Crazy For You

by rainbowswen

Summary


Notes

Not my first fanfiction but it is my first Clexa fanfiction. No one requested this story. Just wrote it because it was rolling around in my head for weeks. The summary is pretty much what happens in the story. There is smut with some plot. The Bellarke is over quickly but if you don't like and wish to skip this story then that's fine. But know that this story makes mentions of them. Also mentions of Lexa and Coastia.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Checking her cell phone Clarke saw that it was almost 9 o'clock. Bellamy was supposed to be home already. She had cooked a dinner for them to surprise him. Now it was cold and she hadn't heard from him all day. So she sent a text to his sister Octavia.

Clarke: Hey. Is Bellamy with you?

Octavia: No. He's not at home?

C: Of course not. If he were here I wouldn't be texting you.

O: Don't get mad with me.

C: Sorry O. I know he's your brother but he's hasn't been around lately. I'm feeling neglected.


C: Night O.

The blonde reheated her plate and ate alone. She put the leftovers and Bellamy's plate into storage containers then placed it in the fridge. At least she would have lunch tomorrow. Clarke decided to shower and go to bed. She had a new patient coming to the clinic in the morning and needed to be well rested. Things with Bellamy would have to be dealt with later.

"Burning the midnight oil I see."

Green eyes looked up to the tall dark haired woman standing in her doorway. "One of us has to run this company," Lexa joked.

"As your business partner and company president I do more work than you," Anya shot back.

"Why are you here so late anyway?" It was unlike Anya to stay late at work unless there was a project due or a new client they were trying to secure.

"My date for tonight got tied up at work so she had to cancel. I figured it would be a good time to get ahead on some work. Now I'm going home. You should do the same."

"I will. Just need to finish reviewing this proposal from the finance department."

Anya rolled her eyes. Once Lexa got into her work there was no pulling her away. Her cousin was smart, driven, and intense. Her hard work over the years had paid off tremendously. Polis Enterprises was now a top company doing business on the international level. The young CEO had led the company to its global status. Lexa had quickly established herself as business savvy, a shrewd negotiator, confident, and was willing to take a calculated risk. She had earned the nickname The Commander. Her parents would have been proud.

"It will be here tomorrow," Anya said. "Even the Commander needs to sleep."

With a sigh Lexa saw it was close to midnight on her computer screen. Anya was right. She could finish this tomorrow. She should go home and sleep. The two business women chatted as they made
their way to the parking garage. "So what is this girls' name?"

"Stephanie."

"When can we meet Stephanie?"

"Not sure. I have to prep her for the interrogation she's going to face," Anya said.

"We're not that bad."

"Between you, Lincoln, and my parents I'm not sure who's scared off more women." The two chatted for a bit longer then got into their vehicles and went their separate ways. With no traffic this late at night, Lexa made it to her house in less than 20 minutes.

It felt good to be in the comfort of her childhood home again. Shortly after stepping into the role of CEO at Polis, Lexa had come of age to take full owner ship of her parent's estate which included the mansion. As their only child she was heir to the Woods fortune. Commercial real estate, residential real estate, the company, a private plane, two vacation houses, and billions of dollars had been left to her. She was 9 years old when they passed and far too young to run anything. Her Uncle Gustus and Aunt Indra had raised her as their own right alongside their son Lincoln and daughter Anya. The twin terrors became a triple nightmare just weeks after Lexa started living with them. After a quick shower and a sandwich as a light dinner, Lexa tuned her huge 90" HD t.v. to ESPN. She was hoping to catch the tennis high lights. It was the U.S. Open and hopefully her favorite player won the tournament. Several minutes into the show her attention was drawn to her personal cell phone when it vibrated next to her. A text message from Costia. She was a woman that Lexa was casually seeing. Part of her didn't want to answer because she felt like it would lead the girl on. But they hadn't spoken in months so she read it.

Costia: Hey lover. How are you?

Lexa: I'm good.

C: Been thinking about you.

C: I'm lonely. Come keep me company for the night?

Very tempting. But I just got settled and I want to relax for the night. She should understand that.

L: Had a long day at work.

C: Come on. I miss our playtime together. No one can handle my demands or satisfy me like you do.

L: I really am tired. You know how hard I work.

C: Yes I do. All the more reason to spend some time with me. I could come to you if you wish.

L: Sounds tempting but I have to pass. Maybe another time.

C: Ok. Try not to be a stranger.

After reading the last message Lexa turned her phone off then turned off the t.v. Heading upstairs to the master bedroom the brunette brushed her teeth, stripped down to her boxer briefs and went to bed. She put any thoughts of Costia out of her head as she fell into a deep sleep.

Rolling over in bed Clarke felt a body lying next to her. Slowly opening her blue eyes, she saw
Bellamy's sleeping form. Part of her was happy to see him. He looked so sweet and peaceful there. But part of her wanted to punch him awake for the way he had ignored her the night before. Not a single call or text. No indication of where he was or who he had been out with. Nothing. Once again he had neglected her. She looked over at him again and felt her anger rise when she noticed a bite mark on his shoulder.

Clarke decided to get up and get her day started. The last thing she wanted to do was arrive at work upset because her boyfriend was a man whore. She started the shower while brushing her teeth then stepped into the warm spray. As the water hit her skin she realized how horny she was. It had been weeks since she had been intimate with Bellamy. Unable to ignore her sudden arousal she let her left hand slide down her chest, past her stomach, and between her legs. It didn't take long for her clit to become hard. Light strokes around and on the sensitive nub soon had shivers going along her spine. She picked up the pace then slipped a finger inside her wet opening. A pinch to her nipples had her closer to the edge. *How have I gone so long without sex including self pleasure?* Her hips her moving of their own accord. Adding a second finger, she picked up the pace. Biting her lip to hold back her moan, Clarke felt her walls spasm then tighten around her fingers. It took everything she had not to cry out in pleasure.

Once she was back on Earth after her climax, Clarke completed her shower and quickly dressed. She grabbed the food containers from the fridge to take as her lunch. As for breakfast, the blonde decided to grab something quick on the way to the clinic.

Clarke made good time and was the first to arrive at the building. The small three story office had been converted into a medical clinic by her mother. After spending years in the hospital system as a doctor, Abby Griffin wanted to get away from the bureaucracy of hospitals. She just wanted to help people the way she saw fit. With a major financial investment from her friend Marcus Kane who was a psychologist, the two opened Arcadia Medical Center. They specialized in minor emergency care, drug testing, clinical therapy, and outpatient rehab.

Ten years and a master's degree later Clarke had joined the staff as the art therapist. The blonde loved her work. But part of her wished she had stuck to being an art major. Her father's death changed that. That's when Clarke heard her phone ring.

Bellamy: You weren't here when I woke up.

Clarke: I came to work early. Have a new patient today.

B: Oh. Can I stop by so we can have lunch later?

Either he thinks I'm not upset about last night or he wants to talk about it. Have lunch with him. See what he says and does.

C: Sure. Let's go to our favorite place. Does 12:30 work for you?

B: Yeah. See you then. Love you.

If he loves me as much as he says he does he wouldn't treat me this way. Putting her relationship issues out of her mind, Clarke opened the clinic and made her way to the third floor to her office. A few doors down was Kane's office then her mother's at the very end of the hall. She turned on her computer. After checking her email she pulled up the file of her new patient Sara Highsmith.

She was 14, a high school sophomore, and was once an honor student. Her father had become concerned when Sara's grades dropped last semester. She was no longer active in school activities and spent very little time socializing with friends. A knock on her door drew Clarke's attention away
from her reading. She looked up to see her mother.

"Hey mom." She stood from her desk and hugged the older woman.

"You're here early."

"Yeah. I have my new patient today. I was just going over her file actually."

"Ok. Well as soon as he is done with the intake I'll have Jasper send her to the art therapy room."

"Thanks mom," Clarke replied. Sometimes it was a challenge working with the woman. The two were so much alike. How her father had managed to live with both of them would remain a mystery to Clarke.

"You sure you're ok sweetie," Abby asked.

"Of course. Why wouldn't I be?"

"You look tired."

"Mom I'm fine. Promise."

"Well how about we have lunch?"

"Sorry mom but I'm meeting Bellamy. We can have dinner on Friday," Clarke said. One more quick hug and the two women went about their duties.

Lexa was livid. At the last minute her contractor had raised their bid for the renovations on a condo building in midtown. She had the money but the price they had just sent her was over four times what they had originally quoted her. She picked up her phone and called her lawyer Luna Han. Once she explained the situation, the other woman wasted no time getting to work on drawing up law suit papers for breach of contract.

Anya had walked in just as she was settling back in her chair.

"Need a drink?"

"I'm not in the mood for joking Anya," Lexa snapped.

"I wasn't joking."

"It's barely after 12pm."

"Let's go to lunch. I'm hungry and you need a drink."

"Fine but I'm not drinking," Lexa said.

The two made their way to a bistro a few blocks from the office. They were seated in a small booth towards the back. Lexa decided to have a beer after all. She really was upset with her contractor. Lexa had ordered the bacon, lettuce, avocado, and tomato sandwich while Anya had a chopped ham and apple salad. As they ate and made small talk, the door to the bistro opened. Looking up Lexa saw a beautiful woman walk in and sit a few tables away from them. She had blonde hair, nice breast, and a very pretty face.

"Lexa. Lex."
"Huh?"

Anya followed Lexa's line of sight to see the woman sitting in a booth a few feet away. She smiled as she turned her attention back to Lexa. "Go talk to her."

"I don't have time."

"You own the company. You're allowed to be late on occasion. I know I am," Anya said. She loved Lexa but her cousin could be really uptight sometimes.

"Not going to happen," Lexa said. As the CEO Lexa always led by example. "So what were you saying about the phone call you had this morning?"

"I asked if you were going to be present for the presentation to the DOD rep in a few days."

"Yeah. I know you and your department has been working hard to secure that contract." Lexa found it hard to keep her conversation with Anya going. She could feel eyes on her. But when Lexa looked at the blonde woman her attention went to her in the hopes of making eye contact.

As she sat in a booth waiting for Bellamy, Clarke couldn't help but steal glances at the brunette who was facing her in a booth a few places over. She had dark brown hair, pink lips, and bright eyes that were probably blue like her own. It was hard to tell from where she was sitting. She blushed when the woman finally caught her looking. Clarke wanted to die but she gave the brunette the biggest smile. Her heart rate sped up when the smile was returned. *Maybe I should go back to dating women. I do miss how much better they are at kissing. And I miss the sex. So much more intimate and personal.* Growing impatient Clarke sent Bellamy a text.

Clarke: I'm here. Where are you? *I'm going to kill him if he stands me up.*

Bellamy: Around the corner. Be there in a few.

Moments later Bellamy walked in and plopped himself down in the booth opposite Clarke. "Thanks for waiting. How's your day going?"

"New patient came in today. Her initial drawings were different. Very abstract."

"Oh. Well I have good news. I got invited out to Las Vegas for a shoot with Jon Malone."

"That is great Bellamy. I'm happy for you. How long will you be gone?"

"About a week would be my guess." His smile faltered a little bit before he continued to speak. "There's something else I want to talk to you about."

As they completed their lunch Lexa wondered who the dark haired guy was. He didn't look like the woman so she doubted they were siblings. Either he was a friend or her boyfriend. *Why should it matter who he is? We exchanged a smile and had some eye sex.*

"Why didn't you talk to her before that guy showed up?"

"You dragged me out of the office because you couldn't eat lunch alone."

"I just didn't want you to scare any of the interns. I know how you are when you're upset," Anya said.

Back at her table Clarke was doing her best to keep her composure. "Are you kidding me right now? You were out last night. I called you and I texted you. Several times."
"Babe I just got caught up at an audition," Bellamy replied.

"Did your audition involve sex? Or did you decide to cheat on me again?"

"I didn't cheat,"

Now Clarke was really growing angry. "Then explain the bite mark on your shoulder. I saw this morning." His silence was telling. "God damn it. You promised me you wouldn't do this to me again," the blonde said.

"It just happened." When Bellamy reached for her Clarke pulled away. Choosing his next words carefully, the man started to explain what lead to another case of infidelity.

Lexa and Anya were talking when they heard a loud slap. Everyone including them saw the blonde woman stand and quickly leave the bistro.

"Well that guy is a real Romeo," Anya joked.

"Just pay for lunch so we can get back to work," Lexa said.
Chapter 2

For a Saturday morning the gym was pretty busy. Anya and Lexa found a spot to spar in the back mat area. Anya threw a left jab then a double cross. Lexa blocked it and answered with a front leg kick. The two were students of Muay Thai for several years. Anya had been on her way to being a pro until she hurt her right shoulder. Deciding that the injury was a sign for her to do something else she took a job at Polis. It didn't take long for her to establish herself as a very capable business woman. She quickly worked her way up the ladder and was promoted to president when the former had retired. She jumped at the chance for part ownership when Lexa approached her about becoming business partners.

"So you have plans today," Lexa asked.

"Yep. Have a date with Stephanie tonight. Want to come with us?"

"And be the third wheel? No thank you."

Lexa landed a hard front leg kick to Anya's midsection. They circle each other and Anya lands a series of punches. "Bring that woman you're seeing."

"Costia and I are not a couple." After an intense workout the two women made their way to the gym's nutrition bar.

"Hey you two. Glad to see you here." Lexa and Anya smiled when they saw Lincoln walk up to them. He was the owner of Trikru Fitness. This was his third location. Usually he was at the original location close in the warehouse district uptown.

"Of course bro. We're always happy to support family," Anya said.

"Well you're time in the ring helped this place become relevant. And finical backing from Lex helped me expand." The tall bald man gave her a quick wink.
"Just remember that you still have another year to pay me back," Lexa replied with a smile.

"Are you two free in a few weeks," Lincoln asked suddenly.

"Depends on what you want," Lexa teased.

"Would you two be willing to help me move? Octavia and I have found a great place not too far from town."

"Sure I'll help," Anya replied. The two looked at Lexa.

_Damn it. I have other things to do besides move furniture all day. But he is my cousin and I don't have any actual plans. "Guess I'm in too," she said._

"Thanks. I knew I could count on you both," he said.

"You can thank me by letting me have that free lifetime membership to the gym I invested in," Lexa said.

"I told you that you can have anything but that," Lincoln replied.

Finishing her protein shake Lexa got up, said her goodbyes and went to the locker room. She disrobed and headed to the shower area. The brunette had always known she was different from other girls. Yet she never fully understood it. Once she hit puberty at 14 she noticed that she wasn't getting a period so her aunt finally had the talk with her. She was intersex. Her family was supportive and never made her feel like she was different, weird, or a freak. Nor did they try to pressure Lexa to have a surgery like her doctors always did. It was her choice. So she decided to remain the way she was. They only cared she was happy. Lincoln and Anya were quick to stop anyone who teased her in school. Her aunt and uncle wouldn't tolerate anyone who mistreated her. So the brunette had grown into a strong, confident, independent, person. When she finally stepped out of the shower, she was startled by a woman rounding the corner. Lexa dropped her towel by accident and was now in her birthday suit. "I'm sorry."

The woman grabbed the towel. With a long gaze she took in Lexa's body. Lust filled honey colored eyes looked back into her green ones. "There's no need to apologize." The short woman stepped up to Lexa, "I almost bumped into you after all." She glanced down and gave Lexa's body another long gaze. "We can get much closer if you want," the woman said.

For a brief moment Lexa was tempted to drag the stranger into the shower stall she'd used and do exactly that. But this was her brothers' gym so that was inappropriate in her mind.

"Uh maybe another time," Lexa replied weakly.

"Well when you're ready to play, you can find me here every Saturday morning." The woman handed Lexa her towel then made her way to the sauna further in the back.

Once she had finished dressing, Lexa made her way home. Not wanting to let the day go to waste, she went to her home office. Her dispute with the contractor had been settled when they received the paperwork from Luna. Now it was a matter of getting them to complete the work on time after the minor setback. Renovating an entire condo was going to be a timely process. She also needed to review the proposal Anya and her department were going to present to the DoD rep. Her work as CEO was never done.

"Who is that," Raven asked when Clarke's phone beeped again.
"Bellamy."

"You not going to answer?"

"No. He had his chance. Actually he's probably had more chances than he deserves."

"I told you not to get with him." Raven knew how much of a womanizer Bellamy was. His modeling and acting career was starting to take off so it only inflated his ego even more. But that was no excuse to be gone for hours without a call or text, standing up Clarke when they had planned dates, flirting with other women even when she was around, or the multiple times he had cheated. Raven wondered why Clarke was still with him. Almost five years and he had not gotten his act together.

"He just didn't care about how he had neglected me. It was as if nothing had happened. He really had a hard time understanding why I slapped him," Clarke said.

"So what are you going to do," Raven asked.

"I'm thinking about ending it. I need time to myself. Maybe I can get some real painting done." Clarke could use some time away from Bellamy. She had not done anything nice for herself in ages. Plus she wanted to get some ideas out of her head and onto a canvass.

"You can stay with me while you figure things out. I'll clean out my spare bedroom."

"That's nice Raven. Are you sure you won't mind? You don't have a great track record with roommates."

"It's only temporary. I wouldn't offer if I didn't want you staying with me. Besides, I've learned the hard way about living with weirdoes from rentmyspace.com," the brunette said.

Clarke smiled at her friend. "Thanks Raven. I'll think about it." The blonde was unsure if or how long she would stay with the brunette but she hoped it would do her some good. "So do you have any idea why Octavia wanted to meet us?"

"Nope. Your guess is as good as mine."

Over 20 minutes had passed before Octavia had finally showed up. "Hey you two. Sorry I'm late. Got tied up at work again."

"Hey O. How nice of you to keep us waiting," Clarke joked.

"Didn't mean to. But my boss has been a real bitch lately. I'm so tempted to quite that job and go back to working for your mom at the clinic," Octavia said.

"You owe it to yourself to do what you love O," Clarke stated.

"Thanks Clarke. But I can't do that now. I have a new house to pay for."


"Actually Lincoln and I bought a house. We're moving in together," Octavia replied.

"That's awesome Octavia," Clarke said.

"How does his family feel about it," Raven asked.
"His parents were happy when we told them at dinner last night," Octavia said.

"We plan on having a house warming party. I expect my two best friends to be there."

"Of course we'll be there. Wouldn't miss it for the world O," Clarke said.

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Lexa walked into Trikru Fitness and found it completely empty. There was no one on the treadmills, no one at the snack bar. Not a single soul was around. As she was making her way to the back when her ears picked up on the sound of heavy breathing. What she saw made her stop dead in her tracks. A blonde woman was bound and gagged on the floor of sparing ring. Within seconds Lexa could feel her dick starting to get hard. When she reached the woman she realized it was the blonde from the bistro.

The brunette quickly removed her shirt, sports bra, and shorts. As her semi hard dick sprang out she was glad she had gone commando. Precum from the slit at the tip of her cock made it good and slick. Lust filled eyes meet hers. "You want this," Lexa asked as she stroked herself to a full erection. The blonde shook her head in the affirmative. She wasted no time with foreplay. Parting the woman's legs she rubbed her pulsing head along wet lips before entering into the soft, silky pussy. The strange woman under her was moaning within minutes. With a few strokes she was balls deep in the blonde. If she could just keep herself from coming for a little longer they could enjoy this for awhile. However, Lexa's body had other ideas.

Green eyes shot open. Lexa sat up, looked around, then realized she was at home in her bedroom. When she pulled the sheet away from her body, she saw how vivid the dream had been. Her dick was fully erect and throbbing. Her balls were as engorged as her penis and she knew she was close. Lying back on her bed the brunette closed her eyes and continued to fantasize about the blonde from a few days ago. With long slow strokes she worked herself closer to release. Seeing the woman's face contorted in ecstasy was enough to send finally Lexa over the edge. Letting out a low moan she felt cum shoot out and land on her abs. Why didn't I grab a tissue off the night stand? Oh well. I need to shower anyway. With a few more strokes Lexa was completely empty. She looked down at herself to see that her load was a bigger amount than usual. Maybe I should give Costia a call.

When she arrived at work Lexa was greeted by Anya. "You look angrier than usual. Are you ok?"

"I'm fine," Lexa replied. But even she wasn't convinced when she heard her own voice.

"If you say so. I won't force you to talk about whatever is bothering you. Just try to be in a better mood for tonight."

"Why? What's tonight," Lexa asked as they stepped into her office.

"Lincoln's house warming party. Don't tell me you forgot."

"No. I just been busy."

"Well you're going to be there tonight right? It starts at 7:30," Anya said firmly. "This means a lot to him."

"I know it does," Lexa replied.

"Lexa you don't understand. You haven't met Octavia yet. You haven't seen the way they are with each other. Or how he looks at her. I really think she might be the one he settles down with."

"How long has he been dating this girl anyway?"
"Her name is Octavia and Lincoln has been in a relationship with this girl for three years," Anya said.

How have I not met this girl in three years? Doesn't matter now. I'll meet her tonight. The early years of Lexa owning and running the company had involved her being away from friends and family a lot. That coupled with late nights at the office, learning the company and how it worked, and numerous other things had kept Lexa extremely busy. But now that the company was successful on the global scale, she was starting to think that maybe it was time for her to slow down. She owed it to herself to relax more and enjoy her hard work. "I'll be there. Don't worry."

Clarke and Raven could not believe the neighborhood Octavia had moved to. It was a premiere upper middle class suburb right on the outskirts of the city. "Are you sure this is the right part of town," Raven asked her.

"Yep." Clarke pulled up to the address and parked out front. "This is really nice. I can't believe she can afford a place like this."

"I think Lincoln owns a business or something." The brunette adjusted her top and did a quick check of her hair and makeup. "How do I look?"

The art therapist looked over at her friend. "You look fine Raven."

"Is my cleavage too much or not enough?"

"I told you that you look fine," Clarke said. "We're late so let's get inside."

When they arrived Clarke and Raven were greeted by the host and hostess.

"Good to see you ladies again," Lincoln said. He pulled the brunette in for a hug. He turned to Clarke and said, "I'm glad both of you could make it." After exchanging a hug with the blonde he returned to Octavia's side. They were a good looking couple.

"We ask that you remove your shoes and place them over in the closet," Octavia instructed.

"Not a problem," Raven said. Once they were footwear free the two girls got a quick tour of the downstairs. Eventually they made their way into the kitchen. They were not surprised to see Jasper, Monty, Murphy, and Finn.

"Hey guys," Clarke said in greeting.


"Yep. And now that we are here the party can really get going," Raven stated.

It wasn't long before things got into full swing. Several people had arrived from the couple's individual circle of friends. Some were playing beer pong, a few were in the front room playing a video game, while others chatted in micro groups of three or four people.

After beating Finn and Murphy at darts for a fourth time, Clarke and Raven stepped outside to the back yard. It was huge. They could install a pool and still have lots of room left for a deck, a hot tub, and even a small garden. Both women were truly impressed.

"So what do you think of the place," Octavia asked when she sat in the patio chairs next to her friends.
"This is really nice O. So what is it Lincoln does for work," Clarke asked. She could not remember what industry he was in.

"He has to be loaded for you guys to afford a place like this," Raven commented.

"Really Raven!" Clarke loved her other best friend but sometimes she could be a crass.

Octavia just laughed at the two of them. "I'm not offended. Lincoln owns Trikru Fitness. Plus right now it's a buyer's market. So now is the perfect time to get a house."

Lincoln poked his head out the sliding glass door. "Hey babe. I got someone here I'd like you to meet. Raven and Clarke you are welcome to come two." The trio got up and stepped inside. Their eyes landed on two brunette women. One was slightly shorter than Lincoln. "This is my sister Anya," he said indicating the woman with high cheek bones, light brown streaked hair, and black eyes. "This is my cousin Alexandria but we call her Lexa." He pulled Octavia to his side. "Lexa this is Octavia of course. These two ladies are her best friends Clarke and Raven."

Clarke didn't pay attention to the remaining introductions. Her mouth went dry, her heart beat speed up, she felt weak in the knees. Lexa was the woman from the bistro. To Clarke the brunette was even more stunning up close. Dark locks of her hair were braided in an intricate pattern. She had pink lips that looked so soft. Her pale blue button down shirt was tucked into a pair of expensive looking tan colored chinos and she sported a designer watch on her left wrist. Clarke felt her face flush when she saw a slight bulge in Lexa's pants. Intense green eyes meet Clarke's after giving the woman a once over. A warm smile from the tall woman made her stomach knot up but in a good way.

Octavia and Lincoln watched with amusement when they saw the four women together. Raven and Anya immediately went to get drinks. Lexa and Clarke were having eye sex.

"It's nice to know the name that goes with such a beautiful face," Lexa said.

"Likewise," Clarke replied. She couldn't believe her luck. The hottest woman she had ever seen was now standing in front of her. "Is this a coincidence or good luck?"

"I don't know."

"I don't know." Lexa smiled even more thinking back to her dream. "But I honestly don't care. Just happy to meet you face to face."

"Want to get some drinks?"

"Defiantly," Lexa stated.

Clarke grabbed the brunette's hand and led her to the kitchen.

"You two are just in time," Murphy slurred. He was clearly drunk. "We are about to do some shots."

"I'm down for some shots," Bellamy said as he entered the kitchen. He stopped cold when he saw Clarke. "Hey Clarke. I didn't know you'd be here."

"Pour us two shots of Tequila Murphy," Clarke said.

He placed a hand on her shoulder which the blonde quickly shrugged off before she fixed her icy blue lethal gaze on him. "Hey," he said to her.

"Bellamy." The blonde looked behind Bellamy and saw a girl standing by the door looking bored. "Who's your friend?"
"She's a photography assistant."

"Really? Is she also your fucking assistant?" It hit Clarke that Bellamy had only greeted her with a simple hello. She was pretty sure this was Bellamy's latest side girlfriend. "Have fun with her tonight."

Clarke grabbed a shot of the alcohol, the salt, lime wedges, and turned to Lexa. She lightly pushed her against the counter. Untucking her shirt, she lifted the material and undid three buttons to expose rock hard abs. Wow. Even Bellamy doesn't have a stomach like this. I hope he's watching. She took one lime wedge and rubbed it along Lexa's stomach. Then sprinkled the salt on the wet area and placed the remaining wedge in the brunette's mouth. After giving her a wink Clarke dropped to her knees in front of the woman. Staring into green eyes that were growing darker with lust, Clarke downed the alcohol, licked the salt off Lexa's abs, and finished by standing and removing the lime from her mouth in a fluid catlike motion. When she was finished she whispered into the woman's ear. "Your turn for a body shot stud."

Lexa almost passed out. Clarke was sex as hell. "Ok," she choked out. "Lay on the table." Lexa preformed a similar body shot on Clarke only she licked salt of her breast instead of her stomach. There was lots of cat calls and wolf whistles. Sitting on the counter Clarke looked down and noticed that the bulge in Lexa's pants had gotten bigger. It was nice to see that she was desired.

"How about we find a spot that's a little more private? I can help reduce your swelling," the blonde suggested.

"I'm sure we can find a room," Lexa said.

As they left the kitchen Clarke gave Bellamy a pointed look. He was clearly eating crow. "Don't be so surprised Bellamy. I can have fun with someone else too." She caught up with Lexa and the two quickly headed upstairs.

Chapter End Notes

How was that dream Lexa had? Things get pretty graphic from this point. It is porn after all. Yep Anya and Raven will of course be Anya and Raven. Wasn't planning on any sex between those two but I can do it for the MechanicGrounder fans if Clexa fans don't mind. Or I could be talked into doing a seperate story those two. Their fate is in y'alls hands. The imput is welcome as always so comment on what you guys would like to see that. Also, leave reviews for what you guys think about this update. Did I mention there will fluff too? Well there will be. Both of them are cinnimon rolls with each other. We also get to see Abby soon. Thanks for reading. New update next week.
Chapter 3

Lexa found one of the guest rooms that was mostly empty. There were boxes stacked along the walls and random furniture including a recliner. Closing the door the women were in complete darkness. Lexa flipped the light switch but nothing happened.

"Looks like the light in this room doesn't work," Clarke said.

"Wait right here," Lexa said. She slowly navigated the room until she felt a lamp. She turned it on and the room was filled with a low soft light. The two could see each other now. Not wasting any more time Lexa walked over and kissed the lips that had smiled at her a few weeks before. They were the same lips that she had dreamed about being parted by a gag. They were lips that were as soft as cotton. A moan escaped from Clarke's throat when they pressed their bodies together.

"Let me take care of you," Clarke said. The blonde dropped to her knees in front of Lexa for the second time that night. She made quick work of undoing Lexa's pants.

When she felt the firmness of a hand squeeze her shaft Lexa closed her eyes and allowed herself to enjoy the moment. The cool air felt good when she was finally freed from her boxer briefs. A small gasp made her open her eyes and look down. "Is something wrong?"

"No. I just…I didn't think you'd be so big."

"Too much for you to handle princess," Lexa teased.

"You defiantly have the biggest cock I've ever seen. But I'm sure I can take it all," Clarke reassured.

"Don't feel bad if you can't. Some women have stopped me because it was too much for them."

Lexa pulled Clarke onto her feet for another kiss. She stepped back to allow Clarke to remove her shirt and bra while she did the same. They resumed their make out session until they were both
breathless. Again Clarke dropped to her knees and took Lexa into her mouth. The brunette was in heaven as she felt Clarke's tongue lick along the sensitive head. When she felt her dip her tongue into her slit a low moan escaped Lexa. The blonde had a talented tongue and a warm mouth. "Shit. Your mouth feels good." A tight squeeze to her ass made her hips thrust forward faster. "I'm going to cum," Lexa warned. It was too soon. Lexa had wanted to enjoy this but it had been weeks since the last time she had sex. When she pulled back it was too soon and she hit Clarke in the face with a several spurts of seaman. Unfazed, the woman licked every drop from around her mouth and chin. Then she set about licking Lexa's dick clean and kissed the tip before standing up again. There wasn't a trace of seaman on the still erect shaft.

"You're still hard," Clarke said with amazement.

"It's normal for me to orgasm several times before I lose an erection." This had made her a legend in all the sorority houses at Ton DC University.

"Well I'm defiently not complaining." Clarke kissed her deeply. "Do you have a condom?"

Lexa smiled as she reached into her back pocket to pull out Trojan Magnum XXL. "Put it on me," Lexa said with a hint of authority in her voice. The blonde made short work of rolling the condom down her shaft. These were the biggest condoms Lexa could find and they still didn't really fit. But she practiced safe sex since she didn't want to risk another pregnancy scare.

"Walk to the chair and bend over." Without hesitation Clarke did exactly that. Standing behind her Lexa lifted her skirt and was greeted by a thin pink thong. If she was more of a horn dog she would've pulled the material aside and trust into Clarke. But she wanted to taste the clean shaven pussy first. This time Lexa dropped to her knees. The brunette placed mouth on the front of Clarke's pussy. She heard a moan when her right index finger ran along the woman's wet folds. Hooking her fingers into the material Lexa pulled the thong down smooth thighs and muscular calves to rest at her ankles. Clarke's pussy was so wet that it was gleaning even in the low light from the lamp.

"You're really wet Clarke. Are you always this egger to fuck someone you just met?"

The blonde looked back and answered, "No. Only you."

Lexa smiled. *She's a submissive. I would love to bring it out to the surface. But first things first."

"Don't worry. After I'm done you won't want anyone else." The brunette set to work eating Clarke's pussy. The blonde tasted divine. She licked and kissed Clarke's nether lips and clit. The woman was squirming. But she kept up the steady pace before diving into the source of Clarke's arousal with her tongue. Then the brunette sucked on the diamond hard clit. The combination of licking and sucking made Clarke cum hard. Lexa didn't let up and fucked the woman with her tongue. This made Clarke climax again. After two more orgasms Lexa could not ignore her throbbing cock any longer.

"Ok baby girl. Relax for me." Slowly she pushed into the tight entrance. Clarke let out a pain/pleasure filled moan as the head went past her cervix and into her vaginal canal. Once that happened, Lexa had an easier time going in. "Are you ok," she asked. Lexa might be a dominate top but she wouldn't hurt a woman on purpose. She only gave them pain when they consented to it.

"Yeah. I'll be ok. Just keep going," Clarke said.

Inch by inch Lexa filled Clarke's opening with her massive dick until she bottomed out. "I'm all the way in." Holding herself still she gave the blonde a few moments to get used to Lexa's size. Slowly she pulled out to the very tip of her dick then slid back in. She did this several times until she was able to move with ease. "Your pussy is so tight Clarke." Lexa pressed her front into Clarke's back and kissed her. She then stood, grabbed the blonde by the hips, and pounded into her harder.
"Oh yes," Clarke cried out. "Harder. Fuck me harder."

Lexa bent her knees, placed Clarke's right leg onto the arm of the chair, and went to town. Their moans quickly filled the room as the front of Lexa's toned thighs slapped into the woman's ass. Both of them were beyond caring if anyone heard the activity. They were too caught up in each other and their shared carnal pleasure.

"Do you like this big dick Clarke," Lexa asked.

"Yes. Yes I like your…your big…dick," Clarke said.

"Will you cum for me?"

"Yes Lexa."

"Well you don't get to until...I. Say. So," Lexa instructed with three hard thrust. "Do you understand?"

"I...understand," Clarke said.

"Good girl." The brunette smiled to herself. *I have control of her orgasm. That's good enough for now.* Lexa knew it wouldn't be much longer before she would cum again when she felt Clarke getting tighter around her dick. This made Lexa aware of the tingling in her balls. A few more strokes and her moaning was starting to turn into screams, Lexa decided to let the blonde have her orgasm. "Cum for me Clarke." With her head thrown back, Clarke let herself go. The light sheen of sweat, the bouncing of her ass, and the sight of Clarke's shaking body were enough to trigger Lexa's orgasm. She emptied her twitching shaft into the condom. When she felt herself starting to go soft she pulled out and collapsed onto Clarke's back. Blue eyes looked back at her.

"That was great," Clarke said.

"Yeah it was," Lexa breathed.

"I can't believe I was able to take all of you." The blonde started to turn red in the face.

"Well you did. By the way, I like how you taste." The two women exchanged a series of kisses until they decided to stop before things got heated again. They redressed and snuck into a bathroom. Plenty of flirty looks, warm smiles, and accidental touching took place as the two cleaned up.

Before they returned to their friends Clarke tookLexa's face in her hands and kissed her passionately. "That was for showing me a good time," she explained.

"Let me show you a great time and take you out on a date."

That gave Clarke pause. She didn't want to start having an affair but she was also tired of Bellamy and his lack of respect for her. "Lexa I'd love to but…I can't. That guy Bellamy is my boyfriend."

"I'm free tomorrow," Lexa said.

"Did you hear what I just told you?"

"Yeah but I don't care." Lexa pulled Clarke into her arms and kissed her deeply. She made sure the blonde knew how much she enjoyed their time together. The brunette wanted to see this woman again. A repeat performance was defiantly in order. "I don't care about your boyfriend. Especially since I plan to steal you from him."
"I'm not property Lexa," Clarke said.

"I know. But just remember this conversation when we're married and you're having one of my babies."

Clarke couldn't help but smile at Lexa's self-assured attitude. So she decided to play along. "Well since you have our future planned out, how many kids will I be having?"

"At least five. I've always wanted a big family."

Clarke had decided to let Raven drive home. She was still basking in the afterglow of sexual satisfaction. Part of her was surprised by how much she had wanted Lexa. But she had gone without sex or attention for several months. As soon as they entered the townhouse Raven laid into her.

"So what happened at the party when you disappeared with that chick?"

"What do you think Raven?"

"Oh my God Clarke. You really had sex with her?"

"Yes." The blonde took a seat on the couch and Raven took a spot on the floor. Brief memories of having Lexa inside her flashed through Clarke's mind.

"How was it?"

Normally Clarke was private about details involving her sex life. "It was great Raven." Clarke couldn't stop the smile on her face. "She was...different from anyone I've been with before. So intense and passionate but also gentle all at once." Lexa had made Clarke feel different in the short time they were together. "I might want to see her again."

"What about Bellamy," Raven asked.

"What about him?"

Raven's eyebrows shot into her hairline. "He was pissed off. He tried to follow the two of you upstairs but Octavia stopped him. After that he left."

"It serves him right. After all the shit he's pulled on me. He even showed up tonight with another woman."

The brunette could understand how hurt her friend was. She had felt the same way when her ex-boyfriend Warren had cheated on her. "Who are you and what have you done with Clarke?"

The blonde threw a pillow at Raven which she was able to catch. "Well at least give me a few details. I want to know the spell she put on you."

"Well for starters she has the biggest cock I've ever seen." Clarke proceeded to tell Raven everything that happened when she and Lexa had disappeared for an hour.

Clarke walked into her old apartment and looked around. She remembered how happy she was when she and Bellamy first moved in. At the time they had been dating for almost two years and she had been so excited. Everything was going very well between them. Best of all was the fact that she had been Bellamy's first long term girlfriend. It seemed that they were heading towards marriage. But after their first year of living together, he had started going back to his old ways.
Walking into the bedroom, she grabbed some of her clothing. She also took all of her hygiene products from the bathroom. Clarke was pretty sure that she wanted to end things with Bellamy before they got worse. He wasn't really a bad person, just a bad boyfriend. As she entered the hallway the front door opened. Bellamy walked in and looked at her then at the small bag in her hand.

"Hey."

"Hi Bellamy."

"I didn't think you'd be here," he said.

"Did you forget I live here with you?"

"You didn't answer my calls or text last night. Or this morning."

"Well now you see how I feel," Clarke said.

He placed his keys on the table by the door. Crossing his arms over his chest he took a moment to think about something before speaking. "I didn't know you would be at the party."

"Why not? O is one of my best friends." Clarke made her way to the hall closet where she kept her art supplies.

"Look. I get that you were upset." He looked at her with dark eyes that conveyed anger and hurt. "Did you sleep with that woman?"

She slung the portable easel onto her shoulder and grabbed the two satchels holding sketch pads and other art materials. Turning to him she said, "All of our friends told me not to get involved with you. I thought that you'd treat me better. Part of me really believed that you would change because we were friends first. But you remained the same arrogant, cheating, selfish jerk. So don't apologize for being who you really are Bellamy."

"Then why are you still with me so long if I'm such a jerk," he asked.

"I was willing to work things out with you. I loved you Bellamy but you threw it away. That day at the bistro showed me how much you didn't care about our relationship or me. But last night was the icing on the cake."

"You did sleep with her. How could you do this to me?"

The blonde could not believe her ears. "Are you serious right now? All the times you cheated on me. All the times you didn't come home. All the bullshit you've put me through and you want to be upset?" Clarke went back into the bedroom. Bellamy was right behind her.

"What are you doing," he asked. His voice was slightly calmer.

"Getting more of my clothes. I'm not staying here with you anymore. You can't cheat on me and neglect me then get mad when I get attention from someone else. That's not what I signed up for when I decided to be with you." Clarke made her way around the room placing as much of her clothing as she could into the bags she had. "You're not in love with me Bellamy."

"That's not true." He was starting to become agitated again but Clarke didn't care. He had treated her like crap the five years they had dated. "I did love you. I still do." Suddenly he was standing in front of her. When he tried to pull her in for a kiss, she slapped him with as hard as she could. He grabbed
her wrist and pinned her to the wall. "Listen to me please. I want another chance."

"You had plenty of chances Bellamy. Instead you chose to lie to me. You chose to cheat on me. You even stopped having sex with me," Clarke yelled.

The set of his jaw along with the sneer on his face showed his anger. "So I guess that bitch from the party is suppose to replace me," he said.

"Who I decide to date is no concern of yours. It's over between us. For good. Like I told you before Bellamy. Don't be upset that someone else wants me." When he wouldn't move, Clarke kneed him squarely in the groin. As he folded over, she freed herself from his grasp, picked up the items that fell to the floor, then left the apartment.

Later that evening Clarke was at her mom's house. The blonde wasn't planning to move back home but she needed Abby. Since they got over their differences after her father died, the two were much closer. When Clarke first showed up the woman just pulled her in for a hug. Soon the younger woman was in tears. She explained to her mom what happened with Bellamy.

"Sweetie I'm so sorry this happened. Is there anything I can do?"

Clarke sat up and looked at her mom. "No not really. I just needed to talk to you."

Abby placed a kiss on her cheek. "I'll go make you a sandwich." Abby wanted nothing more than to take Clarke's pain away. If she could somehow absorb it she'd have done it when the heart broken girl first showed up. All she could do was listen, support her daughter, and make her comfort food. The doctor could not figure out what Clarke ever saw in Bellamy. He was not the skinny teenager who would sometimes hang out with Clarke, Wells, Octavia, and Raven. Instead he grew into a handsome man who had issues with fidelity and commitments.

