map and then you can continue.”

“Piece of cake,” Raven says, accepting the pieces.

“I think that piece goes next to that one,” Lexa says quietly, pointing at two pieces. She would let Raven handle this alone, but it was said they’re supposed to work together as a group.

“She’s right,” Ontari agrees. “And that little one goes next to that bigger one.”

“What do you two think?” Raven asks Finn and Murphy.

Murphy answers with a shrug and doesn’t even bother to look.

“This is lame,” Finn says, slipping his hands in his pocket. “Just finish the damn thing.”

“Watch your attitude, Finn,” Octavia warns, reprimanding him slightly. She watches how Raven finishes puzzling the pieces together with some help from Lexa and Ontari. “Good,” she says, stamping their map. “You may continue now.”

Raven hops onto Ontari’s back again while Lexa mumbles directions. Finn and Murphy slump a bit behind them.

Lexa continues to cast glances over her shoulder to make sure Finn and Murphy aren’t up to something shady. Their checkpoints go rather well and the last one they reach is Miss Griffin.

Clarke can see how tense Lexa looks, which makes her worry. “I will give you a riddle and if you can solve it you will receive the last stamp,” she says, gathering their attention. “An old man wanted to leave all of his money to one of his three sons, but he didn’t know which one he should give it to. He gave each of them a few coins and told them to buy something that would be able to fill their living room. The first man bought straw, but there was not enough to fill the room. The second bought some sticks, but they still did not fill the room. The third man bought two things that filled the room, so he obtained his father’s fortune. What were the two things that the man bought?”

“Two things to fill a room,” Ontari mumbles. She knits her eyebrows together in thought. Two things to fill a living room don’t seem like much. A couch could fill a living room quite a lot already, but not fully. She’d just flood it with water, but that’s not really buying two things then.

“That doesn’t make any sense,” Finn complains.

“Hmm,” Raven hums.

“A candle,” Lexa whispers. She clears her throat when Clarke looks at her. “He bought a candle and matches to light the candle,” she says, louder this time. “When he lights the candle, the whole room will be filled by the light.”

“That’s the correct answer,” Clarke replies, nearly beaming. “Well done, you have earned the last stamp.”

Lexa sucks her lips into her mouth to avoid smiling like an idiot because Clarke looks like she’s proud of her.

“Let’s find our tents again,” Ontari says, now that the activity is done. “Which way do we have to go?” she asks Lexa.

Lessa looks at the map to navigate the way. The sky is slightly overcast and if they hurry a bit they
can get back to their tents before the night falls. She mumbles the directions and maybe she’s been walking too fast because at some point she doesn’t hear any footsteps behind her anymore. She turns around, but there’s nobody there.

“Raven?” Lexa asks, looking around. “Ontari?” she asks, wondering where her friends went. Maybe they got behind and she didn’t notice.

Finn steps out from behind a tree with a sly grin on his face. “Are you lost, freak?” he asks tauntingly.

Lexa feels as if an invisible hand is closing around her throat, making it impossible for her to breathe, when Finn and Murphy approach her.

“Lost your tongue again?” Murphy asks, smirking at Lexa’s widened eyes.

“Not so tough on your own are you?” Finn asks, backing Lexa up against a tree. “We should teach you a lesson,” he says while he reaches into his bag.

Lexa screams, panic overwhelming her as memories flood through her mind.

“What the fuck,” Finn says, holding a bottle of water. “I was just going to splash water on you. Stop screaming!”

“Stop it,” Murphy says, reaching a hand out to touch Lexa’s shoulder.

The sudden touch sets Lexa off even further. She grasps Murphy’s wrist and twists his arm to bring him down to his knees. When he is down she kicks her foot square against Finn’s chest.

Ontari appears with Raven slumping behind her. “I will kill you both,” she growls at Finn and Murphy. She grasps Finn first by his shirt, holding a fist up. “What did you do, you punk?”

“Nothing,” Finn answers, spluttering. “We were just going to splash some water over her, chill out.”

Lexa slumps down against a tree and wraps her arms around her knees. “It’s safe,” she whispers.

“You’re a nutcase,” Finn says to Lexa. “Let’s get out of here,” he says to Murphy, stomping away.

Lexa accepts Ontari’s hand to let her friend pull her up. “I’m okay,” she says, wanting to assure her friends of that as much as herself.

Raven shares a worried look with Ontari, but she keeps her mouth shut.

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Lexa smiles as she lures Clarke into her tent again now that it’s night. The coast is clear, so they don’t have to worry. As soon as Miss Griffin is inside of her tent, she uses the lock to keep it closed.

Clarke presses her lips to Lexa’s ear. “You’ve been a naughty girl today,” she whispers, reveling at how the girl visibly shudders.
Lexa looks into Clarke’s eyes and bats her eyelashes. “Are you going to punish me, Miss Griffin?” she asks as innocently as she can muster. She remembers the challenge she laid out earlier of how Clarke was going to need some energy.

“Fuck,” Clarke curses. She’s already hot with want to hear that Lexa is going along with this, which she hadn’t anticipated. She clears her throat. “Yes, I will have to punish you,” she husks, intrigued by the idea.

Lexa grasps the hem of her own shirt to pull it over her head, but Clarke halts her. She frowns, confused because she thought Miss Griffin would want this. Maybe she misread the signals.

“May I?” Clarke asks quietly, gesturing at Lexa’s shirt.

“Oh,” Lexa whispers, realizing that Clarke wants to take it off for her, which is an even better idea. “Yes,” she answers, smiling warmly. “I want this,” she says, to make it clear that she’s giving her consent. She doesn’t want Miss Griffin to hesitate or to think that this wouldn’t be what she wants.

“Tell me to stop if you get uncomfortable,” Clarke whispers, not wanting to cross the line. Technically she’s already crossing the line by doing all of this with a student, but she doesn’t want to cross any of Lexa’s boundaries on top of that. Consent is always important, although she shouldn’t be doing this.

Lexa nods, because if there’s something she wouldn’t want she would say so. “I trust you, Clarke,” she whispers, trusting that Clarke won’t hurt her. She hopes Miss Griffin won’t fall over her age too much, considering she only turned seventeen about two months ago, which means it’s still a whole while to go before she’ll turn eighteen.

Clarke slowly lifts Lexa’s shirt up and discards it to the side. It is tempting to go with the whole act of punishing the girl for having been naughty, though it seems better to not go there. As much as a part of her wants to go further, she’s not ready to go further yet and she doubts Lexa is ready for that either.

Lexa exhales slowly as Clarke kisses her chest tenderly. She likes how gentle and careful Miss Griffin is being. “No punishment?” she asks, her curiosity breaking the silence that had fallen.

“I could stop kissing you,” Clarke answers, purely to tease Lexa.

“No punishment sounds good,” Lexa whispers quickly, not wanting Clarke to stop kissing her.

Clarke cups Lexa’s cheeks, caressing them with her thumbs as she gazes into her eyes. “Your eyes are spectacular, so full of life,” she whispers, admiring how green and intense they are.

Lexa lets a content sigh out when Clarke’s lips press to hers. She opens her mouth bit by bit so they can explore every crevice of each other’s mouth. It’s easy to have the whole world fade for a while when she’s being kissed like this.

Clarke knows that it’s the second night in the woods, meaning there is only one more night to go and she wishes she could stop time for a while to make this moment with Lexa last longer.

“Stay for the night?” Lexa asks quietly when Clarke is holding her in her arms.

Clarke sighs and loosens her hold. “I can’t,” she answers, because it’s too dangerous to get caught. She can’t be seen leaving the girl’s tent in the morning. There would be no proper excuse to justify why she was in Lexa’s tent. “I have to go sleep in my own tent.”
Lexa could try and convince Clarke somehow, but she knows that they don’t have the liberty to sleep together. “I understand,” she whispers, smiling weakly.

Clarke kisses Lexa’s forehead, bids her goodnight and leaves.

Chapter End Notes

*grins evilly*

Maybe you'll get another chapter today.
Clarke holds Octavia’s hair to keep it out of her face while her friend throws up. She uses her free hand to rub Octavia’s back.

“I got some water,” Lincoln says, holding a bottle of water out.

Octavia accepts the bottle and twists the cap off. “I shouldn’t have touched those beans last night,” she says, shuddering at the thought.

“They did taste a bit overcooked,” Clarke says, remembering they didn’t taste that well. “Are you okay?” she asks Octavia with a concerned tone.

“Yeah, I’m fine,” Octavia answers, taking a few generous sips from the water. “I feel better than I did an hour ago,” she says, assuming her body just needed to get that out.

“Tomorrow we’ll be going back home,” Lincoln says, feeling relieved that it’s their last night out here in the woods tonight. “If you would feel icky tomorrow we can go to the doctor.”

“I don’t think that will be necessary,” Octavia replies, honestly not feeling that bad. “It was nothing more but a temporary disagreement between my stomach and the food I ate.”

“Only if you’re sure,” Lincoln says, tucking a lock of Octavia’s hair behind her ear.

Clarke grabs a twig and throws it into the campfire they’ve built. Since they’ll all be going home tomorrow it has been decided that the students can do what they want today, as long as it is within reason. It’s Saturday, so technically they deserve to get a break anyway. The students got permission to wander around if they don’t stray too far from the tents.

“I had Indra on the phone last night,” Octavia says to Clarke. “She said that the kindergarten teacher she would like to introduce you to is named Harper and I had to listen to her gush about that woman for several long minutes,” she continues, knowing how much everyone who knows Clarke is rooting for her to find someone she can be happy with.

“That’s sweet, but I don’t need Indra to set me up with someone,” Clarke replies, politely declining. “I’m perfectly capable of finding dates for myself whenever I feel like dating.”

“It’s kind of been a while for you,” Octavia points out. “You could always try one date and if it doesn’t work out, no harm no foul,” she suggests. “Right?”

“I’ll think about it,” Clarke says, purely to get Octavia off of her back.

“You don’t have to say yes if you don’t want to,” Lincoln says to Clarke, ever the peacemaker. “My mother is sweet, though she tends to meddle too much at times.”

“Our mothers have that in common,” Octavia says, because her mother is the same.

“I wish people would put more time in their own love life rather than in mine,” Clarke comments with a small smile. She doesn’t need Lincoln’s mother to suggest her women she could date and she also doesn’t need the phone number of some man Aurora texted her this morning.

“We won’t be young forever,” Octavia says, staring at the fire to watch it flicker. “Sometimes I can hardly believe that we’re closer to thirty than we are to twenty.”
“Thanks for reminding me,” Clarke replies dryly. She knows that she is twenty-six and that time is
ticking, though she’s far from old.

“I’m happy that I have Lincoln,” Octavia says with a bright smile. “My life is pretty great,” she
continues, appreciating what she has. “I have a job I like, a house where I’ve settled down with the
man I love and someday we’ll have a child.”

“That does sound pretty great,” Clarke says to be supportive. “I’m happy you’re happy, O.”

“Someday you will have those things as well,” Lincoln says to Clarke, patting her knee. “You will
meet someone who will realize what a catch you are and then everything will unfold naturally.”

“Linc is right,” Octavia agrees. “Even if you end up with a woman you can still have children, if
that’s what you want,” she says, considering there are several ways to have children.

Clarke knows that her bisexuality has always been accepted. She’s not sure how she feels about
children, though she would be lying if she would say she never wants any because she might,
someday. “I think I would consider adopting if I ever do have a child,” she says thoughtfully. “I
know that when it comes to adoption there’s a chance I’ll miss out on some years, but there are
children out there who need a loving home.”

“Someone’s catching baby fever,” Octavia comments teasingly.

“I think that’s all you, O,” Clarke replies, smiling at her friend. “Maybe you’re experiencing morning
sickness already. You said it was from the food, but who knows.”

“No, no,” Octavia says, covering her ears with her hands. “I’m not hearing this because I don’t want
to get my hopes up if that’s not it.”

“Ri!” Raven shouts, shrieking as Ontari splashes her with water again. “The lake’s cold!”

“It’s not that bad,” Ontari says, dangling her legs in the water.

“Liar,” Lexa says to Ontari, because the water is very cold. “It’s freezing. You must be a polar bear.”

“Ah yes, my true nature revealed,” Ontari replies, grinning as she splashes some water at Lexa. “You
got me now, Lex,” she says, holding her hands up.

“You should move away from the lake and closer to me, babe,” Raven says to Ontari. She’s not
interested to touch the icy water and she’s not going to take her brace off for it.

Ontari works up an argument, but one look at Raven is enough to make her give in. She shuffles
closer towards her girlfriend, wrapping her arms around her waist. “It’s chill that they’re letting us
have this day,” she says, glad that they don’t have to do some sort of stupid activity.

“It is weekend, so that only seems normal to me,” Raven replies, picking a stone up to skid it over
the water.
Lexa stands up and dusts the sand off of her shorts. “I’m going for a walk,” she says, to excuse herself.

“You good?” Ontari asks Lexa, gazing up at her.

“Yes,” Lexa answers, feeling fine. “I need to stretch my legs for a while.”

Raven settles herself on Ontari’s lap. “Call us if you need us,” she says to Lexa.

“I think I can manage without two bodyguards,” Lexa quips.

“We kind of noticed,” Ontari says, having seen that Lexa can take care of herself when she floored Finn and Murphy on her own.

“I have a mean right hook though,” Raven says, in case Lexa changes her mind.

“I’ll shout stl if something is wrong,” Lexa says, holding her thumb up.

“Stl?” Raven asks, frowning.

“Save the lesbian,” Lexa clarifies, smiling when Raven rolls her eyes.

Ontari grasps a handful of leaves and tosses them into Lexa’s direction. “Get out of here,” she says half-heartedly.

Raven smiles as Lexa walks away. “It’s nice to get to know her,” she mumbles to her girlfriend. “I can tell she’s getting comfortable with us.”

“Mhmm,” Ontari hums in agreement. “She’s not as shy as she seems.”

Clarke looks up at the tree where Lexa is sitting on one of the thicker branches. It started to get dark and she had noticed that the girl hadn’t returned to the tents yet. “A little help?” she asks, holding a hand up.

Lexa smiles upon seeing Clarke. “Hold on tight,” she says when she grasps Miss Griffin’s hand.

Clarke pushes her foot against the tree and grabs the branch with her free hand while Lexa helps to pull her up. “How long have you been sitting here?” she asks curiously.

“A little while,” Lexa answers, not really having timed herself. “I was near the lake first,” she says, to let Clarke know she hasn’t been up in this tree all day.

“You’ve been sketching again,” Clarke notes, seeing the sketchbook near Lexa.

“Yes,” Lexa confirms, grabbing her sketchbook. “I saw a squirrel and I drew him,” she says, showing Clarke her sketch.

Clarke admires the refined details that are worked into Lexa’s sketch. “Have you considered art
school?” she asks, sharing a thought that’s crossing her mind.

“No,” Lexa answers, because she’s not much of an artistic person. “Sketching is more of a hobby, not something I would see myself doing for a living,” she explains, having no desire get caught up in it like that. “I want to be able to do something that will make a difference somehow.”

“I’m sure you’ll be able to do anything you put your mind to,” Clarke replies, believing in Lexa’s capabilities. “If you want to make a difference in the world, you will.”

Lexa is considering studying law in the future, which is rather ironic given her situation with Clarke. She’s isn’t too sure yet if that’s truly what she wants and she still has time left to make a decision. When the school year nears its end she will apply for colleges to see which ones would accept her. Some are nowhere near close to where she lives now and that irks her. She can’t imagine going to a college that’s far away.

Clarke briefly looks around to make sure nobody is nearby. Only when she’s sure they’re alone does she peck Lexa’s lips.

Lexa cups the back of Clarke’s neck and turns their peck into a much deeper kiss. She feels Miss Griffin pausing for a second, but then Clarke is kissing her back, biting her bottom lip. Her other hand disappears in Miss Griffin’s hair with her nails scraping lightly against her scalp.

Clarke moans and puts one of her hands on Lexa’s hip while keeping her other hand on the branch they’re sitting on to make sure they don’t tip over and fall down. She breaks their kiss and when the girl leans in again she shakes her head.

“We shouldn’t do this here,” Clarke whispers, her concern to be discovered growing. “Later tonight we can go for a walk though,” she offers, to compromise.

Lexa nods and exhales slowly, aching for contact. She wants to touch Clarke by holding her hand or something, but she knows that this isn’t a good time or place to portray such intimacy, regardless of how small or innocent it may seem. It makes her heart clench to know that this is their last night in these woods because she doesn’t want this to end yet. Once this camping trip is over it will become complicated to spend time with Clarke.

“Hey,” Clarke says softly, lifting Lexa’s chin up to look at her. “I’m right here,” she whispers, to remind the girl that there’s still time. “We’re going to have fun tonight and make the most out of it.”

It sounds like a promise to Lexa and she can only hope that they will indeed make the most out of it. She shouldn’t worry about the future too much when it isn’t even taking place yet. What they have is right now, right here. If they both want it enough then they should be able to find a way to make things work, even when this camping trip is over.

Clarke smiles when she sees a smile forming on Lexa’s face. “That’s better,” she whispers, loving it to see the girl smile. It scares her what she would give to always make Lexa smile and she has to be careful that neither one of them becomes too invested in whatever this is that’s going on between them.

Lexa brings her lips closer to Clarke’s, ghosting them there, but at the last second she pulls away, smiling at the sight of the pout on her face.

“Tease,” Clarke mumbles. When Lexa leant in she had wanted that kiss.

Lexa winks at Clarke and gathers her sketchbook. “I’ll see you later tonight,” she says, and with that she climbs down the tree to leave.
Lexa can’t stop the laughter that bubbles up from her chest upon seeing Clarke fully dressed in black, as if she’s trying to be some kind of ninja, sneaking around at night.

“Hush,” Clarke whispers, reaching out for Lexa’s hand to lace their fingers together.

“You could always make me,” Lexa replies bluntly.

“I like your newborn confidence,” Clarke whispers, moving her hands to snake her arms around Lexa’s waist. “I do know a few ways to silence you.”

“I bet you do,” Lexa husks, slipping a hand under Clarke’s black shirt to caress her back.

“Mhmm,” Clarke hums. She pulls Lexa flush against her, crashing their lips together as her mind goes blank. There’s a hint of chocolate on the girl’s tongue, which must be from the chocolate mousse they’ve consumed earlier tonight.

Lexa can feel Clarke’s grip on her tightening as their kiss grows hungrier. She hooks her fingertips in the waistband of Miss Griffin’s sweatpants and hardly a second later she feels Clarke’s hands moving to rest on top of hers, stopping her from going further.

Clarke is panting when she takes a step back, though there’s a smile on her face. The part of her that wants Lexa is growing, but she can’t let it overpower her to the point where she would have sex with the girl. That’s the one line she definitely doesn’t want to cross for the time being, though rationally she should never cross that line at all. She can’t let her desires take the upper hand because then she would have Lexa in the way she’s been fantasizing about so sinfully, which would turn into regret later.

Lexa walks a few steps and beckons Clarke with her index finger to follow her. She knows that after this camping trip they will be at school again, though she hopes Miss Griffin won’t change her mind and that she won’t suggest something such as pretending it didn’t happen. There’s only one more week to go and then the holiday break will arrive. She’s going to miss Clarke during the holidays, but for now she shouldn’t think about that yet, especially not when they’re together right now.

“Do you know where we’re going?” Clarke asks quietly. It’s rather shameful that she has already forgotten the way back to their tents, so she hopes Lexa knows the way.

“Yes, I have walked this way before,” Lexa answers, not adding that she wandered around last night after Clarke had left her tent. She hadn’t been able to sleep so instead she had gone for a walk. The woods seem to agree with her, which helps to avoid getting lost. “The stars can be used as a compass,” she whispers, pointing up at the stars in the sky.

“I know they can,” Clarke replies, because she has heard of that technique before. “However, I don’t know how to use them in that way,” she admits. “I take it you do then?”

“It’s easy once you learn,” Lexa whispers, setting her mind to teaching Clarke how to use the stars to navigate. “Those stars over there which are shaped like a sort of crooked circle are above our tents.”

Clarke feels Lexa breathing in her neck, which makes it difficult to sharpen her focus. “I see them,” she whispers, humming when the girl wraps her arms around her waist.

Lexa brushes Clarke’s hair to the side and kisses the expanse of her neck. “All the stars in the sky
combined can’t compare to your beauty,” she whispers in Miss Griffin’s ear.

Heat rushes down between Clarke’s legs and it feels good to be desired like this. She is sucker for all the loving looks Lexa gives her and the words the girl says to her. Lexa’s youthful innocence and puppy love is awakening something animalistic inside of her.

Lexa grabs a hold of Clarke’s wrist and spins her around so she can kiss her. She runs her thumb across Miss Griffin’s lips before closing the gap between them. “You’re a work of art,” she whispers, admiring every curve of Clarke’s body.

“They say you’re not supposed to touch artwork,” Clarke replies, and the irony isn’t lost on her of how she shouldn’t be touching Lexa like this.

“Someone has to pin artwork against the wall though,” Lexa husks smoothly. “There are no walls here, but I do see trees.”

Clarke’s eyes darken with desire and she knows she’s playing a dangerous game, but she’s caught in the heat of the moment. She pushes Lexa against the nearest tree and slips both of her hands under the girl’s shirt, bringing them up until she feels the fabric of Lexa’s bra.

Lexa is taken aback by Clarke’s prompt actions, though she’s not complaining. She gasps when Miss Griffin’s thumbs stroke her nipples over her bra.

“Lexa,” Clarke moans, feeling how the girl’s nipples have hardened. She drops her hands quickly and takes a step back before she jumps Lexa completely like some sort of hormonal teenage boy.

Lexa takes a step towards Clarke and then another, slowly circling her arms around her waist. One of her hands finds purchase in Miss Griffin’s hair while their lips meet in a languid kiss.

“You’ve been yawning all morning,” Raven says to Lexa, raising an eyebrow at her.

“It’s Sunday,” Lexa replies, though that’s not the reason. She stayed out in the woods with Clarke all night, talking and mostly kissing. Okay, almost no talking and a lot of kissing. It had been dawn when they returned to their tents and she didn’t even manage to sleep an hour. Not that she regrets it because kissing Miss Griffin is divine.

“I actually might miss this camping trip a little bit,” Ontari says, shrugging her shoulders. “I’m glad to go home though so I can sleep in my bed again.”

“Ditto that,” Raven agrees, massaging her bad leg. “It was lovely while it lasted, but I’ve been counting down to go home,” she admits.

“It sucks that we have to be on that smelly bus again,” Ontari grumbles while she packs her things. “I got it,” she says to Raven, swatting her hands away.

“My hands are fine you know,” Raven replies, because she’s not completely helpless.
“I know, but I’ve got it covered,” Ontari insists. “It’s not a sign of weakness to let others do certain things for you, you know?” she comments, caressing Raven’s cheek.

“You make it tough for me to object when you look at me like that,” Raven mumbles. “Like I’m your personal sunshine or something,” she says, watching the sparkles in Ontari’s eyes.

“Well, I wouldn’t go that far,” Ontari replies teasingly, smirking when Raven slaps her arm. “I expected a harder slap from someone who claims to have a mean right hook.”

“Don’t make me get up and kick your ass,” Raven warns, though her voice is laced with nothing but love.

“You two are being so cute it makes me want to throw up,” Lexa comments as she works on breaking her tent down.

Ontari grasps her pillow and chucks it at Lexa’s head. “You just wish you could smooch one of us,” she says with a playful wink.

“Not that either one of you is unattractive, but you’re not my type,” Lexa replies, smiling at her friends. She can see that they obviously both look good, but they’re her friends and she can’t really see them in any other way.

“I think there’s going to be one spot short in the back of the bus today,” Raven says to Lexa whilst she winks at Ontari. “You could always sit somewhere in the front with the teachers though.”

“Yes, near your type,” Ontari chimes in.

Lexa realizes that she did deserve them teasing her a bit and considering they’ve seen her sketch Clarke once and saw the sketch where Miss Griffin drew her they have been rather mild with their teasing.

Octavia whistles a song while she helps Lincoln to pack their things.

Clarke observes Octavia jumping on a suitcase to close the zipper. “No sickness this morning?” she asks, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Nope,” Octavia answers, giving Clarke two thumbs up. “I told you it was just the food.”

“I know, but I also know that you and Lincoln want a child, so it wasn’t some random assumption,” Clarke replies, considering she could have been right that Octavia was experiencing morning sickness.

“If your assumption is right I’ll find out soon enough,” Octavia says, not going to break her head over it.

“We have to get everyone on the bus in an hour,” Lincoln says. “How far did you get with packing?” he asks Clarke.
“I’m done with packing,” Clarke answers, relieved that she got that out of the way. After her long nightly adventure with Lexa she had begun to pack to get it over with. It was futile to sleep anyway, considering it was already dawn when they returned. She hadn’t meant to make it such a late night, but at least she was true to her words and made the most out of it.

“You look more tired every day,” Octavia says to Clarke, slightly concerned. “Did you honestly get any sleep for any of those three nights?”

“Not really,” Clarke answers, shrugging. “But it’s okay, we’re going home today and I’ll make sure to get a long rest,” she says, to assure Octavia that it’s fine. It’s her own fault that she lacked so much sleep because she gave her sleep up willingly to sneak around with Lexa. If her friend would know that then Octavia wouldn’t be so worried about how tired she looks.

“When I get home I’m going to take a bath,” Octavia says, kneading her left shoulder with her right hand. “I have a bunch of good products that will help me relax.”

“She filled our bathroom with her products,” Lincoln says to Clarke. “I don’t even have one shelf to myself.”

“That’s because you don’t have that many personal products,” Octavia points out. “And you love the products that I buy because you’re always using them.”

Clarke smiles when Octavia and Lincoln start bickering like some old married couple and it makes her wish to have something like that someday. She never gave all of that much thought, but she does think she wants to have a family of her own someday, someone she can wake up next to every morning and a child she can teach how to tie their shoelaces. It’s a different kind of ache in her heart, a longing for something she doesn’t have and wants to have. She stares sadly into the distance, not fixing her eyes on any point in particular.

“Clarke,” Lincoln says, snapping his fingers in front of her.

Clarke shakes her head to push her thoughts away. “What?” she asks, unsure what she missed.

“Everyone is getting on the bus,” Lincoln answers, gesturing at it.

“Oh, right,” Clarke replies, quickly reaching for her things. She had no idea that she’d been lost in her thoughts for almost an hour. Her thoughts had made her lose track of time. She thought she was a happy single, dedicated to her job, but maybe she was wrong. Hearing Octavia and Lincoln talk about certain things has made her long for a family of her own.

“This bus smells rotten,” Finn complains.

“Must be another brain cell of yours rotting away, Finny boy,” Ontari comments.

“I bet it’s your vagina,” Murphy says to Ontari.

“Nah fam,” Raven disagrees. “Ri’s vagina is like spicy fruit.”

“Yeah right,” Finn scoffs.

“Right,” Raven confirms. “I had a taste last night.”

Lexa stares at Raven in shock while Ontari grins and several students holler.

“That is enough from all of you!” Clarke says loudly, having heard more than enough. “Silence!”
she demands, not wanting to hear them argue and fight for this whole bus ride.

Ontari grasps Raven’s hand and moves her finger across her palm. “Spicy fruit, hmm?” she asks quietly.

“I tasted a hint of those strawberries you ate before we had sex,” Raven answers shamelessly. “It was also a bit tangy, so yes, spicy fruit.”

“I can’t believe you shared that with the whole bus,” Lexa whispers, shook.

“I don’t mind that she did,” Ontari says, not bothered. “I’ve got no shame.”
Chapter 16

Anya gets up from her couch when she hears the front door closing, signaling that Lexa is finally home. She walks up to the girl and gathers her in her arms. “I missed you,” she says, relieved to have Lexa home again.

Lexa groans lightly because Anya is squeezing too tightly. “I missed you too,” she replies, trying to wriggle herself away from her guardian’s grip. “It was hardly four days, Anya.”

“I’m not used to you being gone for so long,” Anya says, having felt how lonely her home is without the girl around.

“Once I go to college you’ll have to miss me even more,” Lexa says, reminding Anya that this will be more common in the future.

“Not if you visit me every weekend,” Anya replies, though she knows that at some point she’ll have to let go. “If you give me your laundry I can get started on it.”

“I’ve put it all together in a bag,” Lexa says as she opens her backpack.

“How was your camping trip?” Anya asks curiously. “I want to hear all about it,” she says, interested to hear if Lexa had a fun time.

Lexa highly doubts that Anya would want to hear literally everything that happened during her camping trip. She’ll definitely be leaving all the parts with Clarke out, because her guardian doesn’t need to know about that.

Anya accepts the bag with laundry from Lexa and walks up to her washing machine. “Well?” she asks, waiting to hear what kind of activities the girl did in those woods.

“Tell me about the bus,” Lexa says, starting there. “There was fresh air in the woods though,” she continues, which did make it better when she arrived. “The food was decent and we did a few activities. There was a group activity with a map where they let me navigate.”

“That sounds nice, aside from the bus,” Anya replies, getting the washing machine started. “Did you make any new friends during it?”

“No, I mostly hung around with Raven and Ontari,” Lexa answers, which is enough for her. She’s more than happy with the two friends she has because they already befriended her when she was still refusing to speak. “They treat me normal rather than treating me like I’m a freak.”

Anya frowns, worried to hear Lexa say that. “Did anyone bother you?” she asks, ready to storm up to the girl’s school if anyone gave her trouble.

“No much,” Lexa answers, because Finn and Murphy weren’t that bad and she handled them. “Everything is fine. Overall I had a really good time in the woods. I liked being there.”

The genuine smile on Lexa’s face convinces Anya that it went okay, which is a relief. “I was thinking we could set up a Christmas tree together,” she says, given the holidays are closing in.

“Okay,” Lexa replies, open to the idea. “Do you think it will snow?”

“If it does we could build a snowman together,” Anya answers, hoping that it will snow soon.
“I’m not a child,” Lexa says, shaking her head.

“Too bad we’re going to build a snowman anyway when it snows,” Anya replies, having set her mind to it. “We could even have a snowball fight.”

“As long as you don’t play that song from Frozen again I’m in,” Lexa says, because she has heard that song far too often.

Anya smiles mischievously. “You’re asking me to let my tradition go?” she asks, attempting to trap Lexa.

Lexa glares at Anya and she’s not going to respond with telling her to let it go, because she knows that’s exactly what her guardian wants her to say. “I’m going to get some sleep,” she says, tiredly rubbing at her eyes.

“In the middle of the afternoon?” Anya asks, frowning. That’s not something she’s used to from Lexa.

“I didn’t sleep much,” Lexa answers, which is the understatement of the week.

Anya is still frowning. “Do I want to know why that is?” she asks, hoping Lexa wasn’t plagued by nightmares.

“Well since you ask,” Lexa answers dryly, “no, you don’t.”

“Kids these days,” Anya mutters quietly to herself.

“Good morning, students,” Clarke says cheerfully, considering she had a good sleep. Her students, however, look far from cheerful.

“Good morning, Miss Griffin,” the students reply, sounding bored.

They definitely don’t sound any less tired than they look, Clarke notes. “I know you are all still winding down from the camping trip,” she says, aware that they probably wished they could have stayed home. “But it’s just a few more days and then you will all have your holiday break. If you cooperate I won’t assign any homework.”

“I’d have been fine with either,” Raven mumbles quietly to Ontari and Lexa. She always sails smoothly through her homework anyway.

“I would prefer not having any homework,” Ontari whispers, definitely not a fan.

Lexa refrains from speaking, considering Clarke is trying to teach them something and she doesn’t want to be caught interrupting Miss Griffin’s class. Not that she’s ever much the kind of person to interrupt a teacher’s class, but with Clarke it’s different because she might as well be reading the bible and she’d hang onto her lips all the same.
Raven nudges Ontari’s side and nods her head in Lexa’s direction who isn’t paying any attention to them.

Ontari responds by nodding her head in Miss Griffin’s direction and wiggling her eyebrows suggestively.

“Definitely,” Raven whispers, agreeing that Lexa looks like she wants to get a piece of that.

Ontari rolls her eyes when she catches Miss Griffin’s gaze lingering on Lexa for what must be a whole minute. She pokes her girlfriend’s side who confirms with a nod that she’s seeing it too.

As the class continues, Lexa begins to notice the weird behavior Ontari and Raven are portraying with their nods and such. It’s interesting to see them communicate so much with their eyes, but it also makes her wonder what’s going on.

“I want to see what you still remember from before our camping trip,” Clarke says, holding a piece of chalk in her hand. “Raven, you can go first.”

Raven pushes herself up from her chair and slumps to the front of the class.

“Teacher’s pet,” Finn says.

“Silence, Finn,” Clarke warns.

Raven doesn’t even bother to acknowledge what Finn said. She’s not the teacher’s pet just because she’s smart.

Ontari leans over Lexa’s desk now that Miss Griffin is busy watching Raven anyway. “You should come chill at my place sometime during the holidays,” she whispers. “Roan said you’re always welcome and your guardian can join too.”

“I’ll mention it to Anya tonight,” Lexa replies, keeping her voice low. She assumes her guardian probably won’t mind at all, but she does need to ask first to check.

When the bell rings to signal that it’s time for lunch, Clarke watches all her students leave, aside from Lexa who is being slow on purpose. She glances at the door and when all her other students have left, she swiftly closes it and leans against it, to make sure nobody would randomly enter.

Lexa puts her hands on either side of Clarke, trapping her between the door and her body. When Miss Griffin surges forward to kiss her, all she can think is finally. Finally they get to kiss again. It had been difficult to watch her during class and to not be able to kiss her.

Clarke knows that they can’t stay here too long because she has to go to the teachers’ lounge and Lexa should go to the cafeteria. These little moments are all they have now that there are no woods to walk around in or a tent to kiss at night. It’s catching up on her more and more how much of a risk she’s taking by doing this.

Lexa whines quietly when Clarke backs away, missing the feeling of her lips on hers.
“You look smiley today,” Clarke says upon entering the teachers’ lounge.

“I threw up this morning,” Octavia replies, smiling even brighter.

“Of course, everyone always smiles so much when they throw up,” Clarke says dryly. She sits down opposite from Octavia and smiles back. “You think it is what I assumed it is?”

“I’m going to pick up a test today after school,” Octavia answers, unable to sit still due to her excitement. “I don’t want to be too hopeful yet, but yes, I think I might be pregnant.”

“I’ll cross my fingers for you,” Clarke replies, hoping for the best. She knows how much Octavia and Lincoln want a child, and she can imagine Aurora and Indra would be thrilled as well.

“In other news, did you make plans for the holidays yet?” Octavia asks curiously.

“Not yet,” Clarke answers, not having decided yet what she’ll do.

“You should come to my place,” Octavia says, inviting Clarke. “My mother will be there, Lincoln’s mother will be there, my brother and possibly a few more people. You won’t have to cook anything.”

“That’s an interesting offer,” Clarke replies thoughtfully. “I suppose I’ll be there.”

“It’s better than you staying alone in your house,” Octavia says, not wanting her friend to be alone for the holidays.

Clarke has to admit that Octavia has a point. “I haven’t gone shopping for gifts yet,” she confesses, being a bit on the late side to do so this year.

“Neither have I,” Octavia replies, not having gotten to that either. “Work tends to get busy, I totally get that.”

“I didn’t give the students any homework,” Clarke says, planning to leave it that way. “I won’t give them any during the holidays either,” she adds.

“Sounds like I’m going to be the difficult teacher because I plan to give them some homework.”

“Huh,” Raven says as she puts her spoon in her pudding again. “You’re serious?” she asks Ontari.

“I know there’s only like a handful of us, but it could be fun,” Ontari answers, hoping her girlfriend and Lexa will be on board with it. “So, what do you say?”

“Fine by me,” Raven answers while shrugging. “I don’t really know Roan that well and I don’t know Lexa’s guardian at all, but sure.”
“I’m in,” Lexa answers, deciding this secret Santa thing could be nice. “Does this mean I only have to buy a gift for the person whose name I pull?”

“Yup,” Ontari answers, nodding. “But if you don’t draw my name and you want to buy me a little something, don’t hold back,” she says, adding a wink. “This is how it’s going to work,” she says while she takes some paper and a pen. “I’ll write our names down, rip the pieces of paper off and crumple each one.”

Even if Lexa doesn’t get Anya’s name she will still buy her something small. She smirks when Ontari writes Anya’s name down as Lexa’s guardian. She’s planning to get Clarke a small gift as well, which she won’t be able to give her until after the holidays.

“Done,” Ontari says, crumpling each name into a ball, “and done.” She holds her hand out to her girlfriend for her to take one first.

Raven raises an eyebrow when she sees that she has Roan. She’s not sure yet what she’ll buy him. Maybe some kind of socks with candy canes on them or something.

“You can take two, Lex,” Ontari says. “One for you and one to give to your guardian,” she explains.

Lexa takes the first one for herself, seeing that she is Ontari’s secret Santa. She has a few ideas of which gift she can give her friend.
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Clarke takes her coat off and hands it to Lincoln, who had been waiting to take it from her like the gentleman he tends to be. She is wearing a simple elegant black dress with a snug waist. The skirt of her dress flares out from her hips and covers her knees just barely, showing her creamy white legs. Her feet are covered in stilettos, held by thin straps and a tiny silver buckle. The neckline of her dress doesn’t plunge; instead it shows her breasts in an elegant manner.

“It smells delicious in here,” Clarke says, picking up a scent of freshly baked cookies.

“Aurora has been baking cookies from her grandmother’s recipe,” Lincoln says, hanging Clarke’s coat up.

Clarke is definitely going to enjoy a few of those while she’s here. “Hey, Bell.” she says when she spots Octavia’s brother.

“Long time no see, Clarke,” Bellamy replies, engulfing her in a hug. “You look good in that dress,” he appraises.

“Thank you,” Clarke says, accepting the compliment with a warm smile. “You look nice in your suit,” she says, nodding approvingly at the black and white suit Bellamy is wearing.

“Hey,” Octavia says, showing up with a bottle in her hand. “Champagne?” she asks Clarke.

“Sure, thanks,” Clarke answers, picking up a glass from the table so Octavia can fill it for her.

“You’re going to feel so stuffed tonight,” Octavia says, as a heads up. “My mom baked a ton of cookies.”

“Clarke can always take some of my cookies home with her,” Aurora says, butting in. “Hello, sweetie,” she says to Clarke, holding her arms out to hug her. “You look wonderful.”

“Hi, Aurora,” Clarke replies whilst hugging the older woman. “Thank you.”

Octavia puts the bottle of champagne down, not pouring a glass for herself. “I have some news to share with all of you,” she announces. She beckons Lincoln closer and smiles when he wraps his arms around her. “I’m pregnant!”