Meanwhile Clarke had gotten a call from Octavia. Apparently her brother showed up at her house drunk. He had gone off on a tangent about how he loved Clarke. Then he talked about how he hated her for betraying him. Eventually he passed out on the sofa.

"I'm so sorry O. I never meant for you to become involved in this," Clarke said.

"It's fine Clarke. He was just blowing off steam."

"Should I come over? Talk to him?"

"No. It's better if you take care of yourself. Bellamy is a big boy. I'm sure he'll be ok in a few days. How are you doing," Octavia asked.

The two friends chatted for a few hours just like old times. The blonde had missed these long conversations with her friend. By the time they hung up Clarke was feeling better. Then her phone buzzed. Looking at the screen, she saw it was a text from a number she didn't recognize.

Unknown: Hey. This is Lexa. Hope you don't mind that I got your number from Octavia.

Clarke felt her heart beat speed up and her panties become wet when she saw who it was.

Unknown: This is Clarke's phone correct?

Respond to her text you idiot.

Clarke: Yes. This is Clarke. I'm not upset you text me. Just surprised.
C: In a good way.

The blonde programmed the brunette's number into her phone.

Lexa: Glad to know that. It's still kind of early. Want to go on that date now? I know a club you might like.

C: I'm afraid that I wouldn't be good company tonight. Maybe next week sometime.

L: Sure. And I hope you feel better soon. Goodnight Clarke.

C: Goodnight Lexa.

The next two weeks went by before Clarke and Lexa saw each other. Finally they had arranged to go out that week. So the pair was currently in a club unfamiliar to the brunette. It had been almost a year since Lexa visited Velvet a BDSM club downtown. One of the waitresses had escorted them to the V.I.P. section after seeing Lexa's lifetime membership card. "What do you know about this place," Lexa asked Clarke as they waited for their drinks.

"Not much honestly. I've always heard that freaks come here. No offence."

"None taken," Lexa said

"I didn't think that a night club would be so busy on a Wednesday night."

"There's a special event held on Wednesday." Soon a waitress returned with their beverages and they slipped into casual banter. The lights went slightly dim and Lexa became serious for a moment. "Listen Clarke. I'm hoping you will be entertained by some of what you see here. But if you feel uncomfortable at anytime, just say the word and we can leave."

"Unless this is some kind of donkey show, I'm sure I'll be fine Lexa." Now Clarke was really curious why Lexa had brought her here.

Her question was answered when a spotlight lit the stage. There was a man dressed in a black latex male thong. He was blindfolded with a bridle in his mouth. His nipples were clamped while his legs were tied to a chair with his arms behind his back. A red headed woman walked on stage dressed in a red latex dress that went to the floor but left her breast exposed. There was a matching superhero style eye mask to cover her face. In her hand was a riding crop. No words were exchanged between the two performers. No one was saying anything. Only the low thud of house music could be heard.

Clarke watched as the woman would tease her partner by running the riding crop along various parts of his body. Then she gave a light smack to his crotch with the instrument. He didn't make a sound but his breathing got heavier. She gave the same treatment to his nipples. The woman alternated until it was obvious that the man was aroused.

At first Clarke was a little shocked. Never had she seen a live sex show or whatever this was since they weren't having sex. But she felt the tell tale signs of arousal stirring in her lower abdomen. Soon she was wondering how it would feel to be in the man's place. Blinded, bound, gagged, and at the mercy of your partner. Sure the woman was intriguing with what she did. But Clarke got more curious as the show went on. Would I even let someone do things like this to me? Clarke was so caught up in her thoughts that she missed the end of the show. Lexa placed an arm around her shoulder and turned Clarke's face to hers.

Blue eyes meet green. A silent understanding passed between them but Lexa had been into this too
long to know that things involving this kind of kink should never go unsaid. "Are you ok Clarke?"
"Yes."
"What did you think?"
"It was different. But in a good way," she responded. "I've never seen anything like this. I…it's pretty new to me."
"So you've never watched bondage porn or let yourself be tied up?"
"No. Sex for me has been pretty vanilla." If she was going to be honest she did have something that she liked. "Actually, I am a bit of an exhibitionist." The blonde loved the idea of possibly being caught having sex in a place that was inappropriate or public.

Lexa smiled and said, "Well that's not vanilla sex at all Clarke." She placed a kiss on Clarke's lips. "I'd take you right here right now but the sex party is on Saturday's."
"So what we just watched…?"
"It was a BDSM show. There might me one more act if you want to stick around."
"Yes. I'm defiantly…curious."

Turned out that Lexa knew the two performers. They joined Lexa and Clarke in the V.I.P. section. The guy's name was Owen and the woman was Morgan. Their relationship was too complicated to explain so they stuck to other topics. Clarke was talking animatedly with her blond male counterpart. She had no idea how involved BDSM could be. She never knew that one could choose to be a slave 24/7 or that a bottom could be dominate. There was so much for her to learn. Owen invited Clarke to come down to the club on Monday when they held their weekly class. She readily agreed and was smiling ear to ear when she and Lexa left two hours later. The duo was now enjoying a meal at an upscale restaurant.

"Did you truly have fun tonight," Lexa asked.
"I did."
"Was there anything that scared you?"
"Some of the pain stuff looked…intense," Clarke said.
"Fair enough. So was there anything that interested you the most?"
"Well there's a part of me now that wants to know how far I could would let someone push things. What would it feel like to give someone else complete control?" Clarke knew that she now wanted to try this type of sex. She wanted to explore this. It was starting to feel like a new part of herself was coming to life. "I mean I guess you want to try those things with me."

Lexa could see the excitement on the blonde's face. She was pleased that the other woman wanted to try her kink. Her instincts about Clarke had been correct. But she knew they had to pace themselves. "I do Clarke. It's also good to know you want to explore this with me. Just remember we have to pace ourselves. We must make sure we set rules, have safety in place. Most of all we have to trust each other. A lot."

Wow. Didn't think about any of that. I have a lot of things to learn. "I never considered that last part."
"We have time Clarke." Lexa took her hand and kissed Clarke's slender fingers. "We can learn about each other while you learn about BDSM."

Chapter End Notes

Aaaaaaannnddddd it's done. No more Bellarke. She busted his balls and kicked him to the curb. See that didn't take too long. What comes next? Another surprise update? Maybe...maybe not. Of course more smut. Oh did I mention that I'm always looking for beta readers? Not just for my fanfiction but for all my writing projects. From short stories to fiction to poetry. Interested people can follow me on Twitter @datonewriter or on Tumbler under rainbowswen. Serious inquiries only please. My author website is not fully developed yet. And with that I say: So long, farewell,(sing it with me people) lol.
Chapter 4

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 4

She turned around and looked into forest green eyes. "If we are going to make it to dinner we can't fool around right now. Plus I missed lunch today so I'm really hungry," Clarke said.

"I'm hungry too. Just not for food." Lexa placed her lips on Clarke's neck. She alternated between soft bites and small kisses. Clarke wrapped her left leg around Lexa's waist. It took all of Clarke's will power to not give in and allow Lexa to repeat her performance from Octavia's party. The sound of the door being unlocked was her saving grace.

"Clarke honey are you here?"

"Mom." Clarke untangled herself from Lexa and stepped into the dining room. "When did you get a key? And what are you doing here?"

"Well I thought I'd bring some food over. I know you and Raven aren't always able to cook." The woman looked up as Lexa joined them. "Hello. I'm Clarke's mom Abigail Griffin. But you can call me Abby."

Lexa stopped and took Abby's offered hand. "Pleased to meet you. I'm Alexandria Woods. And call me Lexa."

"Wait. You're the CEO of Polis Enterprises aren't you," Abby asked.

The brunette gave the woman a shy smile. It wasn't very often that people outside the corporate world knew who she was. "Yes."

Clarke turned around and stared at Lexa like she had 3 heads. I banged a billionaire and didn't know it! "I'm…going to get ready for our date." Lexa and Abby watched as Clarke rounded the corner to the stairs.

The two were silent until Abby spoke. "How long have you known my daughter?" Abby tried not to be overprotective of Clarke but she was her only child. The last thing she wanted was to have to console the young woman after another heartbreak. Seeing her dating again was good but she could still get hurt. The doctor just hoped it wasn't too soon after things with Bellamy had ended.

"About three weeks. We meet at a party. Her friend Octavia is dating my cousin Lincoln."
"Ok. So what are your intentions with my daughter?"

Lexa thought about her next answer carefully. She had only one chance to make a good first impression with Abby. "I'd like for us to continue getting to know each other and at least become friends."

"Seems like you two knew each other quite well already," Abby stated. Her daughter was a grown woman. She was capable of making her own choices. That didn't mean Abby had to approve of everything the young woman did.

"Shit. Well we enjoy each other's company." Lexa took a deep breath and continued speaking. "Look Abby I'm not a player, I'm not a womanizer, nor do I plan on hurting Clarke in any way. Honestly, I'm just a hopeless romantic with a dirty mind who has high standards."

Abby's brown eyes were hard and intense as she looked at Lexa. "Since Clarke's father died a few years ago I have watched her deal with so much." The older woman stepped into Lexa's personal space. She had to look up but the height of the younger brunette didn't intimidate her. "I'm going to be watching you Lexa. Clarke is my only child and the last physical thing I have left of my husband. Hurt her," Abby said when she looked down at Lexa's crotch then back at her face, "and I won't hesitate to castrate you." Green eyes went wide with shock. "So while you're dating her just remember what I said."

"Again I have no intention of hurting Clarke," Lexa repeated. She means business. Don't screw this up Woods!

"We'll see about that." Abby returned to the table and resumed unpacking the containers of food. The two women eased into small talk mostly about Lexa. Where she attended college for her undergrad degree, the business school she attended, where she lived. Neither woman was aware that Clarke had been listening to part of their conversation.

They seem to be getting along so far. Which they should since Lexa and I are friends. Well friends with benefits maybe. She was tempted to continue listening to them but her stomach reminded her of how hungry she was. As casually as she could, the blonde reentered the dining room. "Are you two getting along without me?"

Both women turned their attention to Clarke. Abby smiled. Lexa tried to regain her ability to speak. All the blood in her brain went south when she saw what Clarke was wearing. The woman was dressed in a loose fitting button up shirt with the sleeves half rolled and the top two buttons undone. A pair of form fitting jeans showed off her shapely hips and thighs. The look was completed with a pair of heels, matching clutch, and a simple dress necklace. Makeup was lightly applied to highlight her facial features and hair hanging around her shoulders. Yep. Lexa's initial arousal was back with a vengeance.

"We are. I was just asking Lexa some questions about her company. But you two probably want to get going." Abby walked over to Clarke and whispered into her ear as she hugged the girl. Clarke smiled and turned her attention to Lexa.

"I'm ready when you are," Clarke said to Lexa. With a final goodbye to Abby, the duo walked out the door to have their second official date.

As always the conversation between the two women flowed easily. They talked as if they had known each other for years. And they were pleased to know they shared an artistic side. Clarke still had the dream if showcasing her artwork in a gallery exhibit. Lexa had a love of music and could
play several instruments including the piano, violin, harp, and guitar. Both loved animated movies, dogs, ice cream, had liberal political views, and believed that Star Trek was way better than Star Wars.

"I'm so happy you asked me on another date," Clarke said as they finished their meals.

"I'm happy you accepted. You're a beautiful woman Clarke. And smart. Of course I wanted to see you again."

"That's nice to hear."

"Can I ask you a question?"

The blonde became concerned by Lexa's suddenly serious demeanor. "Sure," Clarke said.

"What did your mom say to you before we left your place?"

Blue eyes were shining with mischief. "That's private mother daughter stuff."

"Fair enough," Lexa said.

"Now can I ask you a question?"

"Yes you may."

"Why didn't you tell me that you're a billionaire who owns one of the world's largest companies? Polis Enterprises is in almost everything from real estate to pharmaceutical drugs to software development."

*I knew this question was coming. Just be honest.* "I was going to tell you. Honestly, I didn't want you to be my friend based on what I have in my bank accounts. I wanted you to get to know me for who I was without any preconceived notions, misgivings you might read from the internet, or have any wild expectations." Lexa looked at the bluest eyes she had ever seen. In that moment she was awestruck. The blue pools looking at her showed compassion and understanding. *Can't believe this but wow. I could fall in love with her easily.* "When you have money and notoriety some people try to be your friend because of what they think you will do for them."

"I understand." Clarke reached across the table to hold Lexa's hand. It felt…right. "So what made you want to become CEO," Clarke asked.

"My parents. They died when I was only 9yrs old. Since I was there only child everything was left to me. My Aunt Indra and Uncle Gustus made sure I had a normal childhood. But they also wanted me to take over the company if I also wanted that for myself. So with the inheritance they received from my parents passing the two of them made sure that my cousins and I got the best education possible." Lexa thought about her parents and how proud they would be of her. She had brought Polis into the 21st Century in many ways. "Running the company is one of the ways I honor my parents and their memory."

"How did you cope with losing them at such a young age?"

"Support from my family and therapy," Lexa answered.

Clarke reached across and grabbed Lexa's other hand. "Well I admire your spirit. Your will."

Lexa simply smiled at the other woman. She was sweet and seemed to be very caring. "Would you
like to have dessert or are you ready to leave," Lexa asked.

"Let's go someplace so you can fuck my brains out."

Lexa quickly paid the bill and half dragged Clarke out of the restaurant. She fumbled with the keys to her silver 2014 Maserati Grantourismo. Looking around the nearly empty parking lot, a wicked idea popped into Clarke's head. She stepped up to Lexa and took her by the hand. Leading her to the front of the car the blonde pulled Lexa in for a deep passionate kiss.

"Clarke what are you doing?"

"I want you Lexa and I can't wait. Besides, I told you that I am a bit of an exhibitionist." Slowly the blonde unbuttoned her shirt. Lifting up her bra she fondled her own breast. A soft moan escaped her lips as she pinched her nipples. "Please don't make me wait Lexa." Trailing her left hand down her body, Clarke opened the front of her pants.

Lexa couldn't ignore the throb of her hardening penis. She pulled Clarke to her and kissed down her body. She wanted to eat the blonde’s pussy but Clarke had other ideas and pulled her in for a demanding kiss. Undoing her pants Lexa quickly released herself. The tip of her erect cock rubbed against Clarke's denim covered thigh. Before she lost her train of thought, Lexa pulled out a condom.

"I'll do that," Clarke said. The feeling of Lexa's desire in her hand as she rolled the condom down her large shaft was even more of a turn on for the blonde. She was bisexual and had been with men and women. Yet Lexa was somehow…different. It wasn't her extra appendage or the money. It wasn't even her looks. Those things certainly did help. Clarke wasn't sure what it was but she was already starting to feel something other than friendship towards this woman. She didn't dwell on it because her arousal needed to be sated. Once the condom was on, Clarke pulled her jeans down her legs. Why didn't I wear a skirt? She lay back on the hood of the car. Same as the first time they had sex Lexa entered her slowly. But Clarke was so wet that it didn't take long for the brunette to set a fast rhythm. "Just like that Lexa." Deep strokes had Clarke moaning with pleasure. She wrapped her legs around Lexa and was sent into orgasm when the brunette hit her g-spot.

"I love how tight you are," Lexa whispered in her ear.

Clarke simply smiled and kissed Lexa's neck. A hint of salt from the light sheen of perspiration on her neck put Clarke in a dilemma. Do I want to have her in my mouth or should I let her keep fucking me? The deep thrusting into her wetness quickly answered her question. Defiantly let her fuck me. "More Lexa."

"You want more what? Say it Clarke."

"I want more of your cock. Please make me cum again."

Lexa set a blistering pace. "Like this?"

"Oh yes." Clarke closed her eyes and enjoyed the ride Lexa was taking her on. She felt a strong arm around her waist and then a hand on her throat. The pressure was not enough to make her stop breathing or to keep her from talking. It simply added to her pleasure. Oh God. She's so damn good. Before she could stop herself the words flew out of her mouth. "Fuck me harder. Take what's yours Daddy."

The brunette did exactly that. She took everything the golden haired woman was giving her. With the way Clarke was writhing, Lexa sent the art therapist into two more orgasms. "You're such a slut letting me fuck you on my car. But you want someone to see don't you?"
"Yes Daddy. I…OH GOD I'm…I'm coming!" A tight squeeze of her pussy sent Lexa over the edge as well. String after string of her semen quickly filled the condom. There so much that some of it dripped out and onto Clarkes' thighs.

Lexa looked down slightly worried. "Uh…I think the condom might have broke. There's semen all over you."

"It's ok. I'm on birth control," Clarke said. She caressed Lexa's soft cheek. "There's nothing to be alarmed about." They kissed and quickly redressed. As they settled in the car, Clarke sat as close as she could to Lexa. When they arrived back at her place, the brunette was a perfect gentlewoman and opened Clarke's car door like she had done throughout their date. They walked hand in hand to the door. The two women were quite as one waited for the other to speak first. *I need a few days to catch my breath. I think we should take a break before this continues.* She turned to her date and spoke. "Well I had a good time tonight. Dinner was great too."

The young CEO gave her a smile that reached her eyes. "Same for me." Lexa looked at their clasped hands and spoke. "I want you to know that I like where this seems to be going. But let's slow down a bit."

"Get out of my head. I was just thinking the same thing," Clarke said.

"Great minds think alike."

Clarke kissed the soft pink lips and hugged Lexa tightly. Soon she felt firmness that was becoming familiar to her. "Really Lexa?"

"I can't help it. She has a mind of her own. It means she likes you."

"Well I like her too."

"She'd enjoy it better if you showed her."

"Didn't we just agree to slow things down?"

"We did." Closing her eyes, Lexa took a few deep breaths to bring her hormones under control.

"Better now?"

"A little bit."

"You're incorrigible. Just…come on." They walk into a dark house. *I hope Raven's not here. And if she is I hope she doesn't come downstairs.* While Lexa stood with her back against the door Clarke gave her an amazing blow job.

It had been over a week since Lexa and Clarke had been on their date. They text and talked everyday but the two were very busy. Clarke had taken on several new patients. She also started holding a second group therapy session every week. Her young patient Sara was proving to be a challenge. She was going to have a meeting with Marcus after lunch to compare their sessions with her. As she was putting her notes together there was a knock on her opened door.

"Clarke can I come in," her mother asked.

"Yeah."

"These just came for you."
Looking up blue eyes saw a very beautiful floral arrangement. Her mother placed them on her desk. Clarke opened the small envelope and read the card.

Clarke, sending you flowers just because.
Sincerely,
Lexa

Her face was flushed. The blonde had not expected to receive flowers but was flattered beyond words.

"Who are they from?"

"Lexa," Clarke said.

"May I read the card?"

"Sure."

Clarke would've gotten in her car and made the short drive to Lexa's office and thank her personally. But she decided to send a simple text.

Clarke: I just got the flowers. Thank you.

Lexa: Anything for you Clarke. Is there a chance of us being able to have lunch together?

C: Yes.

L: Great. I'm on my way over.

"That's very sweet Clarke. Are things going well with her?"

"We'll see. Right now we're just having fun being around each other." Clarke thought now would be a good time to tell her mom about Lexa's uniqueness. "Mom. There's something about Lexa you should probably know." Just spit it out Clarke. Mom's too smart for you to tell her anything but the truth. "Lexa is…different. She's…she…is special."

"Clarke honey, I know already. When I dropped by your place a few weeks ago I figured it out."

"But how?"

"I can tell when someone is trying to hide an erection. I'm also a doctor and I've a few women like Lexa as patients." Abby looked at her daughter. "The only thing I want for you Clarke is your happiness. So if Lexa makes you happy I can't ask for anything besides lots of grandchildren."

"Mom we're not even a couple."

Abby hugged the blonde and said, "Not yet." The older woman turned and saw the brunette walking in. "Nice to see you again Lexa."

"Good to see you as well Abby," Lexa replied.

"Clarke I trust you to be professional while on the clock." The woman closed the door behind her. Lexa gave the blonde a curious look.

"That's her way of saying no sex in the office. At least not during work hours." The women
exchanged a heated kiss. They were entwined in each other. Tongues dance around, moans were swallowed by the other, and the spark between grew stronger during the fiery exchange. Clarke pulled away breathless. Her mother just warned her that this was not the place for a lunch hour quickie. "So…what did you bring?"

"Wasn't sure what you wanted to eat. I got a turkey club sandwich and a chicken salad."

"I'll take the sandwich," Clarke said. The duo sat beside each other on the small love seat in Clarke's office. The conversation was casual with lots of flirting. "So what was it like growing up with cousins?"

"Fun when we weren't grounded for one reason or another."

"I never pictured you as the trouble making type."

"Well I was. Anya, Lincoln, and I were a handful. We never did anything to serious but we were great at causing mischief. How was it being an only child?"

"Not bad," Clarke answered. "It was pretty lonely until I meet Octavia and Wells in the 2nd grade. We meet Raven a year later. The four of were close until we lost Wells three years ago."

Lexa could hear the sadness in her voice. She decided not to push the issue at the moment. "Are you busy tonight?"

"I might have to work late. Did you want to do something," Clarke asked.

"Yes. I was hoping to take you out again."

"That's not a problem. But there will be no sex."

"Why's that," Lexa asked.

"I got my period yesterday."

"Oh. Well we can go out anyway." Lexa had wanted to try some mild bondage with Clarke and gauge how she responded. Another time. "One last thing."

"What?"

"Safe sex is important to me which is why I use condoms. But honestly I hate them. Since you're on birth control I figured we could get tested for STI's."

"You are amazing." Clarke kissed the brunette softly. "Sure. We can get my mom to do it."

As the couple walked up to her holding hands, Abby's intuition was confirmed. The two just looked like they belonged together. So far Lexa seemed to be making her daughter happy. "Hey you two."

"Mom are you busy right now," Clarke asked.

"No. What's on your mind?"

"Lexa and want you to test us for STI's. The full work up."

"I tested you a few months ago Clarke."

"Yeah. But we want to do it together."
"Of course. I'll be happy to test both of you." *Maybe I should pull out my wedding dress. At this rate these two could be married by this time next year.*

The next day Lexa is her office when she is interrupted by a now familiar voice.

"Hey Lexa."

"Clarke." The brunette smiles at her new favorite person. They hug and share a chaste kiss. "Are you stopping by for lunch? I don't have my break for another two hours."

"Just wanted to see you." Clarke had been thinking about Lexa since waking up that morning.

"I won't complain about that."

As they kiss, Clarke could feel Lexa start to get an erection. *I hate having a period. But I can give her something.* She ran her hands over the front of Lexa's pants and squeezed.

"Let me lock the door first," Lexa said. Once their privacy was ensured, they resumed their passionate exchange. Lexa had an idea about what Clarke wanted. So she decided to get more comfortable.

Clarke wasted no time leaning into the brunette's lap when Lexa sat in her office chair. Placing kisses along Lexa's neck, the blonde slowly loosened her tie. She then made quick work of the buttons on her shirt. Blue eyes took in the smooth skin and sculpted muscles of Lexa's torso. While her breasts were smaller than hers Clarke's liked them very much. Pulling up the bra Lexa was wearing; she pinched and sucked the nipples. The small peaks grew hard in Clarke's mouth signaling Lexa's increased arousal. Soon she was kissing down the well defined abs. The blonde smiled when they flexed from even the slightest touch.

"Are you really going to tease me," Lexa asked huskily.

"Only a little," Clarke said. But she wanted this as much as Lexa did and was soon on her knees. She had never been one to give blowjobs often but Lexa was different. The brunette didn't pressure her to do it. Sure she knew about Lexa's kink and that she was dominate. But to the blonde's surprise she had not been forced to do anything she didn't want to do. At least not yet. Once she reached the front of Lexa's pants, she was greeted by the sizeable bulge. Slowly she undid the belt and button. The brunette moaned when Clarke firmly squeezed her hardness. Blue eyes shot up and took in the most beautiful woman she had seen. Finally the blonde unzipped Lexa's pants. The woman raised her hips so that her dress pants and boxer briefs slid to her ankles when Clarke pulled them down. "Someone is happy to see me."

"Like I said before she likes you."

For the first time since they had met the blonde took a moment to really look at Lexa. The woman had been very blessed. Even while soft Lexa was bigger than average at nine inches. Now she was at her full length of twelve and three quarter inches and two and a half inches in girth. Two golf ball sized testicles lay underneath. The shaft had lots of veins with the biggest one starting underneath at the base, running upward along the left side, and stopping on top near the tip. Despite the size, it stuck up at a slight angle that hit Clarke's g-spot perfectly during intercourse. "You're not circumcised."

"Cultural reasons," Lexa explained.

"Oh." When Clarke pulled back the foreskin, she saw that the head had become swollen and red and
was wet with precum. Sticking her tongue out and running it along the slit allowed Clarke to taste the woman she was becoming addicted to. Opening as wide as she could, the blonde slowly took the large cock into her mouth. She still wasn’t able to take the whole shaft in her mouth but she was working on it. She was using her hand to assist with the pleasure of her partner. A soft moan let Clarke know that she was doing a good job. *Take it up a notch Griffin.* So she lowered her head on the hard shaft even more.

"Fuck Clarke. Your mouth feels so good."

A gentle hand on the back of her head encouraged Clarke to continue. With a few more strokes, she was able to really go to work on Lexa. Low moans and the occasional expletive drove Clarke to take Lexa higher. The slight move of her hips had the blonde reeling. She especially loved Lexa’s reactions when she took a testicle in her mouth. But it was the huge cock Clarke was starting to like in her mouth.

"You're sucking Daddy so good." Lexa's desk phone started to ring. Blue eyes looked up at her. "I'm going to answer that. Keep going."

Clarke felt arousal start to stir in lower abdomen. Hearing Lexa talk to her with authority was so sexy. Lexa eased up on her thrusts. She was doing her best to concentrate on her phone call. So Clarke sucked harder. Giving the testicles a firm squeeze caused Lexa to trust all the way into her mouth. The blonde felt the tip slip past her gag reflex and into her throat. Through a watery haze Clarke saw Lexa with her head pressed into the chair. Her knuckles were white from the tight grip she had on the phone receiver and eyes were shut tight. A hand on the back of her head allowed Clarke to swallow the last of Lexa's thick shaft. As the woman's hips thrust forward the blonde felt the soft slap balls on her chin. *This was easer that I thought. I…I think I actually like this.* Clarke felt Lexa swell in her mouth. She was hard enough that Clarke didn't need to use her hands anymore. She freely bobbed her head to work Lexa's member.

When she hung up the phone Clarke heard Lexa say, "I'm going to cum soon. Fuck. Don't stop."

The younger woman sucked in her cheeks then picked up the speed. The dick in her mouth twitched before Clarke felt a gush of warm liquid shooting into her mouth and down her throat. She pulled back while sticking out her tongue to catch the last strings of Lexa's cum. She skillfully cleaned Lexa's deflating shaft with her tongue then give it one last suck from base to tip. Never before had she been so willing to swallow cum. Yet when it came to Lexa she was happily breaking her own rules. "Did you enjoy that," she asked as she sat in the CEO's lap.

"Yes I did." They kissed and Lexa tasted a mix of herself and Clarke's lip balm. "That was wonderful baby girl."

"I'm glad you liked it Daddy."

They share a series of kisses before the CEO pulls back. "Sorry that call took so long."

"You're an important person."

"And me being important is the reason I have to leave for Germany tomorrow."

Clarke was not expecting that. "What? Why?"

"The company expanded into Europe a few months ago. I have to oversee the opening of the regional headquarters in Berlin. I'll be gone for awhile."

"How long is awhile?"
"About three months...I'm sorry."

The fair haired woman was suddenly dejected. "I understand."

"Hey, I'll be back before you can start to miss me," Lexa said. She brought Clarke's face to hers and kissed her with all the feeling she had for the blonde woman. "There are lots of ways for us to keep in touch. Email, Skype, phone calls. So it won't be that bad. And when I get back, I'm going to fuck you so good and hard. You won't be able to walk."

The days seemed to crawl by. As promised Lexa called Clarke ever night before the blonde went to bed. When they weren't talking she was always thinking about the dark haired woman. When Lexa wasn't on her mind, Clarke was doing research. Lexa had given her a list of books to read. Clarke was currently reading SM 101: A Realistic Introduction. It was very informative about the line between domination and abuse, the different aspects of BDSM, how important safety was, and a myriad of other things that Clarke had never considered or thought about. She watched BDSM kink and read articles about being in a BDSM relationship. She would attend the Monday class at Velvet for support from like minded people and ask questions since Lexa was away.

The rest of her time was spent at work. Some progress had been made with Sara. Turned out Titus was her step-father. Her biological father had never been in the picture and her mother had died the year before from a brain aneurism. Titus had relocated them here for a better job. So the teenager was upset about having to move and losing lifelong friends. She was also upset about her mom's death. It had been sudden so the teen was never able to get closure.

Clarke worked diligently and tried to keep Lexa off her mind but it was next to impossible. Once she was off her period, they masturbated together every night. But none of her toys filled her the way Lexa did. Nothing felt as good on her skin as the brunette's hands and lips. While they would Skype, she and Lexa had intense sessions of mutual masturbation. It thrilled Clarke to watch Lexa cum multiple times during their shared orgasms. Taking direction from the brunette added to the experience for both of them. After they cleaned up, the couple resumed their conversation. Hours later and Lexa still wanted to keep going but Clarke would be too tired. So they ended their Skype session with goodnight wishes. Almost every night the blonde drifted off into a restless sleep.

Chapter End Notes

How was that? Clarke really didn't know she snagged herself a super hot and wealthy hunk of a woman. Lexa was super sweet to send Clarke those flowers. Abby also laid down the law. No shenanigans with her child's emotions! But Lexa is not like Bellamy. I swear these two will have sex in an actual bed at some point. So far I have pre written 10 chapters for this story. Started chapter 11 today so more of this story is on the way. Updates should be pretty regular. As always feel free to comment, review, etc. REMEMBER *Read the beginning note for chapter 5!*
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

****READ THIS*READ THIS*READ THIS*READ THIS*READ THIS*READ THIS*READ THIS*READ THIS*READ THIS*READ THIS*READ THIS*READ THIS*READ THIS*READ THIS****

It's here. THREESOME ACTION. Some of you have been looking forward to this and others have been loathing it. The lucky ladies in the scene are Clarke, Lexa, and Raven. I know some of you will be upset with a Clexa threesome. So if you no longer want to read this story, I'm sad to see you go but I just want to say that I hope you enjoyed the story up to this point. For those who don't want to read it skip the section that starts with the sentence: Green eyes opened to a dark room. You can resume with the scene that starts with the sentence: Lexa woke again to the smell of food. The rest of you should enjoy the scene. There's smut later in the chapter also. Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 5

It was during the third week that Raven had grown tired of see Clarke moping around the townhouse. She wasn't sure what was wrong with her roommate but she was going to get it out of her somehow. So she brought two open beers from the kitchen. The blonde was sitting on the couch with her eyes glued to her Microsoft tablet.

"Have a beer," Raven said as she sat down.

"No thanks."

"It's already open."

With a huff the art therapist took the beverage and had a few sips. Taking advantage of the momentary distraction, Raven reached over and grabbed the electronic device from Clarke.

"Hey! Give that back Raven."

"I just want to know what you're reading."

Clarke was growing nervous the longer Raven had the tablet in her possession. She didn't want anyone to know what she was doing with Lexa. "It's not any of your business what I'm reading. Now give it back."

"Well with that kind of reaction I'm guessing this is a really smutty romance novel." But Raven's mouth almost hit the floor when she read the title 'The New Bottoming Book'. "What is bottoming?"

As she read on the brunette was shocked at first. Then she became intrigued. Clarke was able to snatch the device away from her and turn it off.

"Look I'm just doing…I…Lexa," Clarke wasn't sure what to say.

Raven could see the embarrassment on her friends face. "Listen Clarke I wasn't trying to be mean. I've just noticed that you're not yourself lately. You're moody, unfocused, and you haven't been out
in weeks. Are you still upset over Bellamy?"

"What? No," Clarke scoffed. That asshole was the last person on her mind. "I hadn't thought about
Bellamy until you just mentioned him."

"Then what's going on with you? I ask because I care."

Should I tell her? Raven is good at keeping a secret. But what will she think of me if I do tell her?

"Just spit it our already Griffin," Raven said impatiently.

"Don't rush me. This isn't easy to talk about."
Clarke set the tablet aside and picked up her drink. After a long pull she finally started to talk. "You remember Lexa from Lincoln and O's party right?"

"Of course," Raven replied.

"She went out of town on business. But before she left...we went on a few dates and had some
amazing sex."

"How long you two been messing around?"

"A few weeks."

"Why didn't you tell anyone?"

"Well for starters it just kind of happened. She was part of the reason why I ended things with
Bellamy. And...she...she has this...thing..."

"Yeah I know. You already told me about her huge dick."

"Not that. It's something else. Have you heard of the nightclub Velvet?"

Raven gave an affirmative nod of her head. "A bunch of freaks go to that place from what I've
heard."
The brunette had never been to the place but she'd heard some wild things go on at that
establishment. Part of her was curious and part of her was too chicken shit to go to a place like
Velvet.

"It's a BDSM club. Before she left Lexa took me there. When we were there they had a live show
with this woman dominating a man. It...well...it intrigued me. Since then I've been reading and
doing research on the subject. I even go to the class they have on Monday's."

"So you...are going to become some kind of sex performer?"

Clarke rolled her eyes. "No you idiot. Lexa likes BDSM. She's given me some reading to do while
she's gone. When she gets back we're going to talk about it some more. Maybe even try a few
things."

"You want to try bondage?"

"Yes." Clarke stood from the couch. She slowly started to pace in front of Raven as she spoke. "I
can't explain it but there's something about her Raven. She makes me melt. She makes me laugh. She
makes me feel safe. I never felt this way about anyone before. Even without the added kink."
A few

"Honestly, I think its ok." Raven stood next to Clarke and wrapped her in a hug. "Guess I don't get a
shot at making us a thing."

"We agreed to be friends Raven."

"I know. But you can't blame me for trying."

Clarke pulled out of their embrace. "Please don't tell anyone about this."

"Don't worry Clarke. Your secret is safe."

"Thank you."

Lexa was ready to see Clarke. The CEO missed looking into ocean blue eyes. She missed kissing pump pink lips. Lexa was ready to run her hands through soft locks of blonde hair. Her mind could picture the beautiful face with a killer smile and small mole on the left corner above her upper lip. She wanted to tell Clarke that she would be coming back five weeks early but decided to surprise her. Walking to the door of the townhouse, the brunette rang the doorbell. After a few seconds of waiting an Asian guy with intense black eyes opened the door.

"Hey. Can I help you?"

"I'm looking for Clarke. Is she home?"

"Yeah. Come on in." The guy stepped aside and allowed her to enter the house. "She's outback with the rest of us."

The two made their way to the back yard. Lexa looked around and saw some faces from Lincoln's party. There were a few she didn't recognize.

"Hey Clarke someone is here for you," Monty said.

When the blonde saw Lexa and was out of her seat in a flash. She lifted Clarke up and spun her around out of sheer excitement. It felt good to receive the kind of welcome the blue eyed woman had just given her. Lexa laughed as she felt her face and neck get peppered with loving kisses. Everything felt right again. She pulled back and was speechless by Clarke's beauty. Her hair looked like pure gold in the sunlight. Blue eyes were smiling with happiness. Smaller sized hands that held onto hers were soft and entwined their fingers. The face that haunted her dreams for the last several weeks was real again. *I think she's a keeper.* Caressing a soft cheek, she kissed Clarke with everything she had. It made her heart swell when the same intensity was returned. *Yep. I'm falling in love.* She quickly stopped any sexual thoughts. She was happy to see Clarke but the CEO knew this was the wrong time and place to get excited.

"I'm so happy you're back Lexa. But why didn't you tell me when you were coming? I would've picked you up from the airport."

"I wanted to surprise you princess," Lexa answered.

"Well you did." Clarke kissed her again. "Raven and I decided to have some friends over. I understand if you're too tired to meet them. You had a long flight."

The brunette was pretty tired. Yet she wanted to be around Clarke so she could go a few minutes longer without sleep. "I could use a nap."

"How about I introduce you to everyone then let you sleep in my room?"
"Sounds good," Lexa replied.

Despite her fatigue, Lexa stayed and chatted with Clarke's friends for over an hour. She already knew Raven but quickly found out she had a wicked sense of humor. Monty who was soft spoken, Jasper was an oddball but fun, Finn was a high on himself and loved to pontificate, and Murphy wanted to be the ringleader but it was clear Clarke was really the one the group followed. After stifling another yawn, Clarke escorted the sleepy woman to bed.

"You don't want to join me," Lexa asked. She was standing by Clarke's bed dressed in a pair of her boxer briefs after the blonde had undressed her. Now she was sporting a semi hard-on.

"I'd love to but Raven and I are still entertaining our friends. As soon as they leave I will come back." A chaste kiss was placed on her lips and Clarke closed the door as she left the room. Lexa crawled into the bed. She was sleep as soon as her head hit the pillow.

Green eyes opened to a dark room. Lexa wasn't sure how long she had been sleep. All she knew was that the pressure in her bladder woke her up. Putting on her tank top, she made her way down the hall to the bathroom. Once she finished reliving herself Lexa was surprised when she hit something solid when she stepped into the hallway. It was Raven. "I'm so sorry. I didn't see you."

"It's ok." Raven took a good look at Lexa and understood what Clarke found so appealing. A beautiful face with intricately braided hair was accompanied by a well build body that had lean muscular arms, sculpted legs, a flat mid section, and a sizeable penis. "I see why Clarke likes you," the shorter brunette stated.

Lexa simply blushed. "Uhh...thanks."

"Are you flirting with her," Clarke asked. The blonde was standing at the top of the stairs. She was glad she caught this exchange before something happened between her roommate and her love interest.

"I was simply giving her a compliment," Raven said.

"Whatever Reyes."

"It's true. I simply said that I understand why you like her. Just look at her."

"I know how hot she is."

"Oh stop with the jealous girlfriend attitude Griffin. You've known her for like two months."

"So? That doesn't mean you can flirt with her if I'm not around," Clarke said.

"You two realize I'm standing right here," Lexa commented. She was ignored as the roommates continued to argue.

"Get over yourself Griffin. You can't tell me what to do," Raven said.

"Maybe I should. Someone needs to keep you line."

Things escalated in front of Lexa as the girls were yelling back and forth. She wanted to step in and break them up. However, Lexa was shocked when Raven reached for Clarke and kissed her.

Clarke pulled back angrily. "Oh my goodness...why did you do that?" She looked at Lexa. Her face
was full of regret but her eyes were shining with lust. "Lexa. I didn't mean for that to happen."

"Felt like you did to me," Raven deadpanned.

"Are you serious right now," the blonde asked.

Lexa placed a hand on Clarke's forearm. "It's fine Clarke. Really." She took the woman's hand in hers and kissed the knuckles. Leaning in she kissed up the woman's neck. "I'm ok with it." She placed Clarke's hand on her crouch.

Feeling Lexa's hardening cock sent waves of arousal through the blondes' body. "But we're…I…"

"You like Raven. She likes you." She placed more kisses on the other side of her neck. "Sleep with her if you wish but I at least get to watch." The trio exchanged a series of heated kisses. Once the three of them reached Ravens' bedroom, Lexa closed the door and turned on the light as the two roommates undressed each other and she removed her underclothes. She pinched and fondled her nipples as she reached down with her right hand and slowly rubbed her dick. This is hot. Raven giggled at something Clarke had whispered into her ear.

Both women approached Lexa then got on their knees. Without a single word Raven reached out and took Lexa into her mouth. She moaned at the feel of having her dick wrapped in warm wetness. "Holy fuck." Lexa almost lost her mind as she felt a second mouth on her balls. The brunette was in heaven.

Raven pulled back. "I didn't know anyone could have a cock this big," she said. Slowly she took Lexa into her mouth again.

"Told you she was well endowed," Clarke stated.

Everything became fuzzy as Lexa simply gave into the pleasure coursing through her. She grabbed the back of a head and thrust her hips forward. With her own head thrown back, the brunette let her hips move of their own accord. Moans turned to grunts. She felt her balls hitting against a chin. So she kept going. Before she knew it was happening, Lexa released a load of her seed into the mouth attached to her dick. Once she felt empty she looked down to see blue eyes looking up at her. When had the two women switched places? Doesn't matter.

"I'll let Raven suck you now. She wants to know how you taste."

The brown eyed woman quickly went to work on Lexa. She was very talented at dick sucking. It was obvious that she knew what she was doing. Lexa pulled Clarke to her feet and kissed her. "She's really good. But I like how you do it." They kissed while the other brunette bobbed and stroked Lexa's stiff shaft.