“Oh my god,” Clarke replies, smiling enthusiastically. “Congratulations, O! I’m so, so, so happy for you!” she shouts, purely because of how happy she is for her friend. “And I’m happy for you too, Lincoln,” she adds quickly.

“Congrats, O,” Bellamy says, hugging his sister. He pulls away and gives Lincoln a fist bump. “Congrats, bro.”

“I am going to be grandmother,” Aurora says, tearing up. “This is making me so happy.”

“Awe, mom, if you’re crying I’m going to cry too,” Octavia says, wiping at her eyes.

“Congratulations to you both,” Indra says, raising her glass.
“I need to take some pictures to capture this moment,” Aurora says, grabbing her camera from the table. “Squeeze in,” she instructs, moving her hand to wave them all closer together.

“Thank you for having us over,” Anya says politely to Roan as he hugs her. She kisses his cheeks three times out of courtesy. Of course she had agreed to come here when Lexa told her Ontari had asked because Roan had suggested it. She’s happy that the girl has friends.

“Anytime, Anya,” Roan replies with a friendly smile. “Can I get you some wine or champagne or a beer?”

“Anything is fine, depending on what you have opened,” Anya answers. “Champagne would be lovely if you already opened it.”

“Champagne it is,” Roan says, snapping his fingers. “I was just about to open a bottle anyway,” he continues as he walks towards his kitchen. “Can I get you some soda, Lexa?”

Lexa knows that she’s legally not old enough to drink, so she won’t even bother to try and get some champagne. “A glass of water will do,” she answers.

“Hey, Lex,” Ontari says, waving her friend over from where she’s seated on the couch with Raven.

“Hello,” Lexa replies, joining her friends on the couch. “It’s good to see you’re here, Raven,” she says sincerely. “I take it you got permission then?”

“I sure did,” Raven replies happily. “I’m even allowed to stay here for a few days, so it’s all good.”

“It’s the best Christmas present ever that’s what it is,” Ontari says, squeezing Raven in her arms. “Speaking of presents, we should get that secret Santa thing over with.”

“Your guardian looks kind of hot,” Raven whispers to Lexa.

“I agree,” Ontari whispers, noticing that as well.


“I thought you like older women,” Ontari quietly comments to tease Lexa.

“Anya is my guardian,” Lexa whispers, definitely not seeing Anya in any other way other than that. Anya is basically like an older sister or a friend to her rather than someone she would be attracted to.

“Hello, girls,” Anya says to Ontari and Raven, joining them on the couch with a glass of champagne.

“Here is your water,” Roan says as he holds a glass out to Lexa.

“Thank you,” Lexa replies politely, accepting the glass.

“We were just about to get the secret Santa thing over with,” Ontari announces. “Lexa’s guardian, I
pulled your name, so here you go,” she says, handing an envelope over.

“Anya will do,” Anya replies with a polite smile. She opens the envelope, finding a gift card for a lingerie shop. “I will make sure to put this to good use.”

“If you want I can always tag along,” Ontari offers shamelessly. She winks at her girlfriend, who knows that she’s kidding.

Anya chuckles and shakes her head. “I will pass on that offer,” she says, declining it. “Raven, I had your name, so this is for you.”

Raven opens the gift Anya hands her and drops her jaw in shock when a black shirt is revealed with something particular written on it, from which she assumes Lexa must have told Anya what kind of stuff she’s interested in.

“Keep well lubricated, sleep with a mechanic,” Ontari reads. She laughs at Raven’s shocked face. “That shirt’s perfect for you, please tell me you’ll wear it.”

“Damn, Lex,” Raven says, impressed. “Your guardian is something.”

“I can’t believe this,” Lexa says, surprised and shocked that Anya gave Raven that shirt. All she did was tell her guardian how Raven is interested to be a mechanic someday, not that she should buy her a naughty shirt.

“My turn,” Raven says, grabbing the gift she bought. “Roan, this is for you.”

“Thank you, Raven,” Roan replies, opening it. He chuckles at the apron Raven got for him. “I turn grills on,” he reads, amused to see it even has a picture of a grill underneath it.

“You should have a barbecue sometime, dude,” Ontari says to her cousin.

Roan gets up to grab the gift he bought. “Here you go, Lexa,” he says, considering he had her name.

“Thank you,” Lexa replies politely. She struggles a bit with the wrapping, but eventually she manages to open it. It appears to be a red sweater with a reindeer on it.

“I’m sorry, Lex,” Ontari says apologetically. “I don’t know why Roan hates you.”

“No, this is a nice gift,” Lexa says, offering Roan a friendly smile. It’s not something she’ll be wearing in public anytime soon though. “Ri, you probably guessed it by now, but I had your name.”

“Bring it on,” Ontari replies, curious to see what Lexa got her.

Lexa hands Ontari the gift she bought her and hides her face in her hands.

Raven frowns at Lexa’s odd behavior, which makes her wonder what she bought for Ontari.

“I know nothing,” Lexa says quickly when Ontari gasps.

Ontari laughs loudly and is joined by Raven who laughs as well. “I can’t believe this,” she says, exasperated. “You bought me a black dildo.”

“The size of that thing, damn,” Raven says, whistling.

Lexa tries to ignore the stunned look on Anya’s face at the not so innocent gift she got Ontari.
“Did you go into one of those sex shops to buy this?” Ontari asks Lexa, humored. She can already picture her friend walking around in one of those, all flustered and what not.

“I did,” Lexa answers, her cheeks coloring a dark shade of red. “I asked for the biggest dildo they had and that was the one.”

Roan clears his throat when he hears Ontari and Raven talking more about the dildo and how they could try to use it. “Do I need earplugs tonight?” he asks awkwardly.

“Might as well leave the house,” Ontari answers bluntly. “I bet Raven’s going to scream really loud.”

“Me?” Raven asks, looking directly at her girlfriend. “Why would I be the one screaming?”

“Can we please not talk about sex?” Roan asks while he pours more champagne into his glass.

“I am with Roan on this,” Anya agrees, not needing to hear about the sexcapades of teenage girls. She can imagine how it must be even more uncomfortable for him, being Ontari’s cousin.

“Roan toats brought this upon himself,” Ontari says, holding her hands up. “You just had to ask about the earplugs,” she says to her cousin.

Clarke empties yet another glass and hiccups. She has been drinking almost non-stop, refilling her glass each chance she has been getting. Everyone has been celebrating and has even been talking about what they’ll do differently next year.

“I think you have had enough to drink,” Bellamy says, halting Clarke from getting another glass. “Are you feeling okay?”

“I feel perfectly fine,” Clarke answers, trying to pry her glass back. “I’m just having a good time, letting the reigns loose a bit.”

“I can drive you home tonight,” Bellamy offers. “It wouldn’t be safe for you to go home alone when you’re drunk.”

“I’m not drunk,” Clarke denies, only feeling slightly tipsy. “I know what I’m doing, just one more glass.”

“I’m with my brother on this,” Octavia says, feeling worried. “And I don’t think you should drink more than you already have.”

“Okay, no more drinks,” Clarke relents, plastering a smile onto her face. She’s only agreeing with them so they would get off of her back and not worry so much when she’s fine. “How about more cookies?” she asks, wanting more of the delicious cookies Aurora baked. Those cookies have a good balance between soft yet crunchy.

“Those you can have,” Octavia answers, smiling back. “I can put some in a plastic container for you so you can take them home with you,” she offers.
“I’m going to get cavities from those cookies,” Clarke mumbles. She’s starting to feel sleepy, even though it’s hardly midnight. It must be because she hardly got any sleep during the night, her thoughts constantly slipping to Lexa. She hasn’t seen her in a few days because of this holiday break and it’s embarrassing how she misses the girl.

“No, mother,” Lincoln says, declining the slice of cake his mother is offering him. “I’m already full, I can’t eat another bite.”

“That’s unfortunate,” Indra replies, though she already fed him three slices. “Does anyone else want a slice of my chocolate cake?”

“Chocolate cake?” Clarke asks, perking up. “Yes please,” she answers, licking her lips.

“You’re going to feel miserable tomorrow morning,” Bellamy warns Clarke. “With everything you’ve been eating and drinking it won’t be a picnic.”

“These holidays only take place once a year, Bell,” Clarke replies, not too worried about how she’ll feel tomorrow. A hangover and a bloated stomach don’t sound like they would feel worse than the dull ache of Lexa’s absence. Dammit, she really has it bad and she needs to get a grip. She obviously can’t possibly have a future with the girl. They won’t be riding off into the sunset on a horse.

“On second thought, I’ll pass,” Clarke says, deciding she doesn’t want the slice of chocolate cake after all. “Not to be rude or anything, but I’m kind of tired and such,” she continues apologetically. “If you all don’t mind I would like to go home and get some rest.”

Chapter End Notes

My updates have been daily since I took this story out the freezer and they will remain daily for the time being, if possible until I finish it. I’m not sure what the chapter count will be, but it's looking at 30 or more.
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lexa takes her seat at the back of the class next to Raven and Ontari, as usual. She’s glad that the holidays are over, even though she enjoyed them. It’s weird that she’s actually excited to be at school again, but that’s only because of Clarke. She has missed her during the holiday break and she can hardly wait to see her again and to kiss her once their lunch break rolls around the corner.

The last bell rings and Miss Griffin hasn’t walked into class yet.

“Miss Griffin’s never been late before,” Raven murmurs, frowning.

Lexa taps her fingers on her desk and waits with a small hopeful smile.

The students who had been talking with each other fall silent when the principal walks in.

“Good morning, students,” Kane says loudly.

“Good morning, principal Kane.”

Lexa shifts a bit on her seat, her hopeful smile gone now. She wonders where Clarke is, but she assumes the principal is about to say something about her any second now.

“I have two announcements to make,” Kane says. “First of all, a new student will be joining you all today,” he says while he makes a come here signal with his hand. “Her name is Luna Weatherly. She has transferred here and I hope you will all give her a warm welcome.”

Lexa looks at the new girl who has shoulder-length brown hair with wild curls in it. When Luna is walking towards the back of the class where she’s sitting with her friends, she can see her eyes appear to be some type of hazel brown. There are only a few free seats, with one of them being at the back. She remembers how she had walked to the back of the class as well on her first day.

“On to my second announcement,” Kane continues, not wasting any more time. “Miss Griffin is sick and shall be replaced temporarily by Mister Pike,” he says while the new teacher walks in. “I hope you all enjoyed your holidays.”

Lexa is stunned as the principal walks away. It’s a bummer that Clarke is sick just as the holidays have ended. She hopes it’s nothing too serious and that Miss Griffin will be back soon. This school sure doesn’t waste any time, already throwing in a replacement.

Various whispers spread through the class from students who are wondering aloud when Miss Griffin will be back.

“Do not talk during my class!” Pike says loudly and sternly. “If I hear as much as a peep you are to leave my class for the rest of the period.”

Finn laughs and nudges Murphy with his elbow. “Peep,” he says dumbly.

“You,” Pike says, pointing at Finn. “Out,” he says while he moves his finger towards the door.

“Whoa, relax, dude,” Finn says, holding his hands up. “I was just kidding.”
“First of all, it is Mister Pike, not dude,” Pike replies sharply. “Secondly, I said out.”

Raven shares a look with her friends. “I hope Miss Griffin comes back soon,” she whispers to her friends when their new teacher turns his back to the board to write.

“Same,” Ontari quietly agrees.

Lexa is about to open her mouth to say something when Mister Pike is barking for silence.

“Excuse me, Mister Pike,” Raven says, holding her hand up. “Miss Griffin always lets us talk while she’s writing something on the board.”

“I did not ask for your opinion,” Pike replies coldly. “Out of my class, now,” he says, pointing at the door.

“Great, we’re in hell,” Ontari mumbles.

“You there,” Pike says, pointing at Ontari. “Out.”

Ontari scoffs as she follows Raven out of the class, thinking how their new teacher won’t have many students left by the end of the class if he keeps it up.

Lexa slumps on her seat, feeling frustrated that Clarke is sick and that this new teacher is so mean. She gets that Pike wants silence, but it seems too harsh that he sent her friends out of the class just like that. She fishes her sketchbook out of her backpack and a pencil. While she sketches, she glances out of the window to try and sketch the tree she sees.

“What is the meaning of this??” Pike asks, now standing in front of Lexa’s desk. He grabs the sketch and rips it to pieces. “This is not art class,” he says in clear disapproval.

Lexa’s face pales when Pike puts his hand on her shoulder unwarranted.

“You have to concentrate in my class,” Pike says sternly.

Lexa loses it and screams.


“You shouldn’t put your hand on her shoulder,” Luna says, speaking up. “You’re making her uncomfortable,” she continues while she reaches for her backpack. “I’ll let myself out.”

Lexa rushes out of the class without taking her backpack with her. She runs past Raven and Ontari, who give her a concerned look, but she doesn’t stop running until she reaches the toilets where she can lock herself up.

Clarke blows over her steamy cup of coffee, which she reheated for the fourth time because it kept getting cold as her thoughts drifted. A few days ago she had called Kane to let him know she is sick
and can’t work for a while. Her doctor wrote a note for her, saying she has a burn out. All the recent events have been catching up to her.

Because of what she has done with Lexa, how she kissed her more than once, she has been contemplating quitting her job. It’s not really that she wants to give her job up, but she doesn’t see how this could ever end well. She crossed the line, she went too far.

L eax has been through so much in her past and with everything that happened she’s not helping the girl at all. She is supposed to be responsible and she should have been more of a mentor. Her mind has been plaguing her with thoughts of how she took advantage of Lexa, despite the fact that the girl gave her consent for all of those kisses.

She has missed Lexa during her holiday break and it is something that could mentally destroy her. It’s wrong how she let it get much further than it should have. When she ate dinner at Lexa’s place and when the girl kissed her, she shouldn’t have reciprocated, regardless of how good the kiss felt. Then in the woods she made an even bigger mistake by kissing Lexa more and even entering her tent.

Her behavior has been far from professional. She has considered telling someone about it, but that would never turn out well. If she tells someone she would risk getting reported and if that happens she will get fired for sure, and risk going to jail. For what she did she probably deserves to lose her job and go to prison.

It’s a slight relief that she hasn’t crossed the last boundary with Lexa, but the fact that she’s been wanting to is not much better. She’s not allowed to have these kinds of thoughts about a student, regardless of the connection she seems to have with the girl.

Now she’s hiding in her house because she can’t face reality, can’t face Lexa. She wonders if the girl missed her during the holidays as much as she missed her or if Lexa finally realized that she’s wasting her time. During the time that she is home she will need to cut through some ties and make decisions.

She thinks of how Kane said he found a teacher to replace her until she returns and she hopes that whoever is replacing her is a good teacher who will help her students to make progress. This break is essential to clear her mind without being distracted by seeing Lexa.

There’s a sad smile on her face as she runs her fingers over the sketch of the sunset. She kept it and she still plans to frame it, although she’s not sure anymore if that’s a good idea. The first time she ever caught Lexa sketching it had been such a sad drawing, full of pain and darkness. This sunset is different because this drawing resembles life and light.

L exa stares down at her lunch, not having much of an appetite. So far this day sucked because Clarke is sick and the new teacher is an asshole. She looks up when the new girl is approaching.

“Hey, Luna, right?” Raven asks, gesturing at an empty seat for the new girl to sit. “I’m Raven,” she says, considering Luna doesn’t know them yet. “This is my girlfriend, Ontari.”
“My friends call me Ri,” Ontari says, nodding her head at the new girl. She heard from Lexa what Luna said in class, so in her book the new girl is alright.

“I’m Lexa,” Lexa says, deciding to beat her friends to the punch by introducing herself.

“Hello,” Luna replies, putting her tray down. “Are you feeling any better?” she asks Lexa.

“Better than I did in class,” Lexa answers, which is the most honest answer she can give.

“I bet Pike has a serious stick up his ass,” Raven mutters.

“He’s annoying,” Ontari grumbles. “I can’t believe he ended up sending half of the students away,” she says, scoffing.

“No more talking and sketching then,” Lexa says with a deep sigh. The not talking bit is no issue for her, though she does like to sketch every once in a while. She knows that classes aren’t meant to be drawing and such, but Clarke never made a point out of it and Miss Blake doesn’t comment on it either.

“You’ve got some bad luck enrolling here now that we have Pike,” Raven says to Luna. “Anyway, since you’re new, how about you tell us something about yourself?”

“I can do that,” Luna answers, opening her bottle of water. “I’m eighteen and I moved to this area two days ago. I like skateboarding, graffiti, animals, nature and motorcycles.”

“Hmm, I see,” Ontari says. “It’s a shame you weren’t here when we had that camping trip.”

Lexa thinks back of the camping trip and what a good time it had been for her. She had been able to spend quite a lot of time with Clarke, creating memories she will never forget. She hopes that Miss Griffin will return to school soon, healthy again, and she also hopes that there will be some sort of activity again where she can have some private time with Clarke.

“Did you double a year or something?” Raven asks Luna, curious because the new girl is eighteen.

“No, my birthday is January second,” Luna answers, shaking her head. “Hence I already turned eighteen.”

“Oh okay,” Raven replies, feeling a tad awkward that she’d been so quick to assume Luna would have doubled a year because that might have sounded as if she thinks the new girl wouldn’t be smart enough to pass grades without having to redo them. “Lexa is the baby among us then,” she says, smirking.

“I’m not the baby,” Lexa replies, sighing whilst shaking her head. “I may be the youngest, but I’m not the baby,” she says, wishing her birthday would fall a lot sooner rather than at the end of September. It’s frustrating that she will still be seventeen by the time she enters college.

“You should check the dragon I spray painted,” Ontari says to Luna. “And since you said you like motorcycles, do you have one?”

“I do, I used it to get to school,” Luna answers, smiling at the similar interests they have. “You can show me the dragon you painted sometime.”

“Cool, I have a motorcycle as well,” Ontari replies, feeling in her element. “By the way, Lexa likes graffiti as well.”
“True,” Lexa confirms. “It’s unfortunate that it’s illegal in so many places though.”

“If your graffiti art is anything like your sketches,” Luna says to Lexa, “I think you have some real talent.”

Chapter End Notes

I know there isn't much Clexa interaction going on in recent chapters. Patience, let me tell the story. :)

“I know you don’t have the flu or something, but I brought you some soup anyway,” Octavia says, holding a plastic container out towards Clarke. “Lincoln made it, so I think you’ll enjoy it.”

“Thanks, O,” Clarke replies, accepting the soup. “It’s considerate of you to bring me some food,” she says, even though she’s capable of preparing her own meals.

“That’s not the only reason I’m here though,” Octavia says, though she assumes Clarke knows that.

“You can come in,” Clarke says, opening the door further. “Don’t mind the mess though. I haven’t gotten around cleaning yet.”

Octavia looks around, noticing a whole bunch of drawings spread out over the table, colored pencils everywhere and some dishes in the sink. “I see you’ve been keeping yourself busy,” she says, gesturing at all the sketches.

“My doctor said a hobby could be good for me,” Clarke replies with half a shrug.

“You’ve always had some sort of passion for art,” Octavia says, remembering well how much Clarke used to draw and paint when they were younger. One day her friend seemed to have given up on it, which happens sometimes when people outgrow something or when someone becomes interested in other things.

“Mhmm,” Clarke hums, because she does. “Do you want some coffee?”

“Yes, with extra milk,” Octavia answers, her eyes still lingering on all the drawings. “Hmm, you used a lot of green in these drawings,” she notes.

“Oh yeah,” Clarke replies, walking over to her table to gather her drawings. “I had mostly green pencils, so I figured I would use them,” she says, which is not quite true. Green happens to be her favorite color and somehow she feels like she can’t be honest about that with Octavia, too worried that her friend would see through her and find the truth.

“Well you certainly haven’t lost your touch,” Octavia compliments.

Clarke has been struggling to get Lexa out of her mind, despite the fact that she’s been home for almost two weeks now. Her drawings are a way for her to get the girl out of her system. “How is the new teacher?” she asks curiously while she makes coffee.

“To speak off record here, not good,” Octavia answers, knowing that it’s not exactly positive to talk badly about a colleague. She also knows that Clarke wouldn’t go around telling others. “He’s way too harsh towards the students and on one hand I get that he wants order, but he’s too fast with handing out punishments.”

“That sounds bad,” Clarke replies, frowning. She turns around with two cups of coffee in her hands, giving one to Octavia. “Careful, it’s hot,” she warns.

“Thanks,” Octavia mumbles. She puts the cup down to let it cool off for a bit. “And yes, it’s bad,” she says with a sigh.

“What is he like?” Clarke asks, her curiosity piqued to hear why Octavia said those things.
“I don’t know if I should talk about this,” Octavia says, worried because Clarke doesn’t need to stress or worry about something like that. “I shouldn’t have brought it up.”

“I’m fine, O,” Clarke replies, not minding to talk about such things.

“Okay,” Octavia says, giving in. “If a student even does as much as whisper a word, even if it’s to ask for a pencil or something, he barks at them to leave his class,” she explains, disagreeing with Pike’s ways. “He gave Finn and Murphy detention for a month the other day because Finn had forgotten his book and had asked Murphy to share his book. Some other students also got detention for a week or so over minor things, oh and he gave Lexa a Friday afternoon of detention because she didn’t speak when he asked her a question.”

“He gave Lexa detention for that?” Clarke asks, shocked at what she’s hearing. Of course she sort of feels bad for all of her students, but the fact that he has been so mean towards Lexa hits a sore spot. “How is Kane allowing all of that?”

“The students told me what happened and I took Lexa aside for a bit to ask her what happened, but she said she doesn’t want to go to the principal because she doesn’t want any trouble,” Octavia answers, stirring the spoon through her coffee. “She said she’ll take the detention.”

Clarke shakes her head because after all the progress Lexa made she can’t let some meathead ruin that. The men who is replacing her needs to go, but she’s not sure if she’s ready to go back yet. Quitting is still on her mind, though that would raise a lot of questions from the people she knows and if she quits Lexa – and her other students of course – would be stuck with that evil teacher.

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**Ri:** where you @, Lex?

**Rae:** we’re waiting for u

**Lex:** gimme a sec, going to ask Anya

**Rae:** I’ll buy her chocolate if she says yes

Lexa smiles and pockets her phone. “Can I go to Ontari’s place?” she asks her guardian, needing permission first. “We’re going to work on our group project for Miss Blake’s class.”

“Yes, you can,” Anya answers, understanding the importance of schoolwork. “Will you be back for dinner?”

“Actually, now that you ask,” Lexa says, scratching the back of her neck. “Ontari said I can sleep over if that’s okay with you. Roan already said yes.”

“Alright then,” Anya replies, giving permission. “I expect you back home tomorrow for dinner though.”
Lexa nods and goes to her bedroom to grab a few things. Miss Blake assigned a new group project and she is paired up with Raven, Ontari and Luna. It’s kind how Miss Blake always lets them choose their groups freely. Unlike Mister Pike who put her together with Finn a week ago to work on some sort of assignment.

**Lex:** heading out now, will be there as soon as I can

**Lu:** want me to pick u up?

**Lu:** I have a second helmet

**Lex:** no need, but thnx

**Ri:** you’re missing out

Lexa puts her phone away, not needing a lift. Someday she might agree to hitch a ride from Luna because there is a certain appeal to motorcycles, but for now she prefers to walk. She wonders what kind of illness Clarke has and it worries her that it could be something really bad. Usually when people are sick they return within days or within a week.

Her mind is going to countless places, wondering if Clarke has a broken bone or something, or if she has been in an accident. The fact that she doesn’t know is torturous and she has no idea when Clarke will be back. She’s hardly a hair away from going to the hospital to ask if Miss Griffin is there, though she doesn’t want to overstep.

If only she would have had Clarke’s phone number so she could text her or call her, but unfortunately she doesn’t have it. In hindsight she should have asked for her number weeks ago, when they were in the woods. She’s not sure how bad it is, though not knowing feels even worse because it makes her assume the worst.

Luna gasps when the bottle of water falls down, drenching the paper she had been reading.

“I’m so sorry,” Lexa apologizes, her eyes widening. If her mind wouldn’t have been elsewhere she wouldn’t have accidentally knocked the bottle of water over. “I’ll go get a towel to clean this up,” she says, sighing because some of the water got onto the floor.

Luna gets up as well and follows Lexa out of Ontari’s bedroom. “I’ll throw this away,” she says, holding the drenched paper. “No worries, Lex, I have a copy of this which I can print out. Nothing is lost.”

“She’s miserable without her,” Raven whispers to Ontari. Now that Lexa is not in the room with them they can talk for a bit.
“Yeah, she is,” Ontari whispers, having noticed that as well. “I thought she had a small crush on her, but it’s probably more than just a crush.”

“Mhmm, I’m thinking the same,” Raven agrees. “I hope Miss Griffin comes back soon. It seems strange that she’s gone for so long.”

“What if she’s avoiding school on purpose?” Ontari whispers, sharing a theory that just popped in her head. “Maybe she got cold feet or something. Who knows what even happened during that camping trip.”

“I guess I wouldn’t really blame her if she’s staying away on purpose,” Raven replies, seeing some sense in it. “Not that it’s the best call, but she’s been doing some illegal stuff.”

“It’s annoying that we’re stuck with Mister Pike,” Ontari grumbles, wishing she could slash his tires and make him leave. “It was completely uncalled for that he gave Lexa detention.”

Raven grasps Ontari’s shirt and pulls her into an unexpected kiss. “This sleepover is going to be sweet,” she says, smiling fondly.

Ontari lets her tongue explore Raven’s mouth while she attempts to remove her shirt.

“Jesus,” Lexa says when she walks back into the room. “Lu and I leave for two minutes, and you two are already getting naked.”

“Don’t get flustered when we sleep half naked tonight,” Ontari replies, grinning. “Or naked even, who knows,” she adds.

“Naked sounds good to me,” Raven mumbles.

“I’m relieved I won’t be sharing a bed with you two,” Lexa says, considering she’ll be sharing an air mattress with Luna.

“Can I use your printer, Ri?” Luna asks, grasping her usb-stick. “I need to print this copy out and then we’re basically done.”

“Sure, go ahead,” Ontari answers, gesturing at her printer.

“I’ll be more careful this time,” Lexa promises while she dabs the towel at the water she spilled.

“It was just some water,” Luna says quietly, rubbing her hand up and down Lexa’s back.

Lexa exhales slowly, because Luna is right. It was just water, so it’s not a big deal. She knows that her new friend tends to rub her back when she seems upset. The first time it happened Luna had asked her permission first. She is getting used to certain sudden touches, as long as they are meant to be soothing.

Clarke sighs as she puts all the drawings she made in a box to store it aside somewhere. Her pencils
which had been a regular length at first when they were brand new are now the size of her pinkie, with the green pencils being even shorter than that.

She picks several papers up from her table from the agency she had contacted on a whim. Her mind has been a bit all over the place and she hadn’t really put much thought into it. Well, she did put some thought into it, but she reacted impulsively when she contacted the agency. It probably won’t matter because she’s almost sure they’ll put her papers somewhere underneath a pile and forget that she ever even contacted them.

It is weekend and she can’t help but think about her students, one student in particular. The more she hears from Octavia about Pike, the more she’s thinking of how he needs to go. She can’t hide in her house forever. Sooner or later she needs to get back into the saddle.

Being at home for a few weeks did help because it gave her time and space to think. For the most part she knows what she wants to do, but she’ll sleep on it before making a permanent decision. Trying not to think about Lexa has been pointless because it only led to thinking even more of the girl. She’s given up on fighting with her mind when it comes to thinking about Lexa.

Her thoughts are what they are and she can’t really change them, regardless of how wrong it is to think of kissing the girl. She already knew she was screwed back in those woods and if she’s completely honest she also knew that the first time they had kissed.

She gets out of the silk robe she’s wearing, leaving herself naked as she climbs onto her bed. While she thinks about Lexa, she cups a hand over her sex, feeling the slick heat that’s been gathering there. For the fifth time today she knows she is going to orgasm to the idea of being intimate with Lexa. It feels dangerously good to sin.
Chapter 20

Clarke leans against her desk and she knows that she’s early, but she can’t wait to see her students’ faces when they walk in and realize that Pike is gone and that she’s back. It’s almost February now and she has missed this quite a bit. Kane had been a tad surprised when she phoned him to mention that she would return, but he also seemed relieved.

The students are already walking into class before the bell even rings.

Lexa freezes for a second when she spots Clarke, who is smiling and looks healthy. She unfreezes, pushing past her initial shock and surprise to adapt a smile of her own. She’s happy to see that Miss Griffin is back. If only she could hug Clarke right now, kiss her and tell her how much she missed her.

Clarke spots a new face in her class, though Octavia already mentioned something about a new student. “You must be Luna,” she says, addressing the new girl for a moment.

“Yes, I am,” Luna confirms. “You must be Miss Griffin.”

Clarke nods and smiles politely at Luna. She waits for all her students to sit. Seeing them smile at her, clearly happy to have her back, warms her heart. After the negative things she heard about Pike she can’t blame them.

Lexa walks towards the back of the class as always. She sits down next to Raven while Luna takes the seat next to hers. She’ll count down every minute until it’s time for her lunch break so she can finally have a minute or two with Clarke.

Clarke raises a curious eyebrow when she sees Lexa smiling at something the new girl said to her. She’s happy to see that the girl has made a new friend, because it definitely looks like she did. It’s a relief in general to see that Lexa is still herself from when she last saw her and that it doesn’t look like she crawled into some sort of cocoon.

“It’s good to have you back, Miss G!” Raven says loudly, pleased to see that it’s not Pike anymore.

Clarke chuckles lightly and shakes her head, preferring to be called Miss Griffin, but she knows they’re all just happy to have her back. “Raven, tell me where you all left of with Mister Pike,” she instructs while she opens her book.

Raven holds her thumb up and opens her book with her other hand to let Miss Griffin know how far they got.

Lexa silently fishes her sketchbook out of her backpack and a pencil to sketch. While Clarke is busy writing things on the board, she sketches.
Ontari keeps her lips sealed when Lexa is being incredibly slow to put everything into her backpack. She shares a nod with Raven, who undoubtedly is also thinking that Lexa is trying to stay behind to be alone with Miss Griffin.

“You’re quite the slowpoke today,” Luna says teasingly to Lexa.

“I want to ask Miss Griffin something about class,” Lexa mumbles as an excuse, to stop Luna from making any more comments. She had hoped to stay behind unnoticed, but of course her friends notice.

“We’ll save you a seat,” Raven says to Lexa.

Lexa nods at her friends and doesn’t move from her seat until everyone has left. Only then does she get up to walk towards Clarke.

Clarke closes the door, but before Lexa can kiss her, she holds her hand up.

Lexa’s smile falls as a frown settles. She had hoped that Clarke would be happy to see her and that she would be eager to kiss her, but it doesn’t look like she is.

“I’ve been thinking,” Clarke says, chewing her bottom lip because she’d hate to hurt Lexa. She exhales audibly, fighting the part of her that is tempted to hug the girl. “We can’t do this anymore, Lexa.”

Lexa’s jaw drops lightly, pained to hear Clarke say this. She did not see this coming at all and maybe she should have. Weeks have passed and during those weeks she missed Miss Griffin and thought about her a lot, not knowing that during that time Clarke changed her mind again.

“Whatever it was that we had is over now,” Clarke says, needing to put a halt to it. “I am your teacher and you are my student. You need to move on and be with someone who is around your own age.”

It hurts Lexa that Clarke is breaking up what they had, which wasn’t quite a relationship, but it was something and she had hoped that they could call it a relationship at some point. She knows that Miss Griffin is in a difficult position, though it’s not fair how one moment she’s wanted and the next she isn’t.

“I’m sorry, Lexa,” Clarke apologizes, truly feeling sorry that she let this be for as long as she did. “You’re just too young for me,” she says, having decided that breaking this off is the right thing to do.

Lexa nods curtly while she does her best to hold her tears in. Crying won’t get her anywhere and she doesn’t want Clarke to see her cry. She brushes past Miss Griffin and yanks the door open to leave, having heard more than enough of how she’s being rejected.

Lexa zips her backpack open and reaches for the spray paint she bought moments ago. The pain she
has been feeling since lunchtime has turned into some sort of anger. She needs to blow off some steam, so she decided to work on some graffiti art.

She found a wall not too far from school which had recently gotten a new coating of paint to cover up all of the graffiti art that used to be on it. With the blue paint she paints a giant teddy bear, though it’s not a cuddly looking teddy bear. It’s a teddy bear which has filling falling out of its stomach near its chest with only one eye instead of two.

When she is done spray painting the teddy bear, she reaches for the red can of spray paint. A little while later she has painted the sad teddy bear holding a small heart with cracks in it. Some of the paint has gotten onto her hands and somehow onto her clothes as well, though she doesn’t care.

“Fuck everything,” Lexa curses angrily. She throws one of her cans at the wall and kicks the other one around with her foot. It hurts how Clarke ditched her because she really liked her and she thought that they had a special connection.

She wonders if things would have gone differently if she would have been a few years older, but that doesn’t matter now and she can’t change her age anyway. Age is just a number, though Clarke can’t seem to be able to overlook her age. She shouldn’t have gotten her hopes up.

“Hey, you there!”

Lexa turns around at the sound of a gruff male voice. Her eyes widen when she sees a police officer approaching her. Oh no, this is bad news. She knows what she’s been doing is illegal, but it wasn’t her plan to get caught.

“I am going to take you to the station,” the police officer says.

Lexa wants to run and avoid having to go to the police station, but then a second cop shows up and has the nerve to cuff her. The cuffs are a bit too tight around her wrists and she doesn’t get the chance to say anything because they’re pushing her inside of their car. This day keeps on getting worse.

Clarke smooths the crinkles in her blouse for them umpteenth time, nervous about this whole date thing. She wants to go on with her life and give things a shot with people of her own age, so she accepted Indra’s offer to go out with the young woman who is a kindergarten teacher. It amazes her how fast it all went because after nothing more but a few texts, she’s already going to have dinner with her.

“Hi,” she says when a young woman approaches her table. “You’re Harper, right?” she asks, to double check.

“Yes, and you’re Clarke,” Harper answers, holding her hand out to shake Clarke’s. “Indra has told me quite a bit about you.”

“For the most part,” Harper says while she takes the seat across from Clarke. “You seem nervous.”

“Isn’t everyone on a first date?” Clarke asks with a nervous smile. It’s not exactly the fact that this is a first date that’s making her nervous. She’s nervous because this is all happening way too fast. She literally just got back to her job today and hurt Lexa’s feelings by turning her down.

“That’s true,” Harper answers. She smiles while she reads through the menu-card. “No offense, but you look as if you would rather not be here.”

“I’m sorry,” Clarke apologizes. “You seem sweet from everything I’ve heard about you so far and you’re an attractive young woman, really, but I just… I,” she explains, pausing as she shakes her head. She is tempted to say it’s not you it’s me, but that one never seems to come over well with anyone. In this situation it’s definitely the truth though.

“You’re not over the last person you were with,” Harper says, filling in the blanks. “It’s okay, I get that.”

“I’m trying to be over her, but I’m not,” Clarke replies weakly, without sharing further details. Even if Harper would tell Indra, there’s a high chance Indra would think it’s Niylah she’s not over yet.

“This doesn’t have to be a date,” Harper says with a friendly smile. “In fact, how about we go somewhere more casual where we can relax as friends?” she suggests. “I know a decent hotdog place near the park.”

“I’d like that,” Clarke answers, nodding her agreement. Currently, they’re at a restaurant which is mostly designed for couples. “It’s kind of you to be so gentle and understanding about this,” she says, appreciating it.

“I know what it’s like to not be over someone yet because I’ve been in your shoes before,” Harper replies with a sad smile. “At some point we all have that one ex we can’t get over as easily or as quickly as we get over others. It takes time and when you reach the time where you’ve let go, you’ll know. Forcing yourself into dating people won’t make the pain go away faster. If you’re not ready then you’re simply not ready.”

Lexa has her head bowed down, even when the cell opens. She hears someone tapping their foot while she sees familiar black sport shoes. Of course the police called Anya, considering she’s seventeen and there was nobody else to call other than her guardian.

“We will let her off with a warning, but only this once because her record is clean,” a police officer says. “She does need to pay for the paint to have the wall repainted.”

“Thank you, officer,” Anya replies politely. She turns her attention fully to Lexa now. “Why did you do this?”

Lexa looks up at Anya, who has her arms crossed over her chest. Her answer is casting her eyes down as her shoulders slump. It’s not like she can tell her guardian how her teacher hurt her feelings.
She knows something like that doesn’t justify doing something illegal.

Anya managed to get through the tough time where Lexa didn’t talk and she sincerely hopes that this is not the start of the girl rebelling against who knows what. Whatever it is this time, she wants to help Lexa to get through it.

Lexa frowns when Anya’s hand swims in view. When she looks up this time, her guardian is smiling at her, which confuses her.

“You didn’t think I’d give up on you, did you?” Anya asks, encouraging Lexa with a nod to take her hand.

Lexa’s lips curl up into the faintest of smiles as she accepts Anya’s hand. Her guardian is far too patient with her and she had expected a very angry reaction, but instead Anya seems calm.

“When the police called me I was really worried about you,” Anya says while she walks out of the station with Lexa. “I wouldn’t know what I’d do if something bad would happen to you.”

Lexa turns her face to look at Anya, her eyes glazing over with tears. She knows her guardian cares about her, but she had no idea just how much Anya cares about her. Hearing her guardian being this worried about her makes her heart ache and makes her regret that she acted out like that.

“No more doing illegal things,” Anya warns lightly, though she means it.
Lexa rolls her eyes upon seeing how the school building is decorated and how there are red heart-shaped balloons flying around. Valentine’s Day is so cheesy and corny, but this school must love it. From what she has heard there is a high school Valentine’s dance coming up tonight where people get to ask someone out to go with them.

Raven blushes when Ontari gives her a whole bouquet of red roses. Now she feels kind of silly that she only bought one rose from the juniors, who are in charge this year of selling the roses which students can give to each other.

“These are for you, babe,” Ontari says, smiling from ear to ear. “Happy Valentine’s Day!” she shouts enthusiastically. In the past she loathed this day because it’s so damn sappy, but now that she’s with Raven she frickin loves it.

“And this is for you,” Raven replies, handing Ontari the single rose. “I also got you chocolates though,” she adds quickly, sliding her backpack down to retrieve the box of chocolates.

Lexa leans against her locker and when Miss Griffin walks in they have eye-contact for a moment, but it doesn’t last long when Clarke averts her eyes.

“Hello,” Luna says, approaching her friends with one hand held behind her back.

“Hey,” Raven and Ontari reply in sync.

Lexa acknowledges Luna with a nod. She’s been talking a bit less since Clarke ditched her. When she feels hurt she easily falls into silence.

Luna reveals her hand which has a rose in it. “This is for you, Lexa,” she says sweetly, offering the rose to her.