Lexa started giving instructions. "Raven get on the bed doggy style and finish sucking me off. Clarke crawl behind her and eat her pussy." Neither woman hesitated to do what the dominate brunette had told them. Raven resumed her blowjob while Clarke was behind her. Lexa would've taken a picture if she'd had her phone. "You have pretty good mouth Raven." The pleasure continued as Lexa was deep throated again. This time she let her giver do all the work. It felt really good when Raven would moan with her mouth full of dick. The vibrations traveled through her body were driving Lexa crazy. In short time she emptied a second load of cum down the brunette's throat.

"You were…r-right Clarke. She does taste…good. Like salted almonds." Licking the cum from around her mouth Raven felt herself on the verge of an orgasm. "Clarke….oh God…"

"Glad you like it. Now cum for Clarke. Let her know how much you appreciate her eating your
A loud moan from Raven signaled her orgasm. Lexa looked at Clarke then back at Raven. "Clean her face. Then you can thank Clarke by finger fucking her." Again there was no hesitation with both women carrying out Lexa's orders. Lexa watched as Raven pleasured her blonde lover. "That's it. Fuck her good like she deserves."

Lexa worked her hard dick while Clarke moaned and gasped at her pleasure. She had to cum again. Green eyes found the perfect spot. She positioned herself behind Raven lining up the tip of her dick up with her asshole. Spreading the cheeks with one hand she rubbed herself along the crack then shot her sperm on the outside of the tight hole. She watched as thick strings hit the hole perfectly. Slowly the semen slid down to Raven's pussy and dropped onto the sheet. Still hard and horny, Lexa knew she would have to fuck one of them or get another blowjob. She went with the former. Once Clarke started to come down from her orgasm, she flipped Raven over and kissed her. The taste of Clarke on the other woman's lips was very erotic. But her throbbing member reminded her that she needed release.

"Fuck her hard Daddy." Clarke had retrieved a condom from the nightstand and placed the latex on Lexa's shaft. It didn't fit very well but it would have to do. Slowly she entered the other woman. In no time she set a fast yet steady rhythm as she pounded into Raven.

"Does she feel good Lexa? You like my roommate's pussy?"

"Yes I do." The brunette really was enjoying herself. Stroke after stroke sent Lexa higher. She felt Clarke kiss and bite her neck. Hands moved over her sweat slicked skin. Fingers worked her nipples as a palm fondled her balls. It was an added turn on to have Clarke approve of and encouraging her as she fucked this woman. With Raven moaning Lexa knew she wouldn't last much longer. Feeling Clarke touch and kiss her breast firmly pushed Lexa over the edge. She filled the condom with her seed. Lexa made sure to ease out as he felt herself start to go soft.

"That was terrific," Raven said breathless.

"I agree," Lexa said.

After several minutes the three women gathered themselves. They giggled and talked about the experience they just shared. Things heated up again when the three shared another kiss. "We should clean up ladies. Let's shower together. Share another round of oral sex maybe," Lexa said. The roommates agreed. All of them had spectacular orgasms as each woman was serviced by the other two.

Lexa woke again to the smell of food. The bed next to her was empty. Smiling to herself she stood up and took a deep stretch. The previous night had been fun. The last time Lexa had a threesome was as a grad student in business school. As much as she hated it Lexa redressed in the clothes she had arrived in except her dress shirt which she couldn't find. If Clarke is in my shirt she's going to be in trouble.

She took a quick trip to the bathroom to freshen up as best she could.

The brunette made her way downstairs. When Lexa rounded the corner leading into the kitchen, she stopped at the sight before her. Blonde hair was loosely hanging down Clarke's shoulders. Bare legs and feet were super sexy as she stood at the stove making breakfast. And of course she was in Lexa's dress shirt. The front of the brunettes pants were getting tight. No matter how much sex we have I always get turned on by her. "I see that someone likes stealing my clothes," Lexa said.

Clarke turned and smiled at her. "Morning."
As if on cue a plate was placed in front of Lexa when she took a seat at the counter. A four stack of pancakes, bacon, and scrambled eggs with cranberry juice took her from being aroused to salivating. She didn’t realize how hungry she was until the first bite of food. Clarke took a seat and ate from her own plate. The silence was broken when the art therapist spoke.

"Thank you for last night Lexa. It was fun." They were not a couple but the blonde had no intention of messing up whatever she had going on with Lexa. The brunette was successful, fun, and did incredible things to her body. Most of all Lexa paid attention to Clarke. She answered text, returned phone calls, and took time from her schedule to be with Clarke. The two women had developed a close relationship in a short time. There was a good chance that this could turn into something more. "I just want you to know that I would never cheat on you."

Lexa looked at her. "I trust you Clarke. And you're welcome. It was fun for me too."

"Do we plan to do that often," Clarke asked.

"That's an option for us but I think we can do plenty on our own." She swallowed her food and took another fork full of eggs.

"So I don't have to worry about you wanting a different girl in bed with us all the time?"

"No Clarke. I like having a threesome or foursome on occasion. But my main kink is BDSM. You should worry about being able to please me." She gave the blonde a chaste kiss. "And just so you know you're in trouble for stealing my shirt."

The duo decided the day was too nice to stay inside. After dressing in a new set of clothes from her suitcase then freshening up properly, Lexa took the blonde shopping at the mall. Most of what Clarke wanted was art supplies

"Lexa, look at this." The brunette turned and saw that Clarke was wearing a thick leather collar. "You like it?"

"Cute." Lexa walked over and kissed her. "I have something else for you to wear in public. But we can get this one for domestic use."

"Thank you Daddy."

They left the store hand in hand. The duo had bought some lube, a swing, a leather paddle, some restraints, and three new sets of lingerie for the blonde. Lexa had also bought a sex toy while Clarke had been talking with one of the other clerks. For lunch they went to a favorite spot of Clarke's. It was a small Italian restaurant with really great calamari. "Lexa may I ask you something?"

"Of course."

"It's kind of personal."

"Just ask me princess."

Clarke smiled. Lexa was a true A-type personality. At times like this however, when they were having intimate conversations sharing a meal, while they were walking, during a drive through town, the brunette was sweet. "What was it like growing up intersex?"

"Not as bad as most people think." Lexa had lots of love and support from her family as a kid. "My aunt, uncle, and cousins were super supportive. At school Lincoln and Anya were very protective.
So things for me were pretty normal."

"That's great Lexa. I'm happy you had that. There was a girl I went to middle school who was intersex like you. When the some of the other kids especially the boys found out, she was teased and bullied so bad that her family had to move. Sometimes I wonder what happened to her."

"The suicide rate for women like me is not high but it still happens."

"When did you become CEO of Polis," Clarke asked.

"Well I graduated high school at 15. I was 18 yrs old when I completed my undergraduate degree, and earned my master's in just two years at 20. After an internship I took a job in the company as junior V.P. of operations. When I turned 29 I was old enough to take full control of the company. That was almost six years ago."

"Are you happy with it?"

"Yes. I only wish my parents were still here to see it."

"Sounds like you were close to them."

"Very close. My dad and uncle were twins so they were always playing pranks on me." Lexa smile at the memory of the two men pretending to be the other one. "But my aunt and mom knew the difference. They always knew." The brunette pushed away the feelings of sadness in her chest. "I wish they could meet you. My mom and dad would have loved you."

All Clarke could do was smile.

Later that evening Lexa and Clarke made a quick stop at the blonde's house so she could pack an overnight bag. Once they arrived at Lexa's she couldn't help giggle at how awestruck Clarke was with the place. From the main living room to the kitchen each space displayed cozy modern décor that was inviting. Both family photos and high end art pieces decorated the walls. One painting on the highlight wall in the den caught Clarke's eye.

"Is that a Jose Zapata painting?"

"Yes. It's an original I purchased it from his estate sale a few years ago."

Jose had been a very talented abstract painter in the late 90's. His use of colors was masterful. Clarke had been a fan of his work for as long as she had been interested in art. "Wow." The artist continued to admire the art work and framed pictures on the walls. "So why did you wait so long to bring me here?"

"Honestly, I wanted to be sure this was a bit more than a one night stand or quick fling."

The blonde turned and looked at her. "I understand Lexa." They kiss until Lexa pulls back breathless.

"If you're hungry I can make us dinner."

Clarke smiles. "Actually food is the last thing on my mind." The blonde was horny. She wanted to take things to the next level and start with whatever Lexa wanted to do. It didn't matter as long as she got fucked. "Before I forget, my mom told me our results yesterday. We're both clean."

"We are?"
"Yep. No hepatitis, HIV, nothing. So we don't need condoms."

Lexa was pulled in for another kiss. Clarke is literally swept off her feet as her tall dark haired lover lifted her into strong arms and carried her upstairs bridal style. Lexa doesn't miss a single step as they enter her large bedroom. She kicks the door closed and places Clarke on the bed. "You are so sexy Clarke."

"So are you."

As the kissing turns heated, they quickly undress. Lexa however remained in her boxer briefs. She is ready but remembers that the blonde needs to be punished. Let the game begin. "I didn't forget about my shirt. You will be punished," she whispered into Clarke's ear. The inhale of air the brunette excites her even more. "Stay on the bed until I get back."

A few minutes in the walk-in closet and Lexa returns in a robe after grabbing a box containing her most basic equipment. She almost loses it when she sees Clarke. The blonde had started playing herself. "I did not give you permission to do that Clarke." She places the box next to the bed, opens the lid, and pulls out a pair of handcuffs.

"You didn't tell me I couldn't play with myself," Clarke said defiantly.

"Your training starts right now."

"I'm a little nervous," Clarke admitted.

"But you've done this before.

"Yes I have. However, you're new to this. Being with a new partner is just as nerve wrecking for me. Plus we haven't done this with each other before. So I'm hoping for us to have fun but I also have to make sure that we are safe. Which reminds me. Do you have a safe word?"

"Skikru."

"What does that mean?"

"Sky people. My friend Wells gave the group that name but he never said why."

"Ok. And you fully understand words like no, don't, and stop will be ignored right?"

"Yes," Clarke answered.

"Good. Now let's continue. Feel free to resist me a little bit. I like a sub who's a brat." Lexa places the restraints on small wrists. Standing over the blonde Lexa removes her robe. She is topless with black leather bands on each bicep. A pair of mid thigh black leather shorts with a zipper on the front completes her playtime outfit. "Are the cuffs too tight?"

"No."

Lexa grabs Clarke by the face giving her jaw a firm squeeze. "Is that your best answer?"

"Yes,"
"You want to have a sore ass don't you?"

"No I don't," Clarke said. But she does. She wants to see how much of Lexa's anger she can take. The blonde can feel her pussy starting to get slick with arousal. She had to allow Lexa to train her. It was important that they set firm boundaries. If this was going to work and both were going to be happy they had to honor the others' role in this aspect of their developing relationship.

"I'm only going to ask you one more time. So answer my question properly Clarke. Are the cuffs too tight?"

"No."

Lexa had to undo the zipper of her tong. She had a monster erection and couldn't take the pressure anymore. "Don't get excited princess. You won't get anything until you learn how to answer me properly." She turned the blonde over and caressed the soft supple ass cheeks. "Your ass is beautiful. Perfect for spanking." Bringing her hand down hard it landed on the left cheek. She repeated it on the right cheek. "Let's go back to the basics. What's my name Clarke?"

"Lexa," the blonde defied.

"Wrong." Three smacks to each cheek. "What's my name Clarke?"

"Daddy."

"Now answer me. Are the cuffs too tight?"

"No Daddy," Clarke answered.

"Good girl." She turned her back over then straddled the woman's chest and placed her dick on Clarke's mouth. "Take your reward." Lexa ran a hand through gold tresses while soft lips and a wet mouth closed around her. Thrusting her hips allowed Clarke to take more of her. When she was close to orgasm she stopped. Clarke whimpered when Lexa pulled out. "You're a good dick sucker. But you're still being punished." The brunette retrieved a pair of ankle cuffs and placed them on Clarke's legs. Now the fun really starts. The next item she grabbed from the box was a blindfold. She placed it over Clarke's eyes and said, "Remember your safe word is the only to stop this. Understand?"

"Yes Daddy." This is what I've been waiting for. All of her felt alive. Clarke's whole body was vibrating with nerves and excitement.

Clarke was on her stomach again. "You don't touch my things without permission Clarke." She slapped the blonde's ass repeatedly. "I don't like to punish you but you have to learn." The moans the woman made told Lexa she was enjoying this. Clarke's ass was smacked until it was covered in red handprints. She smacked her dick along the marks she had left. The heated skin felt so good on Lexa's tip that she came instantly. "I'm going to fuck you now."

Lining herself up with the glistening opening, Lexa entered the younger woman. She grabbed her hips and pushed in completely. Not giving the woman time to get use to her Lexa set a brutal pace. It felt amazing to be inside Clarke without a condom. "Oh you feel so good. Such a nice warm pussy." Lexa thrust harder pushing all the way in and pulling out to the very tip. "You don't get to touch my things unless I say it's ok." She thrust deeper. "Do you understand Clarke?"

"I understand Daddy."

The brunette couldn't hold back anymore and shot a copious amount of sperm into Clarke. "Oh yes,"
she said as she climaxed. She had a powerful orgasm. "You like how I fill you up with my cum baby girl?"

"I do Daddy. I want more. Please."

Lexa fucked Clarke hard and deep. With a handful of blonde hair she brought the other woman close to orgasm. "Don't you dare cum yet." She turned Clarke onto her back and removed the blindfold. "You do not have my permission to cum." She pulled out of the bald pussy and brought her dick to Clarke's mouth again. Blue eyes looked back at her as the submissive worked her mouth and tongue on Lexa. "Fuck." Her dick twitched as she came for a third time.

She returned to Clarke's pussy. Thrusting into her Lexa fucked her as hard as she did before. "You do not touch my things without permission Clarke. No one touches my things. That includes you. Because you belong to me now don't you princess?"

"Yes Daddy."

"Who's body is this?"

"It's your body Daddy."

"That's right. And who does your pussy belong to?"

"Daddy. My Daddy owns my pussy."

"Am I your Daddy Clarke?"

"Y-yes. Lexa you are my Daddy."

"Have you learned your lesson?"

Clarke was in heaven. Her ass was sore from the spanking. Lexa had the blonde's bound legs on her shoulder. The feel of toned thighs smacking her cum covered butt cheeks was almost enough to make Clarke orgasm. She knew she had to hold out until Lexa gave her permission. "Yes Daddy," the blonde said. "I have learned my lesson.

She was thrusting deeply. Lexa could feel the vaginal walls getting tighter around her but she wanted to deny Clarke her orgasm as long as she could. Easing up on her speed helped to keep her lover's orgasm at bay a few moments more.

"Will you touch my things without permission again?"

"No Daddy I won't."

"That's what I want to hear. Now you may cum."

Clarke's sweat covered body shuddered. As she tightened the walls of her pussy around Lexa's stiff shaft, she felt Lexa cum again. The blonde liked the feeling of Lexa gushing into her. The older woman collapsed on top of Clarke. Eventually they both regained their breath. "Wow Lexa. That was wonderful."

"Glad you liked it." Lexa pulled her semi soft dick out of Clarke with a soft slurp sound. She then removed the cuffs from her ankles and wrist. "Let's get cleaned up." Helping Clarke up off the bed they walked into the bathroom. The shower they shared led to a round of great shower sex. Once both women were clean, Lexa dried Clarke's body and hair. She brushed the blonde tresses then had
Clarke lay on the bed. The brunette applied a healing ointment to the bruised ass cheeks. Aftercare of a submissive was something Lexa enjoyed. Part of it was to show how much she appreciated them giving her their control. Part of it was because she liked to spoil women. Part of it was building trust with a sub. It was the best way Lexa knew how to show them she would not take advantage of them. She would not abuse them. Looking at the blonde's lithe body, Lexa knew she would cherish Clarke more than any other woman she had been with.

"Thank you Lexa," Clarke said. Her lover was rubbing body lotion on her arms as she lay on the bed.

"For what?"

"For this. I never knew I liked this kind of sex."

"You're welcome princess." The duo changed the bed linens then slipped beneath the covers. They immediately entwined their bodies with Clarke resting her head on Lexa's left shoulder. Looking at their laced fingers the brunette kissed each knuckle before she spoke again. "You really had a good time?"

"Yes. I want to repeat this again."

"Don't worry. We will defiantly do it again." Lexa was starting to realize this was what she had been missing. Something…no someone special to be with. "I want to thank you too. Spending time with you is making me finally slow down and take time away from work." She kissed full pink lips. "It's nice."

"Anything I can do for you Daddy is my pleasure," Clarke said.

Another chaste kiss is exchanged before both women drift to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Not sure what is up with this second end note that is traveling from chapter to chapter so at this point just ignore it. Anyway, how was the three way action? Honestly I had not preplanned that scene. When I was writing the lead up my muse said: why not? We also saw the ladies in their first BDSM session. Isn't Lexa a real sweetheart? She loves to spoil women lol. Yes they will become a couple but not quite yet. As always comment, review, kudos, etc. Enjoy your weekend folks!
Chapter 6

Sleepy blue eyes opened to a brightening room as the sun was rising. When the body next to her came into focus, Clarke sighed with contentment. This was the happiest that she had been in a long time. The rise and fall of Lexa's tattooed chest was arousing Clarke. She looked at the skin art that also covered most of Lexa's right arm wondering what all the symbols meant. Deciding to ask the question another time, the blonde ran her hand over her body. Slowly uncovering the woman she exposed more of the lean body she couldn't get enough of. Then it dawned on her. She was starting to fall for the brunette. Mind. Heart. Body. *We don't need to slow things down. I want her in every way I can have her.*

Clarke licked her lips once Lexa's body was fully exposed. Her cock was flaccid but she knew how to wake it up. Being careful not to disturb Lexa too soon, Clarke straddled the sleeping woman. She grabbed the monstrous penis and rubbed the tip along her wet center before placing it inside her hungry pussy. Slowly she eased herself onto the still soft member until she felt it fully sheathed in her warmth. Working her hips she could still the soreness of her ass. But Clarke didn't care. *I regret nothing about last night.* Leaning down she kissed all over Lexa's lips, neck, and chest. Within minutes Lexa's body responded. Soon she was rewarded with the fullness of the brunettes cock. Heavy breathing filled the room as she moved her body in a more wanton manner.

Finally green eyes opened to take in the slender body writhing atop hers. "Well good morning princess."

"Morning Daddy." Grinding down on the cock Clarke drew a moan from Lexa. "I didn't think you'd wake up."

"Only if I were dead." Strong hands grabbed her hips. "Damn Clarke. What did I do to get this early morning treat?"

"Being yourself. And I had to claim what's mine," Clarke said.

Lexa smiled. "So you own me now?"
"Mmhmm." Clarke squeezed her pussy around Lexa.

"Damn baby girl. Don't stop."

"Wasn't planning on it until I have at least three orgasms out of you," the blonde said. Clarke rode Lexa hard. Up and down, circles, tight grips with her pussy, all of it sent both women over the edge multiple times. The blonde was rewarded with Lexa filling her with cum. She had another orgasm as string upon string of semen jetted inside her. "Yes Lexa." She pressed her breast against Lexa's.

"Finish me off Daddy."

The brunette flipped them and pounded into her pussy. "Clarke…uh…I…oh God…I'm coming again." A fifth orgasm for Lexa and sixth for Clarke left both women spent. They fell asleep again within minutes.

"This past week has been amazing. I want to come over again tonight. Is that ok?"

Lexa smiled at the shorter woman. "You can have anything you want Clarke."

"In that case I can't wait to be under you."

"That can be easily arranged." The women shared a lust filled kiss as they stood in front of Arcadia clinic. They were completely wrapped up in each other. Hearing the sound of someone clearing their throat made them break apart.

"Nice to see you this morning Griffin." Octavia was smiling at the pair.

"Well this is where I work. But why are you here?"

"Your mom gave me my old job back. But we can talk later. Good seeing you Lexa," Octavia said.

"You as well Octavia," Lexa replied.

"Will you be on time to pick me up tonight," Clarke asked.

"Yes. I promise. No late meetings. No bringing work home including paperwork. Just me and you."

"Looking forward to it." With one last kiss the two parted.

Clarke was beaming as she went up to her office.

"Haven't seen you smile like that in a long time." Clarke turned around to see her mother.

"Hey mom."

"Is this Lexa's doing?"

The blonde couldn't stop the blush spreading across her face. She shook her head in the affirmative.

"It is."

"Things must be going very well between you two."

"They are." She thought about the time they had spent together recently. The two went about their days as normal. But almost all their free time was in each others' company. They spent a fair amount of it in her bed or in Lexa's. And each time Clarke learned something new about herself. Pushing those thoughts into the back of her mind she started to mentally prepare for her work day.
“Well I'm happy for you sweetheart.” Abby was thrilled to see her daughter returning to her old self. She hadn't seen the younger woman smile the way she was in a very long time.

The older Griffin woman made her way to Kane's office after getting a quick hug from Clarke. As the day went on, Clarke's mind kept going over the events of her time with Lexa. It had taken her to new heights. The things she and the brunette had done were beyond her wildest dreams. The best part was how Lexa was so loving and tender afterwards.

She was now eating lunch with Octavia. The blonde forgot how much she missed working with the brunette. "It's good to have you back O."

"It's good to be back. I'm also really happy I didn't have to take a pay cut."

"That is good. And mom rehired you at the right time. Things at the clinic have picked up lately. I think I might need an assistant and we could use another doctor.

"I noticed that the physical therapy department is bigger. Your mom has some top of the line equipment too." The brunette looked at Clarke closely. There were passion marks on her neck. She smiled to herself. It seemed that her friend and Lincoln's cousin had hit it off. "I was going to ask how things were with Lexa but I don't have to after I saw you two out front this morning. And seeing the marks on your neck."

The blonde was blushing for the second time that day. "Thanks. She's amazing." Clarke had to ask the obvious. "How is Bellamy?"

"He's been out of town doing auditions and modeling work. I'm sure he's his usual womanizing self. It wouldn't surprise me if he's become more of a man whore."

"Well maybe he'll find someone to settle him down like you did."

"I wasn't that bad. Besides you had your fair share of lovers."

"No. Those were relationships but they were just practice. Lexa is the real thing."

Clarke was happy when the clock struck 5pm just as she finished updating some patient files. Finally. Never thought this day would end. When she exited the building, Lexa was out front standing by her car. The woman was oozing sex appeal. A dark grey suit with black shirt, red tie, and red pocket handkerchief with black socks and Italian leather shoes was her attire. The blonde was presented with flowers after exchanging a chaste kiss.

"These are beautiful Lexa. Thank you."

"Of course. Now you want to go home for dinner or go out," the brunette asked.

"Home. I want to cook for you. Then I want you for dessert."

The taller woman couldn't open the passenger door fast enough. They rode to Lexa's place holding hands as they chatted to each other about their work day. Once they arrived at the mansion Clarke made lemon pepper chicken, with brown rice, and steamed vegetables. The casual conversation continued throughout the meal. After finishing dinner and cleaning the kitchen they relaxed in Lexa's jacuzzi tub.

"I've been thinking about something," Clarke said.

"Isn't that dangerous for blonde's to do?"
Clarke splashed water at the brunette. "As I was saying, I've been thinking. Since you met my mom maybe it's time I meet your aunt and uncle."

"Are you sure? My Aunt Indra she's…intense, stoic, and extremely protective of the family. So good luck getting her to like you."

"Yeah I'm sure."

"I thought we were slowing things down?"

"So did I but that hasn't happened." Lexa held Clarke's hand as she stepped out of the tub. "Besides, things between us are pretty good."

Lexa stood and exited the tub as well. "Ok. I'll call her tomorrow and set it up for next weekend." The brunette pulled Clarke into her for a kiss. "And for the record I like what's happening with us."

Green eyes were twinkling with joy and love that had yet to be verbally expressed. But the blonde could see it. She could feel it when they touched. She could hear it when Lexa said her name. She could taste it when the brunette would cook for her. This beautiful woman wanted to be with Clarke and it made her feel wonderful. Another soft kiss quickly turned passionate. Clarke wrapped her legs around Lexa's waist. Soon she was carried into the bedroom and placed on the bed. With Lexa looking down at her, she felt super sexy. Pale pink lips peppered kisses over her body. Nimble hands moved across her soft flawless skin. Her nipples grew hard as Lexa quickly sucked one into her mouth. The woman's hard cock was rubbing her inner thigh. Lips captured hers once again. This time the kiss was slower but still full of heat. She allowed Lexa entrance into her mouth and their tongues danced around each other. Her moans mixed with Lexa's. They looked into each other's eyes when she pulled back for air.

Then Clarke felt Lexa enter her slowly. It was gentle. It was tender. It was soft. The blonde ran her nails down a strong back and gripped her ass. Wrapping her legs around a slim waist again, Clarke pulled Lexa into her as close as she could. Sensual kisses, low moans, and loving caresses were taking them to a new level.

"God Lexa. You feel so good."

"So do you Clarke." They were soon in sync with each other. Breast, stomachs, and middles met up as the lover's moved together. "Yes. Fuck yes. You're so damn beautiful princess. Cum whenever you want."

The exquisite friction set Clarke's body on fire. At the rate they were going, she knew multiple orgasms were ahead. She knew her body would be spent but she would be satisfied. Lexa had yet to fail in her task of driving Clarke over the edge multiple times. Until now all of her lovers were good but Lexa was different. It was as if the woman was in tune with her body. She felt more connected when she was with the billionaire. As much as the blonde liked it when Lexa was rough and dominating, she was enjoying this. It was a side of the brunette she had not seen in the bedroom until now. *Yep. I'm falling for this woman. Hard.* They came together as they shared another kiss. Their relationship had now changed. Things between them were deeper. They were more connected. And it was wonderful. Clarke couldn't ask for anything better. "Shit. Go deeper."

Lexa thrust her hips forward as she worked her throbbing dick into Clarke. She loved to dominate the blonde and make her submit. But this was just as pleasing to her. As she sent Clarke higher the brunette knew there was no going back. This had moved beyond a fling. Their relationship was growing past friends with benefits or kink partners. She would think about it later. Right now she had a beautiful blonde woman to please and Lexa was going to make her scream.
Weeks later after arranging, cancelling, and re-arranging dinner due to conflicting schedules, the pair stood at the front door of Lexa's aunt and uncle's house. It wasn't as big as the mansion Lexa lived in but Clarke was still impressed.

"Don't look so nervous. Aunt Indra is like a wolf. She smells fear and attacks. Relax and be yourself," Lexa said.

"That's easy for you to say. She's your aunt."

Lexa placed a soft kiss on her cheek then rang the doorbell. After a few seconds the front door opened. A short African-American woman with short hair stood at the doorway. She smiled and wrapped Lexa in a hug. "My favorite niece. It's been too long."

"I'm your only niece," Lexa said.

"True. But you're still my favorite."

"Aunt Indra this is Clarke."

The blonde smiled at the woman and extended her hand. "It's nice to meet you ma'am."

Indra took her offered hand. "We will see," the woman replied.

Great. We haven't been here two minutes and she hates me already. It's going to be a long night.

The areas of the house Clarke could see were furnished with several antiques. There were also many family pictures on the walls like Lexa had in her home. They followed the woman into the dining room. It too was decorated with classic original furniture. The table was formally set and Clarke almost died.

"Use your utensils outside in," Lexa whispered.

The door leading to the kitchen swung open and a tall man with a goatee and short dark brown hair walked into the room. Lexa hugged him. "Uncle Gustus. It's great to see you." Her uncle was just as loving as her father had been. Sometimes it was surreal to be around him. They were identical twins. When they broke their embrace, Lexa returned to Clarke's side. "Uncle Gustus this is Clarke. Clarke this is my Uncle Gustus."

Unlike his wife the big man pulled Clarke into a hug. "It's nice to meet you. I'm glad you came to join us since Lexa has not told us much about you."

"It's nice to meet you too Mr. Woods," Clarke said.

"Please call me Gustus. Well the food is ready. Hope you two are hungry."

Lexa pulled Clarke's chair out for her as her uncle did the same for his wife. I see where she gets her manners from. The brunette took the seat directly across the table from Clarke. "Relax," she mouthed.

They started the meal with an onion soup. It was followed by halibut with lemon butter, crispy shallots, and risotto.

"So Clarke what is it you do for a living," Indra asked.

"I'm the art therapist at my mom's clinic in mid-town. Arcadia Medical Center."
"I've heard of it. They have a good outpatient rehabilitation program," Gustus commented.

"That's where Octavia is working now. You two know each other Clarke?" Indra was very straightforward.

"Yes ma'am I do. We grew up together and remain best friends."

"And how did you meet my niece?"

"We first saw each other at a bistro not too far from our places of work. A few weeks later, we were formally introduced by Lincoln at the house warming party he had."

"So what does an art therapist do?"

"I help people express themselves while they cope with tragedy. It's usually a supplement to traditional counseling. I've some really positive results. One of my most difficult cases was an 11yr old boy. His mother found him with his father who had been shot and killed. The trauma sent him into a catatonic state for months. But I worked with him four days a week. Eventually he was able to recover and could I.D. the man who shot his father."

Lexa was impressed. Hearing this story made her realize how important Clarke's work was. She had to be really good at her job to help a person in such a severe mental state. Compassionate and professional. Seems I've hit the jackpot.

"You wish to remain an art therapist?"

"Yes ma'am I do. But I also hope to have a gallery showing someday." The blonde answered every question the woman had for her. And she had a lot of questions. She asked Clarke about her childhood, her parents, her education, any criminal history, anything and everything under the sun. Lexa and Gustus ate their meals quietly. They knew not to interrupt Indra while she was in detective mode.

"I assume you know about our family's money."

"Yes. But I wasn't aware of it until Lexa and I started seeing each other. It was a surprise for me to find out I was dating the CEO of Polis Enterprises."

"So you're not after money. That's good to hear."

Dessert was an almond mocha mousse. It had been a delicious meal all the way around. Indra cleared the table with Lexa's help. Now it was time for Gustus to talk with Clarke in private. He escorted her into the parlor.

"My wife can be…intense," he said.

"Lexa warned me. Although she didn't tell me much about you."

"Well as you can see I'm a nice guy."

"Yes. Lincoln is a lot like you."

"Thank you. Makes me proud as a father to hear that. So," he said his expression turning serious. "How do you feel about Lexa?"

"I like her. A lot. She's smart, fun, and really sweet. At least she's sweet to me."
"Do you think the two of you have a future together?"

"I hope so. Lexa… is unlike anyone I've dated before."

The man smiled. "That's good to know. I saw the way she looks at you. I've never seen her look at anyone that way before. She's crazy for you." The pair continued their talk quietly until the women joined them with Lexa carrying a tray of tea. They chatted for an hour until Indra and Gustus were ready to call it a night.

"Clarke," Indra said as she left the room.

"Yes ma'am?"

"It was nice meeting you. See if you can get our niece to visit us more often."

"I will ma'am."

The woman headed upstairs while Gustus walked them to Lexa's car. He hugged both women before saying a final goodnight.

"That wasn't too bad," Clarke said as Lexa drove them back to the mansion.

"No it wasn't." Lexa looked at her when they came to a red light. "My aunt might like you. She usually doesn't like anyone. Ever."

"I couldn't tell."

"It helps that you told the truth. She has a private investigator and knew everything about you before we arrived tonight."

"That's… good to know I guess. You could've told me about your uncle." Clarke hit her arm playfully.

Lexa smiled at her. "Seeing you antsy was kind of fun. And you're going to get spanked for hitting me."

Clarke almost melted into the floorboard at the reprimand. She couldn't wait. The blonde was becoming a glutton for punishment.

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It was a peaceful Saturday afternoon. Clarke took a moment to admire her newly finished painting. An abstract of two embraced lovers. As she put away her art supplies, the door bell chimed. When Clarke opened the door the postal worker was already walking back to their truck. Looking down she saw the box they left. Her name was on it with an address from an online retail store unknown to her. She carried it inside, opened it and read the note.

We're going out tonight. I want you to eat a good meal, be well rested, freshly showered and shaved, and wear the outfit in this box. Nothing more. Nothing less. No makeup. No extra jewelry. No extra accessories. No perfume. Wear your hair down. I'll pick you up at 8:15 sharp. Do not make me wait. Any deviation from these instructions will result in harsh punishment. Daddy demands your obedience. See you tonight.

Removing the tissue paper, Clarke pulled out a red leather dress. Under it was a red crotch less lace thong with a matching bra, red high heel shoes, a red collar with rhinestone letters spelling the word SLAVE, and a Y shaped chain. The blonde had no idea what the last item was. So she sent a
message to Lexa.

Clarke: Just got your package. I love all of it. But what is the Y chain for?

Lexa: Glad you like your gift. That chain connects three clamps. Two go on your nipples and one goes on your clit.

C: Oh ok.

L: I'm at the gym. I'll see you tonight.

After a nap, eating dinner, and making sure she was properly groomed, the young blonde was dressed and ready at for Lexa to arrive. But she decided to not wear the chain clamps and put on a pair of earrings. She was going to push Lexa's buttons. It had been three weeks since she had her last punishment. Tonight she wanted to see how harsh Lexa would get.

It was 8:15 on the dot when the doorbell rang. When she opened the door Clarke almost melted. Lexa was dressed in a black leather vest, black leather pants which hugged her long legs, and black riding boots. She had a watch with a thick black leather band on her right wrist. A platinum chain with the BDSM symbol and the letter D in the center was around her neck. The pants she wore seemed to accent her large cock.

"Hey baby girl. Good to see you're dressed." Lexa stepped into the townhouse and closed the door. She lifted Clarke's dress. "You didn't put on your chain clamps. And you're wearing earrings." There was throbbing in her pants. Lexa couldn't wait to punish the younger woman. Her submissive had disobeyed her not once but twice. "It's too late to put it on and remove the earrings. You know what this means don't you?"

"Yes Daddy."

"Ok. Let's go." As she drove to their destination Lexa instructed Clarke on how she was to behave. "We're going to Velvet tonight. Since you are my sub and will do what I tell you when I tell you. No talking back. And you do not question my authority in front of others. No one is allowed to touch you even if it's to shake your hand. If anyone offers you a drink or ask you to dance you decline. No talking to other Masters, Mistresses, Doms, Mommy's, or Daddy's unless I give you permission. You want to do anything including go to the restroom you ask me first. Do you understand princess?"

Clarke's head was swimming. Her stomach was in knots. Now she knew why the other woman had dictated the clothing and how she would need to behave. For the first time she and Lexa were going to be dominate and submissive while in public.

"Do you understand?"

"I understand Daddy."

"Other masters and Doms will have jewelry similar to mine with the full word or the letters M or D. Some might have a tattoo showing."

20mins later they arrive at Velvet. The line to get in was longer then it had been on their first visit. Handing the keys to the valet, Lexa escorted Clarke to the front of the line. Since she was a life member they were granted automatic entrance into the club. Stepping to the counter Clarke saw a display of colored wrist bands and what each color meant. White was for observers. Yellow was for observers who wanted to play with one partner. Brown was for people who wanted to play with multiple partners. Pink was for those who like woman and blue for people who like men. Black was for BDSM. Purple was for other kinks. Orange was for exhibitionist. Green was swinger couples.
Red was for couples who didn't want to swing. Lexa choose white, black, orange, and red.

They made their way into the club. The farther they walked to the back the more the set up changed. Fewer chairs and tables and more loungers, sofas, and the occasional mattress. Wow. I wonder if this furniture is new. Clarke had never witnessed anything like this. People were engaged in various sex acts. She observed people in large groups of 12 or more while other groups were smaller with only four or five people. There were people fully clothed and watching the action. Dancers were in cages. Bowls containing condoms were in several places. A few couples had red wrist bands like her and Lexa but not very many.

Once they were seated in the VIP Lexa ordered their drinks. "Welcome to the Velvet sex party," Lexa said.

"It's like this every Saturday?"

"Yes. But don't worry. They always sanitize the place and replace the furniture. That's why they are closed on Sunday."

"That's good to know." Clarke turned her attention to the main stage. There was a live sex show in progress. A naked man had his hands bound to a bar above his head. He was gagged with his legs spread and tied to rings attached to the stage floor. It was a free for all as both men and woman performed oral sex on him.

"The bound guy is Clint. He's a submissive top. Most people would never guess that he's a college football coach."

"You know him?"

"Yep. We meet when I first started coming here."

As the night went on the duo danced in the VIP dance area and watched a few others have sex. Lexa was ready to take a break so they exited the dance floor. When they returned to the lounge area Morgan was there.

"Hey you two," the woman greeted.

"Good to see you Morgan," Lexa replied. "Clarke say hello to our friend."

"Hello Morgan."

The woman smiled. "Wow Lexa. You have her trained already."

"I do. But she disobeyed me tonight. She'll be punished soon so stick around."

OMG! She's going to punish me here! I thought it would be when we got home. Clarke was now wet with the thought of being spanked and maybe even fucked in front of other people.

"Where's Owen," Lexa asked.

"At home taking care of our pregnant wife. I'll be happy when the baby gets here. I want to have our threesomes again."

As the two chatted, Lexa didn't allow her lover to join the conversation. Instead she instructed the blonde to give her a blow job. After two orgasms, Lexa was ready to punish Clarke for her misbehavior. The brunette removed the special belt she had which doubled as a restraint. She looped
it around Clarke's hands, walked her to a pole, and secured her bound wrists to it. She spoke to the
crowd as she did. "I told my submissive to wear the brand new chain clamp I was nice enough to
buy for her. But she didn’t. I also told her not to wear extra jewelry but she did anyway. So she is
going to be taught a lesson for disobeying me twice." The brunette pulled up the dress and exposed
the thong clad ass to the observers. Lexa walked to the wall next to the pole and selected the cat-o-
nine tails.

The stings of the first few lashes were the worst. But after the third one, it was pleasure to Clarke.

"Why did you disobey your master," Lexa asked.

"Because I wanted to look pretty for you Daddy." It was a lie. She was sure Lexa knew the real
reason. But she would make the brunette force it out of her.

"I don't believe you."

Three more lashes with the leather implement. Clarke could feel wetness start to run down her thighs.
Fuck this feels good.

"Why did you disobey me?"

"So I could be pretty for you. I wore them for my master."

Lexa grabbed a hand full of hair. "You expect me to be that dumb? Tell me the truth." Three more
lashes were placed across her ass.

"I…I wanted you to punish me Daddy."

Lexa brought the thin strips to Clarke's ass another five times. Red welts formed on Clarke's
backside. The blonde was such a good submissive. She was loyal, loving, and most of the time she
was obedient. When she did require punishment Lexa loved it when she had the opportunity to put
her lover back in her place. Now was one of those times. She made sure she was always deserving
of Clarke's submission just as the blonde made sure she was deserving of Lexa's dominance. "Is it
because you're a slut?"

"Yes Daddy. I'm your slut."

"Will you listen the next time I give you instructions?"

"Yes Daddy. I will listen."

"Good slave." Lexa stood behind Clarke and entered her with one deep thrust. She hadn't bothered
with tucking herself away after the oral sex. It was a sex party so no one cared.

Lexa's grip on Clarke's hair got tighter as she was fucked roughly by the brunette. Deep strokes just
the way she liked it. Her pussy would probably hurt tomorrow but at the moment she was enjoying
her punishment. How she kept herself from coming as Lexa filled her pussy with semen was a
mystery to her. It always felt so good to have the hot liquid shoot into her as Lexa thrust her hips.
She halted her movements and pulled out. Lexa turned her body around.

Clarke was now facing the music so to speak. There were about a dozen people watching the action.
Some were simply observing while others were engaged in sex as they looked on. It aroused her
even more. Total strangers were watching as she was flogged, fucked, and denied orgasm. Lexa
grabbed and squeezed Clarke's breast. She sucked one side then the other until both her nipples were
rock hard. The brunette took two clothes pens out of her vest pocket and clamped them onto the
pebbled nubs.

Lexa flicked the clothes pens as she spoke. "You like it don't you? You like to be owned. Being punished."

"I do Daddy." In the short time they had been doing this, Clarke had become a masochist. Pain during sex was something she now loved. It put her in a trance. She felt alive. She felt free. In a strange way she also felt loved. Lexa put so much time into making sure Clarke was as satisfied during sex as she was. So it was on days like today when she would be defiant. She would mess up dinner, not answer Lexa properly, take something without permission, or annoy Lexa in some way so she could receive harsh treatment from the brunette. Clarke did these things on days when she wanted to bring out the animal in Lexa. She did it when she wanted to exercise her own form of domination of the other woman. Lexa knew she did this but wasn't threatened since it added to their dynamic.

The blonde saw Lexa holding the cat-o-nine tails again. She rubbed the leather across her breast. That led to soft hits on her nipples. They were a deep red and more sensitive. Clarke moaned when the force of the hits increased. As the leather bit into her skin, her once flawless flesh became red and bruised.