Lexa’s eyes widen, perplexed that Luna is giving her a rose. “Thank you,” she replies quickly, minding her manners. It’s really sweet of her friend to give her this rose. In the corner of her eye she sees that Clarke has stopped walking and she’s not quite sure if she’s staring or if she’s observing other students.

“The Valentine dance is coming up,” Luna says, fidgeting with the hem of her shirt. “I was wondering if you would be interested to go with me?” she asks Lexa.

“Dammit,” Raven mumbles. She sighs when Luna and Lexa both look at her. “I owe Ri twenty dollars now,” she explains as she fishes around for her wallet.

“I told you so,” Ontari proudly says to Raven. “I told her I was sure you dig girls,” she explains to Luna.

Luna shakes her head with a smile on her face. “What do you say?” she asks Lexa.

“Yes,” Lexa answers, because she doesn’t see why not. Luna is her friend and she has no idea who else she would go to the dance with.

“Sweet,” Luna replies while winking. “I’ll pick you up tonight around six, with my motorcycle.”
has never liked dresses all that much and considering Luna will pick her up a suit would be more comfortable.

“Hey,” Octavia says when Clarke enters the teachers’ lounge. “Coffee?” she asks, considering she’s making some anyway.

“Yes, I need it,” Clarke answers with a deep sigh.

“Having one of those days?”

“I’m fine,” Clarke says, waving Octavia’s concern off. It stung for her to see Luna give Lexa a rose and to observe how the girl she’s drawn to got asked to the valentine dance. Sooner or later it was bound to happen that someone would show an interest in Lexa, but she didn’t know it would bother her this much.

“Hmm,” Octavia says quietly, not quite convinced. “Anything on your mind?” she asks while she pours their coffee.

Clarke plasters a small smile on her face as she takes a seat. “I’m thinking about how long this day will be,” she answers, which is one of the things that’s on her mind.

“Oh yeah,” Octavia says, understanding why that’s on her friend’s mind. “Kane asked me if I could spare a few hours to be at the dance to keep an eye on the students. I said yes, though I’m not sure if I’ll stick around until the end.”

“He asked me as well,” Clarke replies, which is what she gets for being a good teacher. Not that she truly is that good considering what she did, but Kane and her colleagues don’t know that of course. She’s not particularly interested to make an appearance at the dance, though she agreed to show up.

“Lincoln and I agreed that we will stay close to where the drinks are served,” Octavia says while she hands Clarke a cup of coffee. “The rules say that no alcohol is allowed, but I wouldn’t be surprised if someone would try to get some alcohol served anyway.”

Clarke plans to wear a dress, although nothing too fancy. She wonders what Lexa is going to wear and it’s wrong that she’s even thinking about that. It’s not like she has feelings for the girl. That would be absurd. What they had was a spur of the moment, a fling.

Ontari throws a grape and grins when Raven fails to catch it. “You suck at this,” she says, shaking
her head.

“At least I tried,” Raven replies, shrugging. She grabs a grape from her tray and holds it up. “Catch,” she says to Ontari before throwing it.

Ontari opens her mouth and catches the grape.

“Pfft,” Raven huffs when Ontari smirks at her.

Lexa takes a deep breath as she reveals a sketch from behind her back. “I know this isn’t like the rose you gave me,” she says hesitantly to Luna, “but I made this for you.”

Luna looks at the paper which has a rose drawn on it. “This is even better,” she replies, winking at Lexa as she compliments her.

Lexa smiles, feeling relieved that Luna likes what she made. When she received that rose this morning she felt guilty that she hadn’t gotten anything for Luna, which is why she worked on drawing a rose to be a bit more original.

“We should all meet up in front of the school tonight,” Raven suggests. “That way we can enter the dance together.”

“I plan to arrive here a bit before seven,” Luna says, given the dance begins at six.

“You won’t see me here before seven,” Ontari says, not planning to be an early bird.

“We could meet up around seven,” Raven suggests.

“Seven sounds good,” Lexa agrees, nodding.

“I’ll pick you up a bit later then,” Luna says to Lexa, so they won’t have to wait too long for Ontari and Raven to join them.

When Lexa was new to this school she didn’t think she would be okay with letting it be known that she’s a lesbian and she certainly didn’t think that she would go to a school dance with a girl. Deep down there’s still a part of her that is worried that something bad would happen like it did in the past, but she’s seen Raven and Ontari openly being a happy couple, and so far nothing bad happened.

She hopes that the dance will go without any hitches. Finn and Murphy seem to have stopped bullying for the most part, but she still doesn’t trust them. They could always be up to something and she hopes that she will turn out to be wrong. Trust doesn’t come easy and it’s not like they ever did anything that would make her trust them.

Clarke stares into her bathroom mirror and applies some pink lipstick. It’s not hot pink, so it won’t be all that noticeable that she’s wearing lipstick. Given this high school valentine dance is for juniors and seniors, a basic appearance is key.
It’s getting close to six, which means she has to leave soon to keep an eye on things. Being there to keep an eye on the students isn’t obligatory, though she knows that Kane is counting on her. It crossed her mind to stay home and tell him she isn’t feeling well, but she realized that she can’t always run when things get rough.

She’s wearing a dark berry purple dress with an intricate lace design near her breasts, though it hardly shows her cleavage. The sleeves of her dress hang loosely around her arms and the bottom of her dress pools around her high heels clad ankles. There’s a bow tied around her waist, held together by a flower pin.

Casting one last glance into her mirror, she decides that she is good to go. The only thing her makeup failed to cover up is the sad glint in her eyes, though if she works on a fake smile enough nobody might notice.

A little while later she is at the dance, just in time to see the doors opening. It’s relatively silent, save for a few students who must have decided to come early. She can see bowls of chips on tables, which likely won’t last long, assuming from the group of students flocking towards it. The music is starting up and she can already tell it is going to be one sappy romantic song after another.

“Miss Griffin, you look wonderful,” Kane says, appraising her.

Clarke smiles politely at Kane, who is smiling warmly at her. “Thank you,” she replies, appreciating the compliment.

“A little bit closer, please,” Anya says, making a signal with her hand for Lexa to take a step to the right.

“Anya,” Lexa groans quietly. “Is this really necessary?” she asks, staring at the camera her guardian is holding.

“Yes, it is,” Anya answers with a serious tone. “I need to capture this moment.”

“I’m sorry,” Lexa mumbles to Luna.

“It’s okay,” Luna replies, smiling. She swings one arm over Lexa’s shoulder and gently pulls her closer so Anya can take a picture.

Lexa does her best to smile while Anya takes not one but two pictures, which definitely wasn’t necessary. It’s just a high school dance she is going to attend with her friends while one of her friends happens to be her date for it. Her guardian makes it look as if she got engaged to Luna or something.

“You both look great,” Anya says happily. “And you match,” she adds, nodding approvingly at the suits they’re wearing.

Lexa contains the urge to roll her eyes, though she’s relieved that Anya didn’t push her to wear a
dress. Her guardian had responded casually when she had announced that she was going to wear a suit.

“Be careful on that motorcycle,” Anya warns when Lexa is about to leave with Luna. “I don’t want any accidents to happen.”

“I will drive safely,” Luna promises to reassure Anya.

“I’m going to miss you,” Anya says as she scoops Lexa into a hug.

“I know, I know,” Lexa replies, wriggling herself free. “I will see you tomorrow,” she says, considering she’ll be sleeping over at Ontari’s place after the dance.

“Have fun!” Anya calls out as they walk out the door. “Don’t do anything stupid or illegal!”

Luna hands the second helmet she has to Lexa. “Are you ready?” she asks, swinging one leg over her motorcycle.

“As ready as I’ll ever be,” Lexa answers, putting the helmet on. She gets on the motorcycle and wraps her arms around Luna’s waist to hold on tightly.

“When I take turns, you have to move with me,” Luna says, putting her hands on Lexa’s for a moment. If she bends a bit to the left she needs her friend to do the same. “See it as my motorcycle being water and we have to follow the flow of it.”

Lexa inhales slowly and exhales as Luna starts her motorcycle. She hears the hum of the engine and then a roar as her friend speeds off. It’s giving her quite the adrenaline rush to be on a motorcycle. At the end of this night she knows that she’ll be getting a ride to be dropped off at Ontari’s place.
Clarke forgets how to breathe when Lexa arrives at the valentine dance just as Jar of Hearts starts to play. The girl looks exquisite in the black pants she is wearing with a white blouse, suspenders and a neat jacket held in her hand over her shoulder. When she hears the line *you lost the love I loved the most* in tune with Lexa smiling at Luna, she feels a painful pang of regret and jealousy.

Lexa accepts Luna’s hand to dance with her, given it’s a dance after all. She chuckles as Raven abruptly yanks Ontari towards the dance floor.

“Damn,” Ontari mumbles, settling her hands on Raven’s hips. “I didn’t know you’d be so eager to dance.”

“I’m going to be dancing a lot tonight,” Raven replies as she presses her body closer against Ontari’s. “Before the accident I used to dance all the time,” she reveals with a bitter smile. “It was one of my hobbies.”

“From what I see you still got some moves,” Ontari whispers in Raven’s ear. She knows that her girlfriend doesn’t like to talk much about the accident that caused her to need a brace for her leg, so she never pushes the topic in any way.

“I might need a massage later on,” Raven says, because her leg will be hurting, but it’s worth it to her.

“Anything for you, babe,” Ontari replies whilst lowering her hands down to Raven’s ass.

Raven leans in to kiss Ontari, not caring about who can see them. She loves her girlfriend and she’s not ashamed to let that be known.

Lexa laughs when she is about to lead the dance just as Luna is about to do the same. “Okay, you can lead the next, and so on,” she suggests.

“Sounds good, Lu,” Lexa says, agreeing. “It’s nice that you asked me to this dance. I’m sure you could have easily asked someone else who would have said yes,” she continues, knowing that some students do have an interest in her friend.

“Perhaps, but none of those people is you,” Luna says, her eyes twinkling as a light blush colors Lexa’s cheeks. “You’ve become one of my best friends here and I like you, one way or another.”

Lexa likes Luna as a friend as well because she gets along with her and Luna has been kind to her since her first day. She won’t forget how her friend spoke up for her when Pike was making her uncomfortable.

Clarke grasps one of the red plastic cups, wishing it would contain alcohol rather than orange juice. She doesn’t even care which type of alcohol at this point because she needs a drink, a real one. Lexa seems to be having a good time with Luna, which is great, truly, she’s happy for her, but at the same time she’s not. Each time the girl smiles at Luna it cuts her deeper to know that those smiles aren’t
Lexa sucks her lips into her mouth and nods when Luna asks if they can pause for a bit to drink. Her friend’s breath tickles in her ear and it makes her a tad squirmy each time Luna leans in to whisper.

Luna laces her fingers loosely with Lexa’s, not wanting to risk making her uncomfortable and wanting to give her friend the chance to pull away if she’d want to. She knows that due to this dance she’s been touching Lexa a lot more than usual.

Lexa falters ever so slightly when her gaze falls upon Clarke, who is standing near the drinks. She frowns when Miss Griffin huffs as if she’s annoyed. She feels words bubbling up, wanting to tell Clarke how beautiful she looks, but she decides against it at the last second.

“Hello, Miss Griffin,” Luna says with a friendly smile. “You look amazing in that dress,” she compliments, used to see Miss Griffin in casual clothes.

“Whatever,” Clarke mumbles over the rim of the plastic cup. “Shut up.”

Luna’s eyebrows knit together. “Pardon?” she asks, wondering if she heard wrong.

Lexa crosses her arms over her chest, feeling lost about why Clarke is behaving like that. Luna doesn’t even need to ask because she heard it as well how passive aggressive Miss Griffin’s response was.

Clarke sighs and pinches the bridge of her nose, realizing that it was out of line of her to respond like that. “Thank you for the compliment, Luna,” she says with a fake smile. “You look very… seventeen.” At least Lexa seems to have followed her advice about being with someone her own age, how perfect.

“I’m eighteen, actually,” Luna corrects Miss Griffin. “My birthday already took place this year.”

“Oh, eighteen,” Clarke replies whilst nodding slowly. “That’s interesting,” she says, feeling slightly better with that knowledge.

Lexa raises an eyebrow and now she’s not only confused, but also worried about what’s going on with Clarke. She can see clearly that Miss Griffin isn’t being herself.

“Watch out who you date,” Clarke says to Luna, chuckling lightly. “A lot of the girls at this dance are young. You wouldn’t want to get in trouble.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it, Miss Griffin,” Luna replies reassuringly and respectively.

Lexa shakes her head at Clarke and now she knows exactly what’s going on. Miss Griffin is jealous because she’s here with Luna. That’s some nerve from someone who ditched her. “Excuse me for a while,” she says apologetically to her friend. “I’m going to get some air.”

Lexa presses the underside of her right shoe against the brick wall of the school building, leaning
against it. Luna had offered to go with her, but she told her she needed a moment to be alone, which her friend understood.

Clarke slowly unclenches her fists and leans against the wall, next to Lexa. “Lexa,” she whispers, aching to reach out for the girl.

“Don’t,” Lexa replies, shaking her head vehemently as she wills herself not to cry.

“I miss you,” Clarke confesses, because it’s the truth.

“You can’t do this to me, Clarke,” Lexa says sharply, turning to face her. “You let me go because you wanted me to be with someone of my own age. And then when I show up at this dance with one of my friends, you’re acting all jealous.”

“I admit that seeing you with Luna did make me feel jealous,” Clarke admits shamefully. “You’ve been smiling at her and as much as I want to see you happy, it hurt that those smiles were for her and not for me, because I want to make you smile like that.”

Lexa exhales slowly as Clarke cups her cheeks. “No,” she says, pushing Miss Griffin away just as she was leaning in for a kiss. There’s a crestfallen look on Clarke’s face, which is unfair. “You can’t push me away one moment and pull me closer the next,” she says, standing up for herself. “It hurts my feelings when you do that. Either you want me fully or not at all, there’s no in between. You can’t decide you want me for a few days, then ditch me and then want me again.”

Clarke swallows hard because Lexa is right. She shouldn’t go down the route of this push and pull. The girl deserves a lot better than that and she feels selfish how badly she wants Lexa all to herself. “I understand,” she whispers, tearing up because she’s been an idiot. “And you’re right.”

Lexa nods and it’s painful to say all of those things, but it needed to be said. She’s not going to be some sort of toy, not for Clarke, not for anyone. It would be easy to let Miss Griffin kiss her and enjoy it while it lasts, but she wouldn’t be able to deal with the inevitable pain that would follow born from Clarke ditching her again. So this time she has to be the one who says no because either Miss Griffin is in this with her for better or worse, or she isn’t.

“I’m sorry,” Clarke apologizes, regretting how she’s been hot one moment and cold the next in her approaches.

“I don’t seek your apology, Clarke,” Lexa says coolly, since those words are empty. “All I want is for you to make a decision and stick to it. Either you give us a chance without hesitation and without second thoughts and doubts or you let me go and stop being so jealous if I even do as much as smile at a friend.”

“Fair enough,” Clarke whispers, understanding that lingering between those two sides isn’t good for either one of them. It baffles her how willing Lexa would be to give her another chance because after her actions she doesn’t deserve another chance.

Lexa has a feeling that she’s gotten through to Clarke, or at least she hopes that she did. “I’m going back to the dance,” she says, resisting the urge to kiss Miss Griffin. She will leave Clarke to think about what she has said and return to Luna who must be waiting for her.

Clarke tips her head back, resting it against the wall as she exhales slowly. It’s slightly cold to be outside while wearing this dress, but she doesn’t care. Lexa’s words really made an impact on her. She feels torn between what is right and what’s wrong. Legally, it would be wrong to be with the girl, but her feelings are telling her something else. She can’t get it over her heart to let Lexa go, even
“Something’s going on between those two again,” Raven mumbles to Ontari, observing how Lexa returns to the dance. She had seen her friend walking away a while ago and not much later Miss Griffin had walked away as well. It was so obvious that even Luna was following them with her eyes.

“Lexa looks hurt,” Ontari replies, displeased to see that her friend is no longer smiling now. “She was outside with Miss Griffin for what? Five minutes? And now she looks miserable.”

“Mhmm,” Raven hums, wondering what happened.

Ontari quiets down when Luna and Lexa are headed in their direction.

“Aren’t you two tired?” Luna asks, glancing briefly at Raven.

“We were just about to take a break,” Raven answers, wincing slightly at the pain in her bad leg. “This dance is sweet.”

“It’s not bad,” Lexa says, though truthfully she’d rather not be here. She was having an okay time at first with her friends, but her confrontation with Clarke was emotionally taxing. “I have to go to the toilet,” she says, excusing herself yet again.

Lexa hurries towards the toilets and turns the sink on. She listens to the sound of the water and splashes some of it in her face. If she takes deep breaths she will be okay, she has to be. In a few hours this dance will be over anyway.

The door opens and is shut abruptly.

Lexa is taken off guard when she’s being pushed against the wall. Her first thought is to scream and she almost does, but when Clarke looks at her with tear-stained cheeks all she does is put her arms around her.

Clarke’s hands are shaking as she reaches around her back to take Lexa’s hands in hers, breaking their hug. “I made a decision,” she whispers, voice hoarse.
Lexa stumbles over the threshold, her lips pressed against Clarke’s who is fumbling with the keys. When Miss Griffin told her that she is going to give them an honest chance they had kissed, but they also realized they couldn’t do that so close to the school dance. That’s how Clarke ended up suggesting going to her place, to which she said yes without missing a beat.

Clarke closes her door with her foot. Her hands slide up to push at Lexa’s jacket, slowly moving it down the girl’s arms to discard it onto the floor. She’s taking this leap with Lexa, morals be damned.

“Mhmm,” Lexa moans when Clarke kisses her neck. “You have a nice place,” she whispers, tilting her head back to give Miss Griffin better access to her neck.

“You should see my bedroom,” Clarke replies, hot with want. She feels Lexa toying with the zipper of her dress and stands still for a moment to let her unzip it properly. Once her dress is unzipped, she pushes it down and steps out of it.

Lexa gulps when she sees the red lacy lingerie Clarke is wearing. “Take me there,” she whispers, putting her hands on Miss Griffin’s hips. She clears her throat and gathers her confidence. “Right now,” she commands.


A shiver rolls down Lexa’s spine, turned on to hear Clarke call her that. She smiles delightfully when Miss Griffin tugs at her hand to guide her towards the bedroom and tries not to laugh when Clarke kicks the door open. Someone is definitely very eager, though she can relate.

“You’re overdressed,” Clarke says, letting her eyes roam down Lexa’s body.

“Then do something about it,” Lexa challenges with a raise of her eyebrow.

Clarke’s hands are on Lexa’s blouse in an instant, unbuttoning each button as if her life depends on it. Once every button is undone she wastes no time to push the blouse down the girl’s arms, tossing it onto the floor. Her deft fingers unbutton Lexa’s pants and she kneels down to take them off.

Lexa looks down and smiles at the sight of Clarke knelt before her. When her pants are off, leaving her in her boxer briefs and bra, she holds a hand out to pull Miss Griffin back up to her feet.

Clarke circles her arms around Lexa and kisses her hard, turning their kiss into a clash of teeth and tongues. She moans when the girl shoves her towards her bed, feeling her legs hitting the edge of her bed.

Lexa pushes Clarke down atop of the bed and kisses her again, though softer this time. “Clarke,” she whimpers, wedging a knee between Miss Griffin’s legs.
Clarke bucks her hips up, needing friction. “Lexa,” she moans, her eyes widening as the girl grinds her knee down harder. “Wait, wait,” she says quickly, pausing. “Are you a virgin?” she asks, biting her bottom lip nervously. She’s not too sure if that would turn her on more or if it would scare her because a first time is always memorable.

Lexa chuckles and shakes her head. “Do I look like a virgin?” she shoots back, which is answer enough.

“No, you don’t,” Clarke answers, putting her hands on Lexa’s shoulders to pull her into a kiss. “Mhmm,” she hums when the girl’s tongue caresses her lips. “You’re such a good girl,” she whispers.

Lexa shudders at Clarke’s appraisal and she has to admit that hearing Miss Griffin call her that does something to her. “What do you want?” she asks, cupping one of Clarke’s bra-clad breasts.

“I want you,” Clarke answers, moving her hands up Lexa’s back to unclasp her bra.

Lexa kisses the shell of Clarke’s ear. “I’m all yours,” she whispers with a sultry tone in her voice.

“Mhmm, mine,” Clarke hums, sliding the straps of Lexa’s bra down her arms.

Lexa backs away mere inches so Clarke can remove her bra better. She smiles coyly at the way Miss Griffin licks her lips. “Do you like what you see?” she asks, toying with a lock of Clarke’s hair.

“Very much so,” Clarke answers, her desire to touch Lexa takes the upper hand. She entwines her legs around the girl’s and flips their positions, bringing Lexa underneath her. “Are you still okay with this?” she asks, checking in.

Lexa stretches her hand out, resting the palm of her hand against Clarke’s cheek, feeling her lean into her touch. “Yes,” she answers, stroking her cheek with her thumb. “I’m sure I want this, if you want this too.”

Clarke nods solemnly and brings Lexa’s hand to her mouth, kissing her open palm tenderly. “I want to take good care of you,” she whispers earnestly. “I want to make you feel good.”

Lexa’s eyes catch a very familiar looking drawing on the wall, placed in a frame. “You weren’t kidding,” she says, surprised that Clarke literally did frame the sunset she sketched in the woods.

Clarke follows Lexa’s gaze and smiles. “I look at it every day because it reminds me of you,” she confesses. “This is going to sound sappy, but I’m happy that you’re my valentine.”

“I feel the same,” Lexa agrees, not wanting it any other way. She’s happy that Clarke has chosen to hold on rather than to let go. “We can be sappy together.”

Clarke captures Lexa’s lips while her hands move freely down the girl’s body. She slips one hand into the girl’s boxer briefs, crossing that one last barrier as she feels the slick wet heat that’s gathering there. She teases Lexa’s clit with her index finger and her middle finger while she opens her mouth to deepen their kiss.

Lexa’s moan is swallowed by Clarke’s mouth. Her moans turn into gasps as a finger is being pushed inside of her and then Miss Griffin is biting her neck.

Clarke soothes each bite with a kiss, tempted to mark Lexa yet at the same time thinking that perhaps she shouldn’t. She works her way lower, down to the girl’s chest.
Lexa whines when Clarke retrieves her fingers. “Clarke,” she whispers, needy.

“I know, my sweet girl,” Clarke replies, hooking her fingers in the waistband of Lexa’s boxer briefs. She smiles when the girl seems to get the hint and when Lexa lifts her butt up she slides her underwear down and discards it, leaving the girl completely naked.

Lexa’s breathing is shallow as Clarke’s eyes move up and down her body. She is aware of how exposed she is, but she likes the way Miss Griffin is looking at her, as if Clarke is a tiger who is going to devour her and oh how badly she wants to let her do just that.

Clarke takes one of Lexa’s nipples into her mouth, swirling her tongue around it while she gives the girl’s other nipple attention with her fingers. Hearing Lexa moan while her nipples harden is giving her goosebumps and turns her on.

“Clarke,” Lexa chokes out, rubbing her legs together uncomfortably.

“Clarke what?” Clarke asks, needing to hear exactly what Lexa wants and needs. “Be a good girl for me, use your words.”

Lexa jolts as Clarke slides a hand tortuously slow down her body, stopping right below her navel. “I need you to touch me,” she answers, unable to bear much more teasing. “Please, Clarke,” she pleads.

“That’s more like it.” Clarke replies, thrilled to hear Lexa beg for it. She could tease the girl a lot more, but since this is their first time together she won’t draw it out too long.

Lexa gasps when Clarke suddenly pumps two fingers inside of her, which feels so good. Her eyes flutter closed when Miss Griffin closes her mouth around her clit, sucking the sensitive bud while she pushes her fingers in and out repeatedly. The combination of those two actions is making her see stars and she hasn’t even had an orgasm yet.

Clarke alternates between sucking and licking Lexa’s clit while she finds a rhythm with her fingers. Hearing the girl moan is music in her ears and as good as it sounds, she’d much rather hear Lexa scream. The girl feels so tight around her fingers and she can tell Lexa is close to tip over the edge.


Clarke obliges and thrusts her fingers harder and faster in Lexa’s wet slit, reaching as deep as she can. She loves hearing the girl being this vocal, loves hearing her beg for it.

“Don’t stop,” Lexa pleads when Clarke seems to slow down.

Clarke wouldn’t dream of stopping. She gently pulls her fingers out, immediately replacing them by her tongue.

“Clarke!” Lexa screams, clutching the sheets in her hands.

Clarke holds Lexa’s hips down as she comes, lapping her juices up with her tongue. “You taste delicious,” she says, licking her lips, already wanting more.

Lexa pulls Clarke up and kisses her, tasting herself on her tongue. “It’s my turn to taste you,” she says, putting her hands on Miss Griffin’s thighs. “I want you to sit on my face, now,” she says sternly, to make it clear that it’s a command rather than a question.

“Lexa,” Clarke moans, aroused beyond belief by how quickly the girl switched between begging
and being dominant. She places her knees on either side of Lexa’s face, slowly lowering herself on top of her.

Lexa grabs a hold of Clarke’s thighs, pressing her down more as she flicks her tongue experimentally against her clit. She won’t stop making Miss Griffin orgasm until she’s completely spent.

Clarke throws her head back, gasping as Lexa’s teasing tongue moves around her clit just right. “Fuck,” she moans, jolting slightly at how sensitive her clit is becoming. “Mhmm, fuck, Lexa,” she moans louder. “Yes, just like that, oh yes… oh… I’m so close, baby.”

Lexa thrusts her tongue inside of Clarke, feeling her wet juices covering her mouth and dripping down her cheeks and chin. Fuck, Miss Griffin tastes sweet and she wonders what kind of fruit she’s eaten today.

Clarke falls down onto her mattress next to Lexa, smiling blissfully. “Best valentines ever,” she whispers, her chest heaving as she’s trying to catch her breath.

“Without a doubt,” Lexa agrees, turning to nuzzle herself into Clarke’s arms. She rests her head on Miss Griffin’s chest and presses a kiss near her heart. “I’ll keep this safe for you.”

“Good,” Clarke replies, and she can’t help but melt a bit. “And I’ll keep this safe for you,” she says, resting the palm of her hand against Lexa’s chest.

“Are you ready for round two?” Lexa asks, letting one of her hands travel down Clarke’s body.

“I don’t know if – oh,” Clarke answers, closing her eyes when Lexa teases her clit. “Fuck,” she mumbles. “Yes… yes, I’m ready.”

Lexa lowers herself between Clarke’s legs and spreads them, gazing up at her. “You’re a goddess,” she says with love and adoration, “and I will make sure to worship you the way you deserve.”

When Lexa kisses her inner thighs softly, Clarke honestly doesn’t know what she did to deserve such an amazing girl. Tonight she will be able to hold Lexa and fall asleep with her, which in the past seemed like a dream that would never come true. She has feelings for the girl and today she stopped living in denial.

“My girlfriend,” Lexa says experimentally, to gauge Clarke’s reaction.

“Yes,” Clarke confirms, smiling because Lexa makes her feel happy. “And you’re mine.”

Chapter End Notes

For those who disagree with this kind of thing, just don’t read it. It was already in the tags from the beginning that Lexa is seventeen, so those who are against that, hold your breath. For everyone else, I hope it was decent. Have a good night y’all.
Lexa slowly cracks her eyes open, smelling freshly baked pancakes. “Good morning,” she mumbles sleepily. She smiles while she moves to sit up, leaning against the headboard of Clarke’s bed.

“Good morning, beautiful,” Clarke replies, smiling because Lexa is checking her out. She hasn’t bothered to get dressed yet, feeling comfortable with being naked. “I made you breakfast,” she says as she sits down on her bed next to her girlfriend.

“Mhmm,” Lexa hums, leaning in to peck Clarke’s lips. “You’re perfect,” she says, loving the fact that her girlfriend made her breakfast.

“I’m not,” Clarke disagrees, “but it’s sweet that I am in your eyes.”

“I had an amazing night,” Lexa says, hoping that they can repeat this more in the future.

“I can relate,” Clarke agrees, having had an amazing night as well. “You really know how to use your tongue,” she compliments. “You have no idea how often I fantasized about all the things you would do with your tongue.”

“Oh really?” Lexa asks, chuckling. “What’s the verdict?”

“You’re way better than I thought you would be,” Clarke answers, blushing lightly. “You’re a lot more experienced than I had assumed you would be,” she confesses.

Lexa’s lips curl into a smile because she feels like this is proof that age isn’t everything. Just because she’s young doesn’t mean she’d be less experienced than someone who is a few years older. She takes Clarke’s comment as a compliment.

“Don’t be so smug,” Clarke whispers teasingly. She bumps her finger against Lexa’s nose and chuckles when her girlfriend swats her hand away.

“I gave you five orgasms last night,” Lexa says, to remind Clarke of that. “I think I deserve to be a bit smug about that.”

Thinking back about that makes Clarke realize how much she has sinned, but it felt so good. “Okay, you can be smug,” she relents. Another realization hits her. “Were you supposed to go home last night?” she asks, hoping Lexa’s guardian hasn’t reported her as missing or something.

“No, Anya thinks I’m sleeping over at Ontari’s place,” Lexa answers, not worried about that. “I should probably get going after breakfast though,” she says, slightly apologetic.

Clarke nods, understanding that Lexa needs to go home. She looks at her girlfriend while she eats and reaches out to tuck her hair behind her ear. It would be tough not to touch Lexa, especially when they’re this close and it’s not like they get that many chances to have moments together.

“I got caught by the police once when I was putting graffiti on a wall,” Lexa randomly confesses. Given they’re in a relationship she thinks it is important to share more, including secrets and stupid things she has done.

“You’re less innocent than I thought then,” Clarke replies, not that she would think any less of Lexa for it. What she’s doing with her girlfriend is illegal as well, so there’s that. “I had a date with someone, but it was awkward because I couldn’t stop thinking about you and my date noticed,” she
confesses, if confessions is what they’re doing now. “We turned out getting some hotdogs as friends.”

Lexa smiles because it feels nice to know that Clarke had a date which turned out like that. She assumes that date happened around the same time she got caught by the police. Deciding she can spare a little more time before going home, she shares a few more things with her girlfriend about her past and random little secrets.

Clarke listens closely and nods every once in a while to let Lexa know that she’s listening. “I once contacted an agency impulsively,” she says when her girlfriend asks her to share something. “It’s irrelevant now though,” she adds quickly, changing her mind.

Lexa frowns at the way Clarke is changing her tune, but she’ll let it slide.

Anya looks up from her newspaper when Lexa finally walks in. She had been waiting for the girl to come home, which was supposed to be a while ago rather than now when it’s almost lunchtime. “Sit down,” she says sternly, pointing at the chair across from her.

Lexa is confused that Anya isn’t smiling at her or something. If anything, it looks as if her guardian is displeased with her. “Is something wrong?” she asks as she sits down.

“Yes, quite,” Anya answers, ignoring her newspaper altogether now. “Where have you been all night?” she asks, her eyes hardened. “And don’t tell me you were at Ontari’s place,” she says before Lexa can even answer.

Lexa shifts uncomfortably, tilting her head to the side as she wonders how Anya knows that she wasn’t at Ontari’s place. It’s possible that her friends got worried about where she went or something, but she thought that texting them she was going home would do the trick, because that way her friends would think she went home while her guardian would think she was at Ontari’s place.

Anya sighs deeply and she can practically hear the wheels in Lexa’s head, probably trying to figure out how she knows. “You’re late so I called Roan,” she reveals, seeing realization dawn upon the girl’s face now as her mouth shapes into an o. “Imagine my surprise when he told me you weren’t even there,” she continues, not taking any of this lightly. “You didn’t sleep over at Ontari’s.”

“You’re right,” Lexa admits, since she’s cornered now. “I didn’t sleep there.”

“Do you have any idea how worried I was?” Anya asks, having felt sickly worried when she heard Lexa wasn’t even there. “I didn’t have the slightest clue about where you were and if you were safe.”

Lexa hadn’t meant to make Anya worry so much. She thought her plan would have worked, but apparently it didn’t. “I’m sorry,” she apologizes, wringing her hands together. “I stayed over at another friend’s place,” she says, which is a lie.
Anya puts her hand against her forehead and shakes her head. “You can’t sleep over at someone’s place without my permission,” she says, lowering her hand. She wonders if she has been too soft on Lexa, which is what she gets from wanting to be her friend rather than her parent. “I know that you don’t see yourself as a child, but as long as you’re not eighteen yet you’re supposed to listen to what I say and you can’t do things like that without my permission. Next time I expect you to call me, ask me properly, and let me know exactly where you’re staying. Is that clear?”

“Yes,” Lexa answers, her voice quieter than she meant it to come out. She deserves a burner from Anya because it’s true that she needs her permission, as frustrating as that can be. Not that she can ever ask for that when it comes to Clarke, because her girlfriend has to remain a secret. She had hoped she could use Ontari as an excuse, but that flew out of the window now.

Anya feels the urge to gather Lexa in her arms, hearing how small she sounds, but she can’t always be soft. “Give me your phone,” she says, holding her hand out.

Lexa’s eyes widen in panic because she finally managed to get Clarke’s phone number and had hoped to text her. Other than that she’s not too worried about handing her phone over considering everything is locked anyway, so Anya can’t see any of her texts or anything at all, other than the lock screen.

Anya had a rough time keeping her foot down when she sees Lexa’s hand shaking as the girl hands her phone over. “You’re grounded for a week,” she says, even though it hurts her to punish Lexa. When the girl had been caught by the police she had been soft, but she can’t always be so easy going. “I’m not doing this to make your life miserable. I’m doing this because I was worried and you need to know you can’t stay gone all night when I don’t even know where you are or who you’re with.”

Lexa nods, understanding that she deserves this. She points vaguely in the direction of her bedroom.

Anya’s heart clenches now that Lexa isn’t using her voice. She hopes this isn’t the beginning of the girl refusing to speak again. “Yes,” she says quietly, waving her hand to let Lexa know she can go to her room.

Clarke considers calling Lexa, though that’s probably a bad idea. It’s possible that her girlfriend isn’t able to be on the phone right now. She doesn’t understand why Lexa hasn’t been responding to any of her texts anymore. The last text she received from her girlfriend was that she had gotten home safely, which is a text she had asked to receive.

At least she knows Lexa is home safely, so that counts for something. The question is why her girlfriend isn’t responding anymore. She wonders if something happened or if Lexa is busy or if she doesn’t text much. Not knowing is frustrating.

She hopes she won’t have to question why her girlfriend stopped replying all weekend, or what’s left of it given the night is about to fall soon. A hundred possibilities run through her mind, such as that Lexa might have been caught about not having been with a friend.
Her relationship won’t go without obstacles, but she wants this and she knows that her girlfriend wants this as well. It had felt nice when she had woken up next to Lexa, who looks so innocent and adorable when she sleeps.

When her doorbell rings, she jumps up and feels her heart move to her throat. She takes a few deep breaths to calm herself and adapts a smile as she opens her door, half-expecting trouble. It’s a relief when it turns out to be her best friend.

“Hey, O,” Clarke says, stepping aside to let her in. “How are you feeling?” she asks, glancing down at Octavia’s stomach.

“I feel great,” Octavia answers, smiling as she enters. “Aside from the fact that I threw up this morning,” she says awkwardly.

“Would you like to stay for dinner?” Clarke asks, considering she was going to eat in about an hour anyway.

“Sure yeah,” Octavia answers while pulling her phone out of her pocket. “I’ll text Lincoln to let him know I’ll be eating here.”

Clarke watches Octavia typing a text and it makes her think of how Lexa still hasn’t texted her. She probably won’t sleep much tonight and if her girlfriend doesn’t text her tomorrow either then it looks like she won’t get any rest this weekend.

“So,” Octavia says, raising an eyebrow at Clarke, “you slept with someone, huh?”

“W-what?” Clarke splutters, her eyes widening. She has no idea how Octavia even knows that. Her mind races with thoughts of last night as she wonders if she’s been seen leaving with Lexa, despite the fact that she had looked around a lot to make sure she wasn’t.

“Your neck,” Octavia answers, grinning. “You have a hickey.”

“Oh god,” Clarke mumbles, slapping her hands against her neck.

Octavia chuckles, finding it amusing because the last time she saw Clarke with hickeys they were freshmen in college. “I think I have some concealer at home,” she says to help her friend out. “I’ll drop it off tomorrow.”

“Thanks, O,” Clarke replies thankfully, because she can’t possibly face her students with a hickey. That’s just inappropriate. “You’re a lifesaver.”

“Of course, I’ll always have your back,” Octavia says, given they’ve been friends for a long time. They’re practically family really and she’s happy that Clarke might have met someone. “Who is the lucky person?”

“Oh um, nobody,” Clarke answers, trying her best to act indifferent. “It was a one night stand.”

“Clarke Griffin, having a one night stand,” Octavia muses. “Damn, you really went back to your younger years, huh?”
Chapter 25

Lexa drops all of her pencils onto the floor when the bell rings, signaling that it’s lunchtime. She’s been bouncing her leg up and down throughout the class, nervous to let Clarke know that Anya took her phone from her. Her girlfriend has looked at her several times and she’s sure she has questions why she didn’t text.

Clarke shuts the door when the last student has left, leaving her alone with Lexa. “I’m guessing you can explain,” she says, crouching down to help her girlfriend pick her pencils up.

Lexa throws herself into Clarke’s arms, nearly sending them both falling down. “I missed you,” she whispers, kissing her girlfriend softly. She’d wanted to do that ever since she had left Clarke’s place. “Anya took my phone from me,” she explains with a sigh. “She found out I wasn’t at Ontari’s place where I had said I’d be, but no worries, she thinks I slept over at another friend’s place.”

“Are you okay?” Clarke asks, concerned. She cradles Lexa’s face in her hands and caresses her cheeks.

Lexa is amazed that Clarke is asking her if she’s okay rather than asking questions about if their secret relationship is still safe. She was worried that her girlfriend would panic about possibly being discovered and it’s a relief that she isn’t. “Not being able to text you hurt,” she answers earnestly. “It wasn’t easy to sleep, knowing I couldn’t text you goodnight.”

Clarke can relate to that feeling because it hurt for her as well. “How long is she keeping your phone?” she asks, to get an idea of how long Lexa won’t have her phone.

“A week,” Lexa answers whilst dropping her hands. “I hope she will give my phone back sooner though.”

“I have a spare phone,” Clarke says, knowing that this is kind of a bad idea. If Lexa’s guardian would find out she’s offering her a phone to text behind her back it wouldn’t be pretty, but they hardly get any moments together as it is. “It’s basically my old phone, but I still have it, so you can use it to text me if you want.”

“Yes, I’d like that,” Lexa replies, eagerly accepting Clarke’s offer. “Oh, and I’m grounded for a week,” she adds, which means she can’t even try to spend a small amount of time with her girlfriend after school.