"Will you disobey me again?"

"No Daddy."

Lexa smacked her across the face. Not enough to leave a mark but to remind her who was truly in charge. "Slut. I want to hear you saw it properly."

"Daddy, I will not disobey you again."

She felt Lexa's thick rod enter her again. "You fucking whore. I should let you continue to be horny. But you learned your lesson. Haven't you?"

"Yes Daddy."

Over the brunettes shoulder, Clarke saw there had been an increase in the number of people watching. But she didn't care. She was being filled in the best way by her brunette lover. The blonde thrust her hips forward.

"That's it. Fuck yourself on Daddy's dick."

Clarke did exactly that. The motion of her hips was wild. Lexa held her by the waist as the dark haired woman watched her. It was awkward with her hands bound while in an upright position. Still, she was able to feel Lexa deep inside her. From base to tip. "Fuck Daddy. You are so...so good...so big. Oh...fill me up right." Her throat was going dry from the moans and words of delight. "Damn Daddy." Usually Lexa was the talker but Clarke couldn't help herself. The crowd of people behind Lexa, the woman filling her heated core, the humiliation of public punishment, the pain of her chest and ass, all of it was a combination she had to push to the back of her mind. If she didn't, she would clim before given permission.

"I know And you take it good like the slut you are," Lexa said.

"Shit. I don't think I can hold out. It felt too good. She needed to cum badly. "Let me cum Daddy. Please..."

"Why should I do that?"
"Because I'm Daddy's slave. I-I want to pleasure you. Please let me show you...h-how...much I love your dick."

Lexa smiled at her before kissing her deeply. "Such a good submissive bottom." Her walls were quivering. She was extremely wet. She was half out of her mind when Lexa finally told her what she wanted to hear. "You may cum baby girl."

"Thank you Daddy." The blonde's vaginal walls shuttered and tightened around Lexa as the woman gave a final thrust and tumbled over the edge with her. Bright points of light flashed behind Clarke's eye lids. Wave after wave of sexual pleasure ran through her body. She melted into the strong body pressed into hers. After what felt like hours but was only minutes in reality, Clarke was finally coming down from her high. A mixture of her and Lexa's juices ran down her thighs as the other woman pulled out her spent penis.

"Good job princess," Lexa whispered. She untied Clarke, fixed her dress, tucked herself back into her form fitting pants, and ordered them more drinks. It was after 3am when they took a taxi back to Clarke's place since both women were too drunk to drive. Once inside, the duo stumbled upstairs in a tangle of limbs and leather clothes. They fell into Clarke's bed without breaking contact. Lexa fucked Clarke so hard she could barely sit for the next three days.

Chapter End Notes

Indra was no joke. Very much protective of her family for several reasons. How about Clarke? Lexa pretty much owns that and visa versa. That club scene wasn't too much was it? Maybe it wasn't enough? Oh and the book Clarke was reading in chapter 5 is a real book. No I haven't 50 Shades of Grey so I don't know how this fairs in comparisson. As always comment, kudos, etc. Another update coming soon. Later folks.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Ok I need to make something clear. The choice of a poly relationship DOES NOT APPLY to this story. It is for a GrounderMechanic fanfiction story only. Just want to see what people would like to read. Poly, G!P. roleplay, bondage, threesoms, etc. You all get to decide the Rayna story.

Now I'm happy that last chapter was so well liked. Not sure if this one melts the screen off y'alls devices but I think it's a good follow up because it's not a quick filler chapter. Seems like I could change the names and get this published as an erotic novella. Almost everyone who is reading this thinks it's better than 50 shades. But the world isn't ready for a gender bender like this. So this remains special to Clexa fandom only lol. This chapter has some fluff and of course...PORrn. It gets a little technical at one point but the techniques really do work on women so try them out for yourself. ;-)
C: My mouth is watering.

L: You'll get to use it on me later.

C: Wish I was there so I could suck you. Make you cum in my mouth so I can feel it slide down my throat. Then clean you with my tongue.

L: Don't tease me right now. I have to get rid of this monster before the board meeting. I'll see you tonight.

C: See you later Lexa.

The afternoon dragged on for Clarke. She couldn't leave work quickly enough when the clock struck 5pm. The blonde stopped at her place, packed an overnight bag then drove to Lexa's. Using the key Lexa gave her, she went upstairs to remove the light layer of make up from her face then brushed her teeth and her hair. She changed out of her work clothes and into a lavender fishnet body stocking with no panties and black peep toe heels. Returning downstairs she started dinner. It was a simple spicy shrimp stir fry over rice with an Asian inspired tossed salad. As she started to plate the food, a familiar voice spoke out.

"A picture of perfection."

Clarke turned around to see Lexa standing at the kitchen entrance. The blonde bit her lower lip at the sight of the other woman. The sleeves of her powder blue dress shirt are rolled up with no tie, her tan dress slacks are slightly wrinkled, no shoes are on her feet. Even after a long day of work she still looked good. The woman is pure sex and confidence the blonde just can't resist. Lexa entered the room, picks her up, and deposits her onto the counter. Their lips meet. Tongues swirl around one another. Hands grab her gold colored hair. Moans are exchanged. Blue eyes look into green. God she turns me on so much. A combination of the coolness from the counter surface and Lexa's lips gave Clarke goose skin. "I missed you today."

"Missed you too princess." Strong arms picked her up again as she is carried out of the kitchen and to the sofa in the den. "I meant what I said. You are perfection." She kissed plump lips while softly nipping at the bottom one. Small bites were placed along the blonde's neck. "Let's get this off." As quickly as she could, Lexa removed Clarke's shoes and the skimpy garment. She enjoyed feeling the soft skin under her palms and fingers. Her lips and tongue went lower as she made took extra care with her kisses and caresses. When she reached two firm breasts the nipples were already hard.

"Oh…"

Lexa was running her hands all over her body. She didn't think she could be so turned on by something as simple as touch. But she was. Clarke shuttered as soft lips kissed up then down her inner thighs. Several times Lexa repeated these actions. Kissing her, teasing around her pussy with mouth and tongue. "I need you inside me." What Lexa was doing to her was pure torture. However, the brunette had other plans for Clarke. She kept up her actions. A mix of soft languid kisses and gentle bites from her thighs to her bikini area. Lexa ignored her pussy. She was making Clarke desperate to have attention on her clit, to be filled, to be fucked. Anything.

"Please Daddy I need more."

"Soon baby girl."

Lexa brought one hand to Clarke's pussy and rubbed the outside area. She brought her other one to her clit and gave it a soft squeeze. "Work your pussy for me. It'll feel great." Then she grabbed the
outer lips with her fingers and pulled on them while Clarke worked her kegel muscles. Green eyes became darker as she watched Clarke's clit jump up and down. The increased puffiness showed how turned on she was. "You have the prettiest pussy." The older woman had been with lots of women. By far the woman currently in her company really did have the most photogenic pussy. "I love how it looks. I love how it taste. How it feels." Her clit was the size of a match head but Lexa knew it was a good thing. It made Clarke so sensitive in that area that she didn't even need to use a vibrator on the woman to bring her to climax. The smaller the clit the more sensitive it would be. Pulling the outer lips open she saw the inner lips. They reminded her of a little butterfly and sucking on them was the best. There were not too much lips or too little lips. She resumed with the teasing kisses as she rubbed the hard clit. Clarke was moaning and moving her hips to get Lexa's fingers inside her or get more contact with her mouth. It didn't matter because she still had lots of teasing to do. So the brunette remained in total control. Moving back to Clarke's pussy she gave her clit a few licks before sucking it into her mouth. Slow clockwise then counterclockwise circles drove hands into her dark hair. She sucked harder and licked faster.

"Yes Lexa. Oh yes…mmmmmmmn." Her lover was close so she backed off. Lexa looked up at Clarke. Furrowed brow, dark ocean blue eye, tight mouth, all of it told of the blonde's frustration. The desperation in her body was seen by the way her legs quivered. "I'm going to make you cum so hard." She placed her mouth back on the woman and started to suck the whole vagina. The brunette put as much lip as she could on the other woman. She lowered her mouth a little more and ran her tongue around the entrance before she stuck the small muscle inside the heated wetness. *Fuck she tastes so damn good.* Soon she had Clarke close to another climax but stopped right before she could orgasm.

"Daddy please. Stop teasing me." The woman continued with her activity. It went on for 20 mins. Clarke would be close to climax and Lexa would stop right before she went over the edge. Then it happened. She felt a slender finger rub around her hole then slowly enter her. It. Felt. Divine. She squeezed her walls in an effort to feel more. Yet Lexa was in no hurry to give the blonde the release she desperately craved. Clarke tried to move her hips only to have Lexa reprimand her with a smack to both breast. It only served to turn the blonde on even more.

"I'm not done tasting you." Lexa was enjoying her torture of Clarke. She had the young blonde at her mercy. Right now the CEO wanted her fun. She took her time as she used one then two fingers to fill Clarke. Her fingers made contact with the front and side walls. Wetness covered her lips, chin, and the outside of Clarke's pussy. Turning her fingers down, Lexa pressed and applied pressure to the inner sphincter muscle. That's when her lover really moved her hips. With slow strokes on the very reactive area, she took Clarke close to climax several times. The walls of her pussy were getting tighter and tighter around Lexa's fingers. As hard as her dick was, Lexa wanted to give Clarke an incredible orgasm. Looking into the sapphire blue of Clarke's eyes Lexa could see her need. She drew out the pleasure even more. Right before the g-spot on a woman was the a-spot. She found it right before Clarke's cervix on the front wall and pressed. Clarke didn't squirt from it but she got really, really, really, really, really, really wet. *I love doing that.* Lexa placed her mouth on the clit again. That and the massaging of Clarke's walls had the woman mad with need. No words left her mouth. Just groans and screams.

"Cum for Daddy. Don't hold back." Lexa felt more than saw the woman's entire body shudder as she let go of her control. More sucking and g-spot stimulation made the woman have orgasm after orgasm. Once she stopped Lexa thought the woman had passed out. Still she kept up her assault on Clarke's pussy until she begged Lexa to stop. "You taste wonderful," the brunette commented. Her lips and chin were glistening with Clarke's juices. Slowly she pulled out and licked her fingers clean. Then mopped up Clarke's pussy.
"That was beyond good Daddy. Where did you learn to do all of that?"

Lexa settled beside her on the sofa as she spoke. "I've read over three dozen books on female
anatomy and sexuality."

"Well…you certainly picked up some good techniques. That was the best oral sex I ever had."

"Glad I could satisfy you. Still hungry?"

"Yes."

"Stay here. I'll reheat the food and we can eat in here." She leaned down and gave Clarke a loving
kiss. Lexa returned with a big bowl full of the rice and stir fry. After their shared dinner and shower,
sleep was far from their minds. Clarke was naked on the bed waiting for Lexa. When she stepped out
of the closet she was in a blue male thong and a pair of black combat boots she only wore for
playtime. In her hands was one of the toy containers.

Clarke gave her a wicked smile. Usually the lovers planned their playtime. But the blonde was up for
whatever game Lexa had in mind tonight.

"Any request princess," Lexa asked.

"No Daddy. You can do whatever you want."

"Crawl to me." The blonde dropped to the floor and crawled to her. "Lick my boots."

Clarke quickly complied and ran her tongue along the black leather. The way the brunette woman
would take control of her was a major turn on. It was surreal to her sometimes. She had always been
so independent and strong. And she still was. Clarke was not a person to back down, stay silent, or
be treated as less than equal in any relationship. Yet here she was on all fours kissing and licking the
boots of a woman she couldn't say no to. The blonde couldn't get enough. Clarke wanted everything
Lexa was willing to give. So she made sure she pleased Lexa as much as the brunette pleased her.

"Good girl. Now stay on your hands and knees," Lexa instructed.

Cuffs were placed around her ankles. Then Lexa reached forward and grabbed her wrist. Her arms
were pulled between her legs and placed into the middle slots of the cuffs. Clarke's breathing
increased as she lay with her face pressed into the carpet, arms bound between her restrained legs.
This made her ass and pussy fully exposed. A hard smack caused her to cry out. The second smack
was much harder than the first. Lexa was using the leather paddle. It was Clarke's favorite. She had
become very fond of the material. It was soft, warm, comforting. The smell of it was divine. Clarke
wished she could be wrapped in it forever. Her head was pulled back roughly when Lexa grabbed a
handful of golden hair.

"You are my bottom bitch. My submissive. Always remember that."

She felt Lexa enter her roughly with her sizable cock. Clarke loved it. Oh shit. She fills me up so
good. Every time she's in me. Lexa gripped her hips thrusting into her hard and deep.

"What a whore you are. I punish you and you get wet." The dull pain from the smacking of Lexa's
front into her whipped ass added to Clarke's pleasure. "Say: I'm a whore who likes to get spanked.
I'm a whore for my Daddy."

"I'm a…whore who…who likes to get…s-spanked. I'm a w-w-whore…for my…Daddy."
"And who's dick do you love?"

"Your dick Daddy."

"That's right. You better fucking love it." Lexa squeezed her right ass cheek. "Only I get to fuck you how I want, when I want, where I want. Do you understand?"

"Yes Daddy." Clarke was close. The dirty talk was rapidly pushing her to orgasm. "May I cum Daddy?"

Lexa pressed herself into Clarke's backside. The full weight of her lover pressed her upper body further into the carpet. Soft lips brushed her ear. "Yes you may cum on Daddy's dick."

Clarke's entire body shook as she let herself go. She squeezed around Lexa's erection which sent her right into a second orgasm. She whimpered when the brunette pulled out. Her blue eyes took in the sight of toned thighs when Lexa kneeled in front of her.

"Open up."

Clarke opened her mouth. Tasting herself on the tip of Lexa's cock made her head spin. Like before, Lexa pumped into her without letting her get use to the size. She almost panicked when Lexa hit her gagged reflex. But she willed herself to relax.

"Fuck you're so nasty."

_Only for you Lexa. No one else could do anything like this to me._ She was in heaven as Lexa used her body. That's when the blonde felt string after string of semen shoot into her mouth. She swallowed every drop of it as Lexa held her head in place. Looking up the toned body she moaned at the sight of Lexa's muscles flexing as she finally had an orgasm. Her vision changed when Lexa lifted her bound body and placed her onto the bed. The bed sheets weren't as scratchy as the carpet so she was happy Lexa moved her.

Looking at Clarke made Lexa more aroused. Her pussy and ass were there for the taking. So glistening and wet from their first round of sex. She returned to licking Clarke's pussy again. But in this position she had superb access to her ass as well. Soon she was making her way to the puckered hole. She used her tongue and mouth in the same she had on Clarke's pussy. Using her tongue she licked around and on the hole. She was loving how responsive the other woman was to this area of sex.

"This feel good to you baby girl?"

"It does Daddy. Ooohhhhh...don't stop." Clarke was beginning to like the feel of Lexa licking and kissing her ass. The strong hands were massing her still sore cheeks. All of it was very soothing and relaxing even in her current position. _This might be my new favorite position. Love how she can do wh-OMG! "Daddy!"_ The brunnette had snaked her tongue into her anal canal. She had no idea it could feel so good to receive anal stimulation. "Daddy...that...is so good." Clarke could feel a new wave of arousal work its way through her body. Then there was slight pressure as finger entered her anus. The digit worked around her walls as Lexa loosened her asshole. When a second finger was inserted the blonde thought she would cum or pass out from the pleasure. How had she gone so long without having any form of anal sex? "God damn Daddy. Go deeper." The fingers went further into her and she moaned at the feel of it. This was quickly becoming another favorite fetish for her. She almost came when Lexa started to suck on her clit again. "Please let me cum Daddy."

"Not yet." She looped her thump down and let Clarke squeeze her vaginal opening around it. This
was just enough to fill the hungry spot.

Lexa continued the assault on both her holes. Clarke couldn't get enough but at the same time it was almost too much. Every part of her body was begging for release yet she didn't want the sweet torture to end. It took all of her concentration to make sure she did not cum before Lexa told her she could. She let out a whimper when Lexa stopped. Fingers that were sticky with the natural lubrication from her pussy and ass rubbed along her anus. Her lover pulled her into a sitting position.

"I've wanted this ass of yours every since I saw it walk into that bistro." The denim clad ass she saw that day was still fresh in the brunette's mind. "Just relax."

At the feel of Lexa's thick head on her asshole Clarke took a deep breath. Trying her best to loosen her puckered hole she waited to be filled. Finally, Lexa started to enter her. It was a sharp almost burning pain. Inch after inch was put inside her anus. She won't fit. She won't fit. Too much. Clarke wanted this same as Lexa did. Her body did not. She had to stop it. "Skikru."

That was it. Hearing that word made Lexa pull out of Clarke as slowly as she could. "Did I hurt you princess?" The brunette didn't see any blood but she had to make sure Clarke was ok. She removed the combo ankle and wrist restraint from Clarke. When she sat up the other woman appeared to be ok but Lexa had to make sure. "You need to go to the hospital?"

The concern of the CEO was touching. She felt fine. "I'm fine Lexa." They were now sitting side by side on the bed. "What you did with the licking and the fingers felt nice. But when you tried to enter me it was too much too soon."

"I understand." Lexa placed a chaste kiss on her lips. "Time to get cleaned up."

"Are...are you upset I stopped it?"

"No. I actually would've been upset if you hadn't stopped me." She took Clarke's slightly smaller hands into hers. "Yes my pleasure during sex is important. However, it's still the same from when we first started to do BDSM. Safety is always first. Nothing will ever change that. I don't want to hurt you unless you consent to it."

Ernst green eyes looked at her. It was so touching how loving Lexa was beneath the money, fancy clothes, and business persona other people saw. "I don't care what anyone else says. You're as sweet as cotton candy." Clarke pulled her in for a warm kiss. Not too hard. Not desperate. Not too chaste. Just long enough and deep enough to reinforce how much she appreciated the way Lexa treated her. It was refreshing to have an attentive lover. "We can try it again. But let's work up to it." When the blonde saw Lexa's megawatt smile her heart melted. "Yep. I'm in love."

"Are you sure," Lexa asked again. The last thing she wanted to do was force Clarke into something she didn't like. "I don't want to pressure you."

"I'm sure. Like I said we will work our way up to it."

"Ok. We can get ourselves cleaned up, I give you your aftercare, and then we can online shop for some new anal toys."

"You already have anal toys."

"True. But this is as good a reason as any to buy new ones."

"Clarke are you ready? We don't want to be late."
Lexa took one last look in the mirror. She was dressed in a pair of new black tuxedo pants, a wine colored tux jacket with matching bow tie, and a white dress shirt. Wine colored socks, gold cufflinks, and her gold Rolex completed her outfit. Her dark hair had fresh braids throughout. Diamond stud earrings and her college class ring was the only other jewelry she wore. A quick spray of the new cologne Clarke had bought her and she was satisfied with her appearance. The same had yet to be said for her date. Another call to the woman died in her throat when she stepped out of the closet.

"What do you think," Clarke asked.

Green eyes took in the beauty before her. Clarke was in a thigh high wine dress matching Lexa's jacket. The left side had a sleeve with the right side being sleeve less. She was wearing a pair of platinum earrings, with a matching tennis bracelet, a new designer clutch, and black heels. Her blonde hair was swept to the right and pinned into place. She wore no makeup besides lipstick.

"Wow." Unable to stop herself, Lexa walked over and pulled Clarke into a deep kiss. She wanted Clarke right then and there but they had to go. It was the company's annual fundraiser dinner and silent auction. "I'll be right back." She reemerged from the closet holding a small object. She had also switched her class ring with one made of black titanium band with an onyx gemstone. Stepping into her personal space she kissed Clarke again. "I want to make tonight interesting."

"Interesting how?"

"Spread your legs." Clarke opened herself to her and Lexa placed a small bullet inside of the woman right on her g-spot. She pressed the small gem on her ring to activate the toy.

"Oh God."

"That's the lowest setting."

"You're evil."

"But you love it," Lexa said with a smile.

They were late but not fashionably late. Even if they had been Lexa was the boss and no one was crazy enough to say anything about her being tardy. With great pride the CEO worked the room with her gorgeous date on her arm. Several men and a few women gave Clarke lustful looks. Lexa turned on the sex toy inside Clarke while they were chatting with the COO and his wife. She felt Clarke give her forearm a squeeze. Lexa smiled to herself. *This is going to be fun.*

"Hey Griffin. Hey Woods."

Both women turned to see Raven standing in front of them. She was in a black dress that went down to her ankles. Her hair was loose around her neck and shoulders. Black pumps and earrings completed the formal attire.

"Raven." Clarke hugged her friend. "What are you doing here?"

"I was invited."

Her escort for the evening walked up to the trio with drinks in hand. "Hey you two. I was wondering when we would see each other," Anya said. She was dressed in an all black tux with a black shirt and black bow tie. Unlike Lexa, the taller woman wasn't wearing any jewelry.

"I didn't know you two were dating," Clarke stated.
"We're friends," Raven said.

Being around their friends gave Lexa extra incentive to make her the blonde squirm. She pressed the ring again. This caused Clarke to inhale loudly.

"Are you ok," Lexa asked with as much concern as she could muster.

"Umm…yeah. Just got a sudden chill that's all," the blonde answered.

"Let's grab a table," Anya suggested.

The four women sat at the front of the room. It was shortly after the dinner service had started that the CEO really put Clarke to the test. As they completed the appetizer portion of the meal, Lexa doubled down and gave the ring two presses. It was now on setting number four. Under the table she felt Clarke's hand grab her leg and squeeze.

A lanky man in a slightly too big suit stepped up to the podium. He spoke a few words about the event and how Polis Enterprises was dedicated to helping the community. This year's donations were for the benefit of children living in foster care. He then turned things over to Lexa.

With a small smirk she pressed her ring again while walking to the front of the room. Looking out at everyone she could see Clarke sitting ram rod straight in her chair. Halfway there on the power settings. She's doing pretty good. Lexa hated public speaking. She was good at it but still didn't like to do it. Being the center of attention was not something she cared for very much. At least when it wasn't sexual in nature. Clarke had turned her into an exhibitionist. So her speech was brief and to the point. She spoke about the charity, the success of last year's fundraiser, how much she hoped they would pass that amount this year, and opened the silent auction.

"That was great," Clarke said when she returned to the table.

"Thank you." The entrée's were served. The four women had fun chatting and made plans to hang out together soon. Lexa was looking forward to it. Most of her free time was spent with Clarke. And she could tell that the brunette women sitting across from them might become another couple for them to hang out with. It was cute how they were trying to hide their feeling for each other. During the meal Clarke was antsy but not uncomfortable. When dessert was served Lexa discreetly pressed the ring three more times. The blonde woman almost jumped out of her seat.

"Clarke what's wrong," Raven asked.

"I uh…I need to use the restroom." The group watched as she rushed away on shaky legs.

"Is she ok," Anya asked.

"Yeah. She just went to the restroom," Lexa replied.

"Maybe I should go check on her," Raven said.

"Don't trouble yourself. I'll go if she's not back in five," Lexa said casually.

"Ok. Well I'm going to look at some of the auction items." Anya stood from her seat. "Care to join me," she directed to Raven.

"Sure."

Once the women had left Lexa started her search for Clarke. She found her in the unisex restroom on
the second floor of the hotel conference hall. After a soft knock Clarke pulled her in and locked the
door.

"I'm so happy you didn't wear stockings or panties." Lexa pressed the ring until it was on level 10. She
reached under the short dress and found her prize. Her thumb pressed Clarke's clit. "Cum for me
baby. I want you on my hand." Lexa's dick was hard as a rock when she felt Clarke ooze onto her
palm. Having the woman's juices wetting her fingers in that moment was the sexiest thing the
brunette had ever felt in her 34yrs of living. She walked the blonde over to the sink, turned her
around and bent her over. "I have a surprise for you." Lexa pulled out a slim anal plug. She rubbed
the toy on Clarke's pussy to lubricate it before sliding it into her ass. Their eyes meet in the mirror.
"This is your reward for holding out so long." Lexa pulled Clarke's dress up further until it was
around her waist then undid her pants. She used Clarke's wetness on her hand to lube her throbbing
member. Lining herself up with the slick opening, she pulled back her foreskin to watch the swollen
red tip disappear into the best pussy she ever had. As always Clarke was wet, warm, and tight. No
matter how hard or deep Lexa fucked her, it still felt as good as the first time they had went raw.
"Fuck. It always feels amazing to have your pussy wrapped around me." She pulled on the right side
of Clarke's dress. A soft breast with a firm nipple was exposed. Lexa pinched the nub and started to
pump harder into the welcoming pussy.

"Harder Lexa."

The brunette picked up the pace. She never took her eyes off of Clarke as they continued to watch
each other via the mirror. "I love you Clarke." I really do love her. The room filled with moans, the
soft slap of skin hitting skin, and words of pleasure. Pulling the blonde up and into her, Lexa kissed
her senseless. Her cock head would touch the bullet as she pumped inwards. She had never been so
hard in her life. Until now she had never been so in tuned with another person. The brunette didn't
think she would find someone who made her feel the way she does when she's with Clarke. As they
rutted, panted, and sweated together in front of a mirror in a public restroom the billionaire knew she
didn't want anyone else. Maybe a threesome from time to time. But she needed Clarke in her life.

"Make me cum Lexa."

"Yes Clarke. Give me your pleasure."

As Lexa thrust into her, the anal plug would be pushed further inside. That added to the experience.
Her orgasm over took her quicker than she wanted it to. But Lexa filled her so wonderfully. There
was also the small vibrating toy that increased their mutual pleasure. The brunette followed right
behind her when she unloaded into Clarke with a loud moan. "You never fail to satisfy me Daddy."

Lexa smiled. "Same to you baby girl." The brunette pulled out and removed the bullet from her
pussy then the butt plug from Clarke's ass. Both intimate acts start a second round of sex. Neither
woman lasted very long because of the first orgasm each had just experienced. Once they are done,
they help each other clean up.

Clarke is reapplying her smudged lipstick when she asked, "Did you mean what you said? You
really do love me?"

"I did." Lexa turned Clarke to face her. "I love you. We've known each other for a few months but
you're special to me Clarke." She pulled the other woman into her. "I...I want to be around you all
the time. My day is not the same when I don't see you or get to hear your voice. No one has ever
made me feel the way you do. I never thought I would find someone like you. A woman who not
only shared my fetish but also had interest similar to my own. A person who could love me for more
than my body. Someone who could see past the money and the power. You make everything better
Clarke. And I don't want to lose this. It started out as just sex but something more had developed.
Something I don't regret. I want more of this with you."

By now Lexa's voice was barely a whisper. Hearing the sweet words, feeling Lexa pressed into her, smelling her cologne, everything about the taller woman surrounded Clarke in that moment. Her heart almost beat out of her chest as they kissed again. This one was very different from any other kiss they had shared before now. It was tender and passionate. It was patient and frantic. It was soft and deep. It was lust and love.

Blue eyes meet green eyes as they truly saw each other for the first time. They are not only a dominate and a submissive. Nor were they simply friends with benefits. No. Clarke Griffin and Lexa Woods are in love. They know exactly what is happening between them. Both women know where this emotional exchange is going. Even if they could stop it they wouldn't want to.

"I love you too," Clarke said. "Should I tell Raven that I'm moving out?"

"Not tonight. Let's just enjoy the rest of the evening." Holding hands they rejoin their friends for the remainder of the fundraiser.

A soft knock on the front door surprises Clarke. She stood from the love seat to answer. It was the weekend but they weren't expecting any visitors. Upon opening the door, she sees a UPS delivery guy.

"Package for Alexandria Woods."

"I'll sign for it."

"Be right back," he said after taking the signature pad. He returns from his truck moments later with a rectangle shaped package. The guy placed it inside the doorway, bid Clarke a good day, and left. "Lexa."

The brunette came from the kitchen where she had been making them lunch. "What's up princess?"

"This just came for you."

"It's finally here."

"What is it?"

"You're about to find out."

Ripping the box top open then tearing down the front a painting was revealed. She was extremely surprised because it wasn't any painting. It was one of the four Clarke had submitted to the fundraiser three weeks prior. The piece was the abstract she had painted a few months before.

"You bought this?" Clarke couldn't believe her eyes. She knew all four of her paintings had been sold. Never did she think Lexa had been one of the buyers.

"Sure did."

"How much did you bid for it?"

"Seven."

"You bid seven thousand dollars for this?"
"No. I bid seven hundred thousand," Lexa answered. "And it was worth every penny." The brunette smiled at the speechless woman. "Don’t look so surprised. The other pieces you submitted sold for way more than this one did."

"But why so much Lexa?"

"I know it's us in this painting so I really wanted it. Plus I love the artist who created this magnificent piece." She kissed her new girlfriend. "I believe in you and your talent baby. You will have that gallery showing one day."

Chapter End Notes

Well there you have it. They are official. All moved in and everything. And I know it wasn't that romantic for Lexa to tell Clarke she loves her during sex. But when have these two followed typical dating guidelines? Clarke has her limits after all and not everything they do is automatically ok for her. There will be anal sex down the line so be ready for it. I'll give a heads up when it happens. We also see how Anya and Raven think they are chill but everyone else knows better. Next update coming soon. Thanks for reading!
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Hey all. So I'm going to let you all know that this chapter is a little shorter than usual but still pretty good. More anal this chapter. Someone has a birthday and gets their birthday wish. Also, I want to thank all of you for reading and your continued support. I try to be accurate and keep the mistakes to a minimum. But hard as I try I still make mistakes. Don't have any help to edit this. So anyone who wants to help out and become a beta reader let me know. I'd really like to have the help. Happy reading.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 8

The following week, Lexa was extra busy. She was planning Clarke's birthday and attempting to negotiate a possible co-manufacturing deal with Azgeda Incorporated. But President and CEO Nia Queen was not agreeing to any of the proposals. She'd had enough and decided to allow Anya, Luna, and her CFO Nyko deal with it until she got back. Lexa had made special plans for Clarke's birthday. All she told the blonde was to take time off from Thursday to Tuesday the next week for an extended weekend getaway. Thursday afternoon couldn't arrive soon enough. She picked Clarke up from the clinic on her red 2010 Ducati Scrambler.

"Wow. Is this new?"

"Hardly. Just thought I'd take it for a spin. And I wanted to give you some early excitement." Lexa handed Clarke a helmet. "Two things to remember princess. First, lean with me on the bike when turning. Second, hold on tight. This baby can fly." Once Clarke was securely behind her, Lexa started the bike and was in uptown in no time. It was a turn on having the blonde sitting so close behind her. Slender arms around her waist, breast pressed into her back, the warm body on hers. She knew they would have to go riding again because the brunette loved this feeling. Making sure she didn't crash she refocused on controlling the vehicle. 30 minutes later, they arrived at the airport.

"That was fun."

"Glad you liked it."

"So why are we at the airport?"

"We are going out of town for our weekend getaway."

"Why didn't you tell me to pack," Clarke asked.

"Because I did it during lunch and had our bags sent ahead. They should already be on the plane." She kissed her girlfriend and led her to the charter flight terminal.

After a quick check in they boarded a small private jet. It was unlike anything Clarke had ever experienced. The interior of the aircraft was impeccable. There was multi color ambient lighting. Wood trim accented the dark leather seats. High quality plush carpeting was laid throughout the main cabin. It was a far cry from the commercial jetliners Clarke was use to. At Lexa's request, Clarke was
allowed to sit upfront with the pilots during taxi and takeoff. Once they were airborne and at cruise altitude she rejoined the brunette in the main cabin. The flight attendant served them Champaign, caviar, and truffles.

"Did you enjoy being on the flight deck with the guys?" Lexa was happy they had agreed to let her girlfriend sit upfront. Before they took off she was able to make a few quick phone calls to ensure her plans for the next day were in place.

"Yes I did."

"Good. Happy birthday baby."

"Lexa it's not until tomorrow," Clarke said.

"True. But we can start celebrating today." She kissed the blonde's plump lips. Like always, it didn't take long for things between them to get hot and heavy. Clarke and Lexa head into the private cabin. It was a small bedroom complete with a mini shower. The couple started making out with the blonde pressed against the door.

Clarke reached down and made a show of undoing the front of Lexa's pants. Slowly her girlfriend grabbed her hard shaft and started to work her hand along its full length giving it a tight squeeze. She threw her head back in pleasure. The blonde had grown into a sub and true power bottom. A real dick pleasure. Always willing and able to take everything Lexa had been able to dish out so far. Then the brunette felt warm wetness envelope her. "God baby. You always suck my dick so good." Lexa looked down at the blonde who's blue eyes were watching her. The bobbing, the licks from tip to base then up again, soft slaps on her tongue, and the firm grip her girlfriend had on her made precum pour from Lexa.

"I like to bring out the best of you." The brunette somehow became more swollen as Clarke ran her small pink muscle around the head and along the tiny slit at the tip. Lips were now kissing her thighs before her balls were sucked into the woman's warm mouth. I hope this never changes. Even if we're together for 30 years I hope me and Clarke will continue this. Lexa stood the blonde up and pushed Clarke onto the bed. She removed her clothes then did the same for Clarke.

Azure eyes looked at the body standing before them. To the golden haired woman, Lexa was the best of both male and female. She was mentally and physically strong but emotionally intelligent. She was hard muscle with soft curves in the right places. In a fight she could hold her own and be a protector. Or she could be sweet, loving, and kind. She was a great lover and the brunette was by far the only person Clarke had been with who had a sex drive that matched her own. Things between them fell into place so smoothly that sometimes the art therapist felt like Lexa was a dream. When the woman held her in her arms, Clarke knew she was very real.

"See something you like birthday girl?"

"Actually I do." Clarke looked on as Lexa's cock started to swell even more. "I love how I can get a rise out of you. Pun fully intended." The brunette simply smiled at her. She moved to the edge of the bed when Lexa stopped her.

"Touch yourself," Lexa instructed. They had a few hours before they landed in their destination so there was no rush.

This should be fun. It would be the first time the women would masturbate since Lexa had returned from Europe. Clarke lay back in bed and played with her firm breast. Bringing a hand down to her crouch she started to play with her clit. Lexa lay beside her on the bed.
"That's it. Keep going baby girl." The brunette was fondling her own nipples as she watched Clarke.

Circle after circle made her clit hard. She was growing excited having Lexa watch her. She lowered her hand to her opening and collected the wetness on her fingers before spreading over her whole pussy. "I'm so wet." She kissed Lexa while making more circles with her clit.

"This is so fucking hot. Almost as hot as when I fucked that night at Velvet."

"Mmmhmmm. I loved how you made suck your cock while you talked to Morgan."

"I could tell by how good you were doing."

The memory of that night was still fresh in Clarke's mind. She had never felt so alive. The wetness between her legs increased. "It was so sexy when you whipped me." There was nothing like the brunette having her way with her body. "I need a repeat of that evening."

"We will. Right now let's enjoy each other like this." Lexa placed her hand over Clarke's. She was so very wet. Together they played with the blonde's pussy. Circles on her clit. Deep kisses as they talked about the other times they had sex. "I'm so glad we meet at my cousin's party." She nipped and sucked on pink nipples. "Couldn't believe we did those body shots."

"Uhh, believe it Daddy." Clarke's hips moved off the bed as one of her fingers and two of Lexa's entered her pussy. "Yes." Thrust after thrust sent their fingers deeper into the blonde. She had no idea if she or Lexa had bottomed out but it felt great.

"Are you ready to cum princess?"

"I am Daddy."

"Then cum," Lexa whispered as she sucked on Clarke's ear. The body next to hers quivered as cum flooded out of Clarke. Their fingers were entwined as her walls tightened around them.

Once she caught her breath, Clarke spoke. "Wow. Think I should masturbate with you more often." They kiss as their fingers move out of her pussy. She waste no time and reaches over with her cum soaked hand and starts to rub Lexa's hard rod.

"Someone is eager."

"Just want to return the favor." As she worked her hand up and down Clarke knew that when Lexa grew harder, her orgasm was rapidly approaching. She pulled back and watched as both their hands were now working Lexa's erection.

"Don't stop." Precum was streaming out of Lexa and mixed with Clarke's own juices. "So good."

"You like it as much as you did when you fucked me on your car?"

"Yes." The brunette would never forget having Clarke's legs wrapped around her. There was a certain thrill to having sex in the open like that. "I especially loved the blowjob you gave me later that night." Now they were really working her dick. She could feel the pressure in her balls start to work towards her shaft.

"And I loved how responsive your body is to me." She kissed every inch of Lexa's neck and chest.

"Oh yes..." Finally the pressure inside Lexa went from the base to the tip and out of her shaft. "Shit!" It felt so good to cum. Strands shot into the air and landed on her torso. Some oozed onto
their joined hands. There were even a few drops on Clarke's chest. Damn it went far. The couple lay there kissing each other. They made out like a pair of high school teenagers. Hands, lips, and tongues explored heated bodies.

"You're so sexy." Clarke lay back on the bed pulling Lexa down with her. "Show me how much you love me Daddy. Please."

Without preamble, Lexa entered Clarke's pussy. It was so deep and swift. "Mmmmmm. So wet." The speed and force of her thrust were unrelenting. She wanted to make sure Clarke was fucked and satisfied before she had another orgasm. Hands were in her dark semi braded locks as she tried to pin her girlfriend to the bed with her dick. It was like she had a drill and was mining for the blonde's sweet nectar. The heavy breathing and dirty talk in her ear was driving her higher. She loved nothing more than using Clarke's body. But she always made sure her woman was also pleased. No sexually active person wanted to be left unsatisfied.

"Harder Daddy. Fuck me harder!"

Pale breast moved in response to the hard thrust from Lexa's wildly moving hips. She held the other woman legs open. The brunette was sure the flight attendant could hear them in the main cabin but she didn't care. Being with her girlfriend was all that mattered. Lexa turned Clarke on her stomach. All of her weight and was on the woman as she pressed her full body into the blonde.

"Just like that Daddy. Just...just like that. Ahhhh. Daddy. Ohhhhhh. Always so.....good." This was one of her favorite positions. On all fours with her body at Lexa's mercy. Every time they were like this the other woman would take her rough and hard. She loved every second of it. "Fuck Lexa." Clarke was meeting her thrust and pushed back as Lexa pushed forward. "Can I cum Daddy?"

"Yes you may princess."

Every ounce of cum was rung out of her as she screamed into the small room. One day she's going to kill me. But it'll be completely worth it. Her pussy was pulsing with her heart beat as a second wave of pleasure ran through her body. Lexa moved and sent her into a third orgasm. She could feel her wetness run down her thighs. Or maybe it was Lexa's cum.

"Hell of a way to join the mile high club," Lexa said.

"I agree."

Without pulling herself from Clarke, she turned the woman onto her back again. She was pulled into a kiss as legs wrapped around her waist again. Her girlfriend was aggressive in her actions. Using her hips, the blonde made wonton thrust into Lexa. The cabin was filled with loud moans and other sex sounds. "Damn Clarke," was the last thing Lexa said as she reached orgasm.

They landed in San Diego and took a private car to a secluded beach house that Lexa owned just outside the city limits. No one in the family used it much. Lexa was hoping that after this weekend it would change. She wanted her and Clarke would turn this into an annual trip for them. Their bags were set inside the door by the driver but went unpacked as the couple continued with their sexual activities from the plane.

Lexa and Clarke were laying in bed as their bodies cooled off. Their clothes were crumpled in a pile on the floor. A slender hand making lazy circles along her abs, breast, and tattooed chest. Post sex cuddling with her girlfriend was so very relaxing for Lexa. The brunette was well on her way to dreamland when Clarke spoke.
"I want you again Lexa."

"At this rate you're going to be sore tomorrow."

Clarke kissed her. "Don't care. I have an early birthday request."

Lexus was delighted when Clarke explained what she wanted. She quickly left the room and returned with one of their bag. When she opened the bag which contained toys, restraints, lube, and all the other items they needed for a kinky time. "You know I'm going to try to make you unable to walk right?"

"Wouldn't have it any other way Daddy."

Once she had the toys she wanted Lexa placed the bag at the foot of the bed and her selections on the nightstand. She placed a nipple clamp open mouth gag combo on Clarke. She lay the blonde down, straddled her upper torso, and slid her semi erect cock into the gapping mouth. Heaven. "That's it. Take this cock down your throat." Lexa worked her member inside Clarke's mouth for nearly a half hour before she came. Usually she let the blonde swallow her seed but Lexa pulled out and gave her girlfriend a pearl necklace. She removed the gag. "Like your special necklace baby girl?"

"I love everything you give me Daddy." She ran her fingers across her neck collecting cum and licked her fingers clean. "Yummy."

Lexa teased and caressed Clarke's body with the feather she grabbed from the nightstand. The giggles from her girlfriend were music to Lexa's ears. She alternated caresses with her lips and the feather. The brunette worked her way down Clarke's body. Sucking the clit into her mouth made the woman's hips shoot off the bed. She's nice and horny now. Time to give my princess what she wants. What she needs. She licked and sucked Clarke until her tongue hurt. "Cum in my mouth so I can taste you baby girl." Lexa moaned as she tasted the nectar from the other woman. The blonde had the best tasting pussy and was always super juicy and wet.

The brunette moved her tongue and mouth to Clarke's waiting asshole. Anal was something they had incorporated into their sexual activities on a semi regular basis. If Clarke wanted anal sex then she usually licked or fingered the woman's puckered hole. She would also use a butt plug or anal beads on her. This allowed the art therapist to get use to having more sizable objects in her rear. They knew she was still not ready to take Lexa anally but they were going to try something else. Once she had the anal opening nice and wet, Lexa donned the special harness they had bought weeks ago. She inserted her dick through the top hole and secured the straps around her waist. She then placed the anal dildo inside the bottom hole. "I love you Clarke."

"I love you too."

Lexa placed a small amount of lube on the artificial phallus and settled her body on top of Clarke's. Much as she did before she kissed and caressed the woman. Talked to her and told her how beautiful she was. She got her girlfriend nice and relaxed. Finally she entered her warm wet vagina. She reached down and eased the head of the dildo into the tight opening. Damn. Her pussy is on fire.

Clarke didn't feel the amount of discomfort she felt when she and Lexa had first tried anal. But it was slight pressure until the anal toy was in her. It wasn't long before she felt pleasure. "Just like that Daddy."

The CEO started slow. Once she saw her woman was comfortable kept a steady pace. She made sure not to get too rough since they were using the dildo for the first time. The artificial penis was not
close to being as big as Lexa was. But this was the first time her and her girlfriend used anything of its size.

"Ooohhhh….oohhhhh….uhhh…yes…yes Daddy…." The blonde was on a physical and emotional high. This double penetration really got her going. Exquisite friction on her vaginal walls and her anal canal made her elated. There was no way she could hold out. "I need to cum. Daddy, please let me cum."

"Do it princess." Lexa drove Clarke to several orgasms as well as coming multiple times herself. It was almost three am when the lovers were overcome with exhaustion. After a very quick shower the two women settled into bed with the brunette spooning the birthday girl.

Strands of golden hair were sprawled across the pillow. Lexa brushed it back and her girlfriend's beautiful face was revealed. She kissed a soft cheek. The woman eased herself out of bed. It was well past daybreak and the sun was up. She crossed the space to the restroom. After she finished using the toilet, brushing her teeth, washing her face and hands, she walked back into the room. Clarke was snuggled up with Lexa's pillow. It was tempting to walk over and wake the woman with a round of late morning sex. But Lexa had other plans for her girlfriend.

The brunette walked downstairs. She made them a breakfast of blueberry pancakes, brown sugar bacon, cheese scrambled eggs, and coffee. Once the food was plated and placed on the serving tray, she walked back to the bedroom. Her girlfriend was still in the same position when she had left. Lexa put the tray on the dresser and walked over to the bed. She found the lips that she loved so much. With soft kisses she slowly roused Clarke from her slumber. Sleepy blue eyes looked at her. "Hey."

"Happy birthday beautiful."

"Come back to bed," she mumbled.

"I can't give you your surprise if I come back to bed. Plus I made lots of plans for us. You only turn 29 once." Lexa retrieved the tray of food. "Made your favorite."

The woman smiled at the sight and smell of the food. "Wow baby. This looks and smells so good. You didn't have to do this."

"Of course I didn't. I wanted to. Now eat up. We have to leave soon."

"For what? Where are we going," Clarke asked.

"Don't worry about that. Just enjoy breakfast with me."

After the meal they returned to the airport. The couple took a helicopter tour of the San Diego coastline. Then Lexa took her on a trolley tour. The women enjoyed lunch then Lexa took Clarke on a shopping. It was early evening when they made it home.

"That was so much fun Lexa. This has been the best birthday." Lips meet in a heated kiss. As much as Lexa wanted to have sex, she was holding out for what she had in store to close out the evening.

"Let's shower up and get dressed. We have dinner plans."

"I don't want to go to dinner. I want you and me in bed together for the rest of the night," Clarke said in protest.

"Patience princess. You'll have that soon enough." They kiss again and pull away breathless. Lexa used the guest bathroom while Clarke occupied the one in the master bedroom. The brunette knew
she would be having sex with her girlfriend soon enough but her hand found her stiff shaft anyway. A few strong pumps allowed her to cum quickly. She only deflated to semi hard and was far from satisfied. Oh well. At least I took care of some of the frustration. While Clarke was still in the shower the brunette made a final call to check that everything was in place. Lexa was ready to sweep the blonde off her feet with the most romantic date she had ever planned for anyone she'd been with. This woman was special. Clarke had a way of elevating herself. A captivating mix of creativity, brains, beauty, compassion, and strength. In her heart the brunette knew no one could compare to Clarke. No one.

Hearing footsteps upstairs Lexa entered the front room while the blonde woman descended the stairs. She was dressed in a white knee high sun dress. It had a low cut v and tied around her neck. Her hair was loose around her shoulders and she was wearing a hint of lipstick. The brunette was happy the front of her light brown shorts was roomy. Arousal was making her erection return. Looking at so much of Clarke's beautiful and flawless skin on display was one of the most erotic things Lexa had ever seen. She cleared her throat so she could speak. "Are you ready to experience a romantic night princess?"

"Yes. I can't wait to see what you have planned."

Lexa placed a blindfold over her eyes then lead her downstairs and across the beach. Once her eyes were uncovered, Clarke's blue eyes took in the sight before her. Candles lit a short path which led to a large white and red cabana tent. When they reached it, Clarke saw that a small table set for two and chairs had been setup. Once seated a man with an accent greeted them.

"Senoras hola," he greeted.

"Hola. Miguel this is Clarke the lovely lady I was telling you about. Clarke this is Miguel Vasquez. He's the best Mexican fusion chef in the country. Tonight he's making us a four course with your favorite Mexican dishes."

"A pleasure Senora Griffin. Your special meal is almost ready." Two servers stepped into view. "Here is an appetizer to start and the best margaritas made with Cruz Del Sol Silver tequila."

The blonde was speechless. Part of her wanted to ask how much it had cost for all of this. She learned early on not to bother the brunette when it came to money. Lexa liked to spoil her. So she stopped being concerned over how much the brunette would spend and simply enjoyed herself.

"I hope you've had a good time today," Lexa said.

"Yes. You treated me like a queen. Thank you Lexa." Soft music was now playing as they started on the appetizer. Turned out Lexa had also hired a few members of the Greater San Diego Chamber Orchestra to play for them. The music was wonderful, the meal even more so. But nothing and no one could beat being in Lexa's company. There was a full moon high in the night sky and it seemed like every star was visible. "This really is romantic." Feeling Lexa's hand on her arm brought her attention back to the woman's beautiful face.

"Happy birthday." Lexa handed her a gift. "This is for you."

"After all the stuff you bought for me today I really don't need anything else."

"This gift is special." Not sure what could be special about another piece of jewelry. But I'll accept it. "Thank you."

Clarke unwrapped then opened the slim box. She was speechless. "How...how did you get this?"
"Abby gave it to me. I told her I wanted to give you something extra special. She said that you have wanted this for a long time."

Tears spilled onto her cheeks. It was her father's military watch. He said it was his good luck charm. That it had brought him home from Desert Storm unharmed. It was the one thing which brought him back to his wife and infant daughter in one piece. And one day he would give it to Clarke. "I didn't know she even had it." The blonde believed her mother had given away all of her dad's things including this watch. But here it was and now it was hers.

"This is also for you," Lexa said. She opened a smaller box. A small light was shining on a beautiful ring. It was a platinum band with a heart shaped ruby. The red jewel was her birthstone. There were also round shaped diamonds on both sides of the gem. "I love you Clarke. You deserve nothing but the best." Reaching over, the brunette wiped tears from her girlfriend's eyes. "I hope I can always make you this happy."

"Is this an engagement ring Lexa?"

"It's whatever you want it to be."

After a wonderful dinner, they took a walk along the private beach. Clarke was on an emotional high and wrapped up in her conversation with Lexa. When they stopped, the blonde saw they are standing by another large cabana tent. This one was all white and had a neatly made bed facing the water. She looked at Lexa and smiled. No words were said. Only kisses exchanged. Hands caressed skin. Clothing was removed and they fall onto the bed. Clarke waste no time by straddling Lexa. She eases herself down on the marvelous cock. A loud moan leaves her mouth at the sensation of being filled. God she has a great...everything. I'm so lucky to have her and her love. Lucky to fuck her whenever I want. Moving her hips, Clarke rode Lexa slow and hard. She gave the tattooed woman everything she had. Her love, her body, her heart, her soul, her pleasure. Getting flipped over allowed the blonde to wrap her legs around Lexa's waist. Lexa penetrated her with the deep slow thrust she loved to feel.

"I love you Clarke." Lexa kissed soft skin along her girlfriend's jaw line, neck, and collarbone.

"I love you back. Ohhh."

The couple was in awe when the brunette found Clarke's deepest spot.

"Lexa. I can't...oh...you're so...deep...in-inside me."

"I feel it too baby. So good," Lexa whispered.

Never had the brunette been this deep. It was someplace in Clarke that they hadn't known was there until now. And it was incredible for both of the women. Sweat covered their skin. Teeth nipped the most sensitive parts of flesh. Lips kissed the stinging pain away. Hands caressed breast. Words of love and devotion were exchanged. It was slow. It was tender. With their bodies they expressed what was in their hearts. With their lips they were completely bonded. With loving looks exchanged between sapphire and emerald eyes they exchanged silent vows. A promise to love, to understand, to protect, to be honest, and to be always supportive was said without words. They were carried away on a current of bliss and fiery love. Their initial flirtation turned into a casual encounter. That grew into BDSM play partners then casual lovers. Now the women were deeply in love. They were tied on a spiritual level as well as emotional and physical. Even the previous night didn't compare to what they were feeling now. Clarke and Lexa rose higher until they fell over the edge together. Each woman equally giving to the other as much as they took for themselves.
How sweet is Lexa? She spares no expense when it comes to giving Clarke the best of everything. More Nia and her cronies to come. And they are engaged but not really engaged. Lexa gave Clarke a promise ring without calling it that. And they are taking the anal slow but steady. I know the holidays are coming up. Don't worry. I'm not big on celebrating so I will be writing and posting updates on a regular basis. Comment, review, kudos, etc.
Chapter 9

I think all of you have been waiting for this chapter. Shoutout to Ali_T_363 for being beta. Forgive any mistakes we might have missed. Hope you all are having a good weekend so far. Did I mention that you are welcome to follow me on Twitter @datonewriter and Tumblr under rainbowswen? Well you can! Happy reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 9

The bliss she had when returning home after her extended weekend vanished when Lexa held another meeting with Azgeda Incorporated. They had not come to an agreement that made either side happy. Lexa, Luna, Anya, and Nyko sat on one side of the conference table. Nia, her son Roan V.P of the company, their CFO Ontari, and a man she had not seen before were opposite them.

"Why should Azgeda get over 70% of the profits," Lexa asked.

"Simple. We are supplying the manufacturing facilities, most of the labor, and have more to lose if sales are not as projected."

"But we will be supplying the raw materials, doing all the shipping, the distribution, the marketing both domestic and international, and we stand to lose just as much as you do," Anya replied. "Plus, Polis has enough facilities to dedicate to production. We can handle most of the production in house."

"50% is only fair. An equal split of the profits for an equal amount of the risk," Lexa said.

"I agree. It's reasonable," Roan stated. The comment earned him a death glare from his mother.

"We will get back to you in a week's time." Nia stood and her entourage followed. The four executives left without another word.

Lexa was ready to call the whole thing off. This product was the brainchild of her company. And she'd be damned if she allowed someone, epically Nia Queen, to steal her idea and the hard work they'd put in up to this stage. She was feed up with the insufferable blonde woman anyway. "Remind me why we are trying to do business with that company again?"

"Because they are one of the top ten manufactures of future tech in the world. Also, Roan has a thing for me," Luna said. Three pairs of eyes turn to look at her. "It might be an advantage if this deal goes through."

"Just in case it doesn't I want you and Nyko to look at subcontracting the labor to include overseas options."

Anya walked with Lexa as they left the meeting room. "Don't worry if we can't come to a deal with Azgeda. Want me to take lead on this again?"

"Yeah. That's fine," Lexa said.
"Are you alright," Anya asked.

"I was hoping things would be settled when I got back, but I'm ready to kill that woman." Lexa was agitated. She would definitely go to the gym after work. Right now she wanted time alone. "I'll be in my office."

Hours later when she walked into the house, Lexa was still agitated. She had been planning to go to the gym but something else had come up which kept her at work late. The brunette was in her office when the ajar door was fully opened. Lexa looked up and saw her beautiful girlfriend standing there.

"I thought I heard you come in," Clarke said.

"Yeah."

Clarke didn't have to ask Lexa if she was upset. She could see it on her face, in her shoulders, heard it in her tone. When she stepped closer and hugged Lexa she could feel it coming off the other woman. "What happened," she asked. When Lexa didn't respond, Clarke switched tactics. "Fine you don't have to answer." She started undoing the front of Lexa's pants.

"Stop. I'm not in the mood Clarke."

The blonde ignored her and proceeded with her task. It's not like she used their safe word to make her stop. Then she handed Lexa the belt she just removed. The leather was perfect for what Clarke had in mind. She knew what her girlfriend needed even if Lexa didn't realize it herself. "You're upset. Let me help you feel better."

"I said I'm not in the mood."

"You need to get your frustration out. So do it on me." The younger woman quickly undressed. Once naked, she bent over Lexa's desk placing both hands on the smooth wood surface. With her legs spread apart, Clarke stuck her ass out and looked over her shoulder at Lexa. "It's ok baby. I want you to."

The truth of the statement was evident. Lexa could smell the arousal coming from Clarke. It was the blonde's unique smell that the brunette could never resist, and having her girlfriend begging for punishment was starting to arouse Lexa. She looked at the belt in her hand. Knowing how irritated she was, Lexa knew she was capable of hurting Clarke if she wasn't careful. The woman spoke up as if she could read Lexa's thoughts.

"Don't worry Daddy. I want you to make it hurt," Clarke said.

Lexa brought down the belt as hard as she could onto Clarke's ass. The other woman's moans and words of pleasure at the harsh treatment, coupled with leather meeting flesh, filled the small room. In short order Clarke's smooth ass was covered with red welts. When she broke skin, streaks of red crisscrossed the blonde's ass. Dropping the belt, Lexa reached down and released herself from the cloth cage she was in. The sight before her made her cum instantly. Her thick, creamy fluid landed across Clarke's ass. It spilled onto her upper thighs, some of it even reaching her lower back. She walked to the front of the desk and looked into Clarke's crystal blue eyes. Without a single word she stuck her still stiff shaft into the blonde's mouth.

Clarke didn't need to be told what to do. The look on Lexa's face had said it all, so she gladly took the woman into her mouth. Same as she accepted Lexa spanking her ass until it was bruised and bloody. The art therapist was no longer trying to comprehend the why. She didn't fully know why she allowed Lexa to use her. Nor could she understand why it was such a huge turn on for her. All
she knew was that she loved Lexa and would allow the woman to sexually control her. No matter what, the blonde was always willing to do anything that pleased Lexa sexually. While their relationship was an equal partnership, Clarke was helpless to resist her girlfriend's sexual desires. The pain, the humiliation, being tied up, anal sex, all of it was not too much for the blonde. Lexa's pleasure had somehow become deeply tied to her own.

Lexa made good use of Clarke's lips and tongue; driving deep and hard she fucked the oral opening until she spilled her semen down Clarke's throat. She removed her softening penis from the woman's mouth. The brunette would handle Clarke's aftercare when they had another round of playtime later that night. For now the other woman could see to herself. "Get cleaned up and finish making dinner," she said as she left the room. A small smile spread across her face when she heard the reply; "Yes Daddy."

A week later Lexa arrived home to a silent house. "Clarke." No sign of the blonde lead her to go upstairs. "Babe. I'm home." She walked into the bedroom. Sounds from their bathroom drew her attention there. What she saw after opening the door made her heart drop to her stomach. A blonde head was inside the toilet. Lexa grabbed a wash cloth then wet it with cold water. Sitting next to Clarke she pulled the bright colored tresses aside and looked at the woman.

"Hey," she said with a weak smile.

"Awww princess. Still not feeling good?"

"No."

"I think you should let your mom examine you. If this was the flu or something it should've passed by now, right?"

"Yeah," Clarke answered.

Lexa gently wiped Clarke's face with the cold towel. "Lie down while I cook us dinner. Is there anything special you would like?"

"Something fried. It'll probably make me sick but that's what I want."

"Ok." The brunette helped Clarke get in bed. She kissed her on the forehead. "Have your mom examine you tomorrow. Please."

"Don't worry Lexa. I will let her give me a full checkup first thing in the morning."

The next day Clarke made her way to Lexa's office. She was still reeling from the news. What really worried her was how Lexa would react. The blonde knew how she felt about this new situation, but she had no idea how her girlfriend would feel. Well it was too late to for them to have serious talk about it. With her being on birth control they never did discuss how they would handle an accidental pregnancy. Clarke could only hope that Lexa really did want a child. Because talking about having children and actually having them were two very different things. Thinking back, she was pretty sure she knew when it happened. She defiantly knew how it had happened, but she had not yet figured out the why. She had been so careful to not get pregnant. Her birth control had never failed before now. It was…weird.

"Hi Ms. Griffin."

"Hey Neil." Her girlfriend's admin and personal assistant was a really sweet guy.
"I need to see Lexa. Is she busy?"

"Anya is in there but you should be ok. You look good by the way," he said.

"Thanks." Too bad I don't feel good.

Opening the door, Clarke saw her lover and cousin chatting at Lexa's desk. "Hey," she said quietly.

The women turned their attention to her. Lexa got up, walked over to her, and pulled Clarke into a hug. "Hey. I didn't know you were stopping by."

"Yeah. I...I—we need to talk." She saw apprehension grow across Lexa's normally relaxed features. Concern filled the green eyes that she had fallen in love with.

"Is everything ok Clarke? Did you let your mom examine you?"

"I did. And I came here because I needed to tell you this in person."

"Tell me what," the brunette asked softly.

"I'm pregnant."

Silence filled the room. Now green eyes were wide with shock.

"Way to go Commander," Anya said. She was about to be an adoptive aunt.

"Please say something Lexa."

"I'm not sure what to say," the CEO replied.

"Are you upset?"

"What? NO! I'm...I'm just a little confused. You're on birth control."

Clarke took a deep breath. "I know. But I'm already at five weeks, so it had to have happened while we were in San Diego."

"How?"

"Only thing that makes sense is I missed my doses between that Friday and Tuesday of the following week. Do you remember packing my birth control when getting our things ready?"

Green eyes went wide again with realization. "I guess I didn't." Clarke was pulled into another hug. Lexa held her tight until the brunette realized how close they were. She took a step back. "I'm sorry babe. I didn't mean to hug you so hard."

"It's ok Lexa. The baby is fine. Being protective already. So you're not upset?"

"He-I mean heck no. I've always wanted a family. A big family. This is wonderful." Lexa kissed Clarke with so much passion. "I told you that you were going to have my babies," she whispered to Clarke.

"Congrats you two," Anya said.

"Thank you Anya," Clarke replied. "You guys want to see it?"

"Yes," Lexa said.
The blonde took a seat on the sofa and pulled out the sonogram her mother had printed. "There's our baby." She pointed to a small dot at the bottom of the picture.

"That doesn't look like a baby," Anya said.

"She's only a few weeks along, doofus." Lexa took a deep breath. "What do you think? A girl or a boy?"

"I think a girl with your dark hair and my blue eyes. What do you want," Clarke asked.

Lexa didn't care what sex the baby was. She didn't care what it looked like. Only one thing mattered to her. "I just want it to be healthy, with ten fingers and toes."

"You say the sweetest things." Clarke pulled Lexa into a heated kiss. Quickly hands were starting to wonder over her body.

"I'll be leaving now," Anya said to herself since the two women were no longer aware she was still in the room.

The blonde felt herself being pushed into the couch. Hands found the opening to her pants and she was quickly bottomless. Her top and bra followed. She felt her pussy grow wetter as Lexa continued the assault on her body.

As much as the woman wanted to savor the moment, she couldn't wait. How could she ever resist Clarke? She had to have the blonde now. She quickly removed her own clothes. Clarke's heated core was like walking out of a blizzard and into a fireplace warmed room; cozy and welcoming. Once she was inside her they exchanged a languid kiss. For Lexa it felt as good as it had the first night they were together. This woman and everything about her felt like...home. It was ironic to think of another person as home, but that was what Clarke felt like when they were together in any capacity. *This is what I've been missing. The warm soft blanket of a loving woman. I've been missing Clarke.*

"Lexa, I love you, but please move, fuck me, anything." Clarke needed to be satisfied before she exploded from her arousal. It wasn't long before her girlfriend complied. They made short work of becoming an entangled, sweat covered mound of flesh. Bodies pressed together with no space between them; hands grabbing fistfuls of hair, hips softly slapping together. Clarke's heels pressed into Lexa's back when she finally hit the blonde's g-spot.

"Yes Daddy! Don't stop!" She was sure that anyone outside of Lexa's office could hear them, but Clarke simply didn't care. This was the mother of her child. Being with this woman, getting her satisfaction, loving Lexa was all that mattered now. They were in their own world. Lexa didn't seem to care about anyone hearing either since a stream of expletives and yes's escaped her mouth.

"I love you Clarke," Lexa said as she released her seed deep into Clarke's belly. It always felt exquisite to have her lover grip her tightly with her shuddering walls. Never was she as happy or satisfied than when she fulfilled the blonde's sexual needs. She came for what felt like hours as steam upon stream of semen shot out of her. Once she was good and spent, she collapsed onto Clarke in a heap. But remembering the woman new condition caused her to lift herself up. They were still pressed together at the groin.

"What's wrong," Clarke asked. Lexa's sudden detachment worried her.

"Nothing. I just don't want to hurt the baby."

The art therapist laughed to herself. It was sweet how Lexa was already protective of their child, but she needed to nip this in the bud right now. She would be damned if she allowed Lexa to treat her
like a china doll. "Our baby is fine Lexa." Pulling the woman back down to her she kissed her deeply until the body above her relaxed. "I'm not that fragile and I'm not going to break. I'll tell you if anything is wrong with me or the baby, ok?"

Lexa knew that Clarke would be honest with her. "Ok." Beautiful blue eyes looked at her. They had an important decision to make. "So do we get ready for the baby, or you want to get married before it gets here?"

Clarke was the silent one now.

"What?"

"Did you just ask me to marry you," Clarke said.

Hints of pink tinted Lexa's cheeks. "Well...yeah. I love you. And I want to make you my wife one day."

The blonde smiled at the other woman. "We can defiantly get married one day. But let's have the baby first."

Later that following week Lexa and Clarke hosted what they hoped to be a successful family dinner. It would be the first time Abby meet Lexa's aunt, uncle, Anya, and Lincoln. The blonde was a nervous wreck while Lexa was her usual cool, confident self.

"Don't worry princess; things are going to be fine. Besides, if it starts to go south between the folks, our friends will be here to help soothe things." The brunette was doing her best to calm her girlfriend down. There was one way she could always get her new fiancé to relax. They were standing in the kitchen when she pushed Clarke against the island. "Just relax," she whispered.

Making her way down Clarke's body, she opened the Prussian blue shirt and kissed the soft pale skin underneath.

"Lexa we don't have time for this."

"Relax," she repeated as she sank to her knees. Quickly, she lifted up the black skirt until it was bunched around the other woman's waist. She could see and smell her arousal. Clarke was right when she said they didn't have much time, but Lexa needed the blonde to be calm and collected. This was a big step for them, and her nerves would only complicate things.

Pulling the pair of black panties aside exposed Clarke's hardening clit. The sight of the sensitive nub slightly peeking from under its hood turned Lexa on even more. When she was done she would probably need Clarke to return the favor, but right now she had to relax her. She ran her tongue around the protruding flesh, then down the center to Clarke's waiting opening. The woman always tasted best to Lexa when she licked directly from the source. As she inserted her small pink mouth muscle into Clarke, hands grabbed the back of her head. She looked up at the blue eyes intently watching her. Opening her mouth, Lexa used it to cover as much of the blonde's pussy as she could. Kisses, licks, and caresses had the other woman slowly grinding into her. Giving Clarke pleasure was second best to having the woman submit to her. But that was an activity they would partake in later after their guest left. Right now her goal was a quick orgasm for her lover.

"God Lexa. That's so good." Lexa picked up the pace. Alternating between sucking and licking Clarke's clit brought her to the edge in a short amount of time. "I'm close Daddy. So close."

That's when the doorbell rang. Lexa grabbed Clarke's hips. Working her tongue and lips she was
able to get Clarke to cum. The woman's juices softly flowed into her mouth and the brunette swallowed every drop. The doorbell chimed again.

"One of us needs to get that," Clarke said breathlessly.

"It should be you; I need to take care of myself. Don't want to start the evening with me answering the door while sporting a raging hard-on."

An easy smile spread across Clarkes face. "Agreed."

Clarke straightened her clothes as Lexa hurried off upstairs. A quick once over in the foyer mirror and she was satisfied that she was presentable. When she opened the door she was surprised. Her mother standing there with a bottle of wine in hand, but who she was with made Clarke's jaw drop. It was Thelonious Jaha. She hadn't seen the man since Wells' funeral. Instantly she pulled him into a tight embrace.

"Thelonious, it is so good to see you."

"It's good to see you too Clarke," he said.

The dark skinned man was as friendly as the woman remembered him to be. He had a broad smile on his face as she stepped aside to let him and her mother enter the house. She took the wine and escorted them to the den.

"I'll be right back, just need to check on the food." Her mother had brought what looked to be a very old bottle of wine. Lexa was more of an expert on these things, so she'd ask her if it was a good vintage. Peering into the oven she saw that the pork roast was almost ready. With Jaha here the blonde felt even more relaxed. It had been almost ten years but seemed like no time had passed between the two. His presence was very welcome.

Once everyone had arrived they were all seated at the dinner table. The evening had gone better than Clarke could've imagined. Indra was not as stoic as she had been when Clarke first meet the woman. She had warmed up to the blonde after their third dinner a few months ago. Meanwhile her husband, Gustus, was the life of the party. Lincoln and Octavia were attentive to each other as usual, while Raven and Anya tried to keep their evolving relationship under wraps. Everyone saw right through it.

The couple of the evening had yet to inform everyone of Clarke's pregnancy; they were forced into it during dessert.

"Clarke, why aren't you drinking any wine," Jaha asked.

She looked to Lexa who gave her a small smile. With that as reassurance the blonde answered. "Lexa and I found out last week that I'm pregnant. I'm at six weeks now"

"That's great news," Octavia stated.

"Children are a blessing," Gustus added. "Congratulations on the new baby."

"Well that didn't take long," Raven said.

Abby was all smiles, like she had been when she first saw the results last week. She was going to be a grandmother. This was something the doctor had always wanted. Not just grandchildren but for her daughter to be as happy as she seemed to be right now.
"That is wonderful news," Jaha said.

"Does this mean you two will be getting married," Indra asked.

Lexa spoke up to answer the woman, "Yes. We just want to have the baby first."

"Will the baby get the Woods last name," Anya questioned.

"Why can't the baby be a Griffin," Raven asked.

"So you wouldn't take your partners last name," Anya asked her girlfriend.

The engineer was now on the spot. Sure she would want to take her partners last name but she also would want to keep her independence. Hyphenating seemed so common. She breathed a sigh of relief when her blonde best friend spoke up.

"I'm totally taking Lexa's last name. And even if we weren't engaged, the baby would still have her surname." She looked at Lexa who was smiling at her shyly. "I love her more than I ever thought I could love another person, besides this baby. Soon she, this baby, and I will be a family. So taking her name is something I'll happily do."

"Have you picked a name yet," Abby asked.

"We've narrowed it down to seventeen. Five of the names are unisex," Clarke said.

"As one of your best friends, I hope you will let me help with that," Octavia said. It was clear that she was just as excited for this baby as Clarke was.

"I propose a toast," Gustus said as he stood from his seat. Once everyone had their wine glass in hand, and Clarke had her non-alcoholic cider, he made a quick speech. "May your love for each other remain this strong decades from now. May your this child be the first of many. May your new family be happy and healthy. To Lexa and Clarke." The clinking of glass sounded throughout the room.

Clarke's brunette fiancé whispered into her ear and asked, "Can we kick them out now? I need you so bad."

"No. They are our family and friends." Then Clarke amended her answer. "They get one more hour then I'm all yours to use Daddy."

"God you look so hot in those." Clarke was laying on the California king size bed as she watched Lexa model the new male undergarments she bought for the billionaire. She was happy the other woman was indulging her with this little fashion show. Pair after pair of bikini style briefs were changed. "Daddy, I think you should try the jock straps next." Her fiancé simply smiled and stripped of the cotton material. The blonde watched as various muscles in Lexa's body flexed while she moved. A jolt of excitement fed her arousal every time she would see Lexa's soft 9" shaft and hairless balls become uncovered when she changed underwear. She got wetter as she thought about the thick cock head hidden behind the foreskin. It had been strange to see at first, since all the men Clarke was ever intimate with had been circumcised. Now it was the most beautiful penis she had ever seen. All of her is beautiful. I got so lucky finding her and now we are starting a family.

The brunette was standing in a red jock. "You fill those out very nicely Daddy." On occasion she asked Lexa to turn around so she could see her well sculpted ass. "The view in the rear is good too." Then the thought of how easy it would be to have Lexa ran across her mind. Clarke knew she could just walk over to Lexa, pulled her cock out, and suck the woman until her jaw hurt. It was something
she had done once before. In those three hours she wasn't sure how many times she had swallowed Lexa's cum or had it shot on her neck and face, but she did remember her jaw being stiff the next day. It had been hard to chew anything. Yet she had as much fun receiving that punishment as Lexa had enjoyed giving it.

Lexa looked at her child's mother. She didn't have a bump yet, but the knowledge of their baby growing and becoming stronger each passing day was powerful. Even more powerful was the lust shining in Clarke's azure orbs. "So which color of these do you like so far?"

"Don't know yet. Try the blue ones."

Up to this point Lexa had been able to keep her composure, but Clarke's stares of desire were becoming harder to ignore. Still, she tried on the blue jock strap, a gray one, classic white, maroon, navy blue, and finally a purple one.

"Oh yes. The purple ones are my favorite."

"I thought green was your favorite color?"

"It is Daddy, but they didn't have any in green. Try on the thongs next." Clarke knew she was having an effect on Lexa. The art therapist could see the shaft was now semi erect and sticking out more. Soon. Just a few more pairs then she can fuck me. So she watched as her fiancé resumed her fashion show. Front view then the back. Honestly, she liked the jock straps the best. They showed Lexa's package while also leaving her butt fully exposed. Her mind was made up. She would work on getting the brunette to wear them more often instead of always going for the boxer briefs. Clarke liked the boxer briefs too, but she wanted to see the woman in something different. "So how do you like those Daddy?"

"Not much. They are not very comfortable."

"Well I like the jock straps best. Will you wear those sometimes?"

"Sure."

That was easy. "Really?"

"Yeah, I wore them when I played rugby in high school and college. I forgot how comfortable they were minus the cup." The open back meant no bunching and the front wasn't too tight when she wore one size bigger. If she became aroused that allowed a little extra room. "Just buy one size bigger in the future. I like the extra room."

"Ok." The blonde was beyond ready to be taken. She got on all fours and looked at Lexa. "I want you. Come fuck me right Daddy." The other woman wasted no time making her way to the bed. Clarke was already nude and very wet so Lexa was able to slip right in. "Yesss…God yes." It was so hot anytime Lexa took her like this. All 12 3/4" were so filling. Lexa's shaft rubbed her walls so right and she went into Clarke so damn far. The blonde was ruined to anyone else's touch. "Harder Daddy. Don't worry…about the baby." Soon the tempo of Lexa's jutting hips increased. Sweat started to cover the blonde's body as she assisted her fiancé with her pleasure. "Ohh…yes, yes, yes. Fuck me Daddy. Fuck me hard."

"You like this dick baby girl?"

"Yes Daddy Lexa. I love your dick."

"And you like my big balls slapping against your ass?"
"I do Daddy."

"Want me to fuck you harder?"

"Please Daddy."

Every muscle in Lexa's abs and legs were starting to hurt. But she didn't care. Her future wife was on all fours begging to have her pussy pounded apart. So Lexa did what she did best, giving Clarke the fucking she was begging for. She hoped the sex would remain close to being the same during the next 7 mos.

Lexa was excited. It was Clarke's two month checkup, and she would be there for the sonogram. A live image of their baby was something she had been looking forward to since finding out her blonde fiancé was carrying their child. It was the main thing Lexa always thought about. She had ideas for how she wanted to decorate the nursery. While Clarke shot down her idea of a Star Trek theme, she was hoping that a sports theme or even a Martial Arts theme would go over better.

"Where'd you go just now," Clarke asked. The brunette had stopped talking for several minutes.

"Thinking about the nursery. How about a sports theme?"

"No. We're not sure what the baby will grow up liking. And the answer is also no to any other idea that involves one of your hobbies. I love you Lexa, but none of them are going to happen."

"Fine." At least she tried.

"Ms. Griffin, the doctor is ready to see you now."

Dr. Atwall came recommended by Abby. The doctor was not only the older Griffin's med school friend, but the woman was also the best OB/GYN in the country.

The nurse escorted them to an exam room after taking Clarke's vitals. Lexa helped her onto the exam table while the nurse setup the sonogram machine.

"Are you nervous," Clarke asked Lexa.

"I'm excited. I get to see a live picture of our baby."

Dr. Atwell walked into the room. "Well you must be Clarke and Lexa. Nice to meet you both." Each woman took turns shaking the doctor's hand. "Looking over your chart I saw that this is your first baby Clarke."

"Yes it is."

"So you were on birth control before this?"

"Correct."

The red haired woman continued to chat with them to get an idea about the baby's possible health. They would test for any birth defects before the baby was born, during the first month of the third trimester. "Clarke, I see you have a pretty clean family medical history. What can you tell me about the father's medical background?"

"Uh…I'm the other parent," Lexa said. "My family only has a history of high blood pressure and type 1 diabetes."
"Ok. And are you transgender?"

"No. Intersex."

"Are you aware there's a chance that any girl's you have could be intersex as well?"

"Yes, we both do," Clarke said. "It's one reason why we wish to wait to find out the baby's gender. Can the child be checked at birth?"

"Of course. That won't be a problem." After typing a few more notes into the tablet she was holding, Dr. Atwall squeezed gel onto Clarkes mid section. She picked up the wand and started to move it around. "Let's see how the little one is doing."

Lexa's green eyes watched the screen as she held Clarke's hand. For several minutes nothing came on the screen. She was starting to get worried that something was wrong. Then it happened. The baby's heartbeat could be heard. It was the most beautiful sound she ever heard. Lexa let out a breath she didn't know she had been holding. When the image of the baby appeared, she was so happy. It was bigger than it had been in the first two sonogram pictures, and they could see the umbilical cord.

Clarke looked over at her fiancé. This was the first time she had ever seen Lexa cry. "Are you ok?"

"Yes. I'm just…happy. That's our baby. It's grown so much already." The brunette had so much love in her heart that she was now sharing with this baby and the blonde, blue eyed woman on the table. Lexa hadn't been this happy in a very long time. She would finally have a family of her own. A beautiful family filled with love, support, and happiness.

"I love you."

"You and this baby are my world now. I love both of you so much."

Chapter End Notes

How was the surprise guest? Jaha will show up again and so will Marcus. And how about the reactions to the baby? The engagement is official now so Clexa wedding coming in a later chapter along with the birth of their baby. The godparents will also be announced soon. Our ladies are surrounded by some very loving friends and family who want only the best for them. So there is plenty more to look forward to in this fic. Comment, kudos, etc. Thanks for reading. New update next week.
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Ok everyone here's the new chapter. If I come off as snarky, moody, or rude in my replies to your comments, please forgive me. I've been dealing with a health issue and the loss of a family member. I'll do my best to keep the updates coming on a weekly basis. So sorry in advance for any delays. Anyway, here is the newest chapter. I think you all will like it. Also, don't worry about the kink disappearing. This story is about 50/50 with the porn and the plot. There are plenty of sexy times ahead for Clexa as they get ready for their first child. Thanks for the continued support of this story. Many of you have been really wonderful with your comments and reviews. I still can't believe how many of you like this story. Well happy reading and enjoy the update.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 10

"Are you sure this is ok," Raven asked again.

"Yes I'm sure. As long as there's no trauma to my midsection I'll be ok. I'm still in the first trimester anyway. Things are good for now; just don't make the rope too tight."

"Don't worry…I know better than to do that."

"Things going well with you and Anya?"

Raven smiled at the thought of her new girlfriend. "I can't complain. She's a real clit pleaser." They were in the early stages of their relationship, but things were going well so far. "I didn't think I'd be into someone like her, which is weird because she's a lot like me."

"Have you two gone to Velvet?"

"Went there last Thursday. It was…different."

"Lexa took me on a Wednesday like I told you about. Saturday's can also be fun." Clarke felt herself getting wet as she recalled the first time she and Lexa went to a Velvet sex party. She hoped Lexa would be happy with what she planned for them tonight. It was nothing like Velvet, but it would have to do. She asked Raven to help her after the brunette told her about Anya's similar sexual taste as Lexa.

"How does that feel," Raven asked as she tied off the rope.

Before Clarke could answer, the pair heard the front door open and close.

Lexa called out for her girlfriend but was surprised when she was greeted by Raven instead. "Raven. Hey."

"Hi Lexa."

"Where's Clarke," the taller brunette asked.
"In the bedroom waiting on you. Have fun." Without waiting for Lexa's reply she left the mansion to get ready for her date with Anya. Tonight it was Raven's turn to lead their role playing session with her as a college professor and Anya was the failing student. She didn't want to be late.

Lexa took the steps two at a time as she climbed to the master bedroom. When she opened the door, her cock started to swell. Clarke was sitting on the edge of the bed completely naked. She had on the thick leather collar they bought from the sex shop. Her thick golden hair was around her face and shoulders. The woman's arms and hands were behind her back.

"Happy anniversary, Daddy." The two had officially been together for two months now.

The brunette crossed over to the other woman and kissed her deeply. All of her lust, passion, and love was poured into that kiss. Lexa pulled back for air, "Happy anniversary princess." They kissed again. "You sure know how to surprise me."

In the short time the couple had been together, Clarke had taken to being a submissive very well. She almost craved Lexa's dominance over her. Upon learning about the baby, the couple did some research. It turned out it was ok for them to practice BDSM, as long as the sub was comfortable, and no trauma was placed on the womb. Both agreed that once the second trimester started there would be no spanking, no swings, and anal was limited. The only bondage allowed would be using fur-lined cuffs around the wrists. The last trimester would be vaginal or oral sex only. No bondage, no clamps, or rough sex of any kind. Toys, mutual masturbation, dirty talk, and sexting would be ok the whole nine months. Sexual positions would be based on Clarke's comfort level. After the baby, they would slowly work their way back to their normal level of BDSM play and anal sex.

Looking down at Clarke, Lexa felt so much for her in that moment. Her initial arousal was there, yet she was also feeling so much love for the one person she could be herself with. Forest green eyes drifted down to Clarke's stomach. A slight bump showed the new life growing inside the woman she had come to love so much. The brunette smiled at the thought of her baby being nourished and protected by this beautiful, smart, loving woman. "I love you so much Clarke. And I love our baby."

Clarke watched with fascination as Lexa's toned muscles, tan tattooed skin, and large penis slowly came into view as she undressed. She never grew tired of seeing Lexa's body. To Clarke, the woman was loving, funny, lean, dark haired, and well endowed sex appeal; her beautiful face made her the whole package. The brunette's money didn't really matter to her, but it was an added bonus. Clarke would love her even if she were penniless and living in a broke down van. The blonde came back to her senses when she felt a hand caresses her cheek. Lexa's green eyes gazed into her blue ones.

"Now, you need to suck Daddy's dick really good. I won't fuck you if you do a poor job, understand?"

"Yes Daddy."

"Good." Lexa placed a set of clamps on Clarke's nipples then reached down to place one on her clit. Her moan was mixed with pleasure and pain. "Those will make sure you don't reach the edge too soon." Both women also knew it was because the blonde liked pain. She loved it when Lexa would push her to her limits.