Clarke hands Lexa her spare phone and she’s a bit surprised that her girlfriend got such a strong punishment. On one hand she understands, but on the other hand it seems like a strong reaction from Lexa’s guardian.

Lexa cups the back of Clarke’s neck and kisses her, making the most out of the few minutes they can spare. She knows that she won’t always be able to stay behind when the other students leave because eventually people will start noticing and might question why. Next time she could go to the toilets and she could come to class earlier to spare some minutes then as well.
“You’re a little late, Lex,” Ontari comments when Lexa finally joins them for lunch.

“I was—”

“Discussing class with Miss Griffin?” Raven interrupts. “Yeah, we know,” she says dryly.

“You didn’t go home after the dance,” Ontari says to Lexa, throwing it out in the open.

Lexa shrugs and sits down. She should have expected that Roan would pass it on to Ontari. When it comes to her friends she doesn’t know what to say. Obviously Ontari, Raven and Luna will know that she didn’t sleep over at a friend’s place.

“Are you and Miss Griffin alright now?” Luna asks quietly. “You two seemed to have some trouble during the dance,” she says, having noticed that.

Lexa nervously opens her bottle of water, not sure what to say. It’s not all that surprising that her friends have noticed some things, but she had hoped to keep it all under the radar.

“It’s not just a crush is it?” Ontari asks silently.

Lexa bites her bottom lip and hesitates, but then she shakes her head. It’s fine if her friends know that she has feelings for Miss Griffin. That doesn’t mean they would know she’s in a relationship with her.

“Okay, no more secrets,” Raven says, having had enough of those. “Ri and I have known since the woods, Lex,” she reveals, because it’s pointless to hide it any longer.

“We thought she was taking advantage of you,” Ontari confesses to Lexa.

“She would never,” Lexa replies, appalled that her friends would think such a thing. “Cl-Miss Griffin cares about me,” she mumbles quietly.

“She seemed very jealous at the dance,” Luna says, having felt how annoyed Miss Griffin was with her.

“I’m guessing you went home with her,” Raven says to Lexa, going on a whim.

Lexa shakes her head vehemently and keeps her lips tightly together. She can’t deal with being cornered by her friends like this.

“Hey,” Ontari says softly, reaching out to put her hand on top of Lexa’s. “We want to help.”

“Ri’s right,” Raven chimes in, nodding.

“Yes,” Luna agrees. “If Miss Griffin is good for you and if you really like her, then I want to help as well.”

“Really?” Lexa squeaks, surprised. “You all want to help me? No comments about the age thing and such?”

“I’m not going to lie, at first back in the woods I wanted to report her,” Ontari answers honestly. “But I’ve been observing you both and I’m guessing you two have something real going on. I’m not going to tell you how you’re not even eighteen yet, because you do you, as long as you know what you’re doing and as long as you’re happy.”
“Someday you’ll be older anyway and then nobody is going to care about the age gap,” Raven says to Lexa, shrugging.

“I used to date college girls since I was fifteen,” Luna confesses. “So I don’t plan to comment about you being seventeen.”

Lexa is stunned that her friends are willing to help her and that they seem supportive. She didn’t think they would be like this, but it seems like she got lucky to have them as her friends.

“You can use me as an excuse next time,” Raven offers Lexa. “Then you don’t have to worry about Anya calling Roan.”

“I appreciate this,” Lexa says to her friends. “It’s difficult to have time alone with her.”

Clarke unlocks her phone when it lights up with a text. She’s in the teachers’ lounge, eating her lunch with Octavia and Lincoln sitting across from her. She smiles when the text appears to be from Lexa, who texted her that she misses her. It’s endearing considering they saw each other some minutes ago in class.

“Just a one night stand, hm?” Octavia asks with a teasing tone upon seeing the big smile on Clarke’s face.

“Oh it’s just Harper texting me,” Clarke answers, lying. She hates how she lies to her best friend now, but there’s no way she can tell Octavia that she’s in a relationship with Lexa.

“The young woman Indra mentioned,” Octavia recalls. “You and Harper then?”

“No, no,” Clarke says quickly, chuckling as she shakes her head. “Harper is a friend.”

“If you say so,” Octavia replies, not convinced. “For just a friend she seems to make you smile a lot.”

“You’re still as frustrating as you were in college,” Clarke comments lightly. Back in college whenever she’d smile at her phone Octavia thought she was seeing someone, which most of the time was true, but not always.

“If you are seeing someone, then we are happy for you,” Lincoln says to Clarke.

Clarke doubts they would be happy if they would know who she is seeing. “I can see you’re starting to show a bit,” she says to Octavia, to change the topic.

“I sure am,” Octavia replies proudly. She holds a hand to her stomach, knowing that she has a little treasure in there. “I’m almost three months pregnant,” she says, running her hand over her stomach which has been expanding somewhat. “The doctors think I will give birth near the end of August.”

“You’ll be missing the first few weeks of next school year then?” Clarke asks, knowing that Octavia will have some time off to take care of her child. It’s funny how things have changed over the years with her best friend expecting a child while she’s dating one. God no, she shouldn’t think like that.
Lexa is not a child, though unfortunately she’s a teenager, but in a few years that won’t matter anymore. Not that she’s thinking or assuming to still be together in a few years, but she’s also not assuming it.

“Yes,” Octavia answers. “I might even stay home for a few months or a year once I give birth,” she says, having talked about it with Lincoln. “Time goes by so fast and I don’t want to miss out.”

“That’s understandable,” Clarke replies, seeing reason in that logic.

“I’ll talk with Kane so he doesn’t hire Pike again though,” Octavia says thoughtfully. “Our students deserve better than that, this isn’t the army or something.”

“Hmm yes, he was too harsh,” Clarke agrees, even though she only heard of Pike and hasn’t met him personally. “Kane has plenty of time to find a better temporarily replacement though,” she points out, since it won’t be on short notice.

“Here,” Anya says, sliding Lexa’s phone over the table. “I think you learned your lesson.”

“Yes,” Lexa replies, relieved to have her phone back. It helped that she had Clarke’s spare phone, though she prefers her own phone. “It won’t happen again,” she says, knowing that’s a plain lie. “I was wondering if I can sleep over at Luna’s place next weekend.”

“Once Luna confirms that, you can,” Anya says cautiously. She doesn’t want to be mistrustful, but she needs to know that Lexa is going where she says she’s going.

“She will,” Lexa promises. She knows that Luna will back her story up and it’s a relief that her friends are in on this because it makes spending time with Clarke slightly easier.

“I know that I’ve been a bit harder on you lately in regards to the mistakes you’ve made,” Anya says, fully aware of that. “But I want you to know that I still think you’re a good kid. I don’t want you to get in any trouble because I care about you and I want what’s best for you.”

“I know,” Lexa replies, aware that Anya has good intentions. “You’ve been a good guardian to me,” she says, realizing that she hasn’t expressed enough how amazing it is that Anya took her in and how much patience she has had with her. “I haven’t always made things easy on you and yet you never gave up on me.”

“It would take a lot more to scare me off,” Anya says with a wink. “I was a real rebel when I was younger, always getting myself in heaps of trouble.”

“You, a rebel?” Lexa asks, feigning a gasp as she holds a hand to her chest. “I can’t possibly imagine that.”

Anya grabs a pillow from the couch and throws it playfully at Lexa. “I was cool, back in my days,” she says, remembering those days vividly.

“At least you know it is past tense,” Lexa quips.
“You little brat,” Anya mumbles, amused.

Lexa smiles and walks off to her room. “You love me anyway,” she calls out before shutting her door.

“That I do,” Anya whispers, sighing. It’s a shame that her trust in Lexa got a dent because she wants to believe that the girl won’t lie about her whereabouts again, but she will need some time to replace that trust.
Lexa hurries to shovel her food into her mouth and she knows Anya is staring at her, probably wondering what the rush is about. “I have an assignment I need to work on for school,” she says, speaking up as soon as her fork clatters down onto her plate. “I had forgotten about it and it’s due tomorrow, so I need to go to the library.”

“Hmm, I see,” Anya replies skeptically. It doesn’t sound like Lexa to forget something like that. “And you’re telling me this now.”

“Like I said, I forgot about it,” Lexa repeats. “Can I please go to the library?” she asks, almost desperately. “I really don’t want to get a zero.”

“Okay,” Anya answers, giving in. “But make sure you don’t forget again in the future.”

“I won’t,” Lexa assures, smiling. “I’ll see you later tonight,” she says, getting up to leave.

Anya nods and as soon as Lexa is out the door, she grabs her coat. If the girl is truly going to the library then it won’t hurt if she goes as well to check if Lexa is really going there. The last few weeks the girl’s behavior has been rather shady. Lexa has suddenly been spending a lot of time with her friends, often asking to spend her weekends with Raven or Luna.

It puzzles her how little the girl has been asking to sleep over at Ontari’s place and yet how often she sleeps over at her other friends’ places. Lexa always seems to sneak off to go somewhere. It’s the end of March and in three months the girl will graduate from high school.

She wants to make sure she can trust Lexa because eventually she will be going to college, which is a big step. Spying doesn’t feel quite right, but after having observed the girl’s suspicious behavior she can’t really help it. She needs to know if Lexa is being truthful.

Once she is outside she picks up her pace until she spots the girl. She keeps a respective distance to stay unnoticed. At one point she even contemplated planting a tracking device in Lexa’s phone or in her jacket, but she decided against that because that’s a bridge too far.

She’s worried considering she really wasn’t an angel when she was younger and she did a lot of things she ended up regretting. Her ways aren’t always perfect, but she wants to make sure Lexa doesn’t follow in her footsteps.

“Clarke,” Octavia says, snapping her fingers to get her friend’s attention.

Clarke frowns, slightly dazed as she snaps out of her thoughts to look at Octavia. “I’m sorry, what?” she asks, having been thinking about Lexa.

“I have an echography,” Octavia answers, showing it to Clarke. “Plus, I know the gender,” she says
with a bright smile.

“Oh I see, so you couldn’t wait after all then,” Clarke replies. She vaguely remembers how Octavia said she was going to wait until the very end so that it would be a surprise.

“I tried to wait, but I got curious,” Octavia admits. “I’ve been buying clothes ever since I found out.”

“Octavia already bought a closet full of clothes,” Lincoln says as he joins them at the table. “Our baby girl is going to have too much clothes.”

“Girl,” Clarke says, perking up. “You’re going to have a daughter?”

“Yes,” Octavia answers happily. “I want to paint her room pink, but Lincoln likes blue better,” she babbles, waving her hands around. “What do you think?”

“I’m not going to choose,” Clarke answers, shaking her head. “I’m a neutral side, you’ll have to flip a coin or something,” she says, not wanting to choose for them.

“Five months left to go,” Octavia says, glancing down at her stomach. “I’m going to be so bloated.”

“You look good, O,” Clarke replies, because pregnant women look beautiful. Well, women in general are beautiful. “You have a healthy happy glow around you.”

“Aw thanks, Clarke,” Octavia says, glad to hear that she looks that way.

Clarke thinks of one thing she hasn’t told Lexa yet, though it’s a minor detail and she doubts it would ever be relevant or necessary to share it with her. The past is all bygones anyway. She wants to text her girlfriend, although for now she won’t. Lexa already texted her to let her know she’s busy with something, so she’ll probably text her later.

“Are you feeling okay, Clarke?” Lincoln asks, his expressions gentle. “You look lost.”

“I was thinking about my students,” Clarke answers, which is not exactly true. She’s thinking about Lexa, though she can’t tell them that. “Their finals will be closing in soon and I hope I have been able to prepare them enough for it. I’d hate to see one of them flunking.”

“Ever the teacher of the year,” Octavia muses. She smiles softly, knowing that Clarke is very committed to her job as a teacher and would be saddened to see a student fail. In many ways she admires her friend for being so good at what she does. “You really have a heart for your students,” she says, because she knows that if a student would fail, Clarke would feel as if she failed as well.

Clarke thinks how Octavia has no idea just how true that sentiment is. She does have a heart for her students, Lexa in particular. Her relationship with her girlfriend makes her unworthy of being seen as the teacher of the year yet again. It feels like living a lie because outwardly people see her as an example, someone to look up to and as someone they respect.

If the truth were to come out about her people would no longer respect her. They would see that she is flawed and of course nobody is perfect, but this particular flaw isn’t a minor one. She ignored even her own morals in her selfish pursuit to be with the girl she loves. No, likes. She likes Lexa. Who is she kidding? Of course she loves her girlfriend.

She hasn’t said it aloud yet because there is no need to rush things. Although that’s kind of ironic given she slept with Lexa on valentines, which also happened to be the day they officially got together. She could argue how they already kissed back in those woods, but that wouldn’t change the fact that they did suddenly dove right into it.
Her desires are a part of what makes her human. Logically she would never ever pursue someone so young, but everything is different with Lexa. In hindsight she could have waited a few years for the girl to be older because then what they have would be legal. They wouldn’t have to hide and sneak around. But, waiting could have meant losing Lexa. She made her decision when she was confronted that she either needed to let go or give them a chance and she doesn’t regret her decision. She’s putting a lot on the line and she’s probably not thinking straight, considering none of her reasons would float well in court if it were ever to come down to that, but a part of her would rather be with Lexa and risk ending up in prison than not be with her at all and avoid prison. At this point avoiding going to jail is too late anyway if she would get caught.

If someone would find out she would deserve it to be reported. The ironic part is that if she for example would catch Octavia – who is her best friend who she has known for years – with a student, she thinks she would report her. Now that she’s dating a student herself she would not be so quick to report someone else if they were to do the same with another student, but she’d be lying if she’d say it wouldn’t cross her mind to report them anyway.

Lexa looks to her left and right before crossing the street. She hates how her lies have been piling up, but each one of them has been necessary. Of course she’s not going to the library. That was just a weak excuse to get away, an excuse that worked. She’d been worried Anya was leaning towards saying no, but her worries were for nought.

She meets up on the corner of a street near the park with Kevin, some man Ontari had given her the number of. “I brought the money,” she says, revealing an envelope to give it to him.

Kevin checks the envelope, counts the money and then hands a few cans of spray paint over.

“It was a pleasure doing business with you,” Lexa says, nodding her head as he leaves. She walks a bit further to the place where she needs to be and gets started on the graffiti art.

This is going to be the biggest piece she’s made thus far. She’ll have to be careful not to get any paint on herself so she doesn’t give anything away to Anya who thinks she is at the library. Lying isn’t good, but this time it’s only a little white lie.

She sticks her tongue out of the corner of her mouth, concentrating hard on getting it right. Once she’s done, she smiles and puts the cans away. Some time has passed and she needs to go home because the library will close soon and she can’t have Anya catching her on her lie.

When she gets home she sees that her guardian is waiting at the door for her, which is unusual. “Hey, I’m sorry I took so long,” she says with some confusion. She did get her artwork done before the library closed, so she’s not sure what’s up.

“You didn’t go to the library,” Anya says abruptly, crossing her arms over her chest.

“No, I didn’t,” Lexa admits, sighing. She’s not sure how she got caught this time. “Anya, I can exp-”
“How am I supposed to trust you when you keep lying to me?” Anya asks, cutting Lexa off. “I hoped you would have learned your lesson and now you’re lying to me again.”

“Anya, please,” Lexa replies, her voice smaller this time. “I can explain.”

“Do you want to end up in jail, is that it?” Anya asks, disappointed. “You tell me you’re going to the library and meanwhile you skip off, buying spray paint. You’re lucky no police showed up this time.”

Lexa is taken aback by the anger in Anya’s voice. She retrieves a piece of paper from her pocket with an address scribbled on it and hands it to her guardian. “I’ll go to my room,” she whispers, unable to look Anya in the eyes now. “Just… just… please, go there and you’ll understand.”

Several minutes later Anya is looking at the wall from the address Lexa gave her. “Oh,” she says, instantly feeling bad that she was so harsh on the girl.

On the wall there is graffiti of Anya and Lexa with nature surrounding them and some text of how Anya keeps Lexa with her feet on the ground and how she gave her a home. The last bit of text is about what a good person she is.

Anya had no idea that Lexa was lying simply to arrange this surprise for her. It turns out that the girl paid to be allowed to put this on the wall. She had been too quick to assume that Lexa was doing something illegal. She decides that she will never follow the girl again, who really is a good kid. This had been nothing more than Lexa trying to do something nice for her. She won’t be this mistrustful again and she’ll apologize.
Clarke folds her hands, unsure what this meeting will be about, though she will soon know. It had been out of the blue that Kane requested her to come to his office. At first she assumed he wanted to speak with her privately, but it became clear that Octavia and Lincoln had been asked the same, as have a few more of her colleagues.

“Hello, everyone,” Kane says, standing up to address each teacher whose presence he requested. “As you all know our senior students are less than three months away from graduating.”

Clarke half looks forward to have Lexa graduate so they can hopefully spend more time together. Time is moving fast and she can hardly believe they’ve been together for almost two months.

“Due to the success of the camping trip I have planned another activity,” Kane announces. “This one is meant to let them have a break before they have to start studying for their finals. In two weeks you will all join our senior students to go skiing for a week.”

“We’ll have to pack warm clothes,” Octavia mumbles to Lincoln. She’s not sure if she will ski because she doesn’t want to risk falling.

Clarke hadn’t expected Kane to organize something like that, though it can be nice for the students. She wonders if Lexa can ski. In the past she went skiing a few times, but she’s not that good at it.

“I have booked several cabins,” Kane says while he hands out papers with information about the ski trip. “The students are to be divided over the cabins. Four to six students and one teacher in each cabin,” he explains. “You may all discuss and decide which one of you keeps an eye on which group of students when it comes to the cabins.”

“I will stay in the cabin where Finn and Murphy will stay,” Lincoln says, taking that upon himself.

“Two more things,” Kane says quickly. “Boys cannot share with girls, as per usual,” he says, waving his hand around. “Oh and, Miss Griffin,” he says, looking at Clarke.

“Yes?” Clarke asks, looking up at Kane.

“I want to ask you to stay in the cabin Lexa Woods will be grouped in,” Kane answers. “You have made positive progress with her and I am sure you can keep an extra eye on her. Can I count on you?”

“Of course,” Clarke answers, offering Kane a small smile. He has no idea how relieved she is that he is assigning her to be in the same cabin as Lexa. When he mentioned discussion the division it crossed her mind to speak up to ensure she can be close to her girlfriend, though she wouldn’t want to seem suspicious. The downside is that Lexa won’t be the only one sharing a cabin with her.

“How many rooms does each cabin have?” Octavia asks Kane out of curiosity.

“Three,” Kane says while holding three fingers up, “of which two are meant for the students.”
“Ugh!” Raven groans loudly, throwing her book across the room. “I can’t believe I only got an A-minus,” she says, frustrated because she’d been so sure she would ace that paper.

“Hey,” Luna says, running her hands up and down Raven’s arms. “You tried your best and you can use the feedback to get a higher grade on your next paper.”

“I hate it,” Raven mumbles, throwing her pen across the room as well. “I worked all night on that bloody paper.”

“Babe, A-minus is a good score,” Ontari says to Raven. “You’re doing great.”

“You know I like to get straight A’s,” Raven replies, disagreeing that her score is good.

“Take deep breaths, you’re over-stressing yourself,” Luna whispers to Raven, her movements slowing. “Breathe with me. Slowly in through your nose and then out through your mouth,” she instructs gently.

Lexa spins around with the desk chair she’s sitting on when she hears a pencil snap. She frowns to see Ontari holding two halves of a pencil while she is staring intensely at Raven and Luna. Oh no. No, no, no. She knows that look all too well because she’s seen it before. It’s the face of jealousy.

Ontari walks to the other side of her room to pick Raven’s book and pen up. It’s getting under her skin how Luna has been closer with her girlfriend lately. Each time Raven has a laugh with Luna or shares a smile, she wants to break something. It’s just not the same as seeing Lexa interact with her girlfriend. She’s worried that Luna like-likes Raven and even more worried that it could be mutual.

“We could sing karaoke,” Lexa suggests out of the blue. She sits up a bit straighter when her friends stare at her. “It would be a pleasant distraction,” she explains, to let them know why she made that suggestion. “Just us girls, having fun,” she says, hoping to steer away from the tension which had been building in the room.

“Yes, let’s do that,” Raven agrees, smiling now. “How much time do you have left, Lex?”

Lexa glances at her watch and she feels almost sorry for Ontari that she’ll be leaving soon because it must suck for her friend to watch Raven and Luna getting along so well. Unfortunately, well not so unfortunately really, she has plans with Clarke. “A little under an hour,” she answers. Anya thinks she will be staying over at Luna’s. Her guardian has trusted her again ever since the surprise she had for her. She feels guilty how much Anya apologized that day for the misunderstanding, considering how often she did and does lie.

“I’ll get use some soda why y’all pick a song,” Ontari says, walking out of her room.

Raven rolls over on Ontari’s bed onto her stomach and props herself up on her elbows. “How are things going with Miss Griffin?” she asks Lexa with a naughty smile.

Lexa nervously twirls a lock of her hair around her finger. It feels strange to talk about Clarke with her friends, even though they know and are being supportive. “Everything is going well,” she answers, feeling happy with how her relationship with Clarke is evolving.

“How is she in the sack?” Ontari asks bluntly as she walks back into her room with drinks.
“Ri!” Lexa replies, not going to share how good Clarke is in bed. “I won’t disclose private things like that.”

Clarke pushes Lexa against the wall and kisses her. She hums happily when she feels her girlfriend placing her hands on her hips to pull her closer. “I have news to share,” she whispers, taking half a step back to remain close.

Lexa laces her fingers together with Clarke and looks directly at her. “What’s the news?” she asks when her girlfriend doesn’t seem to automatically tell her.

“There is a ski trip planned,” Clarke reveals, giving Lexa’s hands a light squeeze as she smiles. “We’re leaving in two weeks from now, for a week,” she says, hoping her girlfriend will share her excitement.

“And?” Lexa asks, sensing that there is more because Clarke is smiling at her like there’s no tomorrow.

“The students are being divided into cabins in groups of four to six,” Clarke answers. She pauses for a moment to peck Lexa’s lips. “Each cabin will have a teacher in it and you are going to be sharing one with me,” she says, sounding like an overjoyed puppy. “There will be three to five other girls as well though,” she adds on a less positive note.

“That won’t be an issue,” Lexa replies, cupping Clarke’s cheeks. “Raven, Ontari and Luna can be those three,” she says, considering they know anyway.

“It’s a bit nerve wrecking that they know,” Clarke confesses, low key worried that someday one of them would decide to stop being supportive. Lexa seems to get along well with her friends, though they can never know for sure that none of them would sell them out.

“I know it is,” Lexa whispers, aware that it’s rather unnerving. She wouldn’t want to get on her friends’ bad side and risk having them expose Clarke. “I trust them and I’m not going to ask you to do the same, but I do want to ask you to trust me.”

“With my life,” Clarke replies abruptly. She blushes when Lexa’s mouth is ajar due to what she blurted out. “I trust you and it helps if you trust them,” she says, personally not knowing Ontari, Raven and Luna well enough.

Lexa threads her hands through Clarke’s hair and kisses her softly. It brings her joy that she will be able to spend more time with her girlfriend for a week soon. It’s a pleasant unexpected surprise. “I have something for you,” she says as she reaches into her pocket.

Clarke’s eyes flit down to Lexa’s hand, curiously watching her girlfriend reveal a necklace with a medallion.

Lexa places it in Clarke’s hand and hopes she will like it. “This is because you mean a lot to me,” she says, speaking from her heart. “And this is also me sharing another part of myself with you.”
Clarke clicks the medallion open, finding a lock of hair in it, which she assumes must be Lexa’s. She smiles when her girlfriend tells her that the lock of hair is so she can always have a part of her with her. When she closes the medallion and turns it around, she finds something engraved in a foreign language.

“Osir keryon ste teina, ai niron,” Lexa says, relaying the words engraved in the medallion.

“That sounds beautiful,” Clarke whispers, puzzled to hear Lexa speak such a strange tongue. “What does it mean?”

“Our souls are entwined, my loved one,” Lexa answers, smiling coyly.

Clarke gasps quietly. She doesn’t know she’s crying until Lexa’s thumbs wipe at her tears. The medallion holds a strong meaning and she plans to cherish it. “Which language is it?” she asks, feeling glad to learn about this new side of her girlfriend.

“Trigedasleng,” Lexa answers as she thinks back of her past. “I made it up when I was a child,” she says, remembering how she even kept a dairy in Trigedasleng to ensure nobody would be able to read it.

“Teach me,” Clarke says, wanting to learn. “Please?” she adds, to go nicely about it. “That way we will have a language that is ours and ours alone,” she says, looking forward to speak it.

Lexa’s smile goes from ear to ear at the thought of sharing this with Clarke. “Sha, ai hodnes,” she answers.

“I’m guessing sha means yes,” Clarke replies, smiling when Lexa nods. “I’m not sure about the last bit.”

“Ai hodnes, my love,” Lexa says, to translate it for Clarke. “Trigedasleng is not the only language which is ours,” she whispers, wrapping her arms around her girlfriend’s waist.

“Our eyes,” Clarke whispers whilst gazing into Lexa’s. She enjoys doing nothing more but look into each other’s eyes sometimes. “Can you put this on for me?” she asks, holding the medallion out to her girlfriend.

Lexa nods and gently draws Clarke closer, needing to feel her lips again. She brushes her girlfriend’s hair out of the way and puts the medallion around her neck.

Clarke places her hands on Lexa’s thighs until her girlfriend gets the memo and wraps her legs around her waist. She enters her bedroom, lowering Lexa onto her bed.

“Ai na huk yu op kom deimeika, natshana, en skaifaya,” Lexa whispers fondly. “I would give you the sun, moon, and stars.”

“Your smile is my sun,” Clarke whispers in earnest. “The light within you is purer than the moon and your eyes sparkle with the intensity of a thousand stars.”
“I’m calling dibs on this room,” Raven says, putting her stuff down.

“Why are you claiming that one?” Lexa asks, not that it makes much of a difference to her which room she would get. In the end all she cares about is that at night she will be in Clarke’s arms. She’ll be put in a room with Luna, who knows she won’t actually sleep there.

“It’s the closest one to the exit,” Raven answers, finding it easier to walk a little less. “Not that I’m interested to go outside much,” she says thoughtfully. “It’s cold outside and I can’t ski with my leg anyway.”

“I brought a sleigh,” Ontari says, hoping that maybe she can bring her girlfriend some joy with it. “Anytime you want I can pull it for you,” she offers, willing to do that even if her arms grow tired after a while.

“You could build a snowman,” Luna suggests to Raven.

Raven scoffs and shakes her head. “We’ll see,” she says, needing to think about it.

Ontari smirks, glancing at Lexa who is caressing Miss Griffin’s hand with her thumb. “You two are so cute together,” she says bluntly, used to speak her mind.

For a moment Lexa feels Clarke’s hand slipping, thinking she’s going to drop her hand as if she got burned, but then her girlfriend grasps her hand more firmly. It’s a relief not having to sneak around more. Within this cabin she can be with Clarke without having to hide her affection.

“We could make some smores tonight,” Luna says, zipping her suitcase open to reveal the marshmallows she brought.

“You’re my favorite person now, Lu,” Raven replies, licking her lips. “Aside from Ri,” she adds quickly, winking at her girlfriend.

“Likewise, Rae,” Luna says, smiling at her friend. She likes all of her friends, but she happens to be just that little bit closer with Raven.

“I think all three of you are great,” Lexa says before Ontari can make some snippy comment she’d regret later. Personally she doesn’t have a preference because she likes all of her friends equally.

“Do you want to go ski with me, Lex?” Luna asks. “We could use the ski lift, if you’re up for it.”

Lexa shares a look and a nod with Clarke. “We will join you,” she answers, even though once outside she’ll have to keep her distance from her girlfriend again.

“Stay within the perimeter if you go outside,” Clarke says to Ontari and Raven. “And don’t burn our cabin down.”

“Sure thing, Miss G,” Raven says, adding a salute.

“It’s Miss Griffin,” Clarke corrects Raven. Building some sort of friendship with Lexa’s friends wouldn’t be bad, but she can’t let them become too comfortable with her. They need to respect her as a teacher and address her properly. In private it wouldn’t seem wrong to be called Miss G, though she can’t risk any of them making a habit out of it.
“That was uptight,” Ontari mumbles, barely coherent.

“Ri,” Lexa hisses in disapproval. She can’t have her friends bumping heads with her girlfriend. Uptight or not, Clarke wasn’t wrong to correct Raven and she has every right to do so.

“Speaking my mind doesn’t always work in my favor,” Ontari says, getting herself in trouble with it sometimes. Not that she always speaks her mind because otherwise she would have already expressed how much it bugs her when Luna is being overly friendly towards Raven.

Lexa can’t help a chuckle escaping her when Clarke face plants into the snow. She did try to tell her she was going too fast and had seen how wobbly her girlfriend was being. “Here,” she says, holding her hand out to pull Clarke up.

Clarke mutters under her breath, accepting Lexa’s hand. She wipes the snow away which had covered her goggles. “On a scale of one to ten, how obvious is it that I haven’t done this often?” she asks, dusting the snow from her ski suit.

“Those are the only numbers you’re giving me?” Lexa replies teasingly. She would say it’s definitely obvious that Clarke hasn’t done this often at all. It’s cute to see her girlfriend being all clumsy about it.

“Brat,” Clarke says, though her voice is laced with affection. “I’ll give you a number tonight,” she says, smiling when Lexa’s jaw drops.

“Okay, you got me,” Lexa says, admitting defeat. Then again, with what awaits her it’s not really defeat after all.

Luna skis up to Lexa and puts her ski poles down to come to a halt. “Hey,” she says to Lexa. “Do you want to ski down that hill? The last one down has to cook dinner.”

“Join us, Miss Griffin,” Lexa says loudly, inclining her head down the hill. It feels weird to call her girlfriend that when she’s used calling her by her name, but more students and some teachers have approached, probably to ski down the hill as well and it wouldn’t be appropriate if they’d hear her call a teacher by her first name.

“Wait up,” Clarke says when Lexa and Luna take off to go down the hill. She knows she’s going to lose, but she was probably going to cook their dinner anyway. That doesn’t mean she wouldn’t try to win though.

“Struggling to keep up with the youth, are we?” Octavia asks in a teasing tone. “They seem very eager to race down that hill,” she says, casting a glance at the students who are going down the hill.

“I’m not that old, O,” Clarke replies, shaking her head as she gets ready to catch up. “I hope none of them are going to break any bones,” she says, knowing how wild they can all get.

“Let’s hope not,” Octavia agrees.
“I’m surprised you’re skiing,” Clarke says, considering Octavia is about five months pregnant. “Tell me you’re not going down this hill.”

“I am, but I’ll go slowly,” Octavia replies, not too worried about falling. She looks over her shoulder, right on time to see Lincoln closing in. “There’s my helping hand,” she says with a smile.

“I’ll see you at the bottom,” Clarke says, taking off. Her chances to catch up with Lexa are slow now, but that doesn’t mean she won’t try. She can see that Luna is talking to her girlfriend and it feels good not to feel jealous anymore. At the dance her jealousy had been through the roof, but it stopped after that night because she’s in a relationship with Lexa.

“This is the perfect smore,” Raven says as she plucks it off of the stick. “Yours is too burned,” she says to Ontari. “There’s no way that’s going to taste good.”

“Raven is right,” Clarke agrees, looking at the burned marshmallow which has gotten too black. “Throw it away and make another one.”

“Here,” Lexa says, offering her stick to Ontari. “You can have mine.”

“I won’t say no to sweets,” Ontari replies, accepting Lexa’s stick. “Thanks, Lex.”

Lexa smiles and holds her hands up to convey that it’s nothing. She already ate a few marshmallows and for now she just wants to relax and enjoy the campfire.

Clarke looks around to make sure nobody else is nearby other than Lexa’s friends before she shuffles a bit closer towards her girlfriend, making their legs touch just barely.

Lexa responds by tilting her head to the side, resting it on Clarke’s shoulder. There’s no doubt that they are together and it warms her heart how her girlfriend still portrays some affection when her friends are near.

“Awe, cute,” Raven says, grinning at the sight of Lexa and Miss Griffin. They do seem to fit rather well together and it’s a shame that her friend is young. She can hardly imagine how tough it must be for them to be together in secret.

Clarke puts her arm around Lexa and lightly caresses her arm. It feels good to be here and to have the chance to spend more time with her girlfriend. Soon enough the summer will come around, which means she’ll probably see Lexa even more. Despite the fact that being together is illegal and needs to be kept a secret, things are looking up.

Several minutes later they’ve opened a second bag of marshmallows and are playing never have I ever.

“Never have I ever had sex with a guy,” Ontari says. She pricks another marshmallow onto her stick and holds it close to the fire.

Clarke quietly drinks from her bottle of water, since alcohol is against the rules. The students are too
young to drink and as a teacher she can’t be a bad example. Nobody else seems to be drinking, but that’s understandable because they’re young.

“Hmm,” Raven says, tapping her chin in thought. “Never have I ever been on a motorcycle.”

The others all drink while Raven sighs.

Ontari would give Raven a ride sometime, but she knows her girlfriend says she can’t because of the brace around her leg.

“Never have I ever had trouble with the police,” Luna says. She smirks when Ontari drinks and shakes her head when Lexa drinks.

Lexa shrugs because she hadn’t meant to get caught that time she was illegally putting graffiti on a wall. “Never have I ever liked children,” she says, which may be a bit of an unpopular thing to say.

Luna, Raven and Clarke drink while Ontari nods in agreement.

“You don’t like children?” Clarke asks Lexa, surprised.

“Not really, no,” Lexa answers, shaking her head. She can sense a why, which encourages her to explain. “I was never good at interacting with children and they can become obnoxious fast.”

“Definitely,” Ontari says, agreeing about the obnoxious part. “Children are like little peasants.”

“Oh,” Clarke whispers quietly. She clears her throat and averts her eyes. “Right, my turn,” she says, carrying on while plastering a smile on her face. “Never have I ever failed a class.”

Lexa chuckles when Ontari groans, though she has to drink some water as well. Her grades weren’t always fabulous, even though she is smart enough to pass.

Raven glances at Miss Griffin who looks a bit out of it and she’s guessing it could have something to do with Lexa’s comment about not liking children. Miss Griffin falls in that category of people who tend to settle down and start families and whatnot. She whispers something about it in Ontari’s ear to see if her girlfriend agrees.

Lexa frowns upon seeing Raven whispering in Ontari’s ear, to which Ontari nods. It often puzzles her what they are discussing, especially when they look at Clarke or at her before being all secretive.

Clarke watches the flames of the campfire. She’s not sure why she assumed Lexa would like children, but she did, until now. Personally, she has always liked children. A fun fact is that at first she wanted to be a kindergarten teacher or teach the first grade because children are adorable. Even as a teenager she liked children and she doesn’t see what’s not to like. Children can be obnoxious, sure, but that goes for everyone, not only children.

“Never have I ever been into two people at once,” Ontari says. When she’s really attracted to someone she doesn’t have eyes for anyone else.

Raven looks away as she drinks, trying to be discrete about it yet failing when her girlfriend stares at her.

Luna drinks, not caring if the others would look funny at her for it. Being drawn to two people is possible and she has experienced it more than once. It’s pretty much common core for her to the point where she’s open to the idea of a polyamorous relationship.
Lexa is lying down on her side, facing Clarke. Their fingers are laced together between their bodies and she can’t stop smiling even if she’d try. “Ai hod yu in, Klark,” (I love you, Clarke) she whispers, breaking the silence.

“Ai hod yu in seintaim,” (I love you too) Clarke replies, lightly stroking her thumb across Lexa’s knuckles. “Smuch ai op,” (Kiss me) she whispers, glancing down at her girlfriend’s lips.

Lexa is happy to oblige and shuffles closer so she can capture Clarke’s lips with her own. Being able to communicate in Trigedasleng with her girlfriend is wildly attractive and she’s impressed by how fast Clarke is picking up on it. Beauty and brains, her girlfriend has it all.

Clarke pulls away a few inches and rests her hand against Lexa’s chest. “I told you I would give you a number tonight,” she whispers, not having forgotten about that. Quite the opposite really, because she hasn’t stopped thinking about it since she said it.

“Mhmm, I remember,” Lexa hums, nudging Clarke’s nose with her own. “Which number do you have in mind?”

“As if you don’t know,” Clarke answers, giving Lexa a gentle push when she smirks. “I was thinking of sixty-nine, if you’re interested,” she husks, running her hand down her girlfriend’s bare arm.

“I am always interested in the taste of you,” Lexa replies, definitely down for it.

“Sixty-nine is my second favorite number,” Clarke whispers, slowing her hand.

“Second?” Lexa asks quietly. “What’s the first?”

“Your phone number,” Clarke answers, smiling.

“Okay,” Lexa replies, smiling back, “that was smooth. How about that sixty-nine?”

Clarke is thinking about going on top considering she’s mostly used to being the one in control, but she wants to check first to hear what Lexa prefers. “Are you more comfortable with being on top or not being on top?” she asks, letting her choose.

“Either is fine,” Lexa answers, “as long as I get to taste you.”

Clarke grasps Lexa’s ankles and pulls to lower her a bit so she’s not that close to the headboard. “You’ll have to be silent,” she whispers, because it would be a bit awkward if Raven, Ontari and Luna would hear them. Usually it turns her on when her girlfriend is loud, but in this situation she doesn’t need the others to know they are having sex, even if they’ll assume it anyway.

“I can do silent,” Lexa replies, positive that she can. “You on the other hand… I’m not sure,” she whispers teasingly.

Clarke lightly slaps Lexa’s thigh to get back at her for teasing her. “We will see about that,” she says, accepting the challenge.
Lexa spreads her legs to allow Clarke a better access to her clit. She grips her girlfriend’s ass, licking her lips in anticipation as Clarke slowly lowers herself.

Clarke puts her hands on Lexa’s upper thighs and licks one long stripe over her sex. She’s surprised to find out how wet her girlfriend already is. “You’re so wet, baby,” she says before continuing.

“You’re one to talk,” Lexa replies quietly. She digs her nails into Clarke’s skin, tightening her grip as she thrusts her tongue inside of her.

Clarke teases her tongue around Lexa’s clit and when her girlfriend lets a muffled moan out, she moans as well. Maybe they won’t be all that silent after all, but there’s no doubt that they’ll have a good night.

Lexa sucks on Clarke’s sensitive bud, alternating between that, licking and thrusting her tongue. She keeps going until she feels her girlfriend’s walls clenching around her tongue.

Clarke’s moan is mostly silenced due to her mouth being on Lexa’s sex. When she orgasms she feels her girlfriend falling into an orgasm of her own a second later. “Wow,” she whispers breathlessly. She runs a hand through her hair and turns around so she can face Lexa.

Lexa smiles and reaches out for Clarke, gently pulling her down to let their lips meet. She puts her hands on her girlfriend’s neck as she bites her bottom lip to tease her, knowing how much Clarke likes that.

Clarke’s fingers find purchase in Lexa’s hair as her nails scrape lightly against her scalp. It’s very intoxicating to kiss her girlfriend. She’s falling rather deep and hard because she dreams of being able to sleep with Lexa every night and wake up to her beautiful face each morning. The fact that they get a few nights in a row due to this trip is only going to strengthen that.

Lexa moves her hands to Clarke’s shoulder blades and down her back, before slowly moving them up again and finding her girlfriend’s wrists.

“Lexa,” Clarke says, gasping when she’s suddenly being pinned down. She would try to get back on top, but seeing her girlfriend hovering above her, eyes darkened with desire, she decides to go along with it.

Lexa puts her hand on Clarke’s throat, though she doesn’t squeeze. “Ain,” (mine) she says possessively. She bends down, kissing her girlfriend.

“Yun,” (yours) Clarke whispers. Her bottom lip quivers when Lexa caresses her cheek ever so softly. “Smuch ai op nodotaim, beja.” (Kiss me again, please)

“Enti yu gaf,” (Anything you want) Lexa replies, happy to meet Clarke’s wishes. “Ai haiplana.” (My queen)

Lexa quietly starts with getting the table ready for breakfast while her friends seem to be waking up
Luna walks in, clad in a grey shirt and black boxers. She stands on the tip of her toes to grab a mug from the cupboard, which causes her shirt to ride up a bit, leaving her ass on display.

Raven’s eyes zero in on Luna’s ass and fuck, her friend looks hella fine. She’s too gay for this. It might be rude to stare, but it’s hard not to stare. Luna is a beautiful girl with her tanned skin and her unruly hair, and her eyes, dammit her eyes.

Ontari huffs and helps Lexa with setting the table. She notices Raven staring at Luna like she’s a piece of candy, which bothers her. They’ve been together for five months where everything has been going smooth, but now she’s worried that her girlfriend is attracted more to Luna than to her. Maybe she should have continued to be the girl nobody dared to approach.

Luna sways her hips and hums a song as she makes coffee. “Black coffee with a spoon of sugar, right?” she asks Ontari, ready to pour the first cup.

“Just black today,” Ontari answers, needing something strong.

Luna pours the cup of coffee and hands it to Ontari, their fingers brush in the process. “I’m going to make eggs with bacon,” she says, snapping her attention away from her friend.

“My favorite,” Ontari replies, suddenly hungrier than she had been.

“I know,” Luna says, winking at Ontari. She pours another cup of coffee before getting started with breakfast. “Coffee with extra milk and sugar,” she says, offering it to Raven.

“Thanks, Lu,” Raven replies, taking a seat because her leg is aching. “You’d make a fine butler.”

Clarke walks into the kitchen and quickly looks away when she sees that Luna is half naked, which is not something she needs to see. “Luna, can you please put more clothes on?” she asks nicely without looking. It’s inappropriate for her to see Luna walking around like that.

“I bet that’s not what you say to Lexa,” Ontari quips, unable to resist making that comment.

“Ri,” Lexa whispers while nudging her friend with her elbow as she shakes her head.

“Don’t act as if it’s not true,” Ontari says bluntly. She’s not planning to lay low on teasing whenever an opportunity arises. Luna looks hot, but she agrees with Miss Griffin that she should put more clothes on.

“Luna, more clothes,” Clarke repeats, prodding. “Let us all eat breakfast in peace.”

“I’ll be back soon,” Luna says, stepping out of the kitchen of their cabin to go put more clothes on. She doesn’t blame Miss Griffin for being uncomfortable with seeing her half naked, despite the fact that she’s dating a seventeen year old.

“Boo, I want my eggs and bacon,” Ontari complains.

Raven gets up from her chair. “I’ll make breakfast for you, babe,” she says sweetly, pressing a kiss to Ontari’s cheek.

Ontari sneaks up behind Raven and snakes her arms around her waist. “You’re the best,” she whispers. She tilts her head to the side so she can kiss her girlfriend’s neck.

Lexa smiles and takes Clarke’s hand to sit at the table. She would offer to help with breakfast, but
her friends seem to have it covered. This ski trip with this cabin is even better than when they were in
the woods with a tent, although overall she prefers the woods. The plus side of this trip is that she
can be a lot closer with her girlfriend and that they get to sleep together. Having her friends in the
know is easier, but if they hadn’t figured it out by themselves she wouldn’t have told them.

“Ai hod yu in, ai hodnes,” (I love you, my love) Clarke whispers to Lexa, gazing fondly into those
green orbs.

“Ai hod yu in seintaim, ai niron,” (I love you too, my loved one) Lexa replies, voice laced with
affection. She could so easily drown into Clarke’s eyes and it would be a sweet death. “Yun blinka
ste meizen.” (Your eyes are beautiful)

“Hey, what language is that?” Ontari asks curiously. She heard Lexa and Miss Griffin whispering
and mumbling some stuff, but it wasn’t English. It sounded quite foreign and she can’t place it.

“Trigedasleng,” Lexa answers. “You won’t find it anywhere. It’s a language I made up,” she says, to
let Ontari know she shouldn’t even bother with it.

“Wow, you two are sappy,” Raven comments.

“Awe, you two communicate in your own little language, how sickly sweet,” Ontari says, grinning
as she leans against the counter. “You know, something like that would be great to cheat at tests, just
saying.”

“Smooth, Ri,” Raven mumbles, considering Miss Griffin is right here in the kitchen with them. She
knows her girlfriend wouldn’t cheat though, not that she knows of at least.

“I take it teaching us is off the table,” Luna says to Lexa, now wearing sweatpants to accompany her
shirt.

“It is,” Lexa confirms, wanting to keep it between Clarke and her.

During breakfast, Clarke and Lexa steal glances and kisses from each other.

“Lexa,” Raven says, but her friend doesn’t respond. “Pst, Lex,” she tries again, noticing how
distracted her friend is. Damn, it’s like Lexa doesn’t hear her at all.

Lexa is pulling Clarke into a deeper kiss when a hand is being slammed down onto the table, causing
them to jump apart. “Ri,” she hisses, glaring at her friend because that’s not funny. Her friends know
better than to do something like that, considering it’s easy to startle her and it’s not a good feeling.

Clarke doesn’t appreciate how her kiss with Lexa got ruined. She probably shouldn’t kiss her
girlfriend in front of Ontari, Raven and Luna, but she got a bit carried away when Lexa’s tongue
stroked her lips.

Ontari clears her throat and bobs her head towards the door where Miss Blake is standing.

Chapter End Notes

*sips from drink*
"Good morning," Clarke says to Octavia. She tries not to tremble, feeling nervous because she has no idea when exactly her friend walked in. A bunch of questions play through her mind, such as if Octavia saw her kissing Lexa. If she has then she’s definitely toast.

Lexa feels uneasy, sensing how the tension in the air can be cut with a knife. She really hopes Miss Blake hasn’t seen anything.

"Good morning," Octavia replies, sighing loudly. "This needs to be reported."

Clarke’s eyes widen in shock. "I’m sorry, what?” she asks dumbly.

"I think you door is a bit stuck," Octavia says, moving the door to show it to Clarke. "I couldn’t quite get it open at first."

Raven had tried to warn Lexa quietly, but her friend hadn’t heard her. She knows that Ontari’s move to slam the table wasn’t the greatest, especially not for Lexa, but it worked. They got so close to being caught, they’re lucky the glass of the door isn’t the kind you can see through.

"I’ll report it so it can be looked at," Clarke assures Octavia. She feels relieved that her friend is talking about the door because the whole report thing threw her off at first. "Is everything alright?"

"Yes, everything is fine," Octavia answers with a tired smile. "Do you have orange juice? I ran out of it."

"Yes, I have some," Clarke answers, getting up to get it for Octavia. She hands it over to her friend, struggling not to drop it because she’s not sure yet if Octavia saw anything or not. So far there doesn’t seem to be a storm, which means her kiss with Lexa might have fallen apart just in time.

"Thanks," Octavia says, sighing quietly. "I’ll see you in a bit."

Clarke nods and with that Octavia walks away.

"You two ought to be more careful," Ontari says to Lexa and Miss Griffin. "You got this close," she says while pressing two fingers nearly together, "to being caught."

"Thank you for warning us, Ri," Lexa says, thankful that her friend is being helpful. At this point she doesn’t blame Ontari anymore for having startled her. She shouldn’t kiss Clarke so much when they’re not in the room they share. They already play with fire, so they don’t need to pour gasoline on it by taking more risks.

"You’re right," Clarke says to Ontari, admitting that they do need to be more careful.

Raven puts a piece of toast on her plate to go with her eggs. "I think I’ll try the snowmobiles today,"
she says, which shouldn’t be too difficult despite her bad leg.

“Oh yes,” Ontari says, holding her thumb up.

“I’m definitely going to put it on my list,” Luna says, interested as well. “I also noticed that they have some kind of spa around here.”

“Sign me up,” Raven replies, loving a few hours at spa. “I’m always a slut for wellness stuff.”

Clarke shakes her head as they talk and curse, but she’s not going to reprimand them on their language. She’s here as a teacher, though that doesn’t mean she has to act like it for every minute of this trip.

Lexa slips into the mud bath next to Luna and across from Clarke who is sitting next to Mister Oakley. There are some other students and teachers nearby, which means she has to keep her distance. She’s tempted to rub her leg up against her girlfriend’s, but she might end up rubbing the wrong leg, so it’s better if she doesn’t do that.

“We should try the sauna later on,” Luna suggests as she reaches out for some slices of cucumber to put on her eyes.

“Sure,” Lexa replies, willing to give it a try. “Will you go with us in the sauna in a bit, Miss Griffin?” she asks, hoping that nobody else will go there as well.

“Yes,” Clarke answers, because she doesn’t see why not.

Lincoln smiles when the girls whisper to each other as they grin and smile. “You seem quite popular with our students,” he says to Clarke, turning his face towards her.

“I suppose this is what it means to be teacher of the year,” Clarke replies lightly.

Finn slips into the mud bath and one corner of his mouth goes up as he shifts closer towards Miss Griffin. “Well hello, beautiful,” he says, pressing his shoulder against hers. “How about you and I take a shower together when we get out of this mud bath?”

“Behave, Finn,” Clarke warns with a reprimanding tone.

“Move away, Mister Collins,” Lincoln says sharply.

“Whatever,” Finn mumbles. “You’re missing out,” he says to Miss Griffin.

Clarke highly doubts that she’s missing out on anything. Finn is just a boy, a frustrating one. She notices the way Lexa is glaring at Finn, clearly displeased by what happened.

“Excuse me,” Lexa says to Luna. “I am going to rinse myself off. I will see you in a bit.”

“Hey,” Luna replies, grasping Lexa’s arm. “Want me to come with?”
“No, I’m fine,” Lexa answers, pulling herself free from Luna’s grip. She just needs some fresh air and get this mud off of her.

Clarke watches Lexa lift herself out of the mud bath and even covered in mud her girlfriend is so beautiful. She peels her eyes away before someone could question that she’s staring. “Where is O?” she quietly asks Lincoln, realizing she hasn’t asked yet.

“She is watching movies in her cabin,” Lincoln answers, stretching his arms out over the edge of the tub. “She needed some time to relax and take things easy.”

“That’s understandable,” Clarke replies, thinking of how far Octavia has gotten with her pregnancy. “I might join her later today or another day,” she says, considering she hasn’t been investing much time into her friends. Most of her contact with her friends is through work.

Lexa turns the knob of the shower on, twisting it until the water is somewhat lukewarm. There is some mud that has gotten in her hair, which she’ll wash out soon. She grabs her bar of soap and starts with cleaning her arms. Being in the mud bath wasn’t all that bad, but sometimes she needs to be alone for a bit to get some air.

There’s a sound of the door being opened, followed by footsteps going through nearby stalls.

Lexa sighs when her towel, which she hung over the door, falls to the ground. She had hung it properly, or at least she thought she did. Just as she’s about to pick it up, she sees feet, covered in flip flops. Maybe her towel didn’t fall by itself; perhaps the person with the hairy legs yanked it down.

The door of her stall is being pushed open, causing her to flinch and drop the bar of soap she’d been holding. She takes a step back, her back hitting the tiles as the water keeps running down her body. There’s something deeply unsettling about the eyes which are roaming up and down her body. She’s not naked and yet she feels incredibly exposed.

“Hey there, dyke,” Finn says, setting foot in the shower stall.

Lexa swallows hard and balls her hands into fists. She hates that Finn has followed her here, hates how he’s being a nuisance again.

“You dropped something,” Finn says, poking the bar of soap with his right foot. “How about you pick it up, hm?”

Lexa shivers, definitely not planning to pick it up while he’s right here. She knows that pervert simply wants to see her bend down. “You shouldn’t be here,” she says, wanting him to leave.

“I can go wherever the hell I want,” Finn replies, scoffing as he takes a step closer.

“This shower is taken,” Lexa says sharply. “Leave, now.”

Finn laughs and reaches out, wrapping his hand around Lexa’s throat as he pushes her harder against the tiles. “Get on your knees,” he demands, squeezing his hand tighter.
Lexa claws at Finn’s hand, struggling to breathe. She hits her knee hard between his legs, causing him to stumble back. “There’s a knee for you,” she hisses. Her chest is heaving as she catches her breath. She doesn’t get the chance to do something else because Finn is already recovering.

Finn backhands Lexa across her face, splitting her lip open. “You bitch,” he growls angrily. He fists her hair and forces her down, urging her to drop onto her knees. He slaps her again, smiling when she spits blood out of her mouth.

Lexa gasps when Finn unstraps the top piece of her bikini, leaving her breasts barely covered by her hair. “Go away!” she shouts, trying with all her might to push him away.

“I will teach you a lesson,” Finn says, putting his hands on his hips as his fingertips dip under the waistband of his shorts.

Lexa crawls back against the tiles and pulls her knees up under her chin. She wants to scream, but it’s like her voice has left her. On the inside she’s screaming, but on the outside no words are coming out. She sits there, frozen.

Finn is about to push his shorts down when an arm wraps around his throat. He writhes against the hold which isn’t loosening up. Seconds later he loses consciousness.

Tears are pricking through Lexa’s eyes. She sees Clarke looking down at Finn, who has passed out now. There are voices and footsteps from people who are approaching, but they’re not that nearby yet.

Clarke crouches down in front of Lexa and wraps a towel around her. “Hey,” she whispers softly, cautious with her touches. “I got you, you’re safe now,” she whispers, putting one hand behind her girlfriend’s back while scooping her other hand under her legs.

Lincoln grasps Finn’s arm, pulling him up to his feet.

“I am going to take her to her room,” Clarke says to the others. She gets up with Lexa in her arms, nodding at her colleagues.

Lexa doesn’t say anything as Clarke carries her away, still unable to speak or move.

Clarke puts Lexa down on her bed, unsure when she will say something. What Finn did made her angry and she will make sure he gets expelled. “You’re shivering,” she whispers, noticing how much her girlfriend is trembling.

Lexa’s eyes follow Clarke as her girlfriend gets a sweater for her. It’s amazing how Clarke carried her all the way here, through the snow, while wearing a bikini. Her girlfriend’s hands are cold and slightly blue as she’s being helped into the sweater. If this isn’t love then she doesn’t know what is.

“I’m just going to…,” Clarke says hesitantly, gesturing at Lexa’s arms, “if I may.”

Lexa manages a small nod and then Clarke is rubbing her arms to warm her up faster. “Mochof,”
(Thank you) she whispers.

Clarke exhales slowly as Lexa wraps her arms around her. “Ai gada yu in,” (I got you) she whispers, rubbing her girlfriend’s back. “Yu ste klir.” (You are safe)

“Will you stay with me, please?” Lexa asks quietly, holding Clarke tighter. “I don’t want to be alone right now.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” Clarke promises, letting Lexa squeeze the air out of her lungs.

“You’re cold,” Lexa whispers, slowly letting go. “You should put something on to warm up.”

“Don’t worry about me,” Clarke replies, caressing Lexa’s cheeks. “You should get some rest,” she suggests, moving the blanket to tuck her girlfriend in. “I’m here,” she says, holding Lexa’s hand.

Lena nods and shifts to rest her head on Clarke’s chest. She closes her eyes and breathes a bit easier when her girlfriend strokes her hair. “Clarke,” she whispers.

“Mhmm?” Clarke hums, continuing to stroke Lexa’s hair.

Lexa opens and closes her mouth a few times, unsure if she should say what she’s thinking. “I’m...” She hesitates, not wanting to ruin what they have by confessing that she’s in love with her. She sighs deeply and swallows those words down. “I’m happy you’re here.”

Chapter End Notes

It was amusing seeing so many of you think that Octavia actually saw them kiss. :)
Chapter 31

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning for mentions of abuse in this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Lexa wakes up in Clarke’s arms for the second morning in a row. After what happened yesterday she hasn’t left the cabin and it’s a relief that nobody even tried to disturb her in any way. Her friends did text her, but they didn’t enter her room.

“Good morning, baby,” Clarke whispers, tucking a lock of Lexa’s hair behind her ear.

“Good morning,” Lexa mumbles sleepily. “Did you sleep well?”

“I always sleep well when you’re with me,” Clarke answers, smiling. “What about you?”

“Mhmm,” Lexa answers. She closes the gap to rest her head in the crook of Clarke’s neck. “I had a dream,” she whispers, sighing softly. “You were in it.”

“Oh yeah?” Clarke asks. She turns her face to press a kiss to Lexa’s cheek. “I want to hear all about it,” she says, interested to hear what her girlfriend dreamed about.

“We had a house with a swing set on our porch,” Lexa says, smiling as she thinks about her dream. “You were still you, only older, but beautiful all the same. Your hair was somewhat grey and you had wrinkles everywhere, but your smile hadn’t changed one bit. One part of my dream was rather strange though.”

“Was it?” Clarke asks. So far she likes what she’s hearing and who knows, perhaps something like that will be their future. “Which part?”

“There were young adults playing in our garden with children,” Lexa explains. “I believe they were our children and our grandchildren,” she says, which is definitely strange. “It was just a dream though,” she adds quickly. Clarke already knows that she isn’t fond of children because that’s already been brought up before.

“It sounds like you had an interesting dream,” Clarke says, choosing her words carefully. She wants to say it was a beautiful dream, though she knows Lexa isn’t interested into the whole children part, at least not for the time being. Future wise, she can only hope.

Lexa moves away so she can look at Clarke. “Do you want to try the spa again today?” she asks, considering it got cut short yesterday.

“Are you sure?” Clarke asks rather than answering. She wouldn’t want Lexa to go there if it could trigger something.

“I’m fine, Clarke,” Lexa answers, brushing her concern off. “We can go into the sauna today,” she suggests, running her thumb across her girlfriend’s lips. “Maybe it will be just the two of us if everyone else does something else.”
“Okay,” Clarke relents, though if she sees any sign that Lexa isn’t okay once they’re there then she won’t stay at the spa.

Lexa feels relieved that by now Finn must have been sent home already. She has the opportunity to report him for harassing her and attacking her. Maybe not much would happen if she does, although Finn already turned eighteen, which means he would be judged as an adult. She knows he won’t be welcome at school anymore, so that’s a start.

“Does your lip hurt?” Clarke asks, gently touching a finger to Lexa’s split lip.

Lexa winces lightly at the touch. “Only a little,” she answers, not wanting Clarke to worry too much. “My lip will heal. It’s nothing more than a shallow wound.”

Lexa’s lip isn’t the only wound Clarke is worried about. “What about in here?” she asks, resting the palm of her hand against her girlfriend’s forehead.

“Time heals all wounds,” Lexa whispers, believing that within time she will heal more.

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Clarke waves her hand in front of her face, sweating badly already, even though she’s hardly been in this sauna for longer than a few minutes. She’s alone with Lexa, which is great. Everyone else is doing some kind of activity that has to do with snow. She explained to her colleagues that she didn’t want to leave Lexa alone because it seemed like a bad idea, and while that was true, it was also an excuse. Her colleagues had readily agreed to have her stay with Lexa.

Lexa watches the way Clarke’s skin is glistening with sweat. “You look a little hot,” she says, though that statement goes further than the fact that her girlfriend is sweating. She’s not quick to describe someone as hot, but Clarke is definitely hot.

“This is unfair,” Clarke mumbles, looking at Lexa who doesn’t seem affected by the heat. “You hardly broke a sweat while I’m sitting here, melting.”

“Trust me when I say this, Clarke,” Lexa replies, “I melt each time I look at you.”

Clarke’s face lights up with a smile because Lexa is just so sweet. “You are something else,” she says, reaching out to kiss her girlfriend. Having this sauna to themselves is a blessing to spend even more private time together and she doesn’t quite want this ski trip to end.

Lexa put her hands on Clarke’s upper arms as they kiss. Their kiss starts out slow and soft, but when their lips part their kiss grows fiercer as their tongues tangle around one another in a passionate dance.

Clarke tries to be gentle with her kisses, due to Lexa’s split lip. She can feel her girlfriend wince every once in a while, but each time she tries to back away, Lexa chases her lips. She knows that this trip means a lot to the both of them and that they both want to seize this opportunity to spend as much time together as they can.
“You don’t really like this sauna, do you?” Lexa asks, smiling at how Clarke is getting sweatier by the second.

“Not much,” Clarke answers, putting a hand on Lexa’s thigh, “but I like spending time with you, even if it means being here in this sauna, melting away.”

“You’d make a beautiful puddle,” Lexa replies, smiling as Clarke rubs her thigh. “If it gets too much we can go take a cold shower together,” she suggests, glancing at the exit.

“Hmm, I think I’m okay with staying here a bit longer,” Clarke whispers, trailing her fingertips up Lexa’s arm. “That cold shower can wait.”

“I’m not convinced, Clarke,” Lexa whispers with a soft lilt in her voice. “It sounds to me like you can use a cold shower.”

Clarke smiles and tilts her head to the side. “Does it now?” she asks, smiling brighter.

“Mhmm,” Lexa hums. She nudges Clarke’s nose with her own and winks at her. “I don’t want this moment to end,” she whispers, letting out a quiet sigh.

“Me neither,” Clarke agrees, reaching out for Lexa’s hand to lace their fingers together. “Being here with you feels…,” she says, nodding.

“I know,” Lexa whispers, nodding too. “I know.”

“I’ve got the popcorn,” Ontari says, “and the chips.”

“Thanks, babe,” Raven says, plucking the bowl of chips out of her girlfriend’s hands.

Ontari pecks Raven’s lips and winks at her. “Anytime,” she replies as she hands the other bowl over to Luna.

“I’m good,” Lexa mumbles when Luna offers her some popcorn.

Clarke is threading her fingers through Lexa’s hair to undo the braid she made earlier today. It’s unfortunate that their last night here is nearing, but she has a whole bunch of good memories she’ll hold on to. Waking up next to her girlfriend morning after morning has been enjoyable and that’s the one thing she’ll probably miss the most when this trip is over.

“Cute,” Raven mouths. Seeing Lexa happy with Miss Griffin makes her smile and her friend definitely deserves to be happy.

Luna spins the empty bottle that’s in the middle of their circle. “Miss Griffin,” she says when it lands on her.

Clarke stills her fingers for a moment to look at Luna. This whole spin the bottle thing reminds her of her youth and of how often she used to spin it back in high school and even in college. She’s not
sure how much Ontari, Raven and Luna are going to behave during this game.

“I’ll hit you up with a question,” Luna says, choosing that rather than daring Miss Griffin something. “If you had to choose between your job as a teacher or Lexa, what would you choose?”

Lexa sighs, not liking how Luna is asking Clarke that, even if it’s hypothetical.

“Lexa,” Clarke whispers, barely audible. She runs a hand through her hair and shifts a bit. “I would choose Lexa,” she answers, louder this time. Maybe that’s crazy, but love can be crazy and yes, her job is important to her, though nowhere near as important as her girlfriend. “I can always get another job,” she adds quietly. There’s only one Lexa, so yes, she would choose her girlfriend above her job.

“Damn,” Ontari whispers, impressed. “If you ever want Lex’s hand, you’ve got my approval.”

“Ri,” Lexa whispers, her cheeks tinting red. She’s not quite thinking that far ahead yet, aside from her dreams, and maybe they shouldn’t talk about this. The future is always left uncertain, though she hopes for the best.

“Good to know,” Clarke replies, grasping the bottle to spin it. Being accepted by Lexa’s friends is important because odds are her girlfriend will have them in her life for a long time.

“Shoot,” Raven says when the bottle lands on her.

“What is one of your biggest secrets?” Clarke asks, given that’s one way to get to know someone better. She would have gone with straight up asking Raven’s biggest secret, though asking for one of them seems better. Sharing secrets is hardly ever an easy task, depending on who it’s being shared with.

“Hmm, I’m not much of a secret keeper,” Raven answers thoughtfully, knitting her eyebrows together. “The one secret I’m really kind of keeping I guess is how I got this,” she says as she taps her brace.

The room falls silent as all eyes become fixed on Raven.

“I was in the car with my uncle who I always thought was cool,” Raven says, scoffing at the memory now. “We often talked about mechanics and it was great. Anyway, one day I got in the car with him because he said we could go for a spin. He drove somewhere to some kind of abandoned parking lot.”

Ontari sees Raven digging her nails into her skin, which concerns her. She reaches out to take her girlfriend’s hand, letting her dig her nails into her skin instead. All she knows so far about Raven’s leg is that she’s been in a car accident.

“My uncle he uh… did some stuff he shouldn’t have,” Raven continues, unable to look anyone in the eyes. “When he drove away from that parking lot he placed his hand on my thigh at some point as I was staring out of the window. I freaked out, ended up turning the wheel and that’s how I ended up crushing a part of my leg while he died. After it happened I spent a lot of time wishing I’d have died as well.”

“What he did was wrong and I’m sorry you went through that,” Clarke says, her expressions soft as she looks at Raven. “I’m glad you’re alive and I hope that one day you’ll be happy you’re alive as well. If you want to talk you’re always welcome to talk to me.”

“Yeah, maybe,” Raven replies weakly. She sighs and moves to stand up. “Now y’all know,” she says, shaking her head as she laughs bitterly. “I’m going to my room I just need to be alone for a
while.” She doesn’t let go of Ontari’s hand though, lightly pulling her along with her because she wants to be alone, but not fully alone.

Lexa is silent as Luna gets up to leave as well. She had no idea Raven went through something so heavy, but that’s the thing with people, nobody can ever quite see someone’s suffering. Everyone always sees what’s on the surface and even that often goes unnoticed.

“Are you okay?” Clarke asks quietly. She caresses Lexa’s cheek, noticing how she looks a little lost. What they’ve just been told by Raven was rather heavy and she’s not sure if it triggered her girlfriend.

“I hate to see people I care about suffer,” Lexa answers, wishing she could take all the negative things away for Raven. “Would it be okay if I spend time with Raven tomorrow?”

“Of course,” Clarke answers, not minding at all. “What will you do?”

Lexa sighs softly because there’s no magic trick to make things better. “I will listen,” she answers, which is one of the few things she can do. “Raven is one of the bravest, strongest people I know. Ontari is as well,” she says, knowing that both of them have rough pasts.

“I know someone who is brave and strong as well,” Clarke whispers, placing her finger under Lexa’s chin. “The fight you have within you gives me strength.”

Chapter End Notes

This story is getting quite a bit longer than I had originally planned.
Chapter 32

“Let me give you a hand with those,” Luna says, quickly getting up to walk over to the sink.

Lexa frowns as Luna leaves her side because they’d been working on an assignment for school together. It’s kind of her friend to offer Anya help with the dishes, though she knows her guardian wouldn’t mind doing them alone. There aren’t that many dishes to begin with and this assignment is important. It’s their last assignment before the finales are coming up.

“That’s sweet, but you don’t have to,” Anya says to Luna. “I could do them alone.”

“Nonsense,” Luna replies as she grasps a towel. “You’ve been so kind to let me stay here, helping out is the least I can do.”

Lexa continues to work on the assignment by herself while Luna is chatting with Anya as they do the dishes together. She catches her guardian smiling or laughing at something her friend says every once in a while, which is nice she supposes.

“You can leave half of it for me, Lex,” Luna says, snapping her friend out of her concentration. “Once these dishes are done I’ll help,” she promises, given they’re supposed to work on it together.

“I got it,” Lexa mumbles, bringing her attention back to the assignment. She’s not going to slow down to wait for Luna to do half of it and she doesn’t care if she’d end up doing most of the work.

When the dishes are done, Anya thanks Luna for her help.

“Okay, you have my full attention now,” Luna says to Lexa, plopping down next to her.

Lexa nods and slides it over to Luna to show her how far she’s gotten. She misses Clarke now that her schoolwork is piling up more and the upcoming finals won’t help either. On the bright side, it’ll be summer soon and then she’ll have a sea of time.

“It’s warm in here,” Luna whispers later that night in Lexa’s bedroom. “Is it okay if I sleep in my tank top and boxers?”

“That’s fine,” Lexa answers, waving her hand around. She clicks her window open to let some fresh air in because it really is warm in her room. Once the cooler air filters through her room, she slips under her covers. “Goodnight, Lu.”

Luna slips under the covers as well, staying on her side of Lexa’s bed. “Goodnight, Lex,” she whispers.

Lexa tosses and turns a bit as she sleeps. When she wakes up, Luna isn’t next to her anymore. She wonders if her friend has gotten up to go to the bathroom or to get water or something. She gets up from her bed to tiptoe towards the kitchen. As she passes the living room, she sees Luna sitting on the couch with Anya, watching a movie.

“He’s not that good looking,” Luna says, shaking her head at the screen.

“Okay, lesbian,” Anya replies, smiling because in her opinion the guy on the screen looks nice.

Luna chuckles and gives Anya a light push, immediately receiving one back. “Women are much better looking than men,” she comments.
“That I can agree on,” Anya says, nodding.

Lexa’s jaw drops from where she’s lingering, observing how her guardian and her friend interact. She’s not sure what to make of the way they laugh together and push each other. Luna is right to quirk a brow at Anya for what she said because it’s a surprise to her as well. They don’t even know she’s standing a few steps away from them, clearly too wrapped up in the movie or… each other.

Luna shifts to face Anya better. “You have a better taste than I expected then,” she says, moving her hand to let her fingertips touch Anya’s arm.

Anya smiles politely and shifts on the couch to put some more distance between them. “Should I read into that as an insult for you having assumed my taste was worse or as a compliment that I have good taste?” she asks, following with her eyes how Luna retrieves her hand.

“Hmm, that depends,” Luna answers. She moves to sit a bit closer, but when Anya seems to put distance between them again, she stops. “It depends if your type is any good.”

Lexa shivers and goes back to her room, really not wanting to see and hear any of that any longer. Luna’s behavior is starting to confuse her and she’s not one to bring it up, but given what she just observed she might bring it up to sort it out.

“I can’t wait to get this all over with,” Octavia says, feeling bloated. “You can’t imagine how much my feet hurt.”

“I hope Lincoln is giving you enough foot massages,” Clarke replies. She skims through the clothes in the baby store they’re at. When Octavia had asked her if she wanted to go with her she had agreed. “Did you agree on the color of the baby room yet?”

“We did,” Octavia answers. She smiles as she takes a tiny pink shirt with bears on it in her hands. “Instead of blue or pink we decided we’ll go with green, like a soft baby kind of green.”

“Green is a pretty color,” Clarke says, nodding in approval.

“All these clothes in here are so cute,” Octavia whispers, unsure which items she wants to buy. “Lincoln already told me I’ve been buying too many clothes, but argh, just look how cute all of this is?”

Clarke smiles softly when she sees a white shirt with the text my mommy is the best on it. Being here and seeing all these tiny clothes is making her long for that which she doesn’t have. She can imagine having a son or a daughter, teaching them how to say certain words, teaching them how to tie their shoelaces as they grow older. She can see herself sitting at the table, asking about their day and about school and such.

“Aww, these little shoes are so cute,” Octavia coos. “Should I get the purple ones or the pink ones?”

Clarke sighs as she holds the shirt in her hands, quietly wishing she would have a child. She’s happy
with her life, for the most part. Maybe wanting this is asking too much. She has a good job which she loves doing and a girlfriend who can make her day with one smile or a single text. And yet.

“Clarke,” Octavia says, frowning due to Clarke’s lack of a response. “Hey, Clarke,” she says, putting her hand on her friend’s shoulder.

Clarke shakes her head and turns to look at her friend. “I’m sorry, what?” she asks, having caught nothing of what Octavia was saying.

“You don’t look so good,” Octavia says, noticing how Clarke looks a little pale. She doubts it’s a physical thing though. “Are you feeling alright?”

“I’m fine,” Clarke answers. She sighs and plasters a smile onto her face.

“You’re clearly not fine, Clarke,” Octavia replies, not going to let her friend continue to brush her off. “You know that I care and that you can always talk to me, right?”

“Seeing all of this…,” Clarke says, gesturing around as she shakes her head again. “It’s too much.”

“Hey, hey,” Octavia whispers, giving Clarke’s hand a squeeze. “You’re going to meet someone amazing and someday you will have children. You still have time.”

“No, you don’t understand,” Clarke replies, sighing deeply. “It’s… complicated. I’m selfish,” she says, having done something she probably shouldn’t have. She’s been keeping a secret from Lexa, from everyone.

Lexa yawns as she wakes up while slowly stretching her arms out. She blinks her eyes a few times, seeing that Luna is already awake. It must have been quite late last night when her friend finally went to sleep, when she’d finally felt her bed dip and her covers shift.

“Good morning, Lex,” Luna says, offering her friend a smile. It’s technically noon already, but that’s a detail.

“Morning, Lu,” Lexa replies tiredly. “We need to talk,” she says, getting right to it.

“Talk? When you just woke up?” Luna asks, raising an eyebrow. “Okay,” she says, assuming it must be important.

Lexa sighs and wrings her hands together. She usually doesn’t do this sort of thing, but she wants to know what’s going on. “I’ve seen you being all sweet to Raven and to Ontari,” she says, because from what she’s seen it seemed as if Luna was flirting with them both during some moments. “Raven first, but then Ontari as well. And then I saw you last night, being a certain way with Anya.”

Luna sucks her bottom lip into her mouth, not having expected Lexa to talk about this sort of thing. It’s true that she has been sweet to Raven and Ontari, and probably to Anya as well.

“Are you flirting with all of them?” Lexa asks bluntly. “Because it looks like you have been with the
“I like Raven and Ontari as friends, best friends,” Luna answers, putting a hand up to signal to Lexa to hear her out. “I like you as a best friend as well. I will admit that my behavior can be perceived as flirting at times and sometimes I’m guilty of flirting. Raven and Ontari are both attractive, but I would never try to come between what they have. As for Anya, she’s an attractive woman, though I won’t delude myself that she would be interested.”

“So you have a crush on my guardian then?” Lexa asks, wanting to make sure she’s getting it all right.

“I’d love to pin her against the wall and show her that it doesn’t matter that I’m eighteen,” Luna answers earnestly. “I would be interested in dating her.”

Lexa doubts that Anya would go for someone so young. It’s not that the age difference is all that big per say, but her guardian will probably fall over the fact that Luna is a student. Then there’s also the fact that Anya has been getting along with Roan quite a bit. Not necessarily in a romantic way, though she wouldn’t say it’s impossible either.

“Being able to be attracted to multiple people at once is a curse sometimes,” Luna whispers, wishing she wouldn’t have any of these feelings. “Especially when I don’t have a chance with any of them,” she adds.

Lexa can’t relate to that, but it does sound quite frustrating. “How do you know you don’t have a chance with any of them?” she asks, propping herself up on her elbow to look at Luna. “Did any of them tell you they’re not interested?”

“Are you trying to encourage me to be with your guardian, Lex?”

Lexa slaps Luna’s arm playfully at the teasing lilt in her voice. “Anya is mostly like a big sister to me,” she says, which is because her guardian isn’t all that old, hardly older than Clarke. “It would be a bit weird, though I wouldn’t mind if you two would ever get together. Perhaps you’ll have more luck in a few years from now if she’s being too distant currently.”

“I am eighteen and we will be graduating soon,” Luna points out, though she’d understand if Anya still wouldn’t be interested when she’ll be a college student. “Do you reckon she knows?”

“That you’ve been drooling all over her?” Lexa asks, chuckling when Luna slaps her arm. “I think she might know or maybe she sees it as some basic flattery. In all seriousness though, who are you drawn to the most?”

“I’m not sure because I’m not necessarily monogamous,” Luna answers, staring up at the ceiling. “I mean, I can be monogamous, but I can also be with more than one person at once. I like Raven because she’s funny, smart and overall kind of sweet. She’s very passionate about her interests and she’s a fighter. She’s the kind of girl who’s made out of sugar and spice and everything nice. I like Ontari because she has a certain rawness and bluntness. You won’t always like what she says, but you know where you stand with her and yet she has such a gentle caring soul. I reckon she would be the first to have someone’s back.”

Lexa listens quietly to Luna’s reasons as to why she likes each one of them. What her friend is saying about Raven and Ontari isn’t wrong. She likes those things about her friends as well, though personally she would never see them as more than friends.

“And I like Anya because she’s mature, a tad stubborn, funny, a great cook and unique,” Luna
continues. “I think she’s the type of woman someone could really settle down with and call me young, but I appreciate the thought of settling down, of having something real rather than puppy love,” she explains, sharing her opinion. “In conclusion, I like all three of them for varying reasons and I suppose in an ideal world for me I wouldn’t have to choose at all. Given the circumstances I would say I’m leaning towards trying to woo Anya or trying to be with both Raven and Ontari. Don’t tell anyone about this though.”

Lexa honestly doesn’t know if Ontari and Raven would be interested to include Luna in their relationship. Ontari’s jealousy makes her lean towards no, but who knows. When it comes to Anya she’s not sure if her guardian will be bothered by Luna’s age. If they would get together or date it could be a good sign to someday have Anya accept that she’s with Clarke.
Clarke is dancing through her kitchen, using her spatula as a microphone when she hears her phone ringing. She puts the spatula down, dusts the flour from her hands off on her apron and reaches out for her phone. It’s an unknown number, which sucks because she had hoped it would have been Lexa.

“Hello, this is Clarke Griffin speaking,” she says as she picks up.

As the person on the other end of the line speaks, she cleans her kitchen up. Baking would be a lot nicer if she would be able to do it with her girlfriend, although the mess would have been bigger then.

The person who is talking, whom she assumes is an older woman, sounds familiar. She can’t place it at first, but then it clicks. It’s the agency she had mostly forgotten about. It baffles her that she’s actually being phoned by them.

“Err yes, I’m here,” she says when she hears the woman repeating a question. “It’s a good time, yes, no problem at all.”