Clarke opened her mouth to accept Lexa's semi erect shaft. A moan escaped from her as she felt the cock slide into her oral opening. The brunette's taste was on her tongue when she dipped it into the small hole on the tip. It had the desired affect when she felt Lexa swell inside her even more. Her head was bobbing along the top of the length as she swallowed more of the hardening penis. Lexa let out the occasional expletive or moan to show her approval. Then the tip hit the back of her throat. Looking up she saw Lexa watching her with lust. Slowly she pushed her head forward. Once she
relaxed her jaw, Clarke felt the thick head pass her gag reflex and enter her throat. *God I love sucking her cock. It always tastes good. Always feels good.* Clarke worked her tongue around the underside of the shaft while continuing to use her head to bring Lexa further into her mouth. It was a challenge since her arms were bound and Lexa was not moving her hips, so Clarke had to do all the work. When her nose brushed against Lexa's lower abs, she knew she had the woman's whole cock in her mouth.

"Fuck," was all Lexa could say as her fiancé deep throated her; Clarke was giving her a great blowjob. The feel of her tongue on the underside of her dick was amazing. Lexa relished the soft lips moving along her shaft. She was in heaven for nearly an hour as Clarke sucked her off. Part of her wanted it to continue, but she had other plans for the blonde. The other woman moaned slightly when she pulled out. Lexa bent down to kiss Clarke's swollen lips. Then she placed a ball gag in her mouth.

Lexa searched under the bed and pulled out one of the sex harnesses they had. This one was simple to setup, since it was designed to hang over a door. When it was secured to their bedroom door, Lexa slipped Clarke's legs thru the loops of the bottom straps. She took a moment to admire the bound woman, then entered her with one deep thrust. "Damn Clarke. How is it possible that you are always so tight and wet?" The blonde had become her drug. Lexa would do anything for this woman; she would give her anything. Right now, she was giving her the sexual pleasure they both needed.

The swing allowed Lexa to fully move Clarke's body. They were moaning together as Lexa used the full range of motion and pumped her hips to maximize the penetration. "You take my dick so well." All of Lexa's member would be sheathed into the blonde until she pulled out to the tip and thrust back in. Wet folds swallowed all of her on every inward thrust. The warm intimate place of her lover was like a blanket. It was crazy how tight Clarke was. Even when she jacked off, Lexa could never grip herself as tightly. Divine was the best way to describe it. "Shit, shit, shit, shit, so...damn good!" As Clarke's moans grew louder through the gag, Lexa's dick became harder. Her orgasm was close as she pounded faster and deeper. She made sure Clarke felt her full length and girth. She wanted the blonde to know who dominated her, who fucked her so well, who owned her. She needed her to remember who love her. The last series of thoughts sent her over the edge. "I'm coming," Lexa said. After her release, Lexa removed the gag. "What about your other hole," Lexa asked as she rubbed Clarke's ass.

"It's hungry too," the blonde said. Lexa turned her around in the swing. With the natural wetness from Clarke still on her dick, she entered the tight anal canal. Since they had started anal sex months ago, the couple was careful with this area of intimacy. They were incorporating ass play into their sexual activates on a regular basis, so now it was easier for the art therapist to take all of Lexa anally. Slow thrust stretched her puckered hole until Lexa was able to move freely and fully. Both women were panting in short order. "Just like that Daddy." Clarke had come to greatly enjoy this type of sex. At least she liked the way Lexa did it; never forced. Never too hard or too fast. Never too rough, unless Clarke asked for it. After the brunette had multiple orgasms, she was finally allowed her to cum. Clarke was exhausted, but fully satisfied. Lexa removed her from the harness and carried her to the bathroom. Sometimes she was still amazed at how strong Lexa was.

"You are so sexy," Lexa said.

"So are you Daddy." Lexa drew them a bubble bath. Between the heavy make out sessions the couple washed every inch of each other. And to Clarke's delight, Lexa was currently between her legs while she sat on the edge of the tub. She felt the soft warm tongue lapping around her inner lips. Every so often Lexa would tease her opening then move back to her clit. She had her hands tangled in dark braided hair while
thrusting her hips forward to feel more pressure against her pussy. As much as she loved her fiancé, the blonde couldn't hold on anymore. "May I cum now Daddy?"

"Yes baby girl. I want your wetness all over my face." Seconds after Lexa placed her mouth back on Clarke's pussy she felt and tasted the younger woman's cum. She had a sweet taste, almost like vanilla. Lexa wanted more, so she sucked Clarke's clit into her mouth. Alternating between slow and fast licks on the hard nub, Lexa brought the blonde to another orgasm. More cum filled her mouth when she licked lower again. The brunette didn't let a single drop escape her mouth.

Lincoln and Octavia wanted to host a dinner for Clarke, Lexa, Anya, and Raven. The six of them were engaged in casual post, meal conversation. Most of it revolved around everyone's work or the baby. They were interrupted by banging on the front door; Lincoln went to answer. He opened his house to see his girlfriend's brother slumped lazily on the door frame. "Bellamy what are you doing here?"

"I can't see my own sister," he asked angrily. Without waiting for permission to enter the house, the shaggy haired man walked passed Lincoln as if he owned the place.

The bald man could smell the alcohol coming off of him.

"Octavia. Sis, we need to talk." He rounded the corner into the entertainment room and saw his sister looking pissed off. Raven and a woman he didn't remember at the moment were there. Clarke was sitting on the sofa. Next to her was the woman from the party. "You…again. Why is she here?"

"Bellamy, you shouldn't be here," Octavia said. "Not when you're drunk. Let Lincoln drive you home."

He was having none of it. He shook his head in the negative. "No. I need to know why this bitch is here," Bellamy turned his attention to Lexa. "Do y-you…really think she wants you…that she…that ss-she happy with you?"

"I know Clarke is very happy with me," Lexa answered. She didn't know much about this guy but he was a total tool. No he's an asshole!

"Clarke are…are you serious?" He was growing angry. "Y…you think this…is…is…is better than me?"

"Look let me drive you home," Lincoln insisted. "Or better yet, take one of the guest rooms upstairs." The personal trainer didn't like where this was going. Looking over at Anya, the siblings were prepared to throw Bellamy out if he caused too much trouble.

"How about you mind your business? Th-this is between me and Clarke." He stepped further into the room.

Lexa stood and placed herself in front of the blonde. "Watch how you talk to my cousin."

"Or what? I'm not s…s…scared of you." Bellamy took another step but tripped over his own feet and fell to the ground. When Octavia went over to help him get up, he pushed her away. "Clarke you need to come home with me. This woman…is a fucking joke," he said laughing. "What does she have over me?"

"I'd say you're the joke with the state you're in," Raven remarked.

"Not helping," Anya whispered to her.
The blonde knew she needed to answer him. It was clear that he wouldn't leave unless she spoke with him. "Could you guys give us a minute?"

"No," Lexa said. "I'm not leaving you alone with him."

"T-that's because you know she…w-will take…me back." He staggered back onto his feet.

"Bellamy that's enough," Octavia said.

"It's fine O." Clarke stood beside Lexa while grasping her hand. "That's never going to happen Bellamy. I gave you so many chances to change, and you blew every single one of them. I'm with Lexa now. She doesn't cheat on me. She doesn't neglect me or take me for granted." Clarke looked at the woman she loved so much. "Nothing anyone says or does will make me believe that she doesn't love me. I see it in her eyes. I feel it in every kiss. And she shows me her love every day we are together." She turned her attention back to her ex-boyfriend. "We are getting married after I have our baby."

This sent Bellamy into a full fit of laughter. "You can't be serious."

"I'm very serious," Clarke said.

When he looked a little closer at the blonde woman he finally noticed her stomach was not flat anymore. "Ss-s-so you left me…to be with a freak and…and n-now you having a bastard ba-"

Before he could finish his sentence he was on the floor again after being hit in the stomach. Seconds later he was pressed against the wall. A sharp pain shot across his face after a punch was delivered to his nose. The cracking of bone could be heard when he was hit in the jaw. He felt more pain from the blow. Suddenly he couldn't breathe. He opened his eyes to see Lexa standing in front of him. When he grabbed at his throat, he felt her forearm digging into his neck. This bitch is strong. But I'm stronger… In reality he wasn't stronger than Lexa. Even if he had been sober, Bellamy was still at a disadvantage. He had pissed off the mother to be. Wrong move.

Lexa put even more weight onto his throat. "Now you listen to me you fucking waste of life. Clarke is with me. And don't you ever…EVER insult her or our baby! I don't give a shit what you have to say about me. But I WILL NOT tolerate you talking shit about either one of them again!" Her words rang true. When it came to Clarke, and now their unborn child, Lexa built the wall, dug the moat, and placed spike pits around the castle she had built for them in her heart. She was the fire breathing dragon keeping watch at all times.

"Lexa that's enough," Anya said.

She didn't hear her. The woman was seeing red.

As pissed off as she was at him, Clarke didn't want Lexa to hurt Bellamy any more than she already had. "Lexa. Lexa look at me."

When she heard the voice of her fiancé, she turned her fiery green gaze to Clarke.

"Let him go. You've made your point."

Lexa turned back to Bellamy who was red in the face and almost unconscious. She leaned in closer and whispered into his ear so only he could hear her next sentence. "The next time you do something like this…I…will break…Every. Single. Bone. In. Your. Body." She let go and watched as he slumped to the floor.

Octavia walked over to look at her brother. His nose was defiantly broken and his jaw might also be
dislocated. She couldn't feel too sorry for him. He had crossed the line and Lexa reacted like any parent would. "He needs a hospital," she said. "Anya can you help us get him into Lincoln's truck."

As gingerly as they could, they placed Bellamy in the back of Lincoln's 2011 Dodge Ram quad cab. Octavia turned to the couple, "I'm sorry the evening was ruined. You guys should head home, we'll take care of him." She hugged them, said goodnight, then got in the back seat to monitor Bellamy's vital signs.

"Well that was awkward," Raven said. "This is one reason why I've stopped dating men, they're complete bone heads." Memories of her ill fated relationship with her own ex boyfriend, Warren, started to surface.

"Guess we should call it a night," Anya suggested.

After exchanging hugs and goodbyes with their friends, Lexa and Clarke got into the brunette's car. For several minutes the couple sat in the vehicle. Neither spoke. They barely looked at each other. The anger Lexa felt was still displayed on her face.

"I know he pissed you off," Clarke said finally.

"Pissed off is being nice about it."

"That's the problem, you let your anger blind you."

Lexa turned to the right and looked at the blonde woman. "Are you kidding me? You heard the things he said. That asshole insulted our relationship. He called our baby a...a...I can't even repeat it! Do not sit here and defend him Clarke."

"I'm not defending him. But what would've happened if I hadn't been here? You could've killed him."

"Maybe I should have."

"Please tell me you did not really mean that?" The younger woman couldn't believe her ears. She didn't wait for Lexa to answer her question. Clarke got out the car and started walking down the street. Of all the things to say! Yes Bellamy had been a supreme jerk. He did insult them and their growing family. He had been drunk and possibly didn't mean what he said. But he defiantly didn't deserve to die because of it. What she said is not ok. I can't believe she would even think that.

Nice job Lexa. You pissed her off. Lexa started the car and pulled out of the driveway. Once she reached the other woman, she slowed down and drove beside her. Lexa spoke to her through the open passenger window. "Clarke get in the car."

"No Lexa."

"You're upset, I get it. Let's talk about this while you're not storming down the sidewalk at night in an unfamiliar area. And it's too cold for you to be out here in nothing but a sweater. You don't need to get sick. Please Clarke."

The blonde stopped. You know she's right...so be an adult Clarke and get out of the cold. The baby comes first and not your pride. She returned to the car but was still unhappy with Lexa. "I know you haven't known Bellamy for a long time, but he really is a good person. We were friends before we even started dating. We grew up together. That's why I stayed with him despite everything he put me through."
"I can understand that." Lexa took Clarke's hand into hers as she drove. "Look, what I said was... wrong. But he was way out of line. And I won't apologize for standing up for our family."

"I do appreciate you defending us and our baby, but Lexa, you hurt him really bad. His sister is my best friend. One day we might all be related by marriage. Then what will you do?"

Clarke had a point. "That might be true, but can you really blame me? He said some pretty awful things about me and our relationship. Then he doubled down and verbally attacked our child. That's something I won't apologize for." Lexa now had something truly worth living for. Something to fight for. She'd been so caught up in the company, protecting the legacy her parents had left behind, making sure things were secure for the next generation of the Woods clan. Then she sees a blonde haired, blue eyed, smart, talented, loving woman who had her heart almost from the moment they meet. It wasn't just her anymore. "I love you so much. You mean a lot to me. And so does Sprout."

"Sprout? You're calling our baby sprout?"

"Well I figured the last name will be Woods, and that's what a baby plant is called. So Sprout is what I came up with." Lexa pulled the car into the garage and shut off the engine. She looked at Clarke and smiled. "Do you forgive me?"

"Yes Daddy, I forgive you. And I love you too." They shared a chaste kiss before exiting the car. Clarke still couldn't believe that Bellamy had been so disrespectful. She was sure that he'd be over her by now, but he seemed to be worse than ever. The Skikru might need to have an intervention if his drinking got out of hand. For now she would salvage the night and show Lexa how much she loved her. As Lexa hung their jackets, Clarke saw her fiancé's right hand. "Oh my goodness Lexa, your hand."

The brunette didn't realize she had been hurt until now. The knuckles were swollen and red, but not painful. "It looks worse than it really is princess."

"Let me have a look." The bones didn't appear broken. "Can you make a fist?"

While opening and closing her hand several times, Lexa didn't feel any sharp pain in her hand. "It's stiff but not painful."

"Well let's get some ice on it to reduce the swelling."

After an ice pack, some TLC, and an aspirin, Lexa's hand looked a little better. They would ice it again before going to bed. Lexa was lead upstairs to the master bathroom. While Clarke turned on the water, Lexa started to undress. The shorter woman turned to face her.

"I'll do that," Clarke said as she gently moved tan hands aside.

Blue eyes were darkening with lust as they watched the buttons on her pink dress shirt become undone and reveal tattoos. Clarke peeled the cotton top off of her. She then removed the sports bra from her lean torso. Lexa shuttered at the feel of Clarke running her hands across her chest. Hardening nipples were pinched before the blonde sucked them into her mouth. Soft hands moved lower to open the front of her beige slacks. Then pants and underwear were pushed down her thighs. She stepped out of them and pulled Clarke closer to her body.

"Get in the shower. I'm right behind you."

The warm spray on her skin was refreshing. Funny how a shower could melt away a long day or a troubling event in a matter of seconds. It didn't take long for Clarke to join her. Soft breast and a
slightly swollen stomach pressed into her back. Lips kissed up the right side of her neck. Turning her head, Lexa's mouth met Clarke's. As always the kiss quickly turned from sweet to passionate. Both women were soon consumed by her lust for the other.

"Damn Lexa."

Skin became wet under the water as they stood under the shower head. The brunette turned to face Clarke. She was rock hard. Her dick twitched when it honed in on waiting warmth. It was like a divining rod. "Clarke."

"Take me Lexa. Fuck me. Own me."

The taller woman lifted her fiancé and thrust into her at the same time.

"Yes! Oh God you feel so good," the blonde whispered.

Lexa maneuvered their entwined bodies up against the wall. Their foreheads rested on each other as the brunette took Clarke with long, slow, deep thrust. It felt good to be inside her favorite place. There was added pleasure for Lexa when she felt Clarke's hard clit on the top of her shaft at the base. *Shit. I'm all the way in. Sooo deep. Sooo fucking good.* She had one arm wrapped around the blondes' midsection as the other held onto her ass. Lexa would apply the healing ointment later because she knew she'd leave a mark. Right now she gave into their shared passion. The breath on her neck hit her skin at a staccato pace. Clarke was close. She wouldn't make her wait for her orgasm. "Cum whenever you want to baby girl. As many times as you want." Lexa watched Clarke throw her head back as the woman shuttered in her arms. She latched onto the exposed side of her neck and sucked hard. This sent the blonde into a second climax. "Clarke." She was sent into her own orgasm when her fiancé squeezed and then bore down on her.

Orgasm after orgasm sent both women to exhaustion. They were in the shower until the water turned cold. They made quick work of washing each other then exited to the bedroom. Lexa went to get the ointment for Clarke when she stopped her.

"Let me finish taking care of you," she said. The brunette still had an erection. She took Lexa's stiff shaft into her hand and worked along the length. Stroking from base to tip, pulling the foreskin over the red swollen head then exposing the tip again while working her hand back to the base. Even after all these months it still amazed Clarke how well endowed Lexa was, and her stamina was incredible. "How can you be so big and last so long?" They both had several orgasms in the shower yet the woman was as hard as she had been when they first started. Not waiting for an answer, Clarke took Lexa into her mouth. She no longer had a problem with taking the large cock down her throat. After a few bobs of her head she was rewarded with Lexa shooting semen into her mouth. She swallowed every drop as the woman removed her now softening member from Clarke's lips. "Tasty as always Daddy."

"Thank you baby girl." Lexa leaned down and kissed the woman who had become her everything. Her world. "You are beautiful. Always remember that."

Chapter End Notes

Well Bellamy got himself into hot water! Didn't mean to scare anyone with the Clexa fight but it won't be all sunshine for them all the time. They did make up quickly because they are cinnimon rolls to each other. And makeup sex is the best sex to have.
Comment, kudos, etc. New update should be next week. Follow me on Tumblr under rainbowswen or Twitter @datonewriter. I take story request and post about my newest writing.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Wow. You all were so patient. Thank you for those of you who made the kind comments. It's been a struggle dealing with the passing of my mom and healing from a concussion. Your concern is noted and have helped me. Words are power and every positive comment from the last chapter has made the healing process easier. I'm doing better. Don't worry, I will be continuing this story, just needed a break. This is my holiday gift to you all for being so awesome and supportive. Enjoy the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 11

"Why did you let me pick this color? It's ugly."

Lexa laughed to herself. She was painting the nursery with Clarke. The woman was at four months now and had the baby bump to show she was on the journey to motherhood. Since they were waiting to find out the baby's gender, they were going with neutral colors. The color Clarke had chosen was a light green; it reminded Lexa of mint ice cream. The blonde had loved it when they were at the hardware store. Now, she hated it. This would be the fifth color change they made in almost as many weeks. "We can take it back and pick something else," Lexa said.

"All the gender neutral colors are ugly." Clarke was starting to hate the idea of not knowing the baby's sex. She was growing frustrated with trying to decorate, having to buy new maternity clothes for what seemed like almost every other week, and her hormones were all over the place.

"So let's go back to the store and get another color."

"Ok, but you pick it this time." The blonde left the room to grab her purse for their trip to the hardware store.

The brunette closed the paint can and carried it downstairs with the other two. This was not the first thing Clarke has been indecisive about. Several times she had changed her mind about which room would become the nursery, who would be the godparents, what the name would be, if there would be a baby shower, and so much more. Lexa had been reading lots of books about pregnancy and parenting, so she was prepared to deal with Clarke and the changes in mood. She was also use to making some very interesting meals; the woman had developed a love of fried foods. Earlier in the day Lexa served her fried cheese sticks, fried chicken, fried pickles, and fried mushrooms all drizzled with caramel sauce. Lexa looked on as the blonde ate her fill of the special breakfast.

When ten minutes passed and Clarke was not downstairs, Lexa found the woman in their bedroom closet. "You look fine Clarke, there's no need to change your outfit." No response. "Are you ok?"

She walked over to the silent woman.

Teary blue eyes looked at her.

"What's wrong princess?"
"I miss him so much." Clarke was grabbing her coat when she saw her dad's military watch sitting on the jewelry shelf she shared with Lexa. Before now she had not been bothered by having it, and even wore it once. And while she thought about her father from time to time throughout the years, the blonde hadn't been so upset about his absence in a long time.

Lexa wrapped her arms around her crying fiancé. "It's ok princes. I'm right here." Lexa walked them into the bedroom. She wiped Clarke's tear stained cheeks, "Talk to me Clarke. Tell me what I can do to help you feel better."

"Hold me."

So that's what Lexa did. She lay on the bed with Clarke wrapped in her arms. The brunette whispered words of love and comfort while rubbing her back. Tears soaked the front of her t-shirt, but it didn't matter. Clarke needed her support.

When she couldn't cry anymore, the blonde snuggled closer to Lexa. Her unique scent, the warmth of her body, the tenderness she was showing her reminded Clarke how much Lexa loved her. She knew she was lucky to have this woman in her life, even if they had remained as friends.

"I was in my second year of college when we lost him. He had a heart attack. It didn't make sense because he had always been so healthy. After the funeral I returned to school, but I wasn't the same person. I was partying more and going to class less. Things had become so strained between mom and I, partly because my father wasn't around to help us talk things out, and because I blamed her for his death. For a long time I thought she should have known he was sick. She was a doctor. She was supposed to know everything." Clarke remembered how angry and hurt she had been. "Really, I was upset because it was so sudden. We never had time to say goodbye."

When she didn't speak again Lexa thought she was asleep. She moved to get out of bed but Clarke pulled her closer. "Sorry. Didn't know you were still awake."

"It's ok."

"So what happened? How did you and Abby fix things?"

"She became concerned when I hadn't called her for several months, so a few days before spring break she visited the campus. When she found me, I was returning to my dorm room after a keg party the night before. She could see I was in bad shape. Drinking and drugs and not feeling anything were how I had been getting by. I refused to allow myself to grieve. Mom was adamant about me coming home. After yelling at each other for over an hour, I agreed just so we could stop fighting. Living at home again without my father made us bridge the gap between us. We were forced to learn how to communicate with each other, and I was finally working out my feelings over losing him. When I returned to school in the spring of the following year, it was at an in-state college. Along with art I added a second major in clinical therapy with a concentration in grief counseling. Once I completed my masters, she offered me a job at the clinic… My dad would be proud. Mom and I are closer than ever and working together… He'd be happy I was starting a family of my own." Clarke smiled to herself. "I'll have to let you watch some of our old home movies."

They cuddled until Clarke was feeling better. After changing her shirt, Lexa drove them to the hardware store. This time they picked the color together and agreed on a light purple. When they arrived home, Lexa made dinner while Clarke took a nap. While eating their meal they went over the list of baby names. Now they had a list of 10 that both of them really liked, most of them were unisex names. Finally they were freshly showered and in bed. Lexa was giving Clarke a foot massage; she became aroused when Lexa was rubbing her arches.
Both women were already naked. Lexa was still careful about how much weight she put on the blonde as she was pulled into a soul melting kiss.

"I love you Lexa."

"I love you too Clarke."

Lexa carefully inserted her stiff shaft into Clarke's waiting pussy. She was close to coming when she felt how much warmer and wetter Clarke was, and she was still tight. When she was fully inside Clarke, Lexa couldn't hold back her release. Clarke felt too good. She regained her composure and saw the other woman looking up at her. "Sorry, I couldn't hold back."

Clarke smiled and flipped them over. "It's fine, I like how you feel too." The blonde rolled her hips in small circles. Lexa had become thicker after her orgasm. Soon she was rocking her body the way Lexa liked. Strong hands grabbed her and assisted to increase the friction. Clarke had one of her hands holding Lexa's while the other hand pinched and rolled the brunettes nipples. She changed to an up down motion and really got her baby mama worked up. It was just as wonderful for her. She could feel the head of Lexa's cock rub her g-spot every time she moved. "May I cum Daddy?" They were not having a BDSM session, but Clarke knew to always ask Lexa for her release unless told otherwise. The brunette owned her body and could do what she wanted to Clarke.

"Yes baby girl."

With her head thrown back, eyes clamped shut, Clarke let the orgasm rip through her body. Every nerve ending, every sense, every part of her was on fire. Lexa moved her hips and sent both of them into a shared second orgasm. She collapsed on top of the other woman. Lexa rolled them back over and went to pull out when Clarke stopped her. "Stay. You're still hard and I'm still horny."

Lexa moved her hips again. "In that case, I'm going to love you properly." She thanked Clarke for having their baby. She expressed how in love she was with the blonde, same as she had earlier that day. Each deep thrust was followed with words of affection and adoration. Every word was matched with loving touches and passionate kisses. Lexa gave the other woman all of her feelings. All of her body. All of her heart. All of her love. Their shared orgasm set both women aflame to their very souls. Nothing and no one could ever tear the couple apart.

"Well I'm happy that's over with," Anya said. She and Lexa were leaving the corporate meeting room and headed to the CEO's office.

"I'm sure you are. Securing this DOD contract will allow us to refocus on other things, primarily the deal with Azgeda Inc."

Anya was dreading the idea of dealing with Nia Queen again. "Do we have to get into the preverbal bed with them? I'm starting to wonder how that woman even has a company that is so successful. She is not very business savvy."

Lexa opened the door to her office and saw Luna was sitting on the sofa waiting for her. "Hey Luna. To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"Wish I could say this was pleasant boss," the lawyer replied.

"Then let's hear it." The woman handed Lexa a small packet of legal papers. The more she read the documents, the more furious she became. She could not believe what she was reading. Of all the low down dirty things to do, that prick is going to do this! She wasn't aware of the low growl coming from her throat.
"Lexa, what's wrong," Anya asked.

"That piece of shit is suing me."

"Who?"

"Bellamy. Clarke's fuckboy of an ex!"

"What is he suing you for?"

"Apparently he's seeking money for lost wages, medical expenses, plus pain and suffering. All to the tune of $58 million dollars!"

Anya took the papers and read them for herself. As far as she was concerned, Lexa had let him off easy, considering what she saw him do and say that night. A broken nose, dislocated jaw, and three cracked ribs were her cousin's way of being nice. "Luna there has to be something you can do."

"I'll do my best to work my magic, but there's a chance he could win this."

"Are you kidding me," Lexa asked.

"Wish I was, but I'm not." Luna didn't want to be the target of her college classmates' ire, but she needed to be honest. Lexa had to be ready for what could turn into a long legal battle. She knew the woman would not want to settle out of court. "I saw the photos and read the medical report. And I'm actually surprised he didn't press criminal charges to have you arrested for assault."

"So handing over $58 million dollars is better?"

"I didn't say that. Look...this situation is delicate. So I'm going to need you to fully cooperate Lexa."

The CEO wanted to put the man's face through a brick wall. First Bellamy was disrespectful to her and Clarke, and he insulted their child. Now this. Seemed like this was not going to be an easy going pregnancy for her or her fiancé.

She felt sick when she read the documents Lexa had brought home. Clarke knew that Bellamy was hurt, but this was a new low. Even for him this was going way too far. Lexa had the money, but it was the added stress that was the problem. What do we do now? How do I fix this? "Lexa. I'm so sorry." The tears started. "He's pissed off at me and now...he's taking it out on you."

Lexa wiped the tears from Clarke's face. "Don't blame yourself for his behavior. We did nothing wrong."

"I need to talk to him. Maybe I can get him to understand he shouldn't do this."

"If talking to him had worked then we wouldn't be in this situation. He would've listened to you when he came barging in at my cousin's house. It won't work now anymore than it did then."

"Well, what are we going to do?"

She pulled Clarke to her as close as she could, considering the woman's growing stomach. "We let Luna handle it. In the meantime, we keep decorating the nursery and get ready for Thanksgiving dinner next week. My aunt and uncle can't wait to see you."

"Well your uncle I can understand. Not so sure about your aunt."
"She was smiling when we saw them for my uncle's birthday party."

"That was only when we showed them the new sonogram pictures. The woman still hates me, I know she does."

Lexa laughed softly. "I promise she doesn't hate you." She pulled Clarke down with her as she sat in the oversized recliner. She looked into worried blue eyes. "Listen, you only have two jobs right now. One, take care of yourself and Sprout. Two, worry about pleasing me."

"Don't I do that already?"

"You do. But I need you to be relaxed and calm. Any strain on you is also strain on the baby. They can hear us while still in the womb." The brunette looked at Clarke's belly and rubbed. "This is mom again; I need you to make sure your mama is ok." She continued to rub Clarke's stomach. "Did you now that the baby's finger prints have formed? Now the muscles, bones, and skin are developing. The skin at this stage is see through." Lexa looked up and saw her fiancé staring at her. "What? I told you I've been reading all those baby books we bought."

"It's cute. And I'm so happy to be having this baby with you." The women exchange a series of chaste kisses. Clarke knew that this baby was as important to Lexa as it was to her. She also knew that the sex was better than the first trimester. Her pussy definitely got wetter and she actually wanted to get a little rough. As much as she loved Lexa, the brunette had been holding back again. With her mind made up, she stood and removed her panties.

"What are you doing?"

"Getting what I want." She had the front of Lexa's pants open in no time. Clarke lined the semi stiff cock up with her pussy and sat on Lexa's lap like she was taking a seat on the recliner. In this position she wouldn't be able to look at her fiancé, but she would be able to maximize her own pleasure. The feeling of Lexa's head rubbing on her g-spot was wonderful. She moved her body up and down. Hands grabbed her waist and she felt her body being moved. Thrust after thrust sent waves of pleasure to every nerve ending. Lexa pushed up as she moved her body down. "Just like this…it…won't hurt the baby if…you go…harder."

Of course she didn't want to hurt Clarke or sprout. She had read in several books and articles that sex didn't hurt the baby but it was her protective instincts. They hadn't had a BDSM session since they celebrated their anniversary. Lexa thought she would miss it, but since the whole incident with Bellamy, the brunette had become very protective, and was on the verge of being smothering.

"I love you Lexa. So…much…mmmmmmm. Play with my breast Daddy."

Lexa was pulled out of her thoughts by Clarke's words. The sound of skin slapping together fill the den. It was wonderful. "Love you baby girl."

"It's so crazy…how wet I am."

"There's more…blood flow in your body. So it helps your pussy produce more lubrication…FUCK…and…makes you tighter…FUCK so good."

"Daddy. You sound…so sexy when you talk about my body. Uhhh….ohh…ohhh God yes!" Clarke's orgasm was so close. "More Daddy."

"You want to cum baby girl?"

"Yes Daddy."
"Why should I let you…let you do that?"

"Because you own this pussy."

"What else?"

"I love your dick Daddy and I want to cum on it."

"Then cum on this dick. Cum hard!" Clarke leaned back on Lexa's body as the woman gave one last upward thrust. Both women were barely aware of the other as each rode out her own tidal wave of pleasure. They sat in the recliner while slowly coming back to earth basking in their post orgasm bliss. In moments like this there wasn't anything or anyone who could touch them. The women were shielded by their love, even if only for a little while.

Clarke and Abby were the first guests to arrive at the house of Gustus and Indra. Lexa had arrived earlier to help setup the dining room for dinner, and the family room for pre and post meal entertaining since it was her year in the rotation to do it. Unsure of what to bring, the doctor baked a white cake with white butter cream frosting. The drive over had been strangely quiet, her daughter hadn't said much. They were walking to the door when Abby questioned the younger woman.

"Clarke, what's wrong? You hardly talked to me since I came to pick you up. Even Marcus is growing concerned. He says you seem distracted this past week."

"Mom, I really don't want to talk about it right now. I'll tell you, but please, let's enjoy this holiday."

"Fair enough, but you better tell me soon."

"I promise you I will." Lexa was standing at the door waiting on them. "How'd you know we were here," Clarke asked her fiancé.

"Heard the car pull up. Plus I can just feel when you're near, like a sixth sense." They exchanged a chaste kiss. "Happy Thanksgiving, princess and to you sprout." She kissed Clarke's stomach.

"Happy Thanksgiving Abby."

The older Griffin woman hugged her future daughter-in-law. "Happy Thanksgiving Lexa. I made a cake for dessert."

"Thank you." She stepped aside to let the Griffin women enter the house. After taking their coats, Lexa gave Abby a tour of the house while Clarke went to put the cake in the kitchen.

Since they were alone, Abby figured she could get answers from Lexa about Clarke's strange behavior. "Lexa, may I ask you a question?"

"Of course."

"Is there something going on between you and Clarke?"

"No."

"Well is the baby ok?"

"Yes. Why do ask?"

"Clarke has been quiet. She said she would talk to me later about what is going on. I just hoped you could tel-"
Lexa cut her off. "If Clarke wishes to discuss this with you later, then please respect her and respect her wishes. I understand you're her mother and you have concerns. However, this is our first Thanksgiving together. We want to enjoy it."

"So something is going on."

"Yes, but now is not the time or place to discuss it. So please leave it alone for the moment."

Abby had not expected this. Seemed like the couple was adamant about keeping a secret. "Fine. Just understand that I don't like the idea of my daughter or her fiancé keeping secrets from me."

"I can tell you now it's no secret. We simply want to enjoy our first holiday together, so let's do that." Lexa and Clarke would tell their families what was wrong soon enough. For now, they wanted the joy and comfort to celebrate being with loved ones. "And we're not trying to keep anything from anyone. We simply want to have fun while we eat good food, watch bad football, and bask in the glory and happiness of this growing family."

The doctor really wanted to be mad at the younger woman, but it was hard after all she had said. "Ok. I just hope that whatever is wrong does not affect the baby."

They started to make their way back to the entertainment area. "Your daughter and I make each other stronger. There is very little we can't survive as a couple."

Their conversation ended when the door bell rang. Lexa greeted Lincoln and Octavia. The shorter brunette went to find her friend while Lexa pulled her cousin to the side. "You both smell like sex," she teased him.

"Couldn't help it. I'm surprised you don't smell the same."

"Clarke came over with Abby."

"Everything between you two kids ok?"

"Yeah. I came early to help Uncle Gustus arrange the dining room and the den, and setup everything."

"You are not winning the pool tournament this year."

"We will see cousin. We will see," she said, smiling brightly.

"8 ball side pocket," Abby announced before she took her shot.

Everyone in the room was surprised by this result. The annual Woods Turkey Day Pool Shootout saw all the contestants eliminated, except for Abby and Lexa. Abby was one ball away from winning the final round. Best two out of three games. Clarke, Raven, Anya, and Gustus all lost in the first round. Abby had eliminated Octavia while Lexa eliminated Lincoln. Now it was the doctor versus the CEO for the title of champion, bragging rights for a year, the Golden Pool Cue, and a one year supply of cue chalk. Clarke and Gustus were cheering for Lexa. Octavia, Raven, Anya and Lincoln were cheering for Abby. It had been close. Abby won the first game and Lexa won the second. In this third game, there wasn't a single striped or solid ball on the table. Lexa hadn't been able to sink her first shot at the black ball. Now the brown haired doctor had her chance to sink this shot and end Lexa's six-year winning streak. She took aim, hit the cue ball, and watched as it tapped the black, slightly smaller 8 ball. It rolled to the side pocket and came to a near stop, but dropped into the hole just as it reached the last of its momentum.
"That's game. Abby Griffin, you are the winner and our new champion," Lincoln announced.

The young businesswoman took her loss in stride. Abby gave her three good games. "Wow Abby. That was great." She handed over the Golden Cue and asked the question everyone was now dying to have answered. "Where'd you learn to play like that?"

"Service members make the best billiards teachers. I hung out at the NCO club a lot when I did my internship at Walter Reed Army Medical Center."

"I never knew that," Clarke said.

"Where do you think I meet your father? He thought I couldn't beat him, so I made a wager. If I won he would take me out on a nice, romantic date. If he won I would pay his tab at the end of the night. I won of course so the rest is history."

The blonde woman was stunned. She had only known that her parents had met while living and working in Maryland. Now she knew the full story. She smiled and rubbed her stomach as she thought about telling Sprout the story of her and Lexa officially meeting, sans details of the crazy hot sex they had that same night.

Shortly after the pool tournament, dinner was served. It was the full spread. There was a huge 25lbs. turkey with cornbread stuffing, mashed potatoes with gravy, fried chicken (mainly for Clarke), yams, whole berry cranberry sauce, crescent rolls, green beans with real bacon pieces, and pumpkin pie, apple pie, and the white cake for dessert. As it was the Woods family and cultural custom, Gustus gave the traditional prayer of thanks to the Spirit in Trigedasleng, and repeated it in English for their guest. Then he carved the turkey.

"Do you speak Trigedasleng too," Clarke asked her fiancé.

"Yes. I can also read and write it. All of us can. It's required because that is how we record and share our clan's history. So sprout and any of our children will learn too."

"Who the heck is Sprout," Lincoln asked.

"That's the nickname Lexa gave the baby," Clarke said.

"That's not weird at all," Raven teased.

"I think it's cute," Abby commented.

The food was eaten, the wine and cider was drunk, the chatter was playful and light, the mood was festive, and the couple was free from their worries.

After the great meal, everyone was seated in the family room. Lexa spoke up to get the family's attention. "There's a situation with Clarke and I which could affect almost everyone here," Keep it short and to the point. "A few weeks ago, Clarke and I had dinner at Lincoln's place. While we were there, Octavia's brother, Bellamy, showed up and was very drunk. He insulted me, Clarke, our relationship and Sprout."

"How could what happened with this Bellamy person affect anyone else," Indra questioned.

"Well like I said, he insulted us and our family. I lost my temper and assaulted him." Lexa was now standing by the fire place. She couldn't sit still because even talking about the incident was making her angry again. "Now he has filed a lawsuit against me for $58 million dollars."
"He did what," Abby yelled. The doctor was furious. After all he had put her daughter through, he pulled a stunt like this. *He is not the man I thought he would become.* "What has he said since filing this lawsuit?"

"We don't know what he has to say," Clarke answered. "I don't think anyone can reason with him, he has become insanely jealous. All he kept talking about was how I should take him back. When I said no and mentioned the baby and the engagement, he started with his insults."

"Normally, I would say that violence is the last resort. However, I know how protective a parent can be." Gustus walked over to his niece. At that moment he was so proud of the woman Lexa had become. "If you hadn't defended Clarke and your child, it would've made me wonder what kind of parent and wife you'd be."

"Thank you uncle."

Clarke walked over to her fiancé and joined them for a hug. Then Indra and Abby joined in. Lincoln, Octavia, Anya, and finally Raven joined in the group hug as well. The Woods and the Griffins were one family now. For the young couple, the blended clan would provide them with the strength they would need to survive this turbulent situation.

Chapter End Notes

All comments are welcome but I ask that anything negative on this chapter not be posted. Next chapter yes. But this is the holidays so let's keep it positive and light this time around. Hope you all enjoyed the back story for Clarke and Abby. Who knew that the doctor was a pool shark? And Lexa is so damn protective of her woman...even Abby doesn't get a pass. She has no chill when it comes to her family. Well tha next chapter will be posted in January. Enjoy yourselves and your family. Happy Holidays and Happy New Year.
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

So I'm back at work full time and doing lots of training. Forgive me for not posting chapters sooner. I often forget to upload them after the final editing they go through. Anyway, here is the newest chapter. Some of you are really pissed off with Bellamy by this point. We are also a few chapters away from sprout being born. As always there's smut in this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 12

It was the perfect night to be at the fair. The stars were out, the weather was warm, and the venue wasn't overly crowded. Clarke pulled Lexa from one ride to the next, not that the brunette was complaining. Seeing the smile on the other woman's face was enough to make her do anything if it meant the CEO would see it just a few moments longer. Now she was being led towards the game booths. They were at the gun shoot. All Lexa had to do was use the pellet gun to knock down five ducks on each of the three levels for the top prize. The brunette did it on the first try and the prize Clarke picked out was a giant stuffed raccoon wearing a red cape. Lexa had to admit it was kind of cute.

After having their fill of smoked brisket, onion rings, funnel cakes, and fresh squeezed lemonade, the couple was walking hand in hand. They stopped when they realized they had wandered to some kind of storage area. There were giant equipment containers, decorations, and various other items.

"We should head back," Lexa said.

"Not yet Daddy. Since we're here, why don't you take me on another ride?"

Lexa didn't have to be asked twice. She quickly had Clarke pressed against a vertical beam. The dimly lit area would keep them hidden from anyone walking by but if they chose to enter, the couple would be caught. The brunette was excited to see if she could get Clarke to make enough noise to draw at least one person over. The raccoon and their paints were quickly dropped. Deciding not to waste time with foreplay, the women got down to business. Clarke turned around and bent at the waist in front of her waiting to be filled. Lexa used the copious amount of precum from her tip to lube her dick. She placed her tip at the wet opening but was stopped by a barrier she didn't see.

"Take your panties off."

"I'm not wearing any."

"Then why can't I enter your pussy?"

"Lexa."

"What?"

"Lexa."

"Lexa."
"Clarke."

"Lexa wake up."

The woman opened her green eyes. Instead of being in a semi lit storage area, she was at home, in bed, with Clarke. She was also very pregnant at five months. "What's wrong princess? Need help to the bathroom?"

"No. I need you to stop poking me in my back."