She nods as the woman talks about meeting up, not realizing at first that the woman obviously can’t see her. It isn’t until she’s being asked a question again, twice, that it sinks in. God, she’s so blonde sometimes.

“I’m free this weekend and the next,” she says, fine to visit the agency whenever, as long as it’s not during her work hours. “Wait a minute I just need to grab a pen and some paper.”

In her process to look for a pen and paper she stubs her toe against the door and against her kitchen table. Trying not to curse like a drunken sailor is quite the challenge because her little toe is not happy, but it would be inappropriate to curse while she’s on the phone. It would also send the wrong message.

“Sorry, I am here,” she apologizes, finally a pen in hand. “Yes, that day would be fine. Which time?”

She hums as she writes the last pieces of information down, thanks the woman and hangs up. Receiving that call was a wild unexpected ride, but it’s only the beginning. Now she has to tell Lexa, which she should have done already, but oh well. Better late than never, right? She did try to tell her girlfriend a few times, but each time she did try she ended up changing her mind.

Lexa taps her pencil against her book, sighing in frustration. Her finals are coming up and she needs to study to make sure she gets good grades. She’s already been sending out some college applications, hoping to get accepted into a decent one. Her friends have been doing the same, though none of them expect to end up at the same one.
She knows Raven and Ontari might stick together, mostly because Ontari wouldn’t want to be too far away from Raven. Luna mentioned she’d want to go to the nearest college to avoid being too far away. She’s considering nearby colleges as well, though they don’t look all that appealing. Each one of them is rather dull.

The colleges which do appeal to her happen to be rather far away. Far in the sense that the closest one is already six hours away and it would be difficult to be that far away from Clarke. She knows that her girlfriend wants her to do what she likes, but college will last for four years and she can’t imagine being so far away from her.

When she was looking up colleges and college programs, she found a few that piqued her interest. There’s one in particular that really caught her eye because it even has a lesbian poetry club and such, but the problem is that it’s abroad. She can’t do that, she can’t go abroad.

Anya would miss her terribly, considering she’s already struggling with the thought of her leaving to go to college. And Clarke, Clarke would struggle with it the most. She can’t do that to them, especially not to her girlfriend.

There are plenty other colleges which are good and which she’ll like. Abroad is too complicated and the time-zone would make things messy. She doesn’t want to put that kind of strain on her relationship with Clarke. She decided she wants to become a lawyer, even though she hasn’t been the best at following the law.

Her phone buzzes, drawing her attention away from her book. In her haste to reach for it her book falls onto the floor. She’ll get it later, first things first.

Bae: Hey, do you want to come over?

Bae: If you can.

Bae: And if you want.

Bae: Wait, I already said that.

Lexa smiles because of course she wants to come over. As if she would say no to Clarke. It’s sweet that her girlfriend seems to be missing her and she can definitely use a break from studying. She’ll tell Anya she’s going to the library or to Luna’s place or something.

“Hey,” Anya says when Lexa walks by her, eyes transfixed on her phone. “Where are you going?”

“I’m going to study with my friends for a bit,” Lexa answers, briefly looking up from her phone. “Is that okay?”

“Be back for dinner,” Anya says, letting Lexa have a break. She doubts that the girl is truly going to study, but she deserves to have some fun with her friends.

“Will do,” Lexa promises, heading out the door. Ever since that graffiti piece she made for Anya, her guardian hasn’t been on her back anymore and hasn’t checked up on her anymore.
Lex: Already on my way to you oxo

Bae: Be careful! oxo

Lex: I’m walking.

Lex: And I’m always careful.

Bae: Lies.

Lex: Proof?

Bae: You ran into a pole last week.

Bae: Then you bumped against a tree.

Bae: You knocked into more than one stranger.

Lex: That was technically your fault though.

It was totally completely without a doubt Clarke’s fault because last week her girlfriend thought it was a splendid idea to send her a selfie where she was clad in black lacy lingerie, and hello, Clarke knows that she’s a lesbian™.

Bae: How is it my fault that you were born gay?

Lex: Shut up, Clarke.

Bae: Make me.

Lex: Oh, I will.

Bae: I have to tell you something though.

Bae: It’s kind of the reason why I asked you to come over.

Lex: Here I was, thinking you were missing me.

Lexa’s mouth is agape, stunned by everything that Clarke just told her. She can’t believe that her girlfriend kept this to herself all this time because she could have been told on valentines when they got together. For a part she feels lied to because Clarke withheld this information until now, which is basically lying. She doesn’t need to know every tidbit of information from her girlfriend’s life, but
this was something she wanted – no, needed to know.

“I should have told you this sooner,” Clarke admits with a loud exhale. “I didn’t know they would call me, especially not so soon,” she says, still processing the fact that this is real. “After I went to that agency I thought my files would be placed at the bottom of a large pile and would be forgotten. It was all a spur of the moment.”

“A spur of the moment for something you do want,” Lexa says coolly, her tone questioning. She doubts if it was truly a simple spur of the moment because it’s not the same as impulsively buying an article of clothing. It is something that requires a lot of thought and consideration. It’s not a decision to make overnight.

“Yes,” Clarke replies quietly, looking down at the floor. “But…,” she adds hesitantly, looking back up to meet Lexa’s eyes, “I know that what we have is still rather fresh and I understand that this would be too much too soon, especially considering you’re still in school,” she says, keeping her feet on the ground.

For this one time Lexa can let it slide how her age is pointed out, because Clarke is right. She’s still in school with college right at her fingertips and it’s too much. “It is a lot,” she agrees, nodding. “Though I can tell that you want this,” she continues, reaching out for her girlfriend’s hand. “I don’t want you to decline the agency on my behalf.”

“I’m not sure what to do,” Clarke whispers, feeling torn between responding to the agency and letting it slide because Lexa is so young. She wants to explore where her future could go with her girlfriend, but there’s also that dull ache of longing for what she doesn’t have. “If I call them back, will you go with me?” she asks, her tone hopeful. It would mean a lot to her if Lexa would say yes, but it’s also selfish of her to ask such a thing, as if she didn’t drop a bomb on her girlfriend already.

Lexa’s eyes widen for a moment, unsure what to say. She’s not sure how to feel about the news she has received and for Clarke’s sake she would say yes, but it’s all creeping up on her and she’s not ready. Of course she wants to be seen as mature and doesn’t want their age difference to be an issue, although right now they’re bumping into an obstacle. She’s not ready to set something this serious in stone yet because she’s young.

Clarke holds her breath when she feels Lexa’s hand slipping from her own while her girlfriend is shaking her head. She sucks her lips into her mouth and nods in understanding. “I…,” she says, trying to find her voice. “I don’t want to choose.” She’s selfish for wanting both.

“I would never ask you to choose between me and something or someone else,” Lexa replies, because she’s not that kind of person.

Clarke is scared that if she chooses both she’ll end up losing Lexa and her heart can’t take that. She has grown incredibly fond and attached in a way she hasn’t felt before. It makes her wish and pray that her girlfriend would be older. Sometimes age isn’t just a number. Sometimes age is an obstacle.

She knows that Lexa isn’t asking her to choose, but it feels as if she would have to choose and she hopes that’s not true. It would mean so much to her if her girlfriend would support this, though that’s too much to ask when their relationship hasn’t even lasted a year yet and also too much to ask considering Lexa’s age.

“I have to go,” Lexa says. She grasps her jacket and tosses it over her shoulder. “I’ll see you around, Clarke.”
Lexa stares absentmindedly out of her window. She knows Clarke had wanted her there, but she couldn’t do it. Instead she decided to stay home and study, though she can hardly concentrate. It’s crazy how her girlfriend never told her until now and maybe she should have known. Maybe she should have seen the signs that were there.

She remembers how she once said that she doesn’t like children, which is a memory that’s leaving a bitter taste now. Clarke hadn’t said anything then while she could have and should have. It’s possible that her girlfriend was worried she would break up with her, but this isn’t fair. A child is a big deal, it’s not a detail.

Of course Clarke has been glowing around Miss Blake, who is due in a few weeks, but she always kind of assumed her girlfriend was simply looking forward to be some sort of godmother. Their relationship is serious and Clarke should have brought it up. Okay yes, her girlfriend already contacted the agency before they got together, but that doesn’t change the fact that she should have been informed about it.

A little “hey I went to an adoption agency and I’m going to have a kid someday” would have been a nice warning. She’s not ready for something that serious yet, if ever. This goes beyond her age because she’s not the type of person to like children.

She doesn’t want to keep Clarke away from what she wishes to have, but she doesn’t know what will happen to them now. Soon enough she’ll graduate and be off to college, and she’s not going to put up with a crying baby. This is one of the last things she needs while she’s supposed to be studying.

Children are basically a deal breaker for her, although she can’t see herself leaving Clarke just like that. Her girlfriend is probably going to be happy to have a child and all she ever wanted for Clarke was for her to be happy, so if a child can do that she’s not going to be the one to tell her no.

There’s a loud knock on the door, even though the door is open.

“Hey, kiddo,” Anya says, slipping her hands in her pockets as she walks in. “Anything the matter?”

“Life I guess,” Lexa answers, shrugging as she keeps her eyes fixed on the window.

Anya sits down on Lexa’s bed and sighs. “Come here for a moment,” she says, tapping the empty space next to her.

Lexa gives in, solely to avoid arguing about it.

“How about you and I go do something together?” Anya asks, putting her arm around Lexa’s shoulders. “You’ve been cooked up in your room too much,” she says, wanting the girl to get some fresh air. “One of your friends can tag along if you want.”

“I guess,” Lexa replies, not feeling all that interested. “I’ll text Luna.”

“Good idea, she seems sweet,” Anya says, liking that girl. She has a feeling that Luna is a positive influence for Lexa.
“You’ve been spending a significant amount of time with Roan,” Lexa says while she texts Luna to hang out. “Do you like him?”

Anya quirks an eyebrow at the odd question. “He’s my friend,” she answers, which is all. “How are things between you and Luna?”

“Luna and I?” Lexa asks, laughing. “Oh, Anya,” she says, amused at how wrong her guardian has it.

Clarke has a nervous smile on her face as she enters the adoption agency. It’s a big step, but she wants this. The whole situation with Lexa has made her doubt though, because she doesn’t want to lose what she has with her. It’s a surprise that the agency has called her so soon, given a procedure like this can take years and yet for her it only took months.

An older woman with dark rimmed glasses is waiting near the doors. “Hello, Miss Griffin,” she says, politely while holding a hand out.

“Hi,” Clarke replies, shaking her hand. “Thank you for meeting with me so soon, Miss Green,” she says, dropping her hand. “I must admit I am surprised.”

“Your files are particularly appealing for this case,” Miss Green says as she gestures at her office for Clarke to enter. “I read you are a teacher.”

“Yes, a high school teacher,” Clarke confirms. She takes a seat in front of the desk, smiling as Miss Green walks around to sit behind the computer.

“Yes, I see,” Miss Green says, clicking her mousse a few times. “Each child deserves a good home and I believe you can offer a good home. This may seem a bit unorthodox, but I want you to meet them.”

Clarke nods and gets up to follow Miss Green out. It’s quite a lot to take in at once how fast it’s all happening now. A while back she was sad because she doesn’t have a child and now it’s so close she can almost grasp it. “Them?” she asks, snapping out of her semi-slumber.

“You are free to decline,” Miss Green answers. “Though I must add that declining will result in having to wait longer, given the wait list is endless.”

“This is a case about siblings then?” Clarke asks, having so many questions because she doesn’t even know the ages of the children. She never said anything about being okay with adopting more than one child, which means she’ll probably have to decline.

“Yes, twins actually,” Miss Green answers. “I have had a few people declining them so far.”

“Oh,” Clarke whispers, finding that sad for those children.

Miss Green opens a door that leads to a room where a few children are playing. “They are over there,” she says, pointing at two children who are playing with paint. “Aden and Tris. They are almost a year old.”
Clarke crouches down near the children who have their hands covered in paint. There are newspapers placed on the floor and there’s some paint on their clothes. Their hair seems to be a dirty blonde. Aden’s eyes are blue whereas Tris’ eyes appear to be green. Their cheeks and hands are kind of chubby, which is adorable.

“Hello,” Clarke says to the children. “Are you making something pretty?” she asks softly, pointing at a piece of paper where they’re pressing their hands. She wonders why a bunch of people have declined these children and perhaps it’s because two children is quite the commitment at once. At first sight they look like cute little angels.

Aden’s mouth forms a toothy grin. He wraps his right hand around one of Clarke’s fingers, getting paint on her.

“Oh…thank you,” Clarke says when her finger becomes covered in green paint. It’s a small action, but something inside of her shifts. She suddenly gets why parents say how much it means when their children wrap their hand around their finger for the first time. Aden has a strong little grip and his smile is enamoring. “Green is my favorite color. You seem to like it too, huh?”

Tris smears her hands through yellow paint and puts them on Clarke’s cheeks.

“You’re both little artists, aren’t you?” Clarke asks, feeling herself melting because they’re perfect. She hadn’t considered adopting two children, but there’s no way she can walk out of this place and decline them. Granted, it’s a big step, but if Lexa meets them she’s bound to like them.

“They make a bit of a mess at times,” Miss Green says apologetically. “I should have warned you. I’m terribly sorry about your clothes.”

Clarke smiles and shakes her head as the twins are getting paint on her clothes. “It’s perfectly alright,” she assures, not bothered. She can always wash her clothes or buy new ones, no harm has been done. “Where can I sign the adoption papers?”

A bright smile appears on Miss Green’s face. “Right this way, Miss Griffin,” she answers as she gestures at the door. “I do need to share a few more details about the children with you though,” she says while she closes the door behind them.

“Huh,” Lexa says, surprised when Anya seems to be skateboarding just fine. When Luna had suggested it she thought that her guardian would fall and scrape her knee, but she was wrong.

Anya grins and flicks her skateboard up with her foot, catching it in her arms. “You look surprised,” she says to Lexa, making her scoot over so she can join her on the bench.

“I didn’t know you know how to skateboard,” Lexa replies, then again Anya is rather sportive.

“You got some nice moves,” Luna says to Anya. “See that railing over there?” she asks, pointing at some stairs with a metal railing.
“You might break something,” Anya answers, glancing at the railing.

“How about a little competition?” Luna suggests, winking at Lexa.

Lexa has a feeling she doesn’t even want to know what Luna is thinking right now. She can’t quite get her head into all of this anyway. Being outside to get fresh air is lovely, though it’s not particularly helping. She’s curious what kind of decision Clarke has made, but she’s no fool. When someone wants a puppy and they go to an animal shelter then of course they’ll get a puppy. Her girlfriend wants a child, so she’s quite sure Clarke will go through with the adoption.

“That depends,” Anya says thoughtfully, putting her skateboard down. “What do you have in mind?”

“If you land the best tricks, you can choose something,” Luna answers, wanting to leave Anya free to choose. Not that she even expects the young woman to win because she’s going to win. “And if I land the best tricks we go to the movies together. There’s this eighteen plus movie I’ve been meaning to see, which Lex is too young for.”

Lexa glares at her friend, not exactly happy about that comment. Sure yes, she’s seventeen, let everyone keep rubbing that in. Not that a year more or less would matter in the situation she’s in. She knows precisely what Luna is getting at, how her friend wants to win so she can take Anya out on a date. Eighteen plus movie her ass. That’s just Luna’s excuse to say nobody else can go with her.

“I haven’t seen much of your tricks yet,” Anya says to Luna, unsure how much she can do. “Bring it on,” she says, getting up as she accepts the challenge.

“Good luck you two,” Lexa mumbles, deciding to stay on the bench. She fishes her phone from her pocket and contemplates texting Clarke, but she ends up staring blankly at her screen. Her lock screen is just a basic picture of some random music band, in case anyone ever gets their hands on her phone. Her home screen on the other hand is a picture of her girlfriend.

Their relationship has been going steady and now everything is being put on the line. She doesn’t want to break up with Clarke, really she doesn’t, but she’s not sure what their future holds. This whole child thing could ruin them because she’s not ready and as time goes on her girlfriend will notice that more and more. She already made it clear, though it might not have gotten through to Clarke that much yet.

She doesn’t want to be a parent because she’s not cut out to be one. Once her girlfriend truly realizes that she’s too young it could end what they have. She wouldn’t blame Clarke if she would go for someone who is slightly older and who is ready for a child. This timing is poor considering she’s in the middle of studying for her finals so she can graduate and she has been applying for colleges.

Her phone buzzes lightly in her hand. Once glance tells her it’s a text from Clarke. She hasn’t opened it yet when her phone buzzes again.

**Bae:** I just want to let you know that I’m going through with the adoption.

**Bae:** There is a detail though.

**Bae:** Are you able to meet up with me tonight so we can talk?
“Okay, you win,” Anya says, admitting her defeat. “A movie tonight it is,” she says to Luna. “Lexa, are you going to be okay on your own tonight?”

“Yeah, I’ll be fine,” Lexa answers. She tries to smile as she puts her phone away. “I need to study anyway.”

Chapter End Notes

Surprise. :)
“You look a little blue for someone who is about to be a mother,” Octavia comments.

“Oh, do I?” Clarke asks, feigning to sound surprised. “I didn’t get much sleep last night because I was thinking of how I need to turn my guestroom into a room for children,” she explains, which is half true.

“It’s amazing that you are going to have two children,” Octavia replies excitedly. “When did they say you’re getting them?”

“Basically when the finals for our students are over,” Clarke answers, because that was the most convenient for her. “That way I don’t really have to leave them alone or with a stranger.”

“Hmm, that makes sense,” Octavia says, nodding. “You’ll have your whole summer with them and it’s great that they’re so young because that means they can grow up together with the baby girl I’m expecting.”

Clarke tries her best to stick to her conversation with Octavia, but her mind keeps wandering off to think about Lexa. She had texted her girlfriend multiple times yesterday, asking to meet up to talk, but Lexa had declined and said she was busy studying. A part of her feels as if her girlfriend is avoiding her, though admittedly she should give her some time and space to think.

“You’re going to be a single parent then?” Octavia asks, a tad surprised that Clarke is going for this while she’s alone.

“Yes,” Clarke answers with a small sigh. “There’s a lot I need to buy,” she says, hoping to change the topic somewhat so they can continue. “I want to make sure they have extra clothes, in case they ruin theirs with paint and such.”

“You might want to watch out they don’t redecorate your place with paint,” Octavia warns. “If I was you I wouldn’t let them have paint.”

“They’re children, O,” Clarke replies, disagreeing. “They need to be able to express themselves and let their creativity out.”

“You ought to have some boundaries, Clarke,” Octavia says, sticking to her point. “How you raise them is your call in the end, I’m just trying to give you a fair warning.”

“I worry most about if they’ll eat well,” Clarke says, wringing her hands together as her eyebrows crinkle. “Miss Green told me their biological mother neglected them. They were malnourished and I’ve been told they can be fussy eaters. I don’t know what I’d do if they would refuse to eat,” she says, having to admit that she doesn’t have all the answers.

“It takes time to find your way,” Octavia replies, patting Clarke’s shoulder. “You’re going to be a good parent. I’d say if they keep spitting something out, try to give them something else and try to make it more enjoyable by pretending the spoon is an airplane and stuff.”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Clarke says, because it could be valuable information. “I’ve also been told that they have nightmares sometimes, which means they could wake up in the middle of the night,
“Jesus, that’s rough,” Octavia mumbles. “How much baggage do those kids have exactly?”

“More than they should have,” Clarke answers, which is why she would rather not be in this alone. In a perfect world she would have Lexa by her side, but given how much she overwhelmed her girlfriend she doesn’t know if they will be in each other’s future for much longer. “I know that two children at once is a lot and perhaps it’s going to be difficult, but I felt a connection with them,” she explains, moving her hands around. “I looked into their eyes and I just knew they were meant to be mine, if that makes sense.”

Lexa awkwardly pulls a chair back and sits down to eat. She glances at Luna who has conveniently taken a seat next to Anya. It must have been the middle of the night last night when she had heard her guardian coming home, but she wasn’t alone. She hadn’t been able to sleep yet, hence she heard the footsteps and their voices whispering. At first she wondered if they were sharing a room together, but when she woke up she found Anya who was sleeping on the couch.

“The actress in that movie looked so good,” Luna says. “The one with the dark blonde hair,” she clarifies.

“I liked the other actress better,” Anya replies. “You know that one who was a bit younger.”

“So,” Lexa says, folding her hands together as she interrupts them. “Did you two have a fun night?”

“It was okay,” Anya answers, though in reality it was somewhat awkward. At one point she wondered if it was actually meant as a date and then she began to overthink everything Luna said and did. It’s possible that the girl is interested in her, though maybe she’s being paranoid.

“I had fun,” Luna answers, because she had a good time. She made eye-contact with Anya a few times, which made her want to lean in, but their eye-contact broke each time. “It’s a bummer that we still have a ton left to study,” she says with a deep sigh. “Then again, it’s almost summer and then we’ll be college students.”

“I can’t wait to get it over with,” Lexa replies, wanting to get her finals out of the way.

“How are your college applications coming along?” Anya asks them both.

“I’m probably not going to stray too far,” Luna answers, pausing for a moment to see if Anya will say something. The young woman doesn’t seem to react to that in any way and she’s not sure yet if Anya could have any interest in dating her. “The local college around here has a decent sport team. Maybe a talent scout would notice me so I can build a career on that.”

“If you try hard enough you’ll get there,” Anya replies with a reassuring smile. “You’re a sportive girl.”

“I don’t know yet which college I’ll go to,” Lexa says, needing time to think about it. She has all
summer before she would have to make a permanent decision. “It’s possible it will be a few hours away from here.”

The silence in the class is nearly deafening and Clarke can hear her heart pulsing in her ears. Ever since she handed the exams out, she’s been staring at Lexa, waiting for glimpses of eye-contact. Her future with her girlfriend is uncertain, now even more than ever. Deep down she is scared, waiting for the moment where Lexa will call it quits between them.

Lexa taps her pencil against her desk, trying her best to concentrate. She has studied a lot for her finals, but each time she kept getting distracted. Clarke’s timing to tell her about the agency was poor, though her girlfriend can’t help it that the agency suddenly called her up. At the same time if Clarke would have told her sooner it would have saved her a lot of stress.

Clarke reluctantly peels her eyes away from Lexa to look around to ensure none of her students are trying to cheat on their exams. At the front row the seat next to Murphy is empty, which is where Finn used to sit. She’s relieved that she got to Lexa on time when he was harassing her and yet she feels like she didn’t exactly get there on time. Her girlfriend had already been slapped by him and was cornered. She shakes her head, glad that Finn is gone.

Lexa briefly looks up, watching Clarke’s eyes move until they land on her. She can see some kind of desperation on her girlfriend’s face. Sighing, she holds two fingers out, taps them against her watch and nods.

Clarke nods back before Lexa’s eyes return to her desk. In two hours every single student will be gone and it’s a relief that her girlfriend will stay. Then again, she holds her breath for what Lexa might have to say.

Lexa doesn’t look up anymore as she finishes the rest of her exams. She gets it all done about half an hour too soon, though she decides to read through it over and over again until the time is up. She knows that Clarke has been meaning to tell her something about some sort of detail about the adoption, which has her wondering what the detail is. They need to talk for a bit anyway considering she also has some news to share. In the four months they’ve been together, this is the toughest time because her girlfriend’s news was uneasy to hear and her news won’t be easy either.

Clarke smiles politely when the first student gets up to leave. “Thank you,” she whispers, accepting the student’s exams to put them on top of her desk. She nods as more students make a move to get up to leave.

Raven slumps to the front of the class with a confident smile. “I think I did really well,” she whispers, almost sure that she’s going to ace every single one.

“Oh, hold up, Raven,” Clarke replies quietly, holding a hand up. “I wrote a recommendation letter for you,” she whispers, revealing it from her briefcase. “You deserved it.”

“Thank you so much, Miss Griffin,” Raven whispers, containing the urge to squeal as she accepts it.
“No, no, thank you, for being such a good student and putting so much effort into your schoolwork,” Clarke whispers, feeling like Raven has more than earned it. “I’ll see you at graduation.”

“I’m proud of you, babe,” Ontari whispers to Raven. “You’ll be going to the best college,” she says as they step out into the hall together.

“We can be in one together,” Raven replies, grasping Ontari’s hand.

“I’m not as smart as you are,” Ontari says, shaking her head. “Don’t let me hold you back.”

“I love you, Ri,” Raven says earnestly. “You can never hold me back. My future’s with you.”

“I love you too, Rae,” Ontari replies, pulling Raven closer towards her. “But really though, if we don’t go to the same college we can still be together. Pick whatever your heart desires, okay? You gotta promise me. College is only four years and after that we got our whole future together, where you should be doing what you love.”

“Okay, I promise,” Raven relents, wrapping her pinkie around Ontari’s. “If we don’t get into the same college you better visit me all the time with that cool motorcycle of yours.”

“Mhmm, cross my heart,” Ontari promises, moving her finger over her chest.

Clarke wrings her hands together as Lexa paces around and she really hopes that her girlfriend won’t suddenly decide to leave. “I didn’t plan on two children, but they’re twins,” she says, though she knows that Lexa would never ask her to say no to what she wants. Her girlfriend is selfless, too selfless at times.

“I have to tell you something as well,” Lexa says, no longer pacing around. “I know which college I want to go to.”

“That’s good news,” Clarke replies, putting an enthusiastic smile onto her face.

Lexa would say that it is debatable. She cups Clarke’s cheeks and presses a lingering kiss to her lips. When she pulls away, her girlfriend’s smile turns into a frown.

“Hey,” Clarke whispers, brushing her hand through Lexa’s hair. “Talk to me?” she asks, sensing that there’s more to her girlfriend’s news.

“It’s not nearby,” Lexa reveals. “Their program is interesting and I want…I…” She stops talking and shakes her head.

“You’re allowed to want something, Lexa,” Clarke says, wanting her girlfriend to do something for herself. Lexa doesn’t always need to be selfless. “If you found a college you like, I’ll fully support you.”

“It’s a six hour drive, if the traffic is being reasonable,” Lexa explains. It could have been worse if she would have decided to study abroad, but it’s still far away. “I want to be a lawyer.”
Clarke swallows hard because six hours definitely is a lot, but she wants Lexa to follow her dreams. Four years is quite a bit and by the time her girlfriend graduates the twins will be nearly five years old. She fears for their future, but she’s already been selfish more than enough.

“Ai hod yu in, otaim,” (*I love you, always*) Lexa whispers, reaching out to caress Clarke’s cheeks.

“Ai hod yu in seintaim.” (*I love you too*)

Chapter End Notes

For those who clicked fast, the next chapter will be posted soon and should be up in a bit. It’s Friday so here’s something extra. :)
“Congratulations, seniors,” Kane says with pride as he stands tall. “May your future be bright.”

“Hey, babes,” Raven says to her friends. “Guess what?”

“You got into a good college,” Ontari guesses.

“Hell yes I did!” Raven confirms, unable to stop smiling. “It’s a good school and what makes it even better is that it’s only forty minutes away from yours,” she says to Ontari.

“Well actually, it’s not,” Ontari replies to correct Raven. “I’m not going to the college I said I would, I’m going to another one.”

“Oh,” Raven says, frowning. “So um… how far?”

“A few feet I think,” Ontari answers with a smirk. “Though it’s doubtful we’ll sleep in separate beds.”

“A few… wait…no,” Raven whispers, stunned as it starts to click.

Ontari chuckles when Raven’s face lights up with the most beautiful smile. “I worked my ass off for this,” she says, having studied so damn hard to get accepted into the same college her girlfriend is going to. “I’m going to drown in my studies, but it’ll be worth it.”

“This is amazing, really,” Raven replies, pulling Ontari into a hug. “But you do know I’m going there to be a mechanic, right?” she asks, to check in.

“Yeah, of course,” Ontari answers, well aware of that fact. “We’re going to have a shop together someday,” she says, picturing their future. “You can work on cars while I’ll handle motorcycles.”

“Deal,” Raven says, grasping Ontari’s hand. “I’m so happy,” she says earnestly. It’s so sweet how her girlfriend has been thinking about their future and sure they’re young, but she loves Ontari a lot.

“I’m happy for you both,” Lexa says, smiling at her friends.

“No power in the world can keep me away from you,” Ontari whispers to Raven, resting her head on her shoulder as she snakes her arms around her waist. “What about you two?” she asks Luna and Lexa.

“I’m staying in this area,” Luna answers, cool with her choice. “And I decided I’m not going to college.”

“What?” Raven, Ontari and Lexa ask at once.

“I landed myself a job as an apprentice at a tattoo parlor,” Luna explains. “I compiled a portfolio of each piece of art I’ve done, went to a few places and someone is giving me a shot.”

“That’s pretty neat,” Ontari replies. “Maybe you can tat me up someday.”

“I’m happy for you, Lu,” Lexa says, glad to hear that Luna is going to do something she loves. “I’m going to college six hours away from here to become a lawyer,” she reveals.

“The law breaker wants to become a lawyer,” Ontari comments teasingly.

“Shh, y’all,” Raven whispers while nodding her head to their right.

Lexa looks to the side, seeing Anya and Roan approach, probably to congratulate them for graduating. It’s true that she’s been a bit of a lawbreaker, though nothing too drastic. She’ll never illegally use graffiti again.

“Good job, all of you,” Anya says, smiling warmly.

“You’re all growing up so fast,” Roan says.

“We’re already grown up,” Ontari replies, giving her cousin a light push.

“It’s time for a celebration,” Roan says, clapping his hands together. “You’re all welcome to come to my place for a barbecue.”

“Fuck yes,” Ontari says, shrugging at her use of language. “Y’all should come,” she says to her friends. “It’s about time you’re organizing a barbecue,” she says to Roan.

Lexa is a bit distracted while her friends talk with Anya and Roan because she’s looking at Clarke who looks so radiant and beautiful with her smile. She can see how her girlfriend is holding a hand against Miss Blake’s stomach, probably to feel her baby kick. It’s a strange feeling to know that Clarke is about to have two children and despite that knowledge it hasn’t fully gotten through to her yet.

She hasn’t even gotten the chance yet to live with her girlfriend and to enjoy it being just the two of them. By the time she fully graduates she would be stuck with a family if they stay together. She wants to stay together, but she’s honestly not sure if she can handle the whole parent thing. Clarke isn’t asking her to be a parent, though she’s no fool either. She can sense how much her girlfriend wants her to be a part of the family she’s creating.

Clarke fumbles with her keys to open the door. She had to put Aden down for a bit because she couldn’t hold both of them whilst opening the door. “Okay, sweeties,” she says as she lifts them both up properly to enter her house. “This is going to be your home from now on.”

Tris wriggles in Clarke’s arms.

“Okay, baby,” Clarke whispers, gently putting Tris down. She puts Aden down as well when he plucks at her hand. “I have toys for you both,” she says, opening a box with toys so they can play. “I’ll make some food while you two play.”

The graduation of her students took place a few days ago and so far she has yet to see Lexa. She knows that her girlfriend has been celebrating with her friends, which she understands. Things have been a bit busy and she just officially got Tris and Aden today.

She sends a text off to Lexa to ask her if she wants to come over this weekend, hoping for a positive
Soulmate: I don’t know if I can this weekend.

Soulmate: Anya is taking me to the movies with my friends.

Clarke: Okay, no problem. How about another day?

She tries not to be too disappointed and tries not to think of how Lexa might be avoiding her because she knows that her girlfriend has other people in her life. It’s going to be rough, considering how much she misses spending time with Lexa.

Soulmate: I’ll be at the park with my friends tonight, you can come hang out with us if you want.

Clarke: I can’t leave Tris and Aden alone.

Clarke: I was hoping you could come to my place.

Soulmate: Okay, I’ll let Anya know I’m staying over at Raven’s.

Clarke lets out a breath of relief that Lexa said yes, having thought for a moment that she would decline again. She puts her phone aside and gasps when she sees that Aden and Tris are scribbling on the wall with crayons.

“Oh, sweethearts, no, no,” she says, taking the crayons away. “You’re not supposed to draw on the wall.”

Tris starts sniffling, which turns into wailing and then Aden wails as well.

“Please don’t cry,” Clarke whispers, sitting down next to them. “I didn’t mean to upset you.”

Lexa freezes just as she walked in, key still in her hand. She hears the sound of children being fussy and she had vaguely hoped Clarke would have put them to bed by now. Dinner time passed a whole while ago and surely they need sleep.

“You have to eat something,” Clarke sighs tiredly. “I don’t understand what I’m doing wrong.”

“Hey,” Lexa says, walking into the kitchen. She glances at the two high chairs where a little boy and
a little girl are sitting, their faces covered with mashed potatoes. Some of it even got in their hair.

“Hey, you’re here,” Clarke replies, not having heard Lexa coming in. “This is Aden and Tris,” she says as she points at her children.

“You look tired,” Lexa says, simply being honest. She’s a bit concerned due to the bags Clarke has under her eyes. It’s her girlfriend’s first day with those kids, so that’s promising.

“They’re refusing to eat,” Clarke explains with a deep sigh. “I tried everything. The airplane thing, giving them something else, but nothing works,” she says exasperated. Octavia’s advice had seemed good, but it’s not working on them. “I need them to eat something.”

“Hmm,” Lexa whispers, dropping her bag to the side. She grabs a chair and puts it down near the children who are now looking at her like she’s something new and shiny.

Clarke frowns when Lexa takes the spoons out of her hands. “It won’t work,” she says when her girlfriend scoops some food onto the spoons. “I already tried so many times.”

Lexa puts the first spoon into her mouth. “Yummy, this is good,” she says, licking her lips. “Hey, little buddy, do you want some?” she asks Aden, holding the other spoon out to him. “No? More for me then,” she says, putting another spoonful into her mouth.

Tris gurgles and makes grabby movements with her hands.

“Oh I’m sorry,” Lexa says nonchalantly. “Did you want some of this?” she asks, holding a spoon out to Tris.

Clarke’s jaw drops when Tris actually opens her mouth and then Aden is copying his sister. “How did you know that would work?” she asks Lexa, stunned.

“I didn’t,” Lexa answers, having simply tried something. “But when someone is eating chocolate in front of you, for example, you’re likely going to want some. Besides, if you want to set an example it could be helpful if they actually see you eat as well.”

“You seem to know some things about children,” Clarke says, not adding the part about how Lexa seems to know quite a bit for someone who dislikes children.

“We were all once young, Clarke,” Lexa says coolly, continuing to feed the twins. “Each child is different and giving up won’t get you anywhere.”

“I wasn’t planning to give up,” Clarke replies, definitely not planning to ever let her children go to bed with an empty stomach.

Lena wonders what good it would ever do if Clarke would force them too much to eat. It would only have the opposite result and make them even fussier about food. “I think you got it from here,” she says, letting her girlfriend take over.
Clarke puts her head in Lexa’s lap, feeling exhausted. It has been a long day and she wants to enjoy watching a movie with her girlfriend, but she can hardly keep her eyes open.

Lexa strokes Clarke’s hair, watching her eyes drooping. “You need rest,” she whispers.

“There is no rest for the wicked,” Clarke replies quietly. “I want to spend time with you.”

“We should go to bed,” Lexa suggests, stirring a bit.

“Mhmm yes,” Clarke mumbles, lifting her head up so she can kiss Lexa.

“I really meant sleep, Clarke,” Lexa whispers, smiling as her girlfriend pouts. “You’re tired. I can hold you if that’s enough.”

“You’re always enough,” Clarke says, pushing Lexa down as she kisses her. “Much more than enough,” she whispers against her girlfriend’s lips.

Lexa parts her lips, feeling Clarke’s tongue slipping past them. She enjoys the soft press of her girlfriend’s lips, the way they flit so well with hers.

Clarke gets up from her couch and takes both of Lexa’s hands in hers. “Let’s go to bed,” she whispers, gently tugging her girlfriend along with her.

Lexa follows Clarke to her bedroom where they stumble onto the bed together. They’re kissing when the baby monitor crackles. She sighs when her girlfriend pulls away, though she knows that Clarke needs to check up on Aden and Tris.

“I’ll be back in a bit,” Clarke whispers.

Lexa flops back onto the bed, closing her eyes. It’s a tad frustrating and this is a big change for their relationship. She’s too young to date a woman who has two children. Through the monitor she hears Clarke singing to the twins to soothe them.
Lexa jolts awake when she hears heartbreaking screams filter through the room. A quick glance to her left shows her that Clarke is still asleep, clearly exhausted. It only takes her a second to connect the dots and when her girlfriend stirs, she reaches over her to turn the baby monitor off. She exhales in relief when Clarke stops stirring. Her girlfriend needs to rest. The downside is that despite having turned that thing off, she can still hear the twins screaming.

She climbs out of Clarke’s bed and tiptoes down the hall as the sound of the screams sound louder in her ears with each step she’s closer to the twins’ bedroom. It’s Aden and Tris’ first night at her girlfriend’s place and they’ve already proved to be fussy eaters and sleepers. Those screams are something else though.

She remembers vividly how often she used to scream in a similar way and the thought of what those children might have been through sends shivers down her spine. Clarke hasn’t told her much about Aden and Tris, other than that they’re a year old and she adopted them. From what she can hear those children must be somewhat traumatized. Their screams don’t sound like those of kids who are scared of the dark.

“Shhh, it’s okay,” she whispers, reaching the twins’ bed. “You’re safe.”

Tris and Aden don’t stop crying, alternating with screaming.

Lexa clearly didn’t really think this through because they probably don’t even know what she’s saying. She grabs one of their stuffed animals and tries to move it to make it dance. “Okay,” she whispers, sighing when they still cry. “It’s okay,” she whispers awkwardly as she lifts them up from their bed.

She rocks back and forth with the twins in her arms, hoping to soothe and silence them. “Look, babies,” she whispers as she stands near the window. “The stars are so pretty, just like your mother.”

She’s not sure how long she’s in their room, but after a while Aden and Tris fall asleep in her arms. When she puts them down she tucks them in and quietly tiptoes back to Clarke’s room, seeing how she is still peacefully asleep. She turns the baby monitor back on and crawls under the covers.

“Hey, I figured I would visit you,” Octavia says. “If that’s okay,” she adds quickly, not wanting to overstep.

“Yes, that’s fine,” Clarke replies, letting Octavia enter. “Aden and Tris are napping, so we’ll have to be quiet,” she whispers.

“Got it,” Octavia whispers, making a zipper movement in front of her lips. “You look tired,” she whispers when Clarke rubs her eyes.
“I didn’t sleep a wink,” Clarke says, sighing. “It’s been a week now and they still wake up multiple times each night, aside from their first night when they actually slept quite well. I’m relieved I finally got them to nap.” It confuses her how Aden and Tris slept through their first night and not through the other nights. She’s somewhat relieved that Lexa hasn’t experienced them being difficult sleepers because she doesn’t want to spook her girlfriend away.

“That’s a bummer,” Octavia whispers, concerned that Clarke might be in over her head. “It’s not easy for you to raise them on your own. If you want, Lincoln and I could watch over them for a weekend or something, just to give you some time off,” she offers.

“I’ll think about it,” Clarke replies, leaving it out in the open. Octavia’s offer is tempting, but she’s not sure if she wants to let her children meet too many new people at once. Not to forget how far her friend is with her pregnancy.

“Are they eating well?”

“At first not really, but they’re improving,” Clarke answers, which she has Lexa to thank for. “How are you feeling?”

“Bloated,” Octavia answers, groaning while she puts her hands on her lower back. “My feet and my back are killing me.”

“I hope Lincoln is spoiling you enough,” Clarke replies, gesturing at her couch. “I’ll get you some water.”

“He definitely is,” Octavia says affirmatively. “Last night he went all out for dinner.”

“That must have been nice,” Clarke says, knowing what a good cook Lincoln is.

“It really was,” Octavia confirms as Clarke returns with a glass of water. “My napkin was folded into a swan and there were a lot of candles on the table and he got me flowers.”

“Is he still trying to convince you to paint the baby room blue?”

Octavia chuckles and shakes her head. “He said he wanted to do something nice for me, just because,” she says, endeared by the memory. “I’m lucky to have him, he’s amazing.”

“He’s just as lucky,” Clarke replies, sipping from her glass. “He’s a good man, I’m really happy for you.”

“How are those ribs coming along, dude?” Ontari asks, grasping a soda.

“They’re almost done,” Roan answers, flipping them on the barbecue.

“You’re starting to get a nice tan,” Raven says to Lexa, lightly touching her arm with her fingertips. “It looks good on you.”
“I’m lucky that the sun never burns me,” Lexa replies, loving to sit in the sun and enjoy it. “Your tan is way better though.”

“Perks of being Latina,” Raven says, winking.

“I got you your soda, babe,” Ontari says to Raven, putting it down in front of her nose.

“Lu seems chummy with Anya,” Raven mumbles.

Lexa glances to where Luna and Anya are standing, who have been talking for a while now. “I can’t say I’m surprised,” she says, used to see them getting along.

“She totally digs your guardian,” Ontari says with a smirk.

“I can’t blame her,” Raven says. “Anya’s a good looking woman.”

“True that,” Ontari agrees. “Lu is too though,” she adds thoughtfully.

“Hmm yeah,” Raven hums.

“I can definitely hitch you up with a tattoo,” Luna says to Anya, finding it cool that she’s thinking of getting one. “Do you have any designs in mind that you like?”

“As a matter of fact, I do,” Anya answers, leaning back against the wall. “I have a sketchbook with a bunch of drawings I’ve made since I was a teen,” she explains, moving her hands around as she talks about it. “My favorite ones are the dragons I’ve sketched.”

“Dragons are cool and a tattoo like that would look sweet on you,” Luna replies, smiling as she turns to face Anya. “Where would you like to have it?” she asks, trailing her fingertips up Anya’s arm.

“Either on my arms or on my back,” Anya answers, dropping her eyes down to Luna’s fingers.

“You can drop by at the tattoo parlor anytime and I’ll squeeze you in,” Luna says, winking. “For free, of course.”

“No, no,” Anya says, shaking her head. “I want to pay for it.”

“If you want to pay for it, we could have dinner together,” Luna suggests. “It doesn’t have to be anything fancy.”

“Luna…,” Anya whispers, sighing. She has a feeling that Luna is definitely flirting with her, which is wrong because Luna is one of Lexa’s friends.

“I graduated, I’m eighteen and I have my own place,” Luna points out. She’s not some high school student anymore. She is a responsible young adult who is self-sufficient.

“I’m thirty,” Anya says with a serious tone to emphasize their age difference. “I’m Lexa’s guardian,” she says, having tried to take care of Lexa like a sister.

“How about one date where we talk and get to know each other better?” Luna suggests. “If afterwards you decide you’d rather not hang out with me like that, no harm no fouls.”

“Okay, one date,” Anya agrees.

“The food is ready,” Roan says, gathering their attention. “Ri, a hand with the plates?”
Raven proudly taps the hood of her black jeep. “I got it cheap because I helped working on it,” she says, having spent a lot of time on it. “This car has history, can you feel it?”

Lexa would say she can see it because it definitely doesn’t look new.

“Not bad, babe,” Ontari says, nodding slowly. “Though I’m more of a motorcycle kind of gal,” she says, always going to prefer that over a car.

“At least I can drive a car,” Raven replies with a shrug. It sucks that motorcycles are tough for her with her leg, mostly the whole getting on and off part. Cars are easier for her, more accessible.

“Anyways, ready to go to the beach?”

“I’m ready,” Lexa says, tossing her bag over her shoulder.

“I’m calling shotgun,” Ontari says, taking her seat next to Raven.

Lexa doesn’t comment as she goes to sit in the back. “Your car only fits five people,” she mumbles to Raven.

“Yeah, I know,” Raven replies as she turns her key. “But those kids are like really little, right?”

“I think they need to sit in car seats,” Lexa says, actually quite sure that they do need car seats. “They’re hardly a year old.”

“Just put one of them on your lap, problem solved,” Ontari says dryly.

“My lap… right,” Lexa mutters quietly.

“You’re not comfortable with her having two kids are you?” Ontari asks Lexa knowingly. “Not that I blame you, you’re still young and all that.”

Lexa gazes out of the window as Raven drives to go pick Clarke and the children up. Anya is out today on that date with Luna, which is somewhat awkward although she’s rooting for them. Well, mostly for her friend who is interested in her guardian. Meanwhile she’s going to the beach with Raven and Ontari, and they invited Clarke to tag along.

She has some sunscreen in her bag in case her girlfriend forgets. Children tend to burn easily. She also bought them little hats to protect their heads from the sun, because that’s usually what little children wear on the beach. It’s only in case Clarke forget to ensure Aden and Tris don’t get hurt badly by the sun. She crinkles her nose at the idea of having one of those children sit on her lap.

“You like, love her or something, right?” Raven asks Lexa, glancing in her mirror.

“Yes, I do,” Lexa answers. Of course she loves Clarke.

“But you struggle with the idea of those children,” Raven says, because it’s as clear as day.
“I don’t particularly like children,” Lexa replies, which her friends know. “Can we listen to some music instead of talking?”

“Speaking of music, I brought a cd with songs I’ve put together,” Ontari says, reaching into her bag to get it. “You’re going to love this,” she says as she puts it in.

“It is rock music, isn’t it?” Raven asks, knowing how much her girlfriend enjoys that type of music.

“You bet your ass it is,” Ontari answers, putting the first song on.

“Eh, it’s not bad,” Raven replies, letting Ontari choose whatever. “Don’t turn it up too loud though. It’s not good for those kids’ ears, I reckon.”

Lexa doesn’t say another word and when they arrive at Clarke’s place, she snorts. Aden and Tris are wearing the tiniest sunglasses, which they clearly aren’t appreciating because they keep trying to take them off.

Clarke frowns when she sees that there aren’t any car seats in the car for Aden and Tris. She also sees that there is only space for five people and there are six of them.

“The beach ain’t far,” Ontari says to Clarke, seeing her hesitate. “Just hand one of those to Lex.”

“One of those,” Raven murmurs whilst shaking her head at her girlfriend.

“My children have names,” Clarke says, displeased. She wonders if Lexa is okay with holding one of her children because when she’s holding Aden out to her, it looks as if she’d rather not even be here.

Lexa awkwardly puts Aden on her lap and it’s clear that he can’t sit still because he’s wriggling already. He’s putting his little hands in her hair and sure, he has a cute smile, but this little kid isn’t going to melt her.

Clarke sits next to Lexa, just the middle seat left between them, with Tris on her lap. “They’ve started to mumble a few words from time to time,” she says, feeling so proud.

“That’s nice,” Lexa replies stoically. “Did you put gel in Aden’s hair?” she asks, noticing how sticky it looks.

“That tiny leather jacket is fuc-, er, it’s cute,” Ontari says, needing to mind her language.

“I thought it would look nice,” Clarke says. “Aden is my little man.”

“Leather isn’t ideal in the sun,” Lexa mumbles, just a fact. “And his head needs protection, not gel.”

Clarke’s eyebrows knit together. “Are you criticizing how I take care of my children?” she asks, and she wishes she could say ours, but she can’t.

“No, I’m just letting you know,” Lexa replies coolly. “Unless you would rather take two lobsters home tonight, go ahead.”

“Excuse me?” Clarke asks, shocked by Lexa’s attitude.

“You can do what you want,” Lexa answers quietly. “Did you apply sunscreen onto their skin?”

“Yes, of course I did,” Clarke answers, because she’s not stupid.
“That’s good,” Lexa replies, relieved that Clarke thought of that. “Did you bring any sunscreen with you?”

“Yes, Lexa, I am aware if need to reapply it a few times,” Clarke says with a bite in her tone. “I’m blonde, but I’m not dumb.”

Lexa snaps her mouth shut and looks out of the window. She doesn’t like children and another downside of children is that they can be something to argue about. They never really argued much, but ever since Clarke got Aden and Tris they argued more. It’s her fault for having meddled too much. She should let her girlfriend do whatever and not comment on it.

“Well this is just… lovely,” Raven says, feeling uncomfortable. She awkwardly taps her fingers on her wheel, unsure what to say. If she had known Lexa and Clarke would argue like that she would have both left them home and she would have simply gone to the beach with her girlfriend.

“Listen,” Ontari says, turning around on her seat to look at Lexa and at Clarke. “If you two are going to be like that all day I’m going to ditch your asses. Rae’s too nice to say it, but seriously, if you two are going to bicker and whatnot you can leave and figure it out by yourselves how you’ll get home. This day is supposed to be fun. We’re going to the beach to relax, wind down a bit. Anyways, have I made myself clear?”

Lexa responds with a weak nod, feeling bad that her relationship with Clarke is becoming so difficult.

Clarke’s mouth is ajar because it’s like she is a child who just received a slap on the wrists. She shouldn’t have snapped at Lexa the way she did, considering her girlfriend was probably just being caring and looking out for Aden and Tris.
Lexa puts her towel down onto the sand and this sunny weather is going to help her get a better tan. She glances at Clarke who is putting her towel out as well. “I can put sunscreen onto your back if you want,” she offers, not wanting her girlfriend to get sunburned.

Clarke looks up from her towel, sighing from the warmth of the sun. “That would be great,” she replies, fishing through her things to find the sunscreen she brought.

“You look amazing in that white bikini,” Lexa whispers as she crouches down behind Clarke. She brushes her girlfriend’s hair to the side and kisses her shoulder.

Clarke tilts her head to the side so Lexa can kiss her neck. “I like your black bikini,” she whispers.

“Ohay, lesbians,” Ontari says. “I’m going to get us some ice cream.”

“Vanilla and chocolate for me,” Raven says. She looks at her girlfriend who still has a pair of shorts on.

“You’re staring, babe,” Ontari whispers, leaning in to kiss Raven.

“Mhmm,” Raven hums against Ontari’s lips.

“What do y’all want?” Ontari asks, looking at Lexa and Clarke.

“Vanilla will do,” Clarke answers.

Ontari nods as she listens to what they all want and then she walks away to go get it.

Tris and Aden coo as they scoop sand into their buckets.

“We can make a sandcastle,” Raven says to the twins. “I’ll show you how.”

Lexa watches over Clarke’s shoulder how Raven is trying to help Aden and Tris to make a sandcastle. The thing with children is that she always said she dislikes them, but she’s more worried about children disliking her.

Clarke shrieks lightly at the cold touch of the sunscreen, though Lexa’s warm hands quickly take that chilly feeling away.

Aden puts his hands on Raven’s brace and tilts his head while mumbling incoherent words.

“I’m secretly a robot,” Raven says, winking at Aden. “Don’t tell anyone though.”

Lexa finishes up with the sunscreen just as Ontari returns with ice cream.

“Man, they almost didn’t let me take this tray,” Ontari says as she hands the ice cream out.

Clarke frowns at the ice cream and the spoons because her children are probably going to need help with it.

“I’ll get one,” Lexa says. She may not like children that much, but that doesn’t mean she wouldn’t help out a little bit.
“Thank you, Lexa,” Clarke says, smiling softly.

“Lessa,” Aden mumbles, copying his mother.

Lexa freezes with her mouth ajar and her eyes wide. She closes and opens her mouth a few times like a fish on the land. “He… he said my name,” she says, shocked.

Clarke nods, her eyes wide as well. “I’ll help Tris,” she says, considering Aden seems to want Lexa’s attention. “I think he likes you,” she says, hoping that won’t spook her girlfriend.

“Hey, little buddy,” Lexa says to Aden.

Aden places his hands on Lexa’s legs and pushes himself up. “Lessa, Lessa, Lessa,” he says happily, bouncing up and down on his little legs.

Lexa smiles shyly at Aden’s adorable toothy smile. “I’ll help you with your ice cream,” she says as she scoops some onto the spoon.

Ontari grins at the way Clarke seems to be swooning because Clarke is looking at Lexa with some mayor heart eyes. She never liked kids and maybe she never will, but she has to admit that the twins are so fucking cute.

“I hope I’ll have children someday,” Raven says with a quiet sigh. She looks at her girlfriend, knowing well enough how she feels about kids. “Of course I’m going to concentrate on college first, then get my own mechanic shop, but yeah, after that I’d love to have a kid.”

“Mhmm, okay, babe,” Ontari replies, running her fingers through Raven’s hair. “When we’re done with college we can get a shop together and if you want a kid then I guess I’m down for that.”

“Really?” Raven asks with a hopeful smile. “Because I don’t want you to settle for something you don’t want.”

“I want a future with you in it,” Ontari answers earnestly. “I can picture us having our own shop and I sure wouldn’t mind having a mini version of you walking around.”

“You’re the best, Ri!” Raven shouts happily. She forgets about her ice cream and flings her arms around Ontari’s neck to kiss her.

Clarke smiles at the interaction between Raven and Ontari because they look like a happy healthy couple, and it’s so sweet to see them like that. She doesn’t know them that well yet, but she knows both girls have been through rough times and they deserve a good life.

Lexa chuckles at the cute little shrieking sounds Aden and Tris make each time the water touches their feet. “We can build a sand castle with water around it,” she says, digging into the sand. “See, if you do this it will fill up with water.”

“Lessa,” Aden says, holding his hand out to her which has a shell in it.
“Oh, is this for me?” Lexa asks, picking the shell up. “Thanks, little buddy.”

“For someone who doesn’t like kids you sure seem cute with them,” Ontari comments.

“This doesn’t change anything,” Lexa mumbles, sighing. She’s relieved that Clarke isn’t nearby because her girlfriend is walking back to the car with Raven to get some things. It kind of baffled her that Clarke left her alone with Aden and Tris, although it’s also a show of trust.

“Why are you fighting this so hard?” Ontari asks as she sits down next to Lexa. “I can see that at least a small part of you does like them.”

“I’m not really good with children,” Lexa replies, sighing as she moves her fingers through the sand. “I don’t think I would be a good parent. Before Anya took me in, everything was kind of messy.”

“From what I’ve seen you are rather good with children. Attachments can be scary, huh?”

“Yeah, they can be,” Lexa answers weakly. “Clarke could easily find someone her own age, someone who has their life more together than I do. It’s all happening so fast and I wish I could say I’m ready, but I’m just not. I’m also starting to get tired of lying to Anya so much because she’s a good person who believes in me and I just don’t want to be that person who lies to her.”

Ontari slowly puts an arm around Lexa, giving her a sideways hug. “Set a date,” she suggests.

“A date?” Lexa asks, confused as she turns her face to the side to look at Ontari. “A date for what?”

“A date where you’ll come clean,” Ontari explains. “If I was in your shoes I would wait until your eighteenth birthday and then tell Anya, but I’m not in your shoes. You have to do what feels right for you. If you want you could even confess everything tonight, though I wouldn’t quite recommend that.”

“Sometimes I think of telling her, but then I think of all the things that could go wrong,” Lexa whispers. “She could report Clarke and kick me out of the house. I don’t know how she will react, but the chances of a positive reaction are slim. I’m kind of rooting for Luna to get lucky with Anya because then I can put that argument in my corner, then I could say that it doesn’t matter I’m dating Clarke because she’s dating Luna.”

“That would help a ton,” Ontari replies, seeing the logic in it. “How do you see your future with Clarke?”

“Unsure,” Lexa answers, because she doesn’t know. “I need to think about all of this.”

Raven leans over the seat, reaching for her bag. “You really love her, don’t you?” she asks Clarke.

“I do,” Clarke answers, sighing. “I take it its very obvious?” she asks, running a hand through her windswept hair. The cool breeze is exactly what she needs to balance with the heat of the sun.

“Yeah, kind of,” Raven replies, closing the door of her car. “It bothers you that she hasn’t fully
warmed up to the idea of children yet,” she says, raising an eyebrow at Clarke as if to challenge her to deny it.

“She’s young, so I don’t blame her for being overwhelmed,” Clarke says, considering she did throw a lot of Lexa all of the sudden. “I hope that one day she won’t have those doubts, but I’ve been rather selfish. I’ve concentrated so much on what I want rather than on what she wants. I did sign up for adopting a child before we got together, but I withheld that information from her.”

“It’s no crime to be selfish sometimes,” Raven replies with a shrug. “You’re allowed to want things.”

“I’m sorry for putting this all on you,” Clarke apologizes. She shouldn’t be talking about this. “I’m used to talk with my friends, but…”

“They don’t know about this stuff, yeah I get it,” Raven says, nodding her head. “You can always talk to me or even to Ri if you want. Like seriously, we don’t bite. We’re young, but we’re not ignorant.”

“I appreciate that, Raven,” Clarke replies, smiling as they walk back to the beach.

“You can call me Rae, it’s what my friends do.”

“Are you looking forward to college?”

“Hell yes I do,” Raven answers enthusiastically. “It’s going to be so lit once I’m a mechanic,” she says, looking forwards to sail through college so she can have her own shop. “My life with Ri is going to be bomb.”

“I know where I’ll be going in the future when my car breaks down,” Clarke says, definitely planning to do that. “Maybe you can give me a good price because I’ve always been such a good teacher.”

“Uhuh, a good teacher who keeps getting one of my friends laid,” Raven teases.

Clarke chuckles and shakes her head, knowing that Raven is just playing. “See, we’re almost family,” she says, moving her hand around.

“I’m definitely calling dibs on being the aunt of those little munchkins,” Raven replies, liking the sound of family. “If you ever need a babysitter when I’m not at school and such, you can ring me up.”

Clarke sings a lullaby to help her children sleep. It’s been a long day for all of them, but especially for Aden and Tris. They’ve exhausted themselves by playing at the beach. She appreciates that they had been invited along because she could tell her children enjoyed it.

Aden yawns and curls his tiny arms around his sister.

Lexa covers Aden and Tris with the blanket, seeing how their eyes are drooping. It’s cute how
they’re trying to fight their sleep and how they are reaching out to grab her hand. “Reshop, ai yongon,” (*Goodnight, my children*) she whispers in a moment of weakness.

“I know that reshop means goodnight,” Clarke whispers, finding it sweet that Lexa said goodnight to Aden and Tris. “But what does ai yongon mean?” she asks, never having heard that before. Her girlfriend hasn’t taught that last word to her yet.

Lexa quietly exits the room and grabs her bag, needing to leave to go home. “Goodnight, Clarke,” she whispers, pressing a kiss to her lips. She shouldn’t have said what she said. It was a slipup which didn’t mean anything. If she tells her girlfriend she would think more of it and she doesn’t want to needlessly get Clarke’s hopes up.

“Lexa…,” Clarke whispers, frowning as her girlfriend opens the door. “What does it mean?” she asks to no avail because Lexa is already walking out the door.
Lexa pauses halfway through passing the living room, seeing Luna sitting on the couch with Anya. She has no clue when they got here since she just got home and it surprises her to see that her friend is here. Their date must have gone rather well then, which is good.

Luna is holding Anya’s hand while they’re watching a movie. She makes a comment every once in a while or opens her mouth to react to something Anya said.

“Do you want to sit with us?” Anya asks Lexa, twisting a bit to look at her.

“Oh um, no,” Lexa answers awkwardly. She didn’t know that Anya had heard her and she didn’t mean to spy. “I’m actually quite tired, so I’m going to bed,” she says, not feeling much for sitting on the couch with them. She would rather spend some time alone in her room, even though she’ll probably be up for a few more hours.

“Oh okay,” Anya replies, turning her attention back to the movie. “Goodnight, Lex.”

“Goodnight,” Lexa mumbles.

“Wait, one more thing,” Anya says quickly. “Is it okay if Luna sleeps in your room tonight?”

Lexa frowns and lingers at the door. “Isn’t she going to sleep in yours?” she asks, hoping she’s not overstepping. It’s not that she wants to deny Luna access to her bedroom, but she thought her friend would share with her guardian.

“Okay, I’ll sleep on the couch,” Anya answers, not wanting to force Lexa to share with Luna.

Lexa face-palms, because that’s so not how she meant it.

“I could sleep on the couch,” Luna offers. “I don’t want to keep you from your bed,” she says to Anya.

“You can sleep in my room, Lu,” Lexa says, turning around to walk away. She’s honestly not sure what to make of Anya’s connection with her friend because at first it seemed like their date went somewhere. Maybe her guardian is taking it really slow or something.

She goes to her bedroom and puts a loose shirt on. As she lies down in her bed, she can’t quite sleep yet, even though it has been a long day. It’s a relief that her slipup to call Aden and Tris her children wasn’t in English, but she still shouldn’t have said it. They’re not her children and she doesn’t think they are. It was a moment of weakness where she had an odd maternal feeling. She should be more careful and not let that happen again.

It’s already quite late when Luna slips into her bedroom. She is going to try to get some sleep given how late it is and she’d rather be able to get up at a decent hour.
Clarke jolts when a loud cry sounds through the baby monitor. She hurries out of her bed, tripping over her own feet in her haste to reach her children’s bedroom to see what’s wrong. She’s still getting the hang of this, but the cry that she’s hearing is not normal.

Tris is wailing like a siren while Aden is staring at her with wide eyes.

“Hey, baby,” Clarke coos gently as she scoops Tris into her arms. She rubs her daughter’s back, noticing how much she’s sweating. When she puts the palm of her hand against Tris’ forehead, she feels how much she is burning up. “This is not good,” she mumbles, worried.

Tris wails louder and wriggles in her mother’s arms.

By now Aden starts crying as well.

Clarke puts Tris down again and grabs her phone, crying as she dials a number because she’s overwhelmed. It’s the middle of the night, which is not a good time to call, but Lexa was the first person who came to mind.

On the second ring, a sleepy Lexa picks up with a whispered hello.

Clarke hardly hears her due to the loud wailing and Lexa must hear it too, because suddenly her girlfriend’s voice is stronger and more serious. “Tris has a fever and it’s bad because she’s really burning up and I need to take her to the hospital, but I… I… what if she dies? I was sleeping and then I heard her cry so loud and she’s not okay, something is really wrong.”

“Clarke, slow down. Take a deep breath. One thing at a time, okay? I know this situation is tough, but I need you to try and breathe because if you panic they will sense it.”

“Breathe… one thing… yes,” Clarke replies weakly. “I need to take Tris to the hospital.”

“I’ll be there in ten minutes.”

Clarke exhales loudly and she’s not sure if it’s right to agree because Lexa shouldn’t be sneaking out at night. She shouldn’t have called her girlfriend, but she can’t be alone right now.

“Get Tris and Aden ready, and put them in your car. I will be right there.”

“Okay, I got this,” Clarke says to herself as she hears the click that signals Lexa hung up. She runs out of the room, trying to be calm as she grabs her children’s jackets. “Everything is going to be okay,” she says to Aden and Tris.

Tris doesn’t stop crying as her mother puts her arms through the sleeves of her jacket.

Clarke wishes she could take the pain and everything else away for Tris. It makes her feel helpless that her daughter is sick. Earlier today Tris had seemed fine.
“I’m not sure I’ll be back in the morning,” Lexa whispers, because it’s the middle of the night already. “If I’m not back, can you cover for me?”

“Um, sure,” Luna replies whilst running a hand through her hair. “Do you need a lift? I can give you a ride.”

“Actually, yes,” Lexa answers, even though her original plan was to run. She ducks down, tying her shoelaces.

“You might want to put on some more clothes other than a shirt and sweats,” Luna whispers as she gets up. “It can be rather chilly outside,” she warns while slipping into her jeans.

“I’m fine,” Lexa mumbles, waving Luna off. “I need to get there as fast as possible, Clarke needs me.”

Luna opens Lexa’s closet, fishing a jacket out of it. “Put this on,” she instructs, throwing it at her friend.

“You’re starting to sound like Anya,” Lexa replies quietly as she puts the jacket on.

“It wouldn’t help Clarke if you’d get sick,” Luna whispers, tiptoeing through the house.

“I know,” Lexa whispers, quietly following Luna to go outside.

Luna doesn’t know yet what she’ll say to Anya in the morning if Lexa isn’t back by then, which is highly likely to happen. “You must love her a lot to sneak out in the middle of the night,” she whispers, thinking of the risk her friend is taking.

“During the ski trip she walked me back to our cabin through the snow while she was only clad in a bikini. I needed her then and she was there,” Lexa replies silently as she closes the front door behind her. “Something is wrong with Tris and she needs me.”

“I’ll tell Anya that Raven rang you up at the crack of dawn,” Luna says, starting the engine of her motorcycle.

“Thank you,” Lexa says gratefully. It means a lot to her that Luna is giving her a ride and that she’ll cover for her. She knows that her friend really wants to be on Anya’s good side, so by helping her lie Luna is taking a risk.

“Aden pouts as a doctor examines him. He turns his face to Lexa. “Lessa,” he whispers, sniffling.

“It is okay, the doctor is really friendly,” Lexa replies, hoping to calm Aden down. She’s in some
room with him with a doctor who wants to make sure Aden is okay while Clarke followed another
doctor with Tris. “If you’re good we can play later.”

“Lessa,” Aden mumbles, yawning.

“Or sleep,” Lexa says, chuckling.

“He is a strong little man,” the doctor says. “And perfectly healthy.”

“Thank you, doctor,” Lexa says respectfully. She scoops Aden into her arms and places him on her
hip. “Let’s go for a little walk,” she says to Aden.

Aden nuzzles his head in the crook of Lexa’s neck and wraps his arms around her neck.

“You’re very tired, hm?” Lexa whispers, rubbing his back. “En’s ogud,” (It’s okay) she says,
rocking Aden lightly. She mumbles more words in Trigedasleng to him to soothe him.

Clarke walks through the hall, her eyes red from the tears she cried. She wraps her arms around Lexa
and Aden, tearing up again.

“It’s going to be okay,” Lexa says, putting her free arm around Clarke. “It’s okay my love, I’m here,
I got you,” she says, letting her girlfriend cry on her shoulder.

“The doctors think Tris will be okay,” Clarke murmurs through her tears. “But they’re keeping her
for the night for observation. They gave her something to lower her fever.”

“Okay, that’s good,” Lexa replies, relieved to hear that. “You should get some sleep.”

“I’m not leaving,” Clarke says, shaking her head. “I’m staying right here at the hospital with Tris.”

“I can take Aden back to your place, if you want,” Lexa offers. She doesn’t quite want to leave
Clarke, though Aden is going to need sleep. “I can come back to the hospital tomorrow once he’s
awake.”

Clarke nods and wipes at her tears. “Thank you,” she whispers, resting her forehead against Lexa’s.

“Everything is going to be okay,” Lexa says, giving Clarke’s hand a squeeze. “The doctors know
what they’re doing and it will be okay.”

“I hope so,” Clarke whispers. Having heard Tris wail so much because she’s not feeling well broke
her heart. “I love you, Lexa,” she says, leaning in to kiss her.

Lessa feels the wetness of Clarke’s tears pressing against her cheeks. “And I love you, Clarke,” she
says, hoisting Aden a bit higher on her hip.

Lu: All good, Anya thinks you’re at Raven’s.
Lu: I informed Raven, just in case.

Lex: Thank you, I really appreciate it.

Lu: How is Tris doing?

Lex: Clarke is on her way home with Tris, she just got cleared from the hospital.

Lu: I’m happy to hear that.

Lex: How’s breakfast with Anya?

Lu: I woke up early and surprised her with breakfast in bed.

Lex: You sly dog. How’d it go?

Lu: She spilled the orange juice and had to take her top off.

Lex: Okay, tmi.

Lu: Nothing happened, she went to the bathroom.

Lexa tucks her phone away to concentrate on helping Aden with his breakfast. “I see you like pancakes,” she says, smiling at how eager he’s eating his pancake. “Don’t tell your mother I can cook though, shhh,” she whispers, placing a finger in front of her lips.

“Shh,” Aden copies, putting a finger in front of his lips.

“Yes, that’s right,” Lexa replies, nodding. “If she knows I can cook I could end up being stuck with cooking a lot.”

The front door opens as Clarke walks in with Tris.

“I smell breakfast,” Clarke says, picking up on the scent of pancakes.

“Hey, beautiful,” Lexa whispers, tugging Clarke close to her to kiss her.

“I look like a zombie,” Clarke replies, definitely not being so beautiful right now.

“The most attractive zombie ever,” Lexa corrects. “If you sit down I’ll get you some breakfast.”

Aden claps his hands together and wriggles his feet.

Clarke chuckles upon seeing Aden’s empty plate. “I think someone is a fan of your cooking,” she says, thinking of how often she struggles to get her children to eat.

“Which kid doesn’t love sugar?” Lexa asks, winking at Clarke. She grabs the plate with the stack of pancakes she baked earlier to slip one onto Aden’s plate. “Here you go, little buddy.”

“Nomon,” (Mother) Aden says with a wide smile.

Clarke frowns at the unfamiliar word because she had just gotten used to hear Aden call Lexa Lessa. It’s probably some kind of word he made up because children do tend to say words that don’t make any sense.
Lexa clears her throat and gestures at the table. “Breakfast?” she asks Clarke. She’s relieved once again that her girlfriend doesn’t understand that word considering she already slipped up before when she called Aden and Tris her children. Maybe speaking in Trigedasleng to Aden last night wasn’t a good idea.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter will be up in a bit.
Lexa nervously wrings her hands together, unsure where Anya is taking her. She’d been asked if she could be blindfolded, but she had said no to that. It would make her uncomfortable if she wouldn’t be able to see where they’re going, although she has no clue anyway.

Anya pulls her car to a stop on the parking lot of a car lot. “We’re here,” she says to Lexa, tapping her leg to signal her to get out.

Lexa frowns as she opens the door to get out. “Why are we at a car lot?” she asks, slipping her hands in her pockets. “Are you looking to sell your car or something?”

“You’ll be going to college soon, which you worked very hard for,” Anya answers, knowing how much Lexa studied. “I want to give you a gift.”

“No,” Lexa whispers, shocked as she realizes what Anya is getting at. “That’s too much, Anya.”

“Nonsense,” Anya replies, shaking her head. “I’m getting you a car because you deserve it.”

Lexa looks around, trying to gauge which cars are the cheapest. It makes her feel uneasy that Anya is buying her a car. She would rather be independent as much as possible, though a car could be nice. “I haven’t learned how to drive yet,” she says, sighing.

“I’m aware,” Anya says, not having forgotten that detail. “Which is why you and I are going to spend more time together because I’m going to teach you,” she announces.

“That sounds great,” Lexa replies, attempting to sound enthusiastic. It’s not that she dislikes it or anything, but this is going to take quite a bit of her time away. She will be off to college soon and once she graduates she won’t be living with Anya anymore, so it can be nice to spend some time with her now, while she still has the time to do so.

“You could put some graffiti art on the car you choose,” Anya suggests. “I know it’s a hobby of yours, which you can’t do that often.”

“I don’t think that would look very appealing for a law student,” Lexa hesitantly points out. She wants to make a good impression in college, not that people are likely to care what her car looks like.

“Okay, whatever you want,” Anya says, holding her hands up. She will let Lexa choose a car and let her do with it what she wants. “See any car you fancy?”

“Hmm,” Lexa hums as she looks around. “Perhaps that one over there,” she says, pointing at a black car.

“A minivan?” Anya asks, surprised that Lexa would even consider that car. “I didn’t think you would be interested in a family car.”

“I’m not,” Lexa replies, averting her eyes from the minivan. “A big car could be handy to drive around with my friends,” she says, even though they won’t be at her college. “Not that it matters I guess, I won’t be seeing them much once I leave.”

“Hey,” Anya says, swinging an arm over Lexa’s shoulders. “I know that you’re going to miss your friends and six hours is quite the distance, but this kind of education is what you want, right?”
“Yes,” Lexa confirms. She does want to go to college so she can become a lawyer.

“You’ll graduate in no time and you can always text or call your friends,” Anya says, hoping to cheer Lexa up a bit. It’s unfortunate that the girl won’t be near the friends she made anymore, though she’s hopeful that Lexa will make new friends.

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Clarke sighs as she reads Lexa’s text who is rejecting her offer to spend some time together. Her girlfriend is going to spend yet another night with her friends, which seems to be happening more and more. Not that it is a bad thing, but after how Lexa was there for her when Tris was sick, she’s been distant.

When her girlfriend had cooked breakfast everything had seemed well, but maybe she’s wrong. It feels like taking one step forward and then two steps back. Meanwhile she’s had Aden crawling through her house every day, either saying “Lessa” or “nomon” and each time she has to tell him she’s not around.

“Mommy,” Tris whines while pulling at her mother’s pants. “Up,” she says, stretching her arms up.

“Hey, baby,” Clarke replies softly, lifting Tris up. “Are you tired of coloring?”

Tris nuzzles her head against her mother’s shoulder.

“I think you need a nap,” Clarke says as she walks through her living room. “Aden, sweetie, it is nap time.” She smiles because her son is coloring, thankfully on paper this time rather than on her walls.

Aden grins and taps his hand on his drawing. “Lessa,” he mumbles.

Clarke smiles even brighter because Aden looks so proud of his drawing, which is a stick figure of Lexa with another one next to it which must be her. Seeing her son like this is so cute. “It’s beautiful, my little man,” she says, proud of her little artist. “I’m going to give this a very special place on my refrigerator.”

“Meizen, mommy,” Aden says when his mother picks him up.

“Hey, I know that word,” Clarke replies, stunned. There’s only one explanation for this, which is that Lexa has spoken Trigedasleng to Aden during the few interactions they’ve had. “Did Lexa call me beautiful?” she asks curiously. It wouldn’t surprise her, given her girlfriend has called her beautiful many times.

Tris yawns and shifts to put her head on her brother’s shoulder.

Clarke carries her children to bed and tucks them in. She lingers in their room as they sleep, feeling incredibly lucky that she has them. For her this is a dream that’s coming true, though to complete that dream she would need to have Lexa by her side. She can only hope that one day her girlfriend will move in with her so they can be a family, but it will depend on what Lexa wants.

She knows that she’s been overwhelming her girlfriend and quite frankly if she’d had been in Lexa’s
shoes she would have probably ran away from it all. Her girlfriend is still young, too young perhaps, though she has seen how mature Lexa can be, which makes her want to give her the benefit of the doubt.

Once her girlfriend gets through college she won’t be as young anymore. If it would depend solely on her she would say she wants their relationship to progress further so they can build a life together. Months ago when she made the decision to hold on rather than let go she knew she was making the right decision, in a sense. It still feels like the right decision, despite the whole how she’s not supposed to date a student.

Her morals aren’t all that pure anymore, though she wants to think and believe that she never took advantage of Lexa because she would never do that. The last thing she would want is do something her girlfriend doesn’t want her to do. Okay, she didn’t tell Lexa about the adoption until the last moment, which was a mistake, but that’s in the past now.

Adopting Aden and Tris was her own selfish wish that she went through with. Each time she looks at her children she knows that if she could go back in time she would adopt them all over again. They are precious and she loves them with all her heart, just as she loves Lexa with all of her heart.

“Be careful,” Anya warns, cringing as Lexa barely dodges a man who was crossing the street.

“I did stop at first,” Lexa says, in her defense. “It’s not my fault that he suddenly decided to cross the street.”

“I think he was being hesitant to see if you would really stop or not,” Anya replies, having seen how the man stood still at first and then moved just as Lexa stepped on the gas. “Next time you should wait just a little bit longer.”

“Okay, I got this,” Lexa says, rapping her fingers on the wheel of her minivan.

“There’s a parking lot,” Anya says, pointing to their right. She’s relieved that there aren’t many cars parked on it, which will make it easier to ensure Lexa doesn’t hit another car. “Don’t forget your blinker.”

“I know, I know,” Lexa replies, groaning because Anya is needlessly making her nervous. She puts the blinker on and pulls up onto the parking lot.

“Good,” Anya says approvingly. “Now try to park.”

Lexa sighs when she feels her phone buzzing more than once in her pocket. She leaves her right hand on the wheel as she uses her left hand to fish her phone out of her pocket to see who is texting her.

“Lexa!” Anya complains, snatching her phone out of her hand.

“Hey!”
“No,” Anya says sternly, keeping Lexa’s phone away from her. “You’re not supposed to be on your phone while driving, that’s dangerous.”

“I know that, but this is a parking lot which is mostly abandoned.”

“No buts,” Anya replies, not going to hear it. “Once you are properly parked you can check your phone, no matter how empty a road or a parking lot seems,” she says, wanting that to get through to Lexa. “Whatever it is, your friends can wait.”

Lexa spins the wheel of her car sharply to park into the first spot she sees. Once she’s parked, she smiles and holds her hand out to Anya to get her phone back.

Anya sighs and shakes her head. “We still have some work cut out before you’ll be a decent driver, kiddo,” she says, planning to clear even more time to teach Lexa how to drive.

“The two mistakes I made hardly count,” Lexa objects. “I didn’t know that man was suddenly going to cross the road and the thing about my phone was a small honest mistake.”

“You have to be a responsible driver, Lexa,” Anya tuts. “Which is why tonight you’re going to study with that book again to learn the rules,” she says, fixing Lexa with a stern look.

Lexa groans and tilts her head back. She already passed her theoretic exam, which was very dull and it sucks that Anya wants her to study again. She’ll try better in the future not to make mistakes again.

“Get out, we’re switching seats,” Anya says as she unbuckles her seatbelt. “I’m going to drive for a while and you’re going to pay close attention to what I do, which means no texting.”

Lexa reluctantly gets out of her car to switch seats. The texts she received are from her friends and from Clarke, who are all asking her to hang out. Aside from spending a lot of time with Anya recently, she’s been spending quite a bit of time with her friends. Soon she’ll be off to college, so she should probably say yes to her girlfriend this time.