That's when Lexa felt her hard-on and the stickiness of precum. "Sorry. I was having a great dream."

"I figured as much. What were you dreaming about exactly?"

"We were at a fair, wondered into some storage area, and were about to fuck before you woke me."

"Well that explains it," the blonde said as she started laughing.

"Not funny princess." Lexa reached over and pulled Clarke closer to her. She went straight to the spot on the blonde's neck that was her main arousal point. Her fiancé instantly went from laughing to moaning. "I should go get rid of this so I don't poke you anymore."

Clarke held onto a tattooed arm to keep Lexa from moving. "Please don't Daddy." Clarke turned her head and looked Lexa in the eyes. "I said you needed to stop poking me in my back. There's a better place you can poke me."

"You sure you're up for it?"

"I'm always up for sex with you." Clarke placed a soul scorching kiss on Lexa's lips. "I love you."

"And I love you." Lexa pulled down the front of her new green XXL jock strap as Clarke pulled off her oversized t-shirt. She lifted the slender left leg and slowly entered Clarke. It had been a few weeks since they'd last had sex so she was being careful, but it was difficult to keep her composure. Her fiancé was so hot and wet. "You're burning me up baby girl and...it feels wonderful."

"Thank you Daddy."

It was a little difficult for Lexa to establish a rhythm. This was their first try at having sex while lying on their sides. She hoped it would work for them. The brunette read this position was one of the few that pregnant women were comfortable in while having sex, especially during the last trimester.

Clarke could tell her fiancé was having a bit of a struggle, so she pushed herself into Lexa further. It also helped that she put her leg down. She could really feel the girth and length of her fiancé. "Like that Daddy."

"Feels even...tighter. Oh fuck..." The dark haired woman was on the verge of orgasm. **So tight. Never thought pregnant sex could be so good.** For Lexa this was a new level of pleasure. She leaned into Clarke and kissed her deeply. Moving the golden tresses aside, she kissed along the woman's jaw and neck. Her hands went to the C-cup sized breast. Actually they were slightly bigger and the nipples more sensitive. Lexa was very aware that her baby mama could start lactating at this stage of the pregnancy.

"Harder."

Her fiancé's voice brought the CEO back to her task. She took a moment to readjust a bit. Lexa
tucked her right arm under Clarke's, and then did the same with her leg. Moving her other leg on top of the woman's thigh removed any leftover space between them. Now she was semi wrapped around her. Much to the couple's mutual delight, this was working out really well. They could still kiss and still had full body contact. "Uh…yes baby girl. You feel so good."

"So do…you…"

Lexa worked her hips as she rutted into the blonde woman. It couldn't get much better than this. The heat, the wetness, the tightness, sent her over the edge. She released string after string of sperm into Clarke with each thrust. "Fuck!" Without being aware of her actions, Lexa smacked Clarke square on the ass.

"Yes Daddy. Smack me again."

She placed another blow on the soft, round flesh, then another, and another. They had said no spanking after the first trimester, but the blonde was begging for it. Soon her left ass cheek was red and hot to the touch. "Even while carrying my baby you're a slut."

"Only for my Daddy…only for…for you."

"Then cum like the slut you are." When Clarke squeezed her walls, it was like a vice grip and Lexa couldn't move. This sent her over the edge with her fiancé. Nothing ever felt as good as when they had an orgasm together. She loved the feeling of her cum mixing together with Clarke's.

"Wow. That was awesome Daddy."

"Good to know princess." Lexa kissed pale pink lips, then she kissed the small mole at the corner of Clarke's upper lip, after that she moved to the shell of her ear. "I like this new position." She caressed the woman's growing mid-section. Sometimes it was surreal and totally unbelievable that she was about to be a parent. In just over four months, sprout would come screaming into the world. "Our lives are about to change forever, in the best way. I feel so lucky." When the blonde didn't respond, Lexa realized she was sleeping again. She reached down, pulled the sheets over their bodies, and snuggled into the woman who was the love of her life. *So damn lucky indeed.*

Abby Griffin walked up to the door of her daughter's old apartment. She knocked and waited for Bellamy to answer. The doctor knew he was home because she saw his car parked out front. After a second knock, then a third, Abby was about to leave when she heard the deadbolt click and saw the doorknob turn. The door opened slightly.

"If this is about the rent, I told you I'm working on it," a rough voice said.

"I'm not here about the rent Bellamy. It's Abby." She peeked through the small crack and was met with a pair of angry brown eyes. "May I come in?"

When the door was opened wider, she stepped inside. The first thing she noticed was the smell of alcohol and stale air. Then Abby noticed that the curtains were drawn and the apartment was almost completely dark.

"What is it you want Abby?"

Her attention was drawn to the man standing just inside the kitchen, topless and in a pair of ratty sweatpants. He was still muscular but not as toned. The dark hair on his head was unkempt and shaggy. It fell below his brow and almost covered his eyes, which were rimmed with dark circles. There was a small bandage covering his nose and he hadn't shaved in several weeks. The split with
Clarke really did make a mess of him. "I think you know why I'm here."

He picked up an open beer bottle and took a long drink before he spoke. "Actually, I don't. So why don't you spell it out for me?"

The woman stormed over and slapped him as hard as she could. "That is for all the bullshit you put Clarke through for the five years she was with you." She slapped him again. "And that is for what you are putting her through now."

"I didn't do anything."

Abby stepped right into his personal space. "I'm going to talk and you are going to listen!" They stared each other down for several minutes until he turned his glance away. "You have some nerve to mistreat my daughter the way you did. It was me she came to when her heart had been broken by a man, a friend she would have done anything for. Then something wonderful happened for her when she met Lexa. At first I worried it was too soon for her to get involved with someone once she left you. Good thing I was wrong because I've never seen Clarke as happy then when she is with that woman."

"You mean that freak," Bellamy said.

The doctor had to take several deep breaths to keep her temper in check. She wasn't sure who this person was. "What happened to you? What happened to the sweet, hard working, helpful boy who played with my daughter? Why are you this angry, selfish man?" They were silent for several seconds. *Of course he's not going to answer.* "Look, you need to drop this lawsuit."

"No. That...that...woman broke my nose, cracked three of my ribs, and dislocated my jaw. Because of that, I can't get any modeling work. So I'm going to make sure she repays me for the pain she put me through."

"And what about the pain you're causing Clarke? This is about her and you know it. Hurting Lexa to get to my daughter will not make her come back to you." Abby was starting to think that Clarke was right. It didn't seem like Bellamy was listening to reason from anyone. "If at any time in your life you ever truly cared about Clarke, you will drop this lawsuit, apologize to them both, and be the friend my daughter needs right now."

"I don't have to listen to you."

"You're right Bellamy. You are free to do what you want." Abby walked to the front door. "Just know that if you decide to go through with this, you will have money but you won't have any friends." The doctor walked out and returned to her car. Once she was in the vehicle, all she could do was hope that the man would drop the lawsuit or that Lexa's lawyer was extremely good at her job.

Like every year on December 20th, Polis Enterprises held its annual Christmas party. Things were in full swing. People were dancing, singing, and the alcohol was flowing. The company would pick up the tab for cab rides. It would be cheaper to pay for employees to get home safely than face legal trouble or a public scandal from a drunk driving incident. There was a raffle with prizes given away every half hour. The winnings ranged from gift baskets, extra days of paid vacation, electronics, gift certificates, and more.

"How you feeling princess?"

"I'm good and really enjoying the food." Clarke was happy when she saw fried food was part of the
appetizer buffet. It was the salty crispness she couldn't get enough of. She giggled when Lexa nuzzled her neck. Soft lips and insistent teeth teased at her ear. Arousal stirred in her pussy and she was wet in no time. Usually she didn't wear panties, but she had tonight and the cotton was rapidly becoming soaked. She turned around in Lexa's arms and kissed the woman.

It was a casual affair so people were dressed down as compared to the fundraiser. Lexa was wearing dark blue jeans, black classic Converse hi-tops, and a sweater with Rudolf that had a light up nose. Clarke had on maternity jeans, a pair of black Ugg boots, and a sweater with kittens dressed as Santa and elves.

"Even in an ugly Christmas sweater you are still the most beautiful person in the room."

"So are you." The women were quickly wrapped up in each other. Lexa could feel her shaft getting hard. She pulled back breathless. "Either we need to stop or go to my office."

"Your office. Now."

The couple almost made it to Lexa's office. They were all over each other as usual. When her fiancé said; "I need you right now", the brunette didn't hesitate. Halfway up the brunette hit the stop button in the elevator. She would ask the security department to delete the footage before they left for home. At the moment she needed to attend to Clarke's needs as well as her own. Within minutes she had the blonde pressed against the elevator wall.

"God I love how horny you are for me," Lexa said.

"Always Daddy."

Their tongues swirled and danced around each other. Lexa pulled down and removed the other woman's pants then undid the front to her own jeans. She slowly slid her hard cock inside. No words were spoken. The couple simply exchanged hot kisses and held each other's bodies. Once Lexa had reassurance from their doctor that sex wouldn't hurt the baby, she finally stopped holding back. She drove deep into Clarke's tight, wet pussy. Her future wife felt superb.

"Oh Daddy. I need to cum."

"Do it baby girl."

Clarke felt her walls go tight around Lexa's cock as wave after wave of release caused her to almost collapse. It wasn't long before she felt Lexa rutting into her again. This time it was at a slower pace. "Yes Lexa. Mmmmmm..." Her body was ready to go for another round. It always craved her lover's touch.

She could tell the difference between their intimacies. They were fucking when Lexa brought her to her first orgasm. That was always the heated, passion fueled, frantic expression of their raw desire. Having sex like they were doing right now was satisfying their sexual desire. Both acts would involve some form of BDSM play. Then there were the times they made love. It was always gentle, loving, and sweet. No toys. No nicknames. Nothing rough. During those times they were Clarke and Lexa; two women who were tied to each other mentally, spiritually, and emotionally. The blonde was always pleased no matter what they did.

She was brought back to the present when Lexa kissed across her collar bone. Clarke was sure that more than 20mins had passed. That was too long for an elevator to be out of operation without anyone noticing. They had to finish up before someone reported to security. There was only one way to get Lexa to orgasm quickly. "That's it Daddy. Take this pussy." The woman thrust into her harder.
"Just like that. Fill me up and make me yours."

"Ohhh God Clarke."

It was working. Her hips were moving faster. "Yes…give me all of your cock Daddy. I love it and I love you."

Lexa knew she couldn't last much longer. She always loved it when Clarke talked dirty to her.

"Damn Daddy. So good…Please don't stop…don't…stop…"

"I'll never stop…giving you what you want baby girl." With a series of deep thrust, Lexa finally reached orgasm. She continued to cant her hips as semen shot into the pussy clutching her shaft. She kissed Clarke and waited as the woman finished riding out her second release. It was such a beautiful sight when her fiancé was in the throes of sexual climax. "I love you too Clarke." Her shaft was still semi-hard so they would be going home. She would be uncomfortable and she wasn't done with Clarke. "Let's go home princess. I want you again. We'll go all night if you want."

"How could I say no to that?"

Chapter End Notes

It remains to be if Abby's talk with Bellamy took root. Yes, Clarke will be crazy about fried food until the end of her pregnancy. We will also check in on Anya and Raven. While I already have a good beta reader, I am constantly working on other fanfiction, short stories, and have started a novel. I don't want to overwhelm one person so I could use more betas. If you are interested in helping me contact me via Twitter @datonewriter or on Tumblr under rainbowswen.
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Hello Clexa fans. So super sorry for this late update. I've been so busy. Thanks for the well wishes. I'm doing good and happily writing. We are getting one chapter closer to Sprout joining the family. So who thinks it will be a girl and who thinks it will be a boy? Comment below. Also next chapter is a big event. Look for an update in the next few weeks. Review, rate, state what you think the baby gender will be, etc. And yes I got the spelling of Azgeda correct thanks to one of my betas. Shout out to my betas thank you all so much. The Bellamy situation will be resolved soon enough. Thanks for reading.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 13

Clarke was ready to have this baby. At six months she was hardly in a good mood. She couldn't see her feet anymore, she had to pee every 5 minutes, and it was almost impossible to get comfortable when she did anything. Sitting down for too long made it hard to get up. Standing up too long made her back and feet hurt. Laying down made her feel too lazy and fat. Plus the baby was always active at night. *I know Lexa wants more kids but that's because she doesn't have to carry them.* This was turning Clarke into a grouch. The blonde wasn't sure how her friends and family were putting up with her.

She was happy to be going home. As much as she loved her work, it had been a long day. One of her patients was not making any progress. It's like the man had hit a wall. For weeks now he had simply been refusing to partake in any group sessions. She was unsure of how to continue with Pike.

"You're too young to look so stressed."

The blonde didn't need to look up to see who was standing at her door. She knew the deep baritone voice of Jaha anywhere. "Hey. What are you doing here?"

"I was talking with your mother. I'm ready to move on from the hospital. So I just took a job as the new surgeon for the clinic. I start next week."

The art therapist was thrilled with the news. "That's great." Upon seeing her struggle to get to her feet, Jaha rushed over and helped her. After a brief hug, he helped her to Abby's office. The three of them talked for about an hour then proceeded downstairs. The two doctors helped the younger woman to her SUV.

"Wow Abby. I know Clarke is your daughter, but is she really being paid more than me?"

"Actually this is my Christmas gift from Lexa," Clarke said. She had been completely surprised when her fiancé blindfolded her and walked her outside first thing on Christmas morning. Sitting in the driveway was a new 2015 Audi Q5 Prestige. It was forest green, with dark grey interior, tinted mirrors, a baby on board decal in the back window, and a 3-in-1 car seat. The pregnant woman had been so happy she cried. Then she dragged the brunette upstairs and they had made love the rest of the morning. The couple had finally gotten out of bed when Abby called and asked if they were still
coming to her house for Christmas dinner.

"If she treats my grandchild the same way she treats you, then we're going to have a brat on our hands," Abby said.

"Kids need to be a little spoiled Abby," Jaha said.

Once she was in her car, Clarke made her way home. She couldn't wait to tell Lexa the final four names she wanted for their baby. When she made it home, the blonde was exhausted. She hoped that Lexa would be ok with leftovers for dinner because she just wanted to eat, shower, and sleep. So she was delighted when she walked into their home and found a candle-lit table set for two.

"Lexa," she called out.

The brunette burst from the kitchen with a bright smile on her face.

"Wow. You seem happy. What's going on?"

The women exchanged a chaste kiss as Lexa took her purse, jacket, and shoes. "I'll tell you over dinner. Just have a seat." After about 5mins of activity, Lexa made her way to the dining room. She had left work on time and come home to make Clarke dinner. Fried chicken was best when freshly cooked. She had also made sure to have fried mushrooms and fried pickles, with caramel sauce. Lexa just stuck with the chicken, brown rice and vegetables. Clarke had a true pregnant woman's palate. "Well for the longest time we have been trying to negotiate a deal with Azgeda. I think we finally made some headway."

Clarke listened as the woman talked about her day and the plans she and Anya had for the company over the next two years.

"What about you princess? How was your day?"

"One of my patients is still giving me trouble." Before she knew it, Clarke had managed to eat most of the chicken, pickles, and mushrooms while discussing her day with Lexa. "The good news is that Jaha will be starting next week."

"I remember him. Nice guy. Is he dating your mom?"

"Oh no. My mom and Marcus have feelings for each other. I'm not sure what they are waiting for. They've been dancing around their feelings for years. Those two are worse than Raven and Anya."

"I actually think my cousin has gotten her head on straight about Raven. She's more sarcastic and annoying than usual." Lexa was so happy to be spending this time with Clarke. Once the baby arrived, it would be awhile before they had a chance to spend quality time together. So the CEO was going to enjoy the next three months they had to themselves as much as she could.

"What did Anya say she needed again?"

"I don’t know," Lexa replied. “She just said to come over as soon as we could. Didn’t give a reason."

“Do you think she and Raven broke up?” Clarke knew how her best friend and Anya felt about each other. They were still in the early stages of their relationship. The pregnant woman had hoped that Raven finally found happiness like she and Octavia had.
“Maybe. I just hope nothing is going on with my aunt and uncle.” As quickly and safely as she could, Lexa drove to her cousin’s condo. She hadn’t heard any distress in the woman’s voice while they spoke on the phone, but the whole situation felt...off. They finally arrived and Lexa pulled into the small parking lot. She walked to the other side and helped Clarke out of the SUV. To Lexa the blonde was still as beautiful at 7 months as she had been when they first saw each other at the bistro.

“Are you feeling ok?”

If she didn’t know that Lexa actually cared, the question would’ve irritated Clarke. But this was her future wife and the mother of her child, so she knew the brunette meant well. Lexa had been nothing but attentive and sweet to her throughout the whole pregnancy. So patient even when she was moody and irritable. Getting up to buy or cook crazy food requested in the middle of the night. Helping her with everything she needed. Clarke couldn’t ask for a better partner. “I am. Thank you for asking. I love you Lexa.” She kissed the woman sweetly and grasped her hand as they walked up the stairs to Anya’s condo.

Lexa knocked a few times. When there was no answer, she tried the doorknob. To her surprise, it was unlocked. “Stay behind me Clarke.” The CEO was cautious as she stepped through the doorway. With Clarke pressed right against her, the couple slowly make their way into the living room.

“SURPRISE!”

People were popping up from everywhere. Most of Clarke’s friends were there including Murphy which surprised her since he was not the sentimental type. Of course, their families were there too. It’s when Clarke and Lexa saw the banner that read ‘We Love Our Little Sprout’. It dawned on them that this was their baby shower.

“Wow. A baby shower. You guys didn’t have to do this,” Lexa said.

“Yes, we did. This is the first kid of our family’s new generation,” Anya said proudly.

“Plus, we know you guys are pretty busy these days with getting the house ready and all the other crazy things going on.” Octavia didn’t need to mention the law suit. Everyone knew about what Bellamy had done. At the moment, he was unofficially exiled from The 100 Social Group. He was her brother but the man was still wrong in his actions. Last time they spoke she made her feelings to him known and cut him off. It was hard to do but she refused to put up with his behavior. She had also thanked Abby for speaking with him even though it hadn’t seemed to do any good.

Soon after greeting everyone, the celebration was underway. It was wonderful to both women that their friends and family had done this for them. The theme was woodland critters. Abby took it upon herself to direct the activities, while Indra served the food, and Gustus keep everyone from getting too rowdy. Before they started with opening the presents, it was time for one last game.

When they had been separated, Lexa and Clarke were given questionnaires to answer about the other. Now they were going to read their answers.

“Ok. As you all know we gave our moms to be some questions to answer. We will listen to their responses,” Abby said. “Lexa you go first.”

The brunette read the first question. “How did we first meet?” After giving her two part answer, it was Clarke’s turn.

“When did you know you were in love?” Both women took turns and answered the question. It continued this way for several minutes. However, Lexa was almost brought to tears when Clarke
answered the question, “What do you want the baby to get from its father?” It was a no brainer for the art therapist. “I want our baby to have Lexa’s everything. The more like Lexa he or she has the better.”

Lexa had never been so touched in her life. She knew that Clarke loved her very much. This…it was unlike anything someone had said about her or to her before. Clarke was beyond an amazing woman. The brunette was sure that she would do anything for her fiancé. She would give her anything she wanted. Lexa would protect her and any children they had with every ounce of life and strength she possessed. It had now become impossible for anything or anyone to make Lexa part from this woman.

“Did you mean what you said at the shower today,” Lexa asked. The couple had come home and put away the gifts from the baby shower. All the onesies were super cute. Each one had been decorated by the guests who had attended their baby shower. Because of the theme and the baby’s nickname, most had trees and forest animals on them.

“Of course I did. I love you Lexa.” Clarke moved as close to the brunette as her stomach would allow. She took the woman’s slightly bigger hands into hers and looked into jade hued eyes as she spoke. “My life changed forever when I first saw almost a year ago. You make me so happy. I know we argue sometimes and things have been strained with Bellamy over his lawsuit. But I want only you. I appreciate you. I trust you with everything that I am. I don’t want to be without you.” It was very rare to see Lexa cry. “I can’t wait to marry you.” She kissed tear-stained cheeks and ran her hands through dark tresses.

The CEO was speechless. She didn’t try to stop crying. She simply lay there as the love of her life held her closely. She knew she would do anything for this woman and any children they had. Never had she felt so connected to anyone outside of her family before she met Clarke. It was clear that this woman was her everything.

When she woke up, Lexa noticed she was alone in bed. The smell of food took her back to when she and Clarke had first started dating. Now they had a baby on the way and would soon be married. That’s when it hit her that she needed to get a ring. They should at least be officially engaged before the baby arrived. She sent a quick text to the only person she trusted to help her with this task.

She joined the blonde woman in their kitchen.

“Good morning princess,” Lexa said.

“Hey.”

Lexa was now familiar with that tone. It was Clarke’s; “I’m tired, my feet and back hurt, I feel like a fat cow, and I can’t wait to get this baby out of me” tone. Walking behind the woman, she placed a chaste kiss on her cheek and wrapped her arms around the woman. “You are beautiful Clarke. Thank you for having this baby. I know this is not easy for you.” She knew what the woman needed to hear when she was in this mood. “How about we both take the day off and get a full spa treatment?”

“Lexa I can’t just skip work. I have patients. Canceling their appointments will throw off their schedule and mine.”

“I’m just trying to help you feel better princess.”

“Well you didn’t,” Clarke snapped. “Your food is on the island.”
With one more kiss Lexa took her usual seat and started eating her egg white omelet. Seconds later she heard the telltale sounds of crying. Walking back to the woman she gently turned her so she they could face each other. She knew it was the hormones that even this late in the pregnancy still affected Clarke.

Clarke cried into Lexa’s shoulder as the brunette woman now held her. “How have you been so patient with me this whole time?”

“I love you that’s why. There isn’t anything I wouldn’t do for you Clarke. You’re my everything.” She kissed away the tears and told Clarke how beautiful she was. One chaste kiss lead to another. Lexa couldn’t help herself and deepened their kisses. She picked up her fiancé and carried her back upstairs to the bedroom.

“Lexa what about breakfast?”

“You’re the best thing being served princess.” Lexa silenced the blonde with a passionate kiss. She laid the pregnant woman on the bed and quickly removed her satin robe and nightgown. It was Wednesday and she needed to be at work in less than an hour but her future wife was more important. She’d never leave Clarke feeling upset and unloved. Besides no one would say anything. When she was also naked she laid beside Clarke. The blonde woman really did have the pregnancy glow. Her curves were curvier and her hair was more golden. Her eyes were a brighter blue. Lexa had never understood the sexual appeal of a pregnant woman until now. Maybe it was because Clarke was carrying her child or because their relationship. Maybe it was her love for the other woman. Whatever it was, Lexa couldn’t resist the blonde and they were still intimate whenever possible.

She placed her hand on Clarke’s stomach and gave it slow caresses. Lexa placed kisses all over Clarke’s midsection. Eventually she made her way down to Clarke’s wet pussy. She wasted no time and sucked on the woman’s outer lips. Her tongue then made slow licks around the vaginal opening. Even her pussy tasted better than it had before. A dip inside with the small muscle gained her the reaction she loved so much. The slight raise of the other woman’s hips and a hand to the back of her head signaled her pleasure. Soon she was licking and kissing the woman’s pussy. She paid no attention to nothing else.

“Yes. Oh Lexa.”

Hearing her name coming from Clarke was always a wonderful sound to Lexa. She continued until Clarke reached her climax. She smiled up at the woman as she opened her eyes and looked at her. “I don’t ever want to be without you Clarke. I have you and will do everything it takes to keep you in my life. Never forget that.” She then lay on her left side and pulled Clarke to her.

“I want you on top. I need to see you baby.”

Lexa quickly repositioned herself on top of her fiancé. “Are you ok?”

“Yes.”

It didn’t take long for them to turn the heat up again. Finally, Lexa couldn’t hold back and slowly entered Clarke. There was no need for her to look. The brunette knew Clarke’s body well enough now that she could enter her by feel and hit her mark every time like she just had. She was in no hurry to leave this woman’s company and would take her time showing Clarke just how beautiful she was.

With each slow thrust she made sure Clarke was comfortable. Once Clarke threatened bodily harm
Lexa stopped worrying and focused on bringing them both pleasure. She savored each kiss. The feel of each thrust and the words of love were now treasured memories. “God Clarke you feel so good.” She came before she could stop herself.

Blue eyes met her green ones. “Don’t worry. We have all day.”

“I thought you didn’t want to reschedule with your patients?”

“Well this little stunt of yours made me change my mind.” She was pulled into another deep kiss. “Now keep loving me so we can cum together.”

Chapter End Notes

How sweet was it for the gang to have throw Clarke and Lexa a surprise baby shower? Clarke is miserable but Lexa has been sweet every step of the way. What a nice Christmas gift she gave to Clarke. And no I can't tell you all how many more chapters there are. Don't forget to comment on the baby's gender, this chapter, kudos, etc.
Chapter 14

It had been a long morning. Lexa was not happy to be served with a court summons while she was returning to her office after having a business lunch. Bellamy didn’t drop his lawsuit. She and her fiancé would need to be in court starting Tuesday of the next week. Her cousins and Clarke’s friends were also dragged into this mess as witnesses. As much as Lexa tried to be a positive person, she now hated this man. His pathetic attempts to ruin her relationship with Clarke were laughable. The way he had treated her was irritating. But more than anything, his blatant disrespect of her and her family in her cousin’s home had been the tipping point. She knew that during this civil court hearing she would have to do all she could to remain calm. Luna stressed to her several times that the prosecution would try to provoke her if she had to take the stand.

Now she was on her way to Landon’s Jewelry at the gallery mall. Only the wealthy shopped there. Every store was high end and catered to their clientele’s every wish. She had made sure to set aside time for this appointment days in advance. She was walking to the front entrance when the second party walked up to her.

“Lexa it’s good to see you,” Abby said.

“Glad to see you too Abby.” The women hugged her and Lexa allowed her soon-to-be mother-in-law to enter the store first. The duo was silent as they made their way around the shop. Lexa was unsure of what her fiancé would like for an engagement ring so she hoped Abby would be able to help. “What do you think of this one?” Lexa was pointing to a heart shaped pink diamond set in white gold.

Abby looked at the ring the younger brunette was pointing to. “No. Clarke would think it’s too girly.”

“You’re right. I want her to love this ring. If she doesn’t, I’ll be in trouble.”

“You know my daughter. Once she forms an opinion or has her mind set-“

“No one can change it.” Lexa knew all too well how strong-willed the blonde woman was, but it was a trait that she admired. It also meant that Clarke was independent, a stark contrast to her personality in the bedroom. It pleased the CEO that the other woman was submissive but didn’t feel insecure about it. She’d been with women who were submissive in nature. However, because of
their mindset about BDSM and what being a submissive meant to them they often became caught between giving up control and wanting to keep their sense of sexual freedom. Clarke had figured out early on that being submissive to Lexa still gave her a form of domination and control in their relationship. All Clarke had to say was her safe word or give her nonverbal signal and everything would stop. Even if it were in the middle of a sex act. She knew which buttons to push with Lexa to gain a certain reaction. Lexa loved it because technically she wasn’t always in charge.

“This one is nice,” Abby said. She was looking at a square shaped sapphire.

“It’s an option. But it doesn’t really say Clarke.” For over an hour the women looked at different rings. Then the jeweler stepped in the back where she kept her more exclusive offerings. Many of them were special orders that had never been picked up or had been returned. Neither woman was happy with that selection either. So, Lexa decided to design the ring. She took a few suggestions from Abby. When it was done, the businesswoman was very happy with her design. Now she just had to think of how, when, and where to propose.

It took her a few days to plan but Lexa finally had everything ready. Right now, she was making Clarke’s favorite meal of Beef Wellington, with mushroom risotto and roasted parsnips. She had just checked on the woman and was satisfied that she was still relaxing in bed. The table in the dinette area was set. She had the mood set with the heirloom oil lamps and soft jazz playing. The ring box was burning a hole in her pocket. The brunette was beyond ready to pop the question to Clarke. Lexa knew that her fiancé would say yes, but she was still nervous. She wanted this marriage proposal to go perfectly. As she started to plate the food, she heard a crash then Clarke called out to her. The woman was up the stairs in a matter of seconds.

Inside the master bathroom was her fiancé. She was hunched over by the sink and holding her stomach. When Lexa noticed the woman’s wet sleeping pants and the puddle she was standing in, the CEO knew what was happening. Clarke’s water had broken. The baby was coming. “When did you start having contractions,” she asked as she helped the blonde into the bedroom.

“About an hour ago. I’m sorry I didn’t say anything. I thought they were false like they were last week. It’s still too soon. The baby is coming 3 weeks early.”

“I know but we’re ready.” The couple made quick work of getting Clarke into a clean pair of pants. Lexa grabbed the bag they had packed and escorted the blonde to the SUV. She made a call to their OB/GYN, Abby, and her aunt and uncle. Once she was off the phone and Clarke was as comfortable as possible, Lexa drove to the hospital as quickly and safely as possible.

“AAAHHHHHH…” Clarke didn’t think it would be so painful. “I can’t do this.”

“Yes you can baby girl. Just breathe…” The brunette started to guide Clarke through the breathing exercises they had learned in Lamaze class. “That’s great Clarke. You’re doing great.” Lexa didn’t think she was going too fast until she saw flashing red and blue lights.

“Lexa…we need to get to the hospital right now.” This was her first child but Clarke couldn’t fight the impulse to push.

“Don’t push ye-“ Lexa felt a hand grab hers. It was like having her hand in a vice. She bared the pain because she was sure it was mild compared to what her fiancé was going through. The woman pulled over and waited for the officer to talk to them. Her hand was almost crushed again. “Are you pushing?”

“Of course I’m pushing. This baby can’t wait.” Another contraction followed seconds later.
The brunette looked over just as the offer came into view. She let the window down.

“How are you doing this evening,” the blonde woman asked. “Lexa?”

“Costia, I know I was speeding but I’m trying to get my fiancé to the hospital. She’s in labor. If you want to follow and give me a-”

“AAAAAHBBBBBBBBBBBBBB…Lexa, the baby’s coming.”

Without hesitation, Lexa jumped out the car and ran to the passenger side. She opened both doors, then carefully placed Clarke in the back seat. At this point the couple was operating on instinct.

“How far apart are the contractions princess?”

“About…15sec may-maybe less…” The blonde tried to maintain her breathing.

“Here’s some blankets from my car and a first aid kit,” the officer said. It was her first time dealing with something like this. “I also called the EMTs.”

“Thanks. Can you help her with her breathing?” Lexa told the officer what to do as she got in on the driver’s side to coach Clarke and hold her hand. Meanwhile, Lexa sterilized her hands and arms up to the elbow with all the iodine and alcohol wipes from the kit Costia had given her. “Also, time the contractions.”

“I feel another one…” Clarke gave a true push this time.

“Ok that’s good Clarke.” Lexa had not been fully prepared for what she was seeing. Her fiancé was nude from the waist down, sweating profusely, in pain, and her vagina was bigger than Lexa ever thought it could get. I’m so happy I’ll never go through this! Can’t even begin to imagine what my princess is going through. The scream Clarke let out signaled another contraction.

“That was less than 5sec from the last one,” Costia said.

“OH MY GOD! Lexa I know you want more but you…are…getting-,” Clarke couldn’t complete her statement when another contraction hit.

“That’s it…Push hard Clarke.” That’s when she saw it; dark hair. “I see the head!” Lexa grabbed a third blanket. Another push or two and their baby would be here. With each scream the brunette told her fiancé to push. “Yes, sweetie just like that…push again.” The head and shoulders appeared. After another push was the torso. On the final push there were the legs. Now the baby’s screams were heard. Lexa wrapped their baby in the blanket and tried not to cry. She had just seen the most beautiful thing ever.

“Wow. That was…intense…” Costia was happy for her ex-lover. She had heard that the CEO had a steady girlfriend. The police officer had meant to call, but work had been crazy for months and her father had taken ill for a short time. “But congratulations on the baby.”

Lexa looked up at her friend. “Thanks.” An understanding went unspoken between the two. They had shared something nice but both were now moved on and happy. The brunette spoke to Clarke again. “You did great.”

“We did great Lexa.” Their little Sprout was here and she was already in love. Seeing Lexa hold their baby, she had never felt so proud. Lexa and this baby were her world.

“I can’t believe you’re not ready to go yet,” Anya said.
“They’re not going anywhere today. Visiting hours aren’t over until 5pm. It’s barely after 9 in the morning.” Honestly, Raven didn’t like hospitals. They reminded her of a terrible time in her life.

“Well I told Lexa we were on our way.”

“Then you can go.”

The woman was becoming annoyed with her girlfriend. There was something Raven wasn’t telling her. “I told you that your threesome with them was no big deal. You and I were not together yet.”

“What?”

“That’s why you don’t want to go see them. Things are still awkward for you.”

“No Anya. That’s not it. I…I don’t want to talk about it,” Raven said. She walked into the living room and sat on the sofa. Anya was hot on her heels.

“Well you don’t have a choice. You need to tell me.”

The engineer’s eyes were bright with anger. “You don’t get to tell me what to do. For your information being submissive to you doesn’t mean you control me.”

“Stop trying to pick a fight with me.” By now Anya knew when her girlfriend was being defensive. This had to be serious because she was going the extra mile to make her upset. She wouldn’t let Raven continue with the defensive way of blocking her out. “You know damn well what I mean. Now talk to me. Please.”

“Fine. I watched my mother waste away in a hospital. She was an alcoholic and died from cirrhosis of the liver. So, I hate hospitals and I hate how she left me to fend for myself. If it hadn’t been for the Griffins, I wouldn’t be where I am. They took care of me for 5yrs and made sure I could go to college like Clarke did. Now are you happy to know what’s bothering me?”

The tall brunette was unsure of what to say. But her heart broke for the woman she was falling in love with. “Why would you keep something like that from me?” Anya took Raven’s hands in hers. “I care about you.” Anya kissed the knuckles of the woman’s hands. “There’s no reason to stay closed off to me Raven.”

“I know. It’s just hard. I’ve never been the type to show much emotion. Just…be patient with me.”

“I will Raven. I don’t plan on going anywhere. Ever.” She kissed Raven on the temple and held her close. “And I don’t plan on ever hurting you.”

Lexa was sitting in the hospital room. The baby was still in the nursery. Abby, Gustus, and Indra had gone to get food. She had asked them to bring her a cheeseburger and fries. *I hope the baby is ok. Three weeks early might be cause for concern. Please Spirit let our baby be ok.* A hand grasping her forearm brought Lexa out of her private thoughts. “Hey mama,” she teased.

“Hey. Where’s everyone?”

“They went to get food. Lincoln is stuck at work, and Octavia is coming with Raven and Anya.” She kissed Clarke’s hand. When the door opened Dr. Atwall walked in.

“Hello ladies. So, Lexa how was it delivering your first baby?” The woman had been surprised when the couple had arrived in an ambulance with their new bundle of joy.
“Surprising. Nerve wrecking. And something I want to leave to the experts.”

The redhead laughed. “You’re not the first person to say that.”

“Should we be worried with the baby coming so soon,” Clarke asked.

“A 3-week premature birth is not something to be overly concerned about. But we will keep an eye on things as your baby girl grows.”

“It’s a girl!” Lexa was hoping for a daughter. She didn’t have Clarke’s blonde hair but it was ok as long as she was healthy.

“You should also know that she has the XXY chromosomes. So, she is intersex.” The woman looked at Lexa. “I’m sure you know some of what to expect?”

“I do,” she answered. The couple had talked about the matter and done research on the early development of intersex children. They were prepared for the news they had just heard. The biggest changes would hit during puberty, but they would take things day by day.

“Would you like to see your daughter now,” the doctor asked.

“Yes,” the women said in unison.

“I’ll have a nurse bring her to you. Her first appointment will be with Dr. Lucy McCoy. She specializes in pediatrics with intersex children. And congratulations on your new baby.”

Moments later, a nurse entered the room with their baby. The infant had a head full of dark hair. When the man handed her over to Clarke, her eyes were already open. They were the same green as Lexa’s.

“I know we chose the name Madison but I want to choose something else,” the blonde said.

“What would you like to name her?”

“Alexandria Jasmine Woods Jr.”

Lexa was speechless. “Are you sure?”

“Yes. We can call her AJ for short.”

The brunette smiled at that. “I like it.” Just as she was going to pull out the ring and propose to Clarke, everyone showed up. Her aunt and uncle, Abby, Anya, Raven, and Octavia. Why can’t I get this marriage proposal to happen?

“So, do I gave a grandson or a granddaughter and I need to know the name,” Abby stated.

“It’s a girl. She is intersex but we are prepared to deal with that. And she has Lexa’s full name. Since she’s a junior. we will call her AJ for short.”

“I just got used to the nickname Sprout,” Anya said.

Mother and child were given a clean bill of health and they were home the next day. It had been lots of activity. So many people called with congratulations and a few of them stopped by. They didn’t allow anyone who wasn’t family to hold AJ. And they only held her for short a time. The couple didn’t want the baby to get sick. It was no surprise that Abby and Indra were the biggest help to
Soon the house was empty, the baby was sleeping and Lexa was cleaning up as Clarke was taking a shower. The brunette was thinking about how different her life was from the prior year. She had a new baby and beautiful fiancé. *Now is the perfect time.* Lexa stopped in the hallway when she saw the blonde step out of the bedroom. Clarke still had a swell to her midsection, but she was beautiful. Lexa knew she couldn’t get too excited because it would be a few weeks before they could have sex again.

“Hey. Is something wrong,” Clarke asked.

“No. I just need to ask you something.” Lexa got on both knees and looked up at the woman she loved. “I know we have been through a lot in a short time. AJ is here now, we are dealing with this lawsuit, but I wouldn’t change it. I love you so much Clarke and I don’t want to put this off any longer.” She pulled the ring box out of her pocket and opened it. “Clarke Jane Griffin, will you marry me?”

The art therapist couldn’t believe her eyes. In the small velvet box was a round cut diamond set in a platinum intertwining band. Smaller diamonds were set on either side of the main gem. It was simple but still very beautiful. “Yes Lexa. Yes, I’ll marry you.” It was now official with the ring. It meant so much to have this moment. They had made the decision shortly after learning of the pregnancy. But this made it real. The couple was now fully committed to being a family. Somehow, they would plan a wedding.

“I can’t wait to get married Clarke.”

“Neither can I.” Their moment was short lived as AJ made herself known. “I’ll see to her. She’s probably hungry,” the blonde said.

“I’ll help you.” The new mothers entered the nursery to care for the newest member of the family.

Chapter End Notes

The baby is here FINALLY! All of you who guessed girl were correct. Yes I know it's uncommon for girl's to be named a junior but it's not just for males. With them having an intersex child it looks like this story is going to be a bit longer than I first planned so settle in for many more chapters. Yes AJ is the new nickname so sorry for those of you who were so used to Sprout. Yes I will write the wedding. Yes the BDSM kink will be back. Yes there will be more ups and downs for our ladies. I can’t say anymore. Also, I will try to show more Lintavia and Ranya in this story but keep Clexa at the center. And Ranya had a moment. Hope that puts to bed questions about the threesome from several chapters back. And I promise the Bellamy issue gets resolved. As always comment, kudos, bookmark, etc.
Hello all. So sorry for the late update. Things got super crazy. Things are still super crazy. But don't worry I'm still here. I know I have to do better lol. Anyway, our mothers are doing their best at being new mothers. They have lots of support. Our major storyline at the moment is resolved. Also, look for a bit of a time warp coming up. I won't jump ahead too far too fast. There are some major milestones to cover. Just wanted to give a heads. I'll probably jump ahead a few months at a time since the story and their relationship is solid at this point. Lastly, the smut is back!

Chapter 15

Lexa couldn’t believe how big AJ had grown to be in just three weeks. She could really put away the milk. Clarke made sure she pumped as often as she could, but they still had formula as a backup. They learned that the hard way the previous week. It was 3am, Clarke’s breast was too sore for suckling or pumping, but the baby was still hungry for a second bottle. Lexa rushed to a 24-hour supermarket and made a bottle as quick as humanly possible once she arrived home again.

The couple had decided to take 6 months off. Once they returned to work, they would hire a nanny to look after AJ. Until then, the family of three were together almost all the time. This weekend would be different. Indra and Gustus were chomping at the bit to babysit, so Lexa and Clarke were going on a date that Friday after dropping the baby off. Clarke promised to have something wonderful planned. The next week they would have to be in court for the trial, since their lawyer, Luna, was granted a continuation because of the birth, and because of a legal issue.