**Lex:** I’ll come over tonight.

**Bae:** Great, I look forward to it! oxo

**Lex:** I gtg now, can’t text.

**Lex:** I love you <3
“I missed you,” Clarke whispers, even though she already said that a few times.

Lexa cups Clarke’s cheeks and kisses her, knowing how much she missed her. She has missed her girlfriend as well, though she’s been rather busy. There have been drivers lessons with Anya which have been swallowing her time and it wasn’t all that easy to convince her guardian to let her leave tonight. She lied again of course, claiming she went to Raven’s place.

“When you go to college, could you Skype me once a week or so?” Clarke asks with a hopeful glint in her eyes. It’s going to be difficult to have Lexa six hours away from her, but she’ll have to deal with it for four years and of course she’ll be rooting for her girlfriend.

“I’m not sure,” Lexa answers, sighing. “I will be quite busy with my law studies, which I want to do well,” she says, not really having a view on her schedule yet. It’s not that she wouldn’t want to Skype with Clarke, but she can’t guarantee that she would be able to do so every week. Her studies could turn out to be rather hectic.

“That’s understandable,” Clarke replies thoughtfully. She knows that Lexa needs to put her education first. “I was thinking, just once a week, even if it’s only for a few minutes,” she says, thinking of how her children will probably want to see Lexa as well.

“Okay,” Lexa agrees, purely so Clarke would drop it. Sparing a few minutes each week must be manageable.

“Aden and Tris miss you,” Clarke says with a smile. “Aden in particular, he even made a drawing with you in it. I hung it up on my refrigerator.”

“Awe, that’s cute,” Lexa whispers. She finds it endearing that Aden drew her, though he shouldn’t.

“Can I see it?” she asks, assuming that’s why Clarke brought it up.

“Yes, of course,” Clarke answers excitedly. She gets up from her couch and walks to her kitchen with Lexa where Aden’s drawing is proudly hanging on her refrigerator. “Aden is often calling out for you, always saying Lessa or nomon,” she says, smiling as her girlfriend looks at her son’s drawing.

“This is cute,” Lexa says, chuckling at the large green circles which must resemble her eyes.

“Mhmm,” Clarke hums. “By the way, have you been teaching Aden Trigedasleng?” she asks curiously, considering her son must have picked it up from someone and it’s not from her.

“I may have spoken in Trigedasleng to him a few times,” Lexa admits. “I hope that’s alright,” she says, realizing she never asked Clarke if that would be okay.

“I don’t mind,” Clarke replies, and she really doesn’t. If anything it’s great and it gives her a positive feeling because once upon a time Trigedasleng was something special between them, so the fact that Lexa has shared it with Aden seems like a good sign. “Is nomon Trigedasleng?”

Lexa’s eyes briefly flicker towards Clarke, meeting her gaze. “Yes,” she answers, hoping her girlfriend won’t ask further, though that would be wishful thinking.

“And…?” Clarke asks, frowning at how mysterious Lexa is acting.
Lexa shrugs and turns around to go back to Clarke’s couch.

“Lexa,” Clarke says, reaching out to grab her wrist. It’s a relief how her girlfriend doesn’t flinch when she touches her. “What does nomon mean?”

“It doesn’t matter,” Lexa answers quietly. “Can we talk about something else?”

“Okay, fine,” Clarke replies, sighing as she lets Lexa’s wrist go. “But I need you to promise me something.”

“It depends on the promise,” Lexa says cautiously. She’s not going to agree before hearing it.

“I want you to promise that you’ll tell me someday what nomon means,” Clarke says, really wanting to know. She is confused why Lexa is being so vague about it. “And yongon,” she adds, remembering how her girlfriend never told her what that means either.

“Okay, I will tell you someday,” Lexa promises. Clarke shouldn’t hold her breath because that someday can easily be very far away in the future and she definitely doesn’t plan to share what those words mean anytime soon.

Clarke grasps a blanket to drape it over the both of them so they can be comfortable on her couch while they watch some tv.

“You never told me about your parents,” Lexa says, out of the blue. A lot of things have been shared between them, yet she has no clue about Clarke’s parents. It seems to be a topic her girlfriend never talks about.

“I know,” Clarke replies, aware of that. She sighs and shifts to face Lexa, pulling her legs under the blanket. “My father passed away when I was young, I was barely seven when I came home from school and was told he had died,” she says, missing him every day.

“I’m sorry for your loss,” Lexa whispers, brushing her thumb over Clarke’s knuckles.

“It’s been twenty years,” Clarke says with a sad smile. “As for my mother I uh… it’s complicated.”

“Complicated how?” Lexa asks, watching Clarke’s eyebrows knit together. “If you want to talk about it,” she adds quickly, not wanting to pressure her girlfriend.

“My mother married someone when I was eleven, but that man was violent,” Clarke answers, hating those memories. “I tried to tell my mother so many times, but she believed I was exaggerating and she always took his side.”

“She should have believed you,” Lexa replies, stunned that Clarke’s mother sided with a violent man.

“When I turned eighteen, I shared a dorm with my best friend and I never contacted my mother again,” Clarke says, not regretting that she cut all ties. It’s been nine years and not even once has her mother attempted to contact her. It is better this way, given their contact was already severed beyond repair when she was a teenager.

Lexa isn’t quite sure how to react, so instead of speaking she opts for hugging Clarke.

Clarke leans into Lexa’s touch, appreciating the comforting hug. Her past no longer harms her and she has left it behind her. She doesn’t talk about it, unless specifically asked. As a teenager she often has suspicious bruises yet her mother was always the first to come up with an excuse to cover for that
man. It didn’t help that her mother was a doctor with a remarkable reputation.

The Griffin family always appeared perfect to the outside world with her mother being such a good doctor. Everyone always thought she was nothing more but a clumsy child. At home she had to walk on eggshells all the time to avoid a possible outburst from that man, though oftentimes he was violent just because.

“Are you sleeping over tonight?” Clarke asks, toying with a lock of Lexa’s hair. “I think Aden and Tris would be excited to see you in the morning,” she says, considering they’re asleep now because it’s already quite late.

“I can’t,” Lexa answers, averting her eyes so she doesn’t have to see the hurt look on Clarke’s face.

Clarke sighs because lately Lexa has been distant and a bit stoic, which makes her feel as if her girlfriend is trying to pull away from her. She can feel Lexa slipping away from between her fingertips. Her girlfriend did comfort her earlier tonight and was being soft and sweet, but there is a part that feels off.

“We could just cuddle,” Clarke says, to make it clear she isn’t asking for the purpose of having sex. “I haven’t seen you much anymore and you don’t stay over anymore.”

“I can’t, Clarke,” Lexa repeats as she gets up from the couch. “I’m leaving to go to college in a week and I’m busy. I should go now because it’s late and I told Anya I would be home before midnight.”

Clarke nods and stares down at her hands in her lap. She thinks Lexa is about to walk away, but then her girlfriend engulfs her in a hug, which feels nice. “I have to tell you something,” she says, no longer wanting to keep it in. “I’m in love with you, Lexa.”

Lexa takes a step back and holds Clarke’s hands, her jaw ajar as she stares at her. Many times she has wanted to say those words to her girlfriend, but she didn’t. They have been together for about six months by now. “I feel the same way,” she says, leaning in to capture her girlfriend’s lips. She drops one of Clarke’s hands to take her phone. “I’ll stay.”

Clarke feels slightly guilty because Lexa probably does have a lot left to do and she’s being selfish for wanting to keep her here for longer than she’s already been here. “Are you sure?” she asks, aware that it sounds like she doesn’t know what she wants. “You don’t have to feel obligated to stay.”

Lexa gently grasps Clarke’s chin, bringing their faces mere inches apart. “I want to stay,” she whispers, because she might as well sleep here rather than at home. She sends a quick text to Anya, leaving it at that.

Clarke is happy to hear that Lexa has changed her mind, which makes her smile.

Lexa puts her knees on either side of Clarke and dips her head down to kiss her neck, slowly working her way up to kiss her jaw and her lips. She’s not sure yet how she feels about her girlfriend
having two children, but one thing she is sure of is that she’s indubitably in love with Clarke.

“Nah, it doesn’t hurt that much,” Ontari says, shaking Raven’s concern off. “No pain no gain.”

“I’ve had some clients pass out,” Luna says, though it varies from one person to another. “You’re doing great, Ri.”

“That raven on your back is going to look awesome,” Raven says, already seeing how half of it is coming along. “I’m still shook you actually chose to have that tatted on your back.”

Ontari had considered getting a tiger tattooed on her back, but she picked a raven because it resembles her girlfriend. “I know that a tattoo is permanent, but so is my love for you,” she replies, smiling as Raven squeezes her hand.

“Awe, you two,” Lexa says, holding a hand to her chest. She’s so happy for them how well their relationship has been going. “Tattoos look cool,” she says, watching closely as Luna does her thing. “I wish I could have one.”

“I’d gladly give you one if I could,” Luna says to Lexa. “You can always come back in a month when you turn eighteen.”

Lexa will consider doing that, though she might be too busy with college. If she can find the time she could swing by, but six hours isn’t nothing and that’s only one way. Going back and forth would take her twelve hours for sure already, so it’s not ideal to drop by for an hour and then return. She knows that she needs to be eighteen to get a tattoo because that’s the law.

“I think I’ll get an animal too,” Raven says thoughtfully, “or wings on my shoulders. That would be neat as well.”

“I might be able to squeeze you in after I’m done with Ri,” Luna says, unsure. “And if not, you could come back tomorrow in the evening after I’m done with Anya.”

“Oooh, so you’re gonna do her, huh?” Ontari asks naughtily.

“Ohmm, I wish,” Luna answers, if only that would be the case. “She wants a tattoo on her chest, so she’ll have to take her shirt off.”

“I revoke how I said I wouldn’t mind,” Lexa says, suddenly wanting to cleanse her ears with bleach. “I mean, I don’t mind if you’d get together with Anya, but I don’t need to hear stuff like that.”
Chapter 42

Lexa puts her suitcase down on top of the left bed, noticing that a girl is already unpacking things on the other bed. She knew that she was bound to have a roommate, but it didn’t get through to her yet how tough that might be. She’s going to miss her old days because Raven, Ontari and Luna are good friends, and none of them are here.

“Hello,” her roommate says. She has a pale skin, raven locks and a sweet smile. “I’m Morgana.”

Lexa glances down at the hand her roommate – Morgana – is holding out to her. She wonders if the girl avoids the sun or something. “Lexa,” she replies, tentatively shaking her hand. She’s not particularly fond of touching strangers or having them touch her, but this is clearly something out of politeness.

“Are you here to study law or…?”

“Yes, I am,” Lexa answers. She feels naked under Morgana’s gaze, though the smile on the girl’s face is one of pure sweetness and her roommate is rather attractive. “Are you here to study law, too?”

“No,” Morgana answers while turning back to her bed to continue unpacking. “I’m here to study criminology.”

Lexa falls silent as she takes her clothes out of her suitcase one by one. Her roommate seems rather nice so far, which is good because they’ll be stuck in this room together for at least a year. She has her laptop with her, a Skype account already set up because both Anya and Clarke had asked her about it. It’s been a few days since she spent time with her girlfriend and it’s not easy.

“Homesick?” Morgana asks, breaking Lexa from her trance. “I know what that feels like, but I also happen to know how to cure it.”

“I doubt that there is a cure for it,” Lexa replies skeptically.

“We could go to a party and score some drinks,” Morgana suggests. “It will take your mind off of whatever it is you need to stop thinking about.”

“I’m seventeen,” Lexa says quietly. Soon she will turn eighteen, but that still makes her three years too young for alcohol. “Plus, as a law student I’d rather not break the law.”

“Oh, you are tense,” Morgana says, a playful smile on her lips. “You need to loosen up.”

“All I need is silence,” Lexa replies, feeling no need to party and drink. She takes a framed photograph out of her suitcase and puts it on her desk.

“She looks gorgeous,” Morgana says, glancing over Lexa’s shoulder. “And those children look adorable. Are they your family?”

Lexa shrugs and looks away from the photograph. “Something like that,” she answers, because they kind of are and aren’t at the same time.

“I get it now,” Morgana replies, moving her index finger up and down. “Love,” she says, sitting down on her bed.

“You don’t know me,” Lexa says, sharper than she meant to. She doesn’t like how this girl who is
still a stranger to her is speaking as if she can see through her.

“You have a certain look in your eyes.”

“Do you always talk so much?” Lexa snaps. “I want silence,” she says, more aggressively then she usually would.

“Sensitive topic, got it,” Morgana says, nodding. “I meant no offense.”

“I’m sorry,” Lexa apologizes, sighing. “I just… it’s stress and I have a lot on my mind,” she says, needing to stop biting her roommate’s nose off. It’s surprising that Morgana hasn’t snapped back at her, which she would have deserved.

“You look tired,” Lincoln says to Clarke. “Coffee?” he asks, already holding a cup out to her.

Clarke sighs and drops her hand, where her chin had been resting. “Thanks,” she replies, gratefully accepting the cup of coffee. “I had a tough time dropping Aden and Tris off at the daycare,” she says, staring sadly into the liquid. “They took it much better than I did.”

“It will get easier as time goes on,” Lincoln assures. “The first few days are always the roughest.”

“I’ll remind you of those words once Marie is dropped off at daycare,” Clarke replies. She blows over the steamy cup before sipping from it. “I wish I could have stayed at home with Aden and Tris, but I know that it’s not the same as how Octavia is staying home with Marie,” she says thoughtfully. She didn’t give birth to her children, so that’s different and she already spent her summer with them.

“I believe I will need to hear those words by then,” Lincoln says with a smile. “Though I can assure you that being here while my daughter is at home isn’t easy either.”

“Sounds like we’ll be counting down together for this day to be over,” Clarke notes. “Marie is such a little angel,” she says, melting as she thinks back of how she visited Octavia after Marie was born. Her friend had allowed her to hold the baby girl and it’s great that Marie will grow up close to Aden and Tris, even though there’s a year between them.

“You can visit us anytime you like,” Lincoln offers. “You can bring Aden and Tris with you, of course.”

“Are you going to cook?” Clarke asks. “Because if you are, then I won’t say no,” she says, chuckling lightly.

“Yes, I’m a modern man,” Lincoln answers, wrapping his hands around his cup of coffee. “It’s brave of you to raise two children on your own, although I wonder.”

Clarke frowns at the doubt she hears in Lincoln’s voice after the praise. “You wonder what?” she asks, encouraging him to continue.

“I wonder if you truly are raising them alone.”
“I can assure you that I am,” Clarke says earnestly. She’s raising Aden and Tris in her house, by herself while Lexa is at college and she’s still not sure if her girlfriend will be okay with raising them together someday.

“Hmm,” Lincoln hums, sipping from his coffee. “Lately it seemed as if you met someone. Octavia thinks so too,” he reveals. “We both thought it was Harper, but we recently spoke with her and she is seeing someone.”

“I already told you both before that I wasn’t dating Harper,” Clarke points out.

“But you are dating someone else,” Lincoln circles back. He smiles because Clarke didn’t deny that she is, only stated she hasn’t dated Harper.

“I don’t want you and Octavia to get all excited,” Clarke says with a deep sigh. “If Octavia would hear about this she would act as if she can already hear wedding bells. This is something I’ve been meaning to keep to myself.”

“I won’t tell Octavia,” Lincoln promises.

“Okay, thank you,” Clarke replies, relieved. “But I’m not going to tell you who it is,” she says, because that’s something she can’t do. Perhaps someday she can comfortably tell her friends, but for now it would only cause trouble.

“Still no luck, Lex?” Morgana asks, closing her book.

“I think she’s busy,” Lexa answers, sighing as she looks away from her laptop. “She should be online sometime soon though.”

Morgana gets up from her bed. “Do you have an usb-stick I can use for a few days?” she asks with a sweet smile. “I already filled up mine and I should have known it wouldn’t be enough.”

“Sure, Mo,” Lexa answers while pointing at the desk. “It’s the penguin one. I probably won’t need it for a while and I have spares anyway.”

“I nearly fell asleep during Latin today,” Morgana says. “I’m interested to learn, truly I am, but the professor’s voice is just so… you know?”

“Oh yes, tell me about it,” Lexa agrees, laughing lightly. “I could write an entire page by the time he finishes a sentence. I bet most of our book is going to be self-study because there’s no way he can finish that book with us with the pace he’s going at.”

“Do you want to relax with a movie tonight? We’ve been studying so much, we both need a break and you know it,” Morgana says, offering Lexa a pleading look. “I’ll make popcorn.”

“Who says I can be bribed with food?” Lexa asks, raising an eyebrow. At first she wasn’t interested to befriend her roommate, but Morgana is actually pleasant to be around. They bonded a bit and talked about their past. She even told Morgana about Clarke, which went down well because her
roommate doesn’t judge her for it.

“Says me,” Morgana answers playfully. She plops down on Lexa’s bed and toys with her hair. “Please? I’ll even throw some pizza in.”

“You should have started with that,” Lexa replies, chuckling. “Okay, movie night with pizza it is,” she agrees. “If you get off of my bed,” she adds.

“Make me,” Morgana replies, still smiling.

Lexa shrugs and pushes Morgana until she falls onto the floor. “Comfortable?” she asks, smiling as she looks over the edge of her bed.

“Toss me a pillow and I will be,” Morgana answers.

“You have a very flirty nature by the way,” Lexa says as she tosses a pillow onto the floor. “I doubt my girlfriend would appreciate it.”

“Ah yes, your woman who snapped at one of your friends simply because she made you smile,” Morgana recalls. “I know I haven’t met her, but I like her.”

**Ri:** How’s college, Lex?

**Rae:** We’re having such a blast, Lex!

**Ri:** Kinda literally, Raven blew stuff up.

**Lex:** It’s going okay. I miss you both!

**Ri:** We miss you too!

**Lu:** What about me?

**Rae:** Go flirt with Anya.

**Rae:** Kidding, I miss you too, Lu.

**Lex:** I miss you, Lu.

**Lex:** I’m about to have a movie night with my roomie tonight.

**Ri:** Sounds chill.

**Ri:** Morgana’s gay, right?

**Lex:** Hella.

**Lu:** Are you still interested to get tatted, Lex?

**Lex:** I am, but I’m too busy to come over.

**Lex:** It’s too far, sorry.
“Heyyyyy,” Octavia says when Clarke walks in with Aden and Tris.

“Hey,” Clarke replies, smiling at her friend. “I know I should have visited sooner,” she says, before Octavia can mention it.

“Yes,” Octavia agrees. “I missed you and them too.”

Clarke gently puts Aden and Tris down, steadying them so they won’t topple over. “Say hi to your auntie O,” she says to her children. “And to uncle Linc,” she adds when he walks into the living room.

“Hi,” Aden coos.

“Hi,” Tris copies.

“You’re both so cute,” Octavia says to Aden and Tris. “I would hug you, but I have my hands full.”

“I can change that,” Clarke says, holding her arms out to take Marie over.

Octavia chuckles. “I knew you would say something like that,” she says as she hands her daughter over.

“Hey, baby girl,” Clarke coos, smiling as she looks at Marie.

“I’m cooking spaghetti,” Lincoln says. “That’s their favorite, right?” he asks Clarke, to double check.

“Yes,” Clarke confirms. “Thank you, you’re a saint.”

“They’re going to eat well,” Octavia assures Clarke. “Their tummies will be full.”

In moments like this Clarke misses Lexa even more because her girlfriend is much better at making sure Aden and Tris eat enough. Lincoln is a good cook so they will probably enjoy his spaghetti, though they might be fussy anyway.

“Little cuties,” Octavia says while hugging Aden and Tris.

“You’re going to be stuck with hugging them now,” Clarke says, amused. “They’re quite clingy.”

Tris coos when Lincoln scoops her up in his arms.

Clarke lives for domestic moments like this and she hopes that someday she will have Lexa by her side, where she belongs.
“Hey, it’s so good to see you again,” Anya says happily as she pulls Lexa into a tight hug.

“It’s good to see you too,” Lexa replies, even though Anya is practically crushing the air out of her lungs. She’s relieved when Anya lets go so she can breathe properly and that’s when she sees that she has brought Luna with her.

Luna winks at Lexa as she slides an arm around Anya’s waist.

Lexa smiles at Luna, feeling happy for her friend that she seems to be hitting it off with Anya. “Um right,” she says when they stare at her roommate. “This is Morgana,” she says as she gestures at her. “Morgana, this is my older sister, Anya and my friend, Luna.”

“Hello,” Morgana says with a polite smile. “Lexa has told me a few things about you both.”

“Good things I hope,” Anya replies, returning Morgana’s smile.

Lexa clears her throat. “What brings you two here?” she asks, interrupting.

“Lu and I are going to take you to dinner because we missed you,” Anya answers. “We’ve booked a hotel for the weekend.”

“That’s nice,” Lexa replies, attempting to be a bit enthusiastic. She had hoped to stay in her room and study, though it’s kind of them that they want to take her out to dinner. It looks like they have a few things to share with her, such as that it looks like they’re together and in all fairness she has to share something with them as well. “I’ll grab my coat.”

“Your roommate is free to join,” Anya offers as her eyes shift between Lexa and Morgana. She isn’t sure if they’re dating or just friends, but either way would be nice.

“Oh no, thank you,” Morgana declines. “I wouldn’t want to impose on your family time.”

“You wouldn’t be,” Anya assures. “Plus, I offered.”

“I actually have a lot of studying left to do,” Morgana says apologetically.

“Another time,” Lexa says as she grabs her coat. She wouldn’t mind Morgana joining, though considering she has something to share it is better if she can speak with Anya and Luna in private. Well, Luna already knows, but Anya doesn’t.

The restaurant where Anya takes Lexa is hardly half an hour away from the campus.

“Dinner reservation for the Woods family,” Anya says as they enter.

“Right this way, ma’am,” the waiter replies, gesturing to follow him. He leads them to a table in a corner which can fit four people.

Lexa takes a seat opposite of Anya and Luna. “So,” she says, folding her hands on the table. “You two?” she asks, deciding to be the one to break the ice.

Anya smiles at Luna and takes her hand, running her thumb tenderly over her knuckles. “Yes,” she confirms. “It’s still fresh though, we’ve only been dating for a few weeks and got together last week.”
“I’m happy for you two,” Lexa says sincerely. It’s November and she had been wondering how things between them had been going, so this is good news. “Now that we’re here, I have to share something as well,” she says, diving into it.

“You’re seeing someone,” Anya guesses with a knowing smile.

“Yes, I’m seeing someone,” Lexa confirms, holding her hand up. Luna is looking at her as if she wants to stop her from talking, but she’s eighteen and it doesn’t matter. “It’s an older woman,” she reveals.

“Older,” Anya repeats, frowning. “A woman… hmm,” she says, letting it sink in. She had hoped Lexa would be seeing someone of her own age, though there’s nothing wrong with the girl seeing someone who is a bit older. “Is she in college?”

“No, she’s not,” Lexa answers, growing slightly nervous. She already got this far so she might as well pull through. “She’s twenty-seven.”

“Twenty-seven,” Anya guffaws, shocked. “Lexa, you’re eighteen.”

“Need I remind you that Luna is eighteen as well?” Lexa points out. She’s glad that she can use that in her argument. Perhaps it’s a tad unfair, but at the same time it isn’t. It also helps how Anya is thirty, which makes her three years older than Clarke.

Anya groans because what Lexa is saying is true, though that doesn’t mean she has to go and be with someone who is that much older. “Where did you even meet that woman?” she asks, knowing how busy Lexa is with her studies.

“At school,” Lexa answers, realizing she’s moving to thin ice now. “High school,” she clarifies.

“What!”? Anya shouts. “What?” she repeats, quieter to avoid making much of a scene here at this restaurant. “High school? Lexa, you were seventeen in high school.”


“Consent from a seventeen year old doesn’t count,” Anya says, disappointed. “Who is that woman? Clearly she took advantage of you.”

“She did not take advantage of me,” Lexa objects. “You shouldn’t be so hard on me when you’re together with Luna who is twelve years younger than you, so it shouldn’t matter that I’m seeing someone who is nine years older than me.”

“There is a difference, Lexa,” Anya replies, definitely not happy. “What I have with Luna is legal and what you have with that older woman wasn’t always legal.”

“The past is the past and I never did anything I didn’t want,” Lexa says calmly.

“I can’t believe this,” Anya mutters. “Did you know about this?” she asks Luna, turning her face to look at her.

“No, she didn’t,” Lexa says quickly, wanting to keep Luna out of this.

“I did,” Luna answers with a sigh. She knows Lexa is trying to keep her from being thrown under the bus, but she doesn’t want to sit here and lie to Anya.

“You’ve both let me down,” Anya says, even more disappointed now.
“There is more, but I want you to calm down first and really listen to me,” Lexa says quietly. She reaches a hand out over the table, touching Anya’s hand with her fingertips. “Please, Anya, I need my big sister.”

Anya feels like she failed to protect Lexa, shocked that someone has been in a relationship with her, which must mean it’s probably a teacher.

Luna pushes her chair back and stands up. “I will be at the hotel,” she says to Anya. “You two need to talk.”

“I know that you’re disappointed,” Lexa says to Anya, because she’s not naïve. “I’m in love with her, have been for a while and she knows that. Our relationship hasn’t always gone smoothly. There have been obstacles and I need your advice about something, but you have to stop seeing me as a fragile little girl. I’m not made out of glass and I’m old enough to make my own decisions.”

“You’re in love,” Anya whispers, sighing. “I don’t want to see you get hurt,” she says, worried that Lexa would just be a toy to that woman.

“She won’t hurt me,” Lexa replies, because she can see it in Clarke’s eyes how real her feelings are. “She has two children and I just-”

“Two children???” Anya asks, bewildered. “Lexa, what on earth are you thinking to be with someone who has children? You’re in college, you’re young.”

“No, Anya, can you please focus for a moment?” Lexa asks, exasperated. “I need my big sister right now. I’m trying to tell you something and you’re not listening.”

“Wait, sweethearts,” Clarke says as she adjusts her webcam. “Hold up a second,” she says as she looks into her webcam.

“Take your time, there’s no rush.”

Clarke exhales quietly, wishing she could hug Lexa. Her girlfriend looks amazing as always, though she also looks somewhat tired, which must be from all the studying she’s been doing. She’s happy that they get to Skype, though the moment Aden and Tris heard Lexa’s voice they couldn’t keep quiet.

“Lessa,” Aden coos, looking under the table. “Lessa, Lessa!”

“Aw, she’s not under the table, my little man,” Clarke says as she lifts Aden up. She puts her son on her lap so he can see Lexa on her screen. “Look, she’s here,” she says while pointing.

“Hello, little buddy.”

“Nomon!” (Mother) Aden screeches happily. He puts one of his hands on the screen, frowning.

Clarke wonders about that word again as she puts Tris on her lap as well. Lexa still hasn’t told her
what it means, but at least she’s been promised that she will be told someday.

“Ai yongon.” (My children)

And there’s that other word, Clarke thinks. “Am I your yongon too?” she asks, in an attempt to fish for the meaning of the word. The response she gets is Lexa laughing, so okay, that answers it.

“Nice try, Clarke.”

“It was worth a shot,” Clarke replies, sighing. “Someday, right?”

“Someday. I did promise after all.”

“Lessa,” Tris whines as she tries to grab at the screen as if she wants to pull Lexa through it.

“Aden and Tris really miss you,” Clarke says to Lexa. “They often look around for you, thinking you’re hiding somewhere. Maybe you should visit sometime, in the weekend.”

“I can’t do that. I’m busy with my studies and the distance is too much.”

Clarke can understand that, though it’s disappointing that Lexa can’t even do that for one weekend. It’s been a while since they saw each other in person, since they held each other. “How about the holidays?” she asks with a hopeful smile.

“Clarke, I…” There’s a long pause as Lexa bites her lip. “I’m not coming home for the holidays.”

Those words hit Clarke like a truck. “What do you mean you’re not coming home for the holidays?” she asks, confused. “Everybody goes home for the holidays.”

“I’m staying here to study and they are selecting a few students to witness and help with a lawsuit in court. My professor said I have a chance to be chosen for it and it’s an experience I want to strike up. There will always be more holidays.”

“Why does it feel like you’re pulling away?” Clarke asks, feeling as if Lexa is purposefully avoiding her. She tries not to think such awful thoughts, but she can’t help it. “I feel a distance growing between us and I’m not talking about how you’re six hours away from me.”

“This is not goodbye, Clarke.”

“It feels like goodbye,” Clarke whispers, feeling a fist clench around her heart. She hears a door being closed on Lexa’s end and then a girl is waving at her.

“Hi, you must be Clarke! Aw, those little ones must be Aden and Tris.”

“Clarke, this is my roommate and friend, Morgana. Mo, well, you know.”

Clarke frowns because Lexa hadn’t told her that she made a friend, but it’s nice and Morgana seems friendly. She thought her girlfriend would share this sort of things with her because she likes to hear about what’s happening in Lexa’s life. Given her girlfriend even nicknamed Morgana, they must be close.

“Ai hod yu in.” (I love you)

“What language is that?”

“Go away, Mo.”
Clarke is slightly relieved that Lexa hasn’t shared Trigedasleng with Morgana, meaning that still belongs to them. “Ai hod yu in seintaim,” (I love you too) she says to her girlfriend. “If you change your mind for the holidays-“

“Clarke…”

Clarke sucks her lips into her mouth and nods sadly. She shouldn’t push it any further when Lexa already has different plans. It’s been months since she saw her girlfriend and she quietly wonders if Lexa is waiting to break up with her.
Clarke opens another box with Christmas decoration. This is going to be her first time spending the holidays with her children. She got them tiny red sweaters with reindeer on it, which they look absolutely adorable in.

There’s a large Christmas tree in the corner of the living room, with the tip reaching the ceiling. There are a whole bunch of wrapped gifts underneath it, perhaps a few too much. Most of the gifts contain clothes and toys, but also things such as crayons.

Mistletoe has been placed above the entrance of every door, save from the front door. A cookie scent is spread through the house from all the cookies they baked together. Okay, Clarke baked them, but she did let Aden and Tris help her a little bit to decorate them.

Aden holds on to his mother’s wrist, who is crouched down near the box as he pulls himself up. “Mommy,” he says, pouting.

Clarke looks away from the box for a moment to look at her son. “Yes, my little man?” she asks sweetly, though she can already guess what he’s going to say.

“Lessa home?”

“Not yet, sweetie,” Clarke answers. She tries to keep a smile on her face, but it’s tough because she misses her girlfriend and her children miss her as well. “Lexa is very busy,” she says, which she has been saying a lot. She could say they will see her soon, but she doesn’t want to risk giving Aden and Tris false hope in case they won’t see Lexa anytime soon.

“Lessa now,” Tris says as she marches towards the front door with wobbly steps.

Clarke sighs softly, saddened that she keeps disappointing them. It’s her fault because if she hadn’t introduced her children to Lexa then they wouldn’t miss her so much. Aden and Tris are a year and a half old by now. She wishes her girlfriend would be here to see them walking around, to see how much they are improving.

In the four months Lexa has been gone, Aden and Tris have drawn a lot of sketches with her in it.

Aden walks over to the table and touches his fingertips to the surface, barely reaching it. “Nomon,” (Mother) he says as he tries to touch his mother’s laptop.

Clarke isn’t quite sure how to explain that Lexa is offline, because she already checked a little while ago. She sent her girlfriend a picture an hour ago of her and her children, but so far she didn’t get a response yet.

Octavía and Lincoln are on vacation with Marie, which is why she’s not spending the holidays at their place this year.

There’s a knock on her door, which pulls her out of her thoughts.

“Luna,” Clarke says, frowning when she sees her old student standing on her doorstep.
“Hello, Clarke,” Luna replies as she reaches into her pocket to retrieve an envelope. “This is for Aden and Tris.”

Clarke accepts the envelope, slightly confused. “Is this from Lexa?” she asks, knowing Luna is a good friend of her girlfriend.

“No,” Luna answers whilst shaking her head. “It’s not from me either,” she says before Clarke can ask. “I have to go now. Merry Christmas.”

“Merry Christmas,” Clarke calls out as Luna walks away. She closes the door and stares at the envelope, wondering who it’s from. There’s only one way to find out.

She opens the envelope and gasps when she sees that it contains a check. There’s a note in the envelope as well.

Clarke,

This money is for Aden and Tris’ academic future. Use it wisely. I do not wish to receive anything in return for this, for I have my reasons why I am giving this gift.

• A.W

“A.W,” Clarke mumbles. This check is a very generous gift because it looks like it is enough money to put her children through college if they’d ever want to go. Whoever this secret Santa is, it’s very much appreciated and she would thank them in person if she could.

“You already hugged me four times today, Mo,” Lexa groans while she tries to push Morgana away.

“Five is better than four,” Morgana replies, smiling as she hugs Lexa a little bit tighter before letting go. “I’m going to miss you.”

“I’m going to miss you too, though you’ll be back in two weeks.”

“Two weeks,” Morgana confirms. She lifts her suitcase up from her bed. “Hey, Lex, can I ask you something?” she asks, lingering at the door.

“Yes, of course,” Lexa answers, sitting down on her bed. She folds her hands in her lap. “What is it?”
“You like being here, right?”

“I do,” Lexa answers, because this is the school she wanted. “Why do you ask?” she asks, frowning.

“Just wondering,” Morgana answers, smiling softly. “I’m here because I have a passion for criminology, though I must admit I’ve missed my family. You must be missing yours as well.”

“Yes,” Lexa whispers, sighing as she looks down. She does miss her family and her friends because the distance isn’t easy, but she has to suck it up for three and a half years longer.

“By the way, congratulations on being chosen to observe that lawsuit,” Morgana appraises. “I heard you’re the first freshman in over a decade to get chosen.”

Lexa nods, having heard that as well. The other selected students are two seniors and a sophomore, so it’s kind of a big deal. She worked hard to accomplish this and now it’s paying off. Her professor believes that she has a bright future as a lawyer ahead of her. “Thank you,” she says with a weak smile.

“I want to hear all about how that went when I come back,” Morgana says, winking at her friend. “Good luck, Lex, and Merry Christmas.”

“Merry Christmas, Mo,” Lexa replies, watching her friend leave.

Her room is emptier now that her roommate is gone. Morgana’s bed is stripped from its sheets and cover, which kind of makes it look as if she never had a roommate in the first place. She glances at her nightstand and reaches out for the framed photograph of Clarke, Aden and Tris. She has spent many nights tracing the frame.

As a law student, she’s following her dream. Her grades are good, her professors like having her in their classes and nobody is bullying her here. Aside from Morgana she hasn’t made any friends, though plenty of people say hello to her when she walks by them. She’s more of a loner who spends a lot of time in her room, studying.

Her contact with Anya has been slightly strained ever since she came clean, though her sister did take the time to listen to her. She knows that Anya isn’t happy about the situation with Clarke, but at least she reached a point where her sister is somewhat accepting it. At first she’d been worried that Anya would go and report her girlfriend, but she made her promise not to.

When she made her sister promise she didn’t threaten to cut contact or anything. Even if Anya would have reported Clarke she would still want to see her sister. Threats are like poison and she’d rather not use them, so instead she asked nicely and thankfully Anya agreed to keep it quiet. Her sister was angry with Luna for having known and not having told her, though she made it clear that it wasn’t Luna’s fault.

She’d held her breath for her friend, worried that Anya might break up with her, though on this day Luna is still together with her sister. Anya has given her a few lectures about her relationship with Clarke and she certainly has given her opinion about her girlfriend having two children.

“I’m sorry, Clarke,” she whispers as she puts the frame back on her nightstand. “You told me it is okay to want something.”
Clarke chuckles as Aden and Tris attempt to dance to Jingle Bells. Attempt being the key word. She films them with her phone, wanting to record this moment.

Aden and Tris are holding each other’s hands while they are wiggling their hips from the left to the right.

“We’re going to eat soon, my little sweethearts,” Clarke says while tucking her phone away. They’ve been eating better, so she doesn’t expect them to be fussy. Even though it’s not really traditional, she made them spaghetti because it’s their favorite dish.

Three heads whip around when there’s a series of knocks on the door.

Clarke isn’t expecting any guests, though it could be Bellamy or Indra or Aurora. She walks over to the door and opens it, frowning when she doesn’t see anyone. Maybe it was a kid knocking on people’s doors for fun. The air from outside is cold.

Aden and Tris coo when a snowball hits their mother out of nowhere.

“Oh fudge,” Clarke says, shivering. “That’s so cold.”

“I can warm you up.”

Clarke’s jaw drops in shock. “You… how… but… here… what,” she says, unable to form a coherent sentence.

Lexa scoops Clarke into a hug and kisses her soundly on her lips. “Merry Christmas, Clarke,” she whispers as she pulls away.

“Lessa!!”

Lexa smiles and crouches down while Aden and Tris run up to her. “Ai yongon,” (My children) she says when they fling themselves around her neck. She looks up at Clarke, who is crying. “My children,” she translates.

Clarke nods, understanding it now.

“Nomon,” (Mother) Aden says happily. He kisses Lexa’s cheek.

“Mother?” Clarke asks quietly, crying more when Lexa confirms with a nod. All this time her girlfriend saw Aden and Tris as her children too and she hadn’t known. “You should come in, it’s cold outside,” she says, gesturing with her hand.

Lexa stands up and hoists Aden and Tris up on her hips, because it doesn’t look like they want to let go anytime soon. “I know that I am young and that this is a lot,” she says to Clarke, being realistic. “I told Anya and although she wasn’t too keen about all of this, she’s making progress to accept that I’m in love with you.”

Clarke swallows thickly, feeling nervous with the knowledge that Lexa told Anya, which must have been a big step. “Anya,” she says, frowning. “A.W…. Anya Woods?”

“Is something wrong, Clarke?” Lexa asks, concerned.
“No,” Clarke answers, smiling as more tears slide down her cheeks. “Quite the opposite, actually,” she says, putting her arms around Lexa and their children. “I’m so happy you’re here.”

“I remembered I left my heart at home,” Lexa whispers. She presses a kiss to Clarke’s temple. “I can’t promise you that things won’t go without bumps and hiccups, but what I can promise you is that I want this to work and I’m not going to run away if things get rough.”

“What about the lawsuit thing?” Clarke asks, surprised that Lexa seems to have dropped it. “I thought you wanted that experience and you said there will always be more holidays.”

“There will be more holidays,” Lexa says, aware of that. “But this is our children’s first holiday and I wouldn’t want to miss that for the world.” She can always get another chance to witness lawsuits during the rest of her college years and even if she doesn’t, she will once she’s a lawyer.

“Our children,” Clarke repeats, smiling. “I like the sound of that.”

“As do I,” Lexa agrees. “I love you, all three of you.”

“This is the best Christmas gift to give us,” Clarke says, because she couldn’t have possibly wished for a better gift than having Lexa home. “I love you too.”

Chapter End Notes

They are happy. The end. :) 
There won't be a sequel.

End Notes

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