The brunette walked into the house. Normally after leaving the gym, she would go straight to the shower. Instead she walked into the den and found her girls playing on the floor. AJ was on the play mat while Clarke was moving all the things that made sounds and lit up. This is priceless. She quietly pulled out her cell phone to take a short video and pictures. “Hey.”

Clarke looked up and smiled. “Hello. How was the gym?”

“Good.” She entered the room and took a seat next to the blonde. “I missed you.” She gave her fiancé a quick kiss. “And I missed you too,” she said to the baby. “How was the mommy daughter time?”

“Not as fun without you.” Clarke pulled Lexa closer and kissed her deeply. The blonde knew she would have to wait a few more weeks before they could have sex again, although she wanted Lexa as badly as the first night they had hooked up.

Lexa pulled away, breathless. “As wonderful as that was, I have to take a shower.”

Once alone again with AJ, Clarke went over the colors again as they lit up. She had read books about the development of infants and toddlers. Most said that babies didn’t start to associate words with objects until around 6 months. Clarke didn’t think it was too early to start. She and Lexa wanted AJ to have the best start. A big yawn from her daughter signaled her bedtime was fast approaching.
So, she secured the child inside her bassinet while she prepared her final bottle for the night. The three in the fridge would get them to morning if AJ slept through most of the night again. Their baby only woke for a late-night change and feeding.

Clarke and the baby were in the nursery when Lexa walked in freshly showered. She read two stories from a book of Trigedaslang folk tales. The blonde was always fascinated to hear her fiancé speak in her native language. When the baby was sound asleep they placed her in her crib and watched her for several minutes. AJ was such a cute baby. AJ was all Lexa, including her sleep position. They each placed a kiss to her forehead and walked out the room.

“Want me to draw you a bath,” the brunette asked.

“No. I want to take a quick shower and snuggle in bed with you.”

When Clarke emerged from the shower minutes later, Lexa was lying in bed with nothing on but a jockstrap. All her tattoos were on display. The blonde loved the one along the brunette’s spine which signified her cultural rite of passage from childhood to adulthood when she turned 14. Throughout the pregnancy, Lexa had maintained her diet and it showed. The muscles were more defined. Clarke could resist many things. Lexa’s body is not one of them.

The blonde got into bed and pounced on Lexa. She started at her waist and kissed up until she reached soft lips. Clarke was looking up at Lexa once she opened the eyes again. She didn’t mind. Being under her fiancé was always nice.

“You got me worked up, baby girl.”

“I couldn’t help it. You’re almost naked and we haven’t had sex for close to a month.”

“Such a slut,” Lexa teased.

“Your slut, Daddy.” Clarke lightly bit and kissed along Lexa’s neck. She was super horny. “God Lexa…I want you so bad.”

“We can’t fuck until the doctor clears you.”

“There’s always other ways.” Clarke pulled Lexa in for another kiss. She felt the hardness that she missed filling her. It didn’t matter how much they had sex, she never grew tired of their sex life. The golden haired woman was looking forward to resuming their normal activities. Her pussy needed to be fucked and her ass needed to be covered in bruises. Clarke removed her nightgown. “Lexa move up to my chest.”

“What? Why?”

“I have something in mind. Trust me, Daddy, you will like it.” Lexa removed her jockstrap and sat on Clarke’s torso. The blonde took the hard shaft in her right hand and started to work it to its full hardness. “Does that feel good?”

“Yes princess.”

Clarke licked around the head before sucking it into her mouth. She had missed the way Lexa tasted. It was as wonderful as when she first tasted the other woman. She pushed her fleshy mounds together and said, “Daddy, I want you to fuck my breasts.” The blonde moved her breasts closer together and covered the hardness between them.

“Damn that’s sexy.” The couple had not done anything like this before. Lexa began to thrust her hips
and soon had a steady rhythm going.

The wetness in Clarke’s pussy was dripping onto the sheets. Part of her didn’t want to wait for the doctor to green light vaginal sex. However, she knew Lexa was adamant about following the doctor’s orders. Lexa’s moaning brought her back to their present activity. It was a bit strange having sex like this, but it felt good in a strange way. She loved the feel of Lexa sitting on her, the warm, stiff, shaft was sliding up and down her chest. Clarke opened her mouth and continued to suck the head.

“So good.” Lexa was sure she could hold out. Her body was on a different timetable. “I need to cum, baby girl.”

Clarke opened her mouth as wide as she could. She stuck out her tongue right as Lexa’s seed was shooting out of her cock head. Several squirts went into her mouth. She swallowed the semen in one big gulp. “Shit Daddy, you taste so good.”

“Then you can take another load.” Lexa pumped her hips furiously for several seconds and rewarded the blonde with a second load of her juices. She had been so turned on with fucking Clarke’s breasts that she experienced back-to-back orgasms. Her dick was still rock hard, but she wanted to return the favor to Clarke. So, she crawled down and gave her fiancé back-to-back orgasms.

Word had gotten out that the CEO of Polis Enterprises was in legal trouble. The rumors were varied: from it being a divorce after a quick marriage, unhappy workers suing the company over lost wages, patients being compensated for bad medicine, and so many other things. The head of PR did not handle the situation as well as Lexa had hoped he would have.

Now, there were reporters and cameras outside the courthouse as Lexa and Clarke made their way inside. Once inside, they were happy to see no reporters. Once they were waiting outside the doors to the courtroom, the couple took a seat and waited. It appeared they were the first ones to arrive. Her aunt and uncle decided to keep AJ until they were done with court.

The sound of footsteps drew Lexa’s attention down the hall. It was Luna and her assistant. The woman approached her and said, “I should’ve known you’d beat me here.”

“You know my motto. If you’re early, you’re on time. If you’re on time, you’re late. If you’re late, you’re irresponsible.”

“Same, Lexa,” the shorter woman teased. “Hello Clarke.”

“Hey Luna.” She and Lexa listened as Luna explained to them for a final time what to expect and how to conduct themselves. The lawyer turned her attention to her assistant once she was done.

“Are you ok princess?”

“I have you here with me and AJ is safe. I’m perfect.” The women share a chaste kiss. Clarke sees movement in her peripheral view. Looking to her left she spots Bellamy standing with a guy in a dark suit.

The brunette saw the person her fiancé was looking at. “I would really love to break his nose again,” Lexa said.

“He’s not worth it.” Clarke turned Lexa’s head so the woman was facing her again. “Besides, I want him to see this.” The blonde pulled Lexa to her. She parted soft lips with her tongue. What felt like hour’s was only a few seconds. Her love for Lexa, her passion, her happiness, her arousal, her hope
for more children, all of Clarke went into that kiss. She looked into emerald green eyes and wiped away her lipstick. “I’ll never stop loving you Lexa.” The blonde made sure to say it loud enough for everyone including her ex-boyfriend could hear it. Her plan worked because as he walked pass, Bellamy was red in the face. He was seething with anger but she didn’t care. She belonged to Lexa.

After opening arguments, Bellamy’s lawyer called him to testify first. It was pathetic and untruthful. His lawyer had clearly told him to embellish the truth of what happened that night.

“What happen as you were leaving your sister’s house, Mr. Blake?”

“Like I said before, I was walking out of the room when I was shoved from behind. When I turned around, I was hit in the stomach by Lexa Woods. It caught me off guard and I couldn’t even defend myself."

“And then what do you remember?”

“There was pressure on my neck because the woman was choking me. She threatened to kill me then I passed out. When I came to, my sister and her boyfriend were with me at the hospital.”

“No further questions your honor.”

Luna walked to the witness stand where Bellamy was seated. “What was your reason for going to your sister’s house that night?”

“I need to talk to her about something?”

“How were you feeling when you arrived at her house?”

“Good, I guess.”

“According to the hospital records, your blood alcohol level was .17.”

“I’d had a few drinks before I got there.”

“So, you weren’t in a good mood?”

“Objection. Defense is leading the witness,” Bellamy’s lawyer said.

“Sustained.”

“Sorry, your honor.” Luna switched tactics. This time she simply laid into Bellamy. Asking him question after question.

“Objection, your honor. Counsel is badgering the witness again.”

“Sustained. This is your last warning,” the judge said.

“My apologies, your honor.” Luna resumed her line of questioning. “I’m curious Mr. Blake. Why didn’t you file a police report?”

“What?”

“You got a lawyer and filed a lawsuit against my client. So, why not also file a police report?”

“Didn’t have to,” Bellamy answered simply.
“Right. And how much are you suing my client for?”

He didn’t say anything. After several moments, the judge ordered him to answer the question. “58 million dollars.”

“And yet your hospital bills and aftercare was only a few hundred thousand correct?”

“I’m not sure.”

“It’s a simple yes or no question Mr. Blake. Your medical bills were under 200 thousand dollars, right?”

“Well yeah, but- “

“No further questions your honor.”

“How was AJ,” Lexa asked her uncle. They were sitting in the family room as Clarke and her aunt played with the baby.

“She did great. If she became too fussy we gave her Clarke’s t-shirt.” The unwashed shirt trick was something Gustus had learned from his mother. When Anya and Lincoln were with him he made sure he had a few of Indra’s unwashed shirts handy. Her scent would always calm them down until she returned home. “How was court?”

“So far so good it seems.” She was happy the first day was over with. The sooner this ordeal ended, the sooner she and Clarke could get back to enjoying their life together. They could enjoy time with their daughter, each other, and plan their wedding. “I just want to focus on them.”

“Greg was the same way. When he and Edith had you, it was the greatest thing to happen to him besides meeting your mother.” His brother had been so proud to be a father. “I know you and Clarke will raise her right.”

“Thanks. Hearing that means a lot.”

It was Wednesday and the couple was having lunch at the bistro they had dubbed as “their spot”. Today their daughter had been kidnapped by her Godparents Lincoln and Octavia. Since they had each took time off from work for the trial, they had decided to spend time with AJ. As they were heading to the car, Lexa received a call from Luna. The judge was ready to give his ruling. Soon they were meeting with their security detail and walked into the courthouse. They arrived a few minutes after everyone else. Like he had been doing for the past two weeks, Bellamy tried to intimidate Lexa. She was too mature and confident to get into his pissing match. She knew how strong her bond with Clarke was.

Once court was back in session, things happened quickly.

“After looking over the evidence and review of the witness testimony, I have come to two very distinct conclusions,” Judge Patrick Malone said. “You, Ms. Woods, were indeed in the wrong. Yes, you were provoked by the plaintiff. As a husband and father, I can sympathize with wanting to protect your family. However, you did cause significant injury to Mr. Blake. As for you sir,” he said turning his attention to the other side of the courtroom, “I find it almost disgraceful that you are bringing this lawsuit to court. Yet I would be neglectful in my duty if I ignored the claim to your injuries.” He took a few moments to look at some papers. “I rule in favor of the plaintiff in the amount of $1.3 million dollars for medical bills, lost wages, and pain and suffering.”

“Mr. Blake I am holding you in contempt of court. Bailiff take him into custody.” A hulking man in the black and grey uniform of the sheriff’s department made quick work of putting handcuffs on the man and escorting him through the side door of the courtroom. “Anyone else wish to join him?”

For several tense seconds the room was silent. Judge Malone continued. “Good. Now, the defendant is hereby ordered to pay damages within the next 6 months. Court is adjourned.” With the slam of his gavel, the ruling was final and court was dismissed.

Standings outside the room, Clarke and Lexa spoke quietly with Luna.

“I’m sorry I lost this case Lexa.”

“It’s ok. You did your best. The judge ruled in favor of the evidence. At least you were able to show he was simply trying to get money from us.” Lexa placed her arm around Clarke’s shoulders. Having the blonde close kept her calm during intense situations.

“So, what will happen now? Does he still get money after his outburst,” the blonde asked.

“Yes. As crass as he was, the judge still awarded him the money,” Luna said. “He’ll probably face a misdemeanor and be out today if he makes bail.”

“At least he only gets a few million,” Clarke said. She turned to Lexa and said, “In the future, I won’t restrain you from kicking his ass even worse or anyone else’s for that matter.” The art therapist would let Lexa do something she did best; protect her and their family.

Chapter End Notes

I know, Bellamy didn't deserve to win any money at all but the judge did what her felt was fair under the letter of the law. On the other hand he was thrown in jail for his outburst. So, instant karma if you will. Our ladies return to their kinky ways. However, it won't be smooth sailing. Life is life so there's other trouble headed their way. Just another heads up. Don't worry, I won't make them suffer. Nor will I go the angst route. Yes the smut will continue. Thanks for reading. Comment, follow, etc.
Chapter 16

Clarke was so happy to get the news from her mom. She was all healed up and could have sex again. Sometimes having the other Griffin woman as her physician was odd, but she knew that her mother was great at what she did and would hold Clarke accountable when it came to her health.

The blonde was ready for her fiancé. She was aching to feel Lexa inside her, filling her up, hitting her pussy in all the right places, and making her unable to walk the next day had her wet. She couldn’t wait until Lexa got home, so she went to the gym. There was a nice midday crowd, but not as full as it was with the after work gym members. Clarke walked in and headed towards the back, but was stopped by the staff member working the front desk. “Sorry.” She let them scan her digital member I.D. and went in search of her woman. Clarke was pleasantly surprised when she saw Lexa in the free weight area.

Lexa was dressed in ¾ compression pants, workout shoes, and a sleeveless mid-drift shirt. From her abs up, Clarke watched as each muscle worked under the tan tattooed skin. The blonde had a new appreciation for her lover’s body and physical prowess. She walked up into view the woman’s and smiled. Lexa turned around and removed an earbud from one ear.

“Hey princess,” she said breathless.

*She even smells good when she works out. I need her now! “We need to talk. Follow me.”*

“Is something wrong with AJ?”

“‘The baby is fine. Now follow me.” Clarke took a few steps, and then turned to make sure Lexa was following. They made their way to the women’s locker room. She easily navigated towards the back. Finally, she pulled Lexa into a restroom stall. Curious green eyes were looking at her for an explanation. “I’m all healed up. So, I need you to fuck me.”

“No.”

Clarke couldn’t believe her ears. “What?”

“I said no. This is my cousin’s business, Clarke.”

“Lexa, I know for a fact that he won’t care. I know through Octavia that she and Lincoln have been intimate in several places in this gym including both locker rooms.”
"He owns the business, so he can do what he wants here."

"Raven and Anya have christened this place too."

"Really?"

"I wouldn’t lie to you Lexa." She had spoken with Raven last week, and the engineer had told her all about how the couple came after hours and had a very sexual sparing session in the mat area. "Do you want me to beg?"

"Not yet." Lexa pulled Clarke in for a deep kiss. She was kissing along the soft skin on Clarke’s neck, but the blonde was not having it.

"Lexa either you fuck me now or I will go home and fuck myself." Clarke was satisfied when she was pushed against the wall of the stall. After feeling her skirt being pushed up and her panties pulled aside, she was rewarded with a semi-hard shaft. "

"Since you’re will to beg, I’m going to make you beg me to stop." Lexa decided to up the ante even more. "If you make a sound above a whisper, then I stop. Even if it causes me blue balls. You understand?"

"Yes, Daddy," Clarke whispered. Her answer caused Lexa to swell even more inside her. God this is going to be hard. How do I keep from screaming? Lexa was breathing hard and heavy in her ear. Her hot breath hitting the side of her face, sweat slicked skin, the pure scent of her, had Clarke in a state of awe within minutes. She wasn’t going to be able to obey Lexa. The blonde had to think of something. So, she kissed Lexa. When a wave of pleasure coursed through her, she deepened the kiss. This in turn made Lexa pump into her deeper. That’s when the brunette hit her g-spot. Clarke had to bite down on the other woman’s shoulder to keep quiet. It wasn’t hard enough to break skin, but she would leave a mark.

"Someone was really horny."

More hot breath in her ear, sent more pleasure through her body, and caused Clarke to bite Lexa in a spot close to the first one. She had quickly covered most of Lexa’s right shoulder in bite marks. The blonde was loving the deep thrust Lexa was using on her pussy. She came twice within several minutes. She reached down and squeezed Lexa’s ass. When the woman hit her g-spot for a second time, Clarke felt herself go weak all over. The third orgasm was wonderful. A fourth was triggered when Lexa went still and filled her with semen. The art therapist knew she couldn’t hold back. She needed Lexa to truly fuck her. She didn’t want to stop, but she knew they had to. There was no way she could be able to stay silent much longer. “Skikru.” As always, Lexa stopped any sexual activity when she gave her safe word.

"You ok, baby girl?"

"I’m good." She kissed Lexa one more time. “Just…take me home please. I need you to fuck me properly."

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It was hard to concentrate on the road, but she had to maintain some focus. If she didn’t, they would have an accident. The couple was too close to house to pull over. So, the brunette continued the drive home. They were barely out of the gym parking lot when her talented fiancé had decided to give her a blow job. “Oh, baby girl. I’m so close. So…so close…” Clarke sucked harder. Lexa was happy for the stop sign. As she hit the brake, she felt her cum pour from the base of her penis and out the tip. Several squirts came out of her as she shuddered with
pleasure. A car horn brought her focus back. She stepped on the gas and made it home without too much trouble. Finally, she parked in the garage. Clarke looked at her and said, “Don’t think for a second that we are fucking in the car. It’s been almost two months and I need you.”

Lexa wasted no time. She dragged Clarke out the car by the arm, picked her up, and threw the woman over her shoulder like she was a sack of flour. Once she had the woman upstairs, she tossed Clarke onto the bed. “I like that you are independent, but you don’t talk to me like you did in the garage. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Daddy.” Clarke quickly took off her clothes. “Punish me however you like.”

The brunette wasted no time. She went to the closet and retrieved the leather paddle she knew Clarke liked to be spanked with. Lexa took a few minutes to admire Clarke’s beauty. She felt her penis harden to the point of being painful. They hadn’t played like this in months. In one part of her mind, Lexa was concerned that about being too rough. She knew Clarke would use their safe word if it happened, so, she went all in.

When she was behind the blonde, Lexa brought the paddle down onto the left, then the right ass cheek. “You don’t seem to remember who is in charge of our sex life.” She brought the paddle into contact with skin several times. “If I want…to fuck you…in the car…I will do it…and you will like it.” Each smack of the paddle left a red welt on Clarke’s smooth skin.

“Yes, Daddy.”

“Yes Daddy, what?”

“You are in charge of our sex and can fuck me where you want. I’m sorry, Daddy.”

“Prove it.”

Clarke tuned around on all fours and took Lexa into her mouth without hesitating. The brunette was always pleased with Clarke’s dick sucking skills. The woman could deep throat, give the oral/hand job combo, deep throat with no hands, and so many other things. The blonde also knew just how much Lexa liked her mouth. However, no matter how good it felt or how talented Clarke was, she would always prefer her tight and wet pussy. The fact that Clarke could take all of her was incredible. Lexa didn’t know how well-endowed she was until college and had women turn her down because of her size. Then she met Sadie who introduced Lexa to BDSM. It caused her pain to have sex with Lexa, but the woman was a masochist. After that, Lexa’s sex life led her down an interesting path. Eventually she found Clarke and couldn’t be happier.

Lexa smiled at the woman as Clarke ran her tongue along her length. The blonde reinserted Lexa into her mouth and didn’t stop until she had the woman down her throat. When she came, Lexa felt every muscle work in Clarke’s throat as she swallowed the semen. “That’s very good, baby girl. Now, finish me off.”

“Ok Daddy.”

The brunette laid back and watched as Clarke eased herself onto her rock-hard shaft. She felt the foreskin slide back as the blonde took all of her to the hilt. Her fiancé was very tight. The other woman was still very horny and didn’t waste any time. Clarke set a fast pace. She worked her body in fantastic ways.

Lexa liked having Clarke on top. She could touch and caress every part of the woman’s lithe, slender body. It was almost a complete contrast to her muscular and toned frame. The blonde had nice curves
and killer legs. Her skin was soft and flawless with no scars. Even after AJ, Lexa didn’t see any stretch marks. She wouldn’t have cared, but the other woman had used the ointment to rid her midsection of them. Why am I thinking about this now? I need to enjoy the feel of being in my future wife. Lexa drove her hips up to meet Clarke’s downward movements.

Her moans were starting to fill the room. She would talk it over with Clarke about getting their bedroom sound proofed. When they had more kids, she didn’t want them to hear their activities. The women couldn’t help themselves. The gym sex had been very trying for them. They loved to be vocal; Lexa mainly the moans and words of pleasure mixed with pain; Clarke loved to hear the other woman talk dirty and issue her commands. I love our sex life.

“May I cum, Daddy?”

“Yes, baby girl.” Lexa watched in awe as Clarke’s body shuddered with an orgasm. It was always a wonderful sight to see the blonde’s body or face when she went over the edge. The CEO soon had an orgasm of her own. When her penis started going soft, Clarke laid right on top of her. The couple laid in an embrace as their bodies cooled and breathing returned to normal. They could say so many things to each other without speaking a word.

The day was sunny and warm even for early spring. Clarke stole glances of Lexa and AJ in the back yard. She was on the deck of the pool house painting, while Lexa had their daughter by the pool. The brunette was dipping AJ’s toes into the water. The baby was close to four months and developing fast. She was so close to saying her first word. She could also understand them when they spoke to her. During their play sessions, the couple would take turns asking AJ basic things like colors, numbers, letters, and shapes. She got the answers right every time. Their baby was probably a genius. It was amazing to see.

The blonde turned her attention back to the task in front of her. Her current piece was a portrait of her mother and father. Recalling her memories of photos, she painted what they probably would have looked like in a wedding photo. The young couple had never taken one. They had gotten married at the courthouse a few months after meeting, and within their first year of marriage, she had been born. Before the ink was dry on her birth certificate, Clarke’s father had to deploy to Iraq. They had renewed their vows and took pictures then, but never had a wedding photo. Clarke had painted her mom was in a wedding dress that had been popular the year they had been married, while her dad was decked out in Army dress blues. It was for the older woman’s birthday next week.

It was with Lexa’s encouragement that Clarke was doing more painting. Sure, she was taking care of AJ, cooking, cleaning, and many other things. However, Lexa had stepped up to the plate and was not being a part-time parent. She often got up in the middle of the night to feed AJ, change her, or put her back to sleep. The brunette had also taken up most of the wedding planning. She made appointments with people like photographers, cake decorators, venues, and even the florist. The only thing she didn’t do was look at wedding dresses. As openminded and liberal as her fiancé was, the woman was very traditional when it came to family. She wanted to wait until their wedding day to see Clarke in her gown. So, she would take her mom, O, and Indra dress shopping over the next several months. She knew Raven didn’t have the tolerance for such things. The engineer did agree to be in Clarke’s wedding party. The blonde was sure it was because of Anya. They were planning for a winter wedding, that way more things were available. Summer and fall weddings were very popular.

“Wow, Clarke. That looks great.” A quick kiss was placed on her cheek.

“Thanks.” She looked at Lexa and AJ. Their resemblance was growing stronger every day. Pretty soon the baby would look exactly like her dark haired mother. She was sure that AJ would also have
the other woman’s personality. If she did, the world would be in trouble and so would she. Clarke remembered some of the stories Lexa had shared with her about her childhood. One Lexa Woods was enough, but two was trouble. “How was the pool?”

“Great. She enjoyed the water. When the weather is a lot warmer, I’ll wade with her in the shallow end.”

“You want me to take her?”

“Nope. Finish your painting. I’ll feed her and put her down for a nap.” With another kiss, Lexa walked into the mansion with her new favorite person. It was so easy to spend time with AJ. The little girl was curious and engaged during play. It was great to see her smile, hear her laugh and babble, play with her, teach her new things, and test how she recalled of what she had learned. Her visits to the doctor showed her growing at a slightly quick but steady pace. She a happy, healthy, well cared for baby. Lexa placed AJ in her swing and turned on the TV so the girl could watch the educational baby DVD’s they had received from Abby. She boiled a pot of water and pulled a bottle from the refrigerator. Once the milk was warm, she fed, burped, and rocked AJ to sleep. Then she laid down and took a nap as well.

Clarke walked upstairs and into the bedroom. She was surprised to see Lexa in bed, but understood why the woman was sleeping. She had spent most of the day looking after AJ. Now she was resting up for the latter part of the day. The blonde wanted to climb on top of the woman and wake her up for some early afternoon sex, but decided to let her sleep. So, she went into the bathroom to shower. She quickly removed her old paint stained clothes and stepped into the spray. As she washed her body, she didn’t hear Lexa step in a few minutes later. When she turned around, she saw the woman standing there and was so scared that she punched her. It wasn’t until Lexa looked at her that Clarke realized how hard she had hit her.

“OhmyGod! I’m so sorry baby.” There was a cut on Lexa’s lip which was starting to bleed. It really scared Clarke when she saw what looked like blood, only it was…black. “Lexa, what’s wrong with you?”

“What do you mean,” she asked.

“You’re bleeding but it looks, weird.”

“Oh. I’m sorry, I never told you before princess. It’s nothing to worry about.” Using the shower mirror, she washed the blood from the corner of her mouth. She then explained to the woman about the unique trait her family had. It had been ancient Trigedasleng tradition that those with black blood or Natblida, were chosen by the Spirit to lead their people. The Commander was the strongest, wisest, and most fearsome warrior of their clan. Going against them was a sentence of exile and scorn or in some cases death. Now, they knew it was a genetic trait. It was why she had a unique physiology, along with mental and physical abilities which were above average than most people. AJ would develop the same trait since she had the same chromosomes as she did. Even though there was a scientific explanation for it, they would still have the traditional Commander Ascension ceremony when AJ came of age to take command of the clan.

“I wish you had told me this earlier. I was freaked out,” Clarke said with a sigh of relief.

“Sorry again. It just never came to mind before now.”

“Well when will it start to happen to AJ?” Clarke was curious about this ceremony and what it meant.
“The preteen stage when she turns 10 or 11 years old. That’s when I’ll start to train her for the ceremony.”

“Then what?” Clarke switched places with the woman so she could wash her back.

“She undergoes her trials. I want to tell you more, but we are not married yet. Only family may know and witness the Commander Ascension ceremony.”

“We’ll be married in a few months.” Lexa tuned around and gave her the “Don’t argue with me on this” look. “Ok…I understand. It can wait.” She placed a chaste kiss on her cheek.

“Good.”

The blonde stepped to Lexa and pulled her into a kiss. She wasn’t surprised to feel Lexa’s semi hard cock rubbing against her. Clarke reached between them and placed Lexa at her opening. “I love you, Lexa.” She wrapped her right leg around the other woman’s waist and used the opposite hand to guide the woman into her wet folds. “Shit.” Her eyes rolled back as she felt Lexa continue to harden to her full size. She couldn’t help the orgasm that rushed through her body.

“You’re so beautiful when you cum.”

Clarke felt Lexa place her arms around her midsection and slowly pump into her. “Yes.” Thrusting her hips in time with Lexa’s added to the friction. Clarke placed her other leg around Lexa and allowed the woman to fully sink into her. She stared into the sea-green eyes she loved so much. Since the first time she had seen Lexa, Clarke knew she was special. It wasn’t until they met a few weeks later than started dating that she realized just how much. They had sex within an hour of meeting and their relationship had started quickly. Things between them had simply clicked and fallen into place. Once the couple had stopped dancing around their feelings, events seemed to go at light speed. So far, it had been one hell of a ride. Nothing could compare to the ride Lexa was taking her on now. “Lexa. Harder baby.”

Their hips were slapping together and she felt the tale tell signs of another orgasm. “I’m going to…explode…on you…soon. Cum with me, Lexa.” She ran her hand through dark tresses and placed her head on Lexa’s shoulder. When the shorter, but hard thrust, started, she knew that Lexa was close. “Oh…just like that. Fuck this pussy.”

Lexa had no problem complying. She pressed Clarke against the cool tiled wall of the shower. Her rhythm increased in speed. The other woman kissed her deeply on the lips and sent her over the edge. She followed Clarke into the abyss when the blonde’s walls squeezed around the stiff shaft and milked Lexa for all of her juices. Once they were breathing at a normal rate again, they simply took a few minutes to bask in their love with an exchange of soft kisses, light caresses, and quietly spoken words of affection.

The afternoon had been a flurry of activity. Clarke was setting up the last dish of food on the table in the dining room. Most of it was her mom’s favorites; stuffed bell peppers, salmon cakes with creamy lemon butter sauce, grilled bacon wrapped asparagus, Swedish meatballs, and a pineapple upside down cake made using the family recipe. Lexa was on her way home from her mom’s favorite bakery with the main birthday cake. It was their well known German chocolate with a special whipped chocolate center.

Many of her mom’s friends and former work colleagues started to arrive. Clarke knew most of them from her childhood. Some of them she had not seen since she was in high school. Marcus and Jaha had been a godsend. They were able to get most of the invites to them. She soon had a house full of
mostly strangers but not her mother. She called the woman’s cell several times, but it went straight to voicemail. “Damn it.”

“What’s wrong, princess?” She looked up and saw Lexa walking into the kitchen with the cake.

“Mom’s not picking up. Her phone keeps going directly to voicemail.”

“That is strange.” Lexa learned that the older Griffin woman was always punctual and didn’t screen her calls. So, her not even answering the phone was odd. “Maybe her phone died and she’s already on the way here.”

“I hope so.” Just as they were about to kiss, they heard AJ through the baby monitor. “Someone is awake from their nap.”

“Want me to get her,” Lexa asked.

“No, I got it. She’s probably hungry anyway.” They exchanged a kiss and she exited the room. She opened the nursery door and walked over to the crib. She picked up her daughter and placed her on the changing table, got the baby in a fresh diaper, and gave her an early afternoon feeding. Once she was burped, Clarke dressed her in a pink and white onesie with matching socks, and a pink bow. Her hair was long and becoming thick, so Clarke usually used a bow to keep the hair out of AJ’s face.

She descended the stairs and started to make her way to the kitchen. The blonde didn’t get far. When guests saw the baby, they pounced on them. Several comments were made about how cute AJ was, how beautiful her outfit was, how she was so big at 4 months old, how chubby her cheeks were. Lexa looked on as Clarke did her best to tolerate different people who were surrounding her and the baby.

“Oh, she is such a sweetie pie,” one woman said. She had a full head of grey hair. Clarke knew she was the head nurse of emergency care and had worked with her mom at St. Peter’s Hospital. The blonde was drawing a blank when it came to the woman name. “Let me hold you.”

“Actually, AJ doesn’t like to be held by strangers,” Clarke said. It was true. Her daughter could recognize faces and knew everyone who was in the family. Even some of Clarke and Lexa’s friends were able to play with her and hold her. However, if she had not seen a person before, she wasn’t ok with them holding her. The girl would scream, cry, and try to get away from them.

“Oh, well it’s ok. So, does AJ mean something?”

“Yes. Her name is Alexandria Jr.”

The older woman fixed Clarke with a judgmental look. “I see. Well, be a darling and have your mother find me when she arrives.” The woman turned on her heels and returned to the den. Clarke could feel a headache coming on.

“Her name is beautiful,” Lexa said as she kissed AJ’s forehead.

The doorbell rang and the couple walked over to answer. They opened it to find her mother and Marcus standing there.

“Mom. Thanks goodness you’re here. I was so worried. You didn’t answer your-.” The blonde stopped mid-sentence. Taking a closer look at her mother she realized why the woman hadn’t answered. Her shirt was buttoned wrong, her hair was messy, Marcus had lipstick on his shirt collar,
and they smelled like sex. “Never mind. Next time you two have off road car sex, let someone know you’ll be late.” Clarke was happy for her mom. She had watched Abby and Marcus dance around their feelings for each other for years. “Also, mom you should button your shirt correctly. There’s already lots of people here.”

As the party got into full swing, a few people arrived late. Clarke was starting to get worried there was not enough food when some of her friends showed up. They considered Abby a second mother and were delighted to receive an invite to her 48th birthday party.

Eventually, the time came to open the gifts. The doctor had received some gift cards to specialty medical stores, a few people gifted her with expensive bottles of wine. Jaha gave her a luxury spa treatment for a day. Marcus had given her a diamond tennis bracelet. Lexa had taken a business approach and purchased some new equipment for the clinic, but no one could top Clarke’s gift. When Abby unwrapped the painting, she had been speechless for several moments.

“I-I-Clarke.” She pulled her daughter into a hug. “Your father would be so very proud of this beautiful art piece and of you.” Abby pulled back and wiped the tears from her eyes. “I’m proud. So, proud and so happy. Thank you so much. It’s the second-best gift you could give me.”

Clarke choked back her own tears and asked, “Why is it only the second-best gift I gave you?”

“You gave me a grandchild. Nothing is better than that.”

Chapter End Notes

These two are right back where they started sex wise. AJ is also coming along very rapidly in the mental department. What will her first word be? Mom for Lexa or mommy for Clarke? Hmmm... Sorry for the teasing but it's a fun way for me to interact with you as a writer. Follow me on twitter @datonewriter or rainbowswen on Tumblr. Review, kudos, follow, or comment if you wish. Thanks for reading.
Chapter 17

Lexa rolled over and tried to cuddle with her fiancé, but only found empty space. She glanced at the clock and saw that it was just past 5am. She looked over and saw the bathroom was empty. Donning her shorts and a tank top, she walked to the nursery. *How did I not hear AJ wake up?* She and Clarke would rotate who woke to tend to AJ every few days so they were both rested. It worked good for them. AJ was getting better at sleeping through the night.

The brunette smiled and took in the sight of the mother and the sleeping child. No matter how many times she witnessed it, the sight of Clarke nursing their baby was beautiful. The blonde placed the baby back into her crib and walked back to the bedroom with Lexa.

“I’m sorry I didn’t wake up,” Lexa said as the, disrobed.

“Nothing to be sorry for. There’s been a few times I didn’t wake up on my nights to care for her.” They cuddled but continued to talk. “I’ve been thinking about this whole nanny thing.”

“What about it?”

Clarke looked at Lexa. She knew she could be honest with the woman. “I’m not sure I want to do it. I’d rather have someone we know care for our child. Plus, I want to know that this person is someone we can trust to be in our home.”

“Ok. So, do you have something else in mind?”

“Well I looked into some daycare programs. There were not many that take babies as young as AJ. Would your aunt be willing to look after her?”

Lexa thought about it. “All we can do is ask.”

“If she says no, there is one more option. I’d be willing to stay home while you work. Don’t get me wrong; I love helping people, but I think I’m ready for a change.”

The brunette pulled her fiancé closer to her. “Whatever you decide to do, princess, you will have my full support. I just want my girls to be happy.”

Clarke disliked every dress she had tried on so far. Nothing seemed to fit her taste. The dresses were either too form fitting, too revealing, too much lace, too something. There was nothing out of her
price range. Lexa was putting the wedding expenses on one of her unsecured credit cards. She just didn’t like the selection.

“What do you think about this one?” The sales lady had just given her an eighth dress to try on. It was a two piece with a short sleeve top and flared skirt.

“Not my style,” the blonde said.

“Ok. I can bring you something else from the spring collection.”

She thought about it. Honestly, Clarke was tired and hungry. She just wanted to see Lexa and her baby. The art therapist had had enough of playing dress up. “You know what, it’s ok. I’d like to make an appointment for next weekend.”

“As you wish,” the woman replied with a smile. She left the small dressing area to give her privacy.

Clarke was putting her outfit on when she heard her mother’s voice. “Clarke, is everything ok?”

“Just a minute, mom.” Once she was redressed, Clarke stepped from behind the curtain. “I’m fine. Sorry if you guys were waiting on me. That last dress was all wrong.”

“It’s ok. You won’t find your dress in one day. You have until October at least.”

“Thanks, mom.”

Clarke, Abby, Octavia, and Indra went to lunch and had a wonderful time. Indra was more talkative in a small group of people. She gushed about AJ. The woman had also agreed to babysit four days a week; Monday through Thursday, and one weekend a month. It didn’t matter which house. Shortly after the agreement was made, Octavia asked a sensitive question.

“So, Clarke, is Lexa making you sign a prenuptial agreement?”

The blonde almost choked on the tea she had been drinking. “What”

“I’m just asking. Lincoln and I talked about it and we’re going to do it.”

“There’s nothing to discuss between Lexa and I. We don’t need an agreement like that.”

Abby chimed in at that moment. “I think it’s a subject that is not our business. Lexa and Clarke can decide what is best for them.”

“Agreed,” Indra said. “I will also have a talk with my son. He knows our clan’s tradition on marriage.”

“What tradition,” Octavia asked.

“We do not divorce. It goes against Trigeda custom to divorce. It is not our way to break up our families.”

Deep down Clarke was happy to hear that. She had never second guessed Lexa’s love and devotion to her or AJ. However, it was reassuring to hear this because she did not plan to ever be a divorced woman with or without kids. Lexa was hers for life.

“Hey, princess. How was the dress shopping?”
“Terrible. I didn’t like anything the woman showed me. So, I made another appointment for next weekend.” She kissed Lexa and enjoyed being in the woman’s arms. Inhaling, she got the full smell of Lexa’s unique scent that meant so much to her; love, comfort, and safety. Seeing movement from the corner of her eye, Clarke turned her attention to AJ. “Hi, my precious girl.”

“Mm-m-da-da-um,” the baby babbled.

“She’s so close to saying her first word, Clarke.”

“I know. I want to try and get it on video.” The young mothers were so excited. AJ had rolled over on her own and had sat up for the first time two months ago. Usually babies were closer to 1 year before they started talking. “Well, your aunt will help us with that.” Clarke removed the baby from her swing and caressed her hair. “We agreed she would watch AJ Mondays through Thursdays and one weekend a month.”

“That’s great. Will you still go back to work?”

“I don’t know. I like being home with her and I also like being able to paint in my spare time. There’s so many pieces I’ve created.” Clarke was currently working on a full body nude of herself for Lexa’s birthday in a few months. It needed to be perfect, so she was taking her time. As they talked, she informed Lexa of the conversation concerning the prenuptial agreement.

“Sounds like my cousin is in trouble.”

“So, you guys really don’t divorce?”

“It’s not frowned upon by most Traigeda people anymore. My family is still very traditional in many aspects.”

“I’m going to assume that we won’t be seeing Luna about that then?”

“Nope. She tried to bring it up when she first found out about the engagement, but I shut it down quickly.”

“That’s good to know.”

The couple had been surprised when Abby had come over the next day to take AJ out for some one-on-one time. They took full advantage of it. Things had started with the CEO strapping Clarke to the bed and fucking her to near orgasm three times. Clarke was currently free of the restraints while she was being mouth and throat fucked by her fiancé. The brunette had been very demanding over the past hour. The blonde wouldn’t have it any other way. She had been needing a full submission session for almost two weeks. Now, she was being used and abused the way she liked; the way only Lexa could do it.

“Damn it. You’re such a good slut.” Lexa bucked her hips a few more times and then burst into her mouth.

Clarke knew Lexa was not done yet, but neither was she. To her pleasure, she was picked up and placed in the sex swing face down. It was a quick setup swing Lexa had custom made. The cloth straps restrained her arms on either side of her head, and a harness in the middle supported her torso. Her legs were secured to the two front poles and she was spread eagle. Lexa had full access to her pussy and ass.

“Are you ready to have your pussy fucked,” Lexa asked.
“Yes.”

“Yes what?”

“I’m ready to be fucked.”

“Answer me properly. Yes what?”

“I want to be fucked.”

“Have you forgotten your training?” A slap landed on her right cheek. It wasn’t hard enough to leave a mark, but it did sting.

“Maybe.” She knew she was getting the rise from Lexa that she wanted. *How long can I draw this out? I want her to be wild.* Clarke had not truly pushed Lexa to the edge. She needed that primal part of Lexa.

“Answer me the correct way.”

“No.”

Lexa grabbed her by the hair. “You’re going to pay for your disobedience.” The brunette went over to the dresser where she had arranged different toys. She looked over them and found what she wanted.

When her fiancé turned around, Clarke’s eyes went wide. Lexa was holding her heavy leather belt. It would leave marks and probably break skin; causing her to bleed. She was ready. The other woman walked behind her ran the strap across the unmarked skin of her back and shoulders. Clarke felt the flood of wetness start to drip onto her inner thighs. Sweet pain was only a few moments away.

“I know you’re wet.” Lexa stepped closer, leaving no room between them. Her erect dick was within centimeter of the blonde’s opening. “You are not getting fucked until you relearn how to answer your master properly.”

The warmth of Lexa’s body was replaced with cool air on her back. Then Clarke felt the stinging heat of leather meeting skin. Several licks were made in succession; one after the other. She was in pain, but once again she felt alive. Her body, her will, would bend but it would never break. The blonde had become a different person since meeting Lexa. She didn’t regret it for a second.

“You are my slut, my submissive. You…do not…tell…me no.” Lexa was not taking it easy on Clarke. The woman knew what saying no meant, so, she was surprised to hear Clarke say it. Yet, here they were. Dom and sub; giving and taking. She was so hard and wanted to fuck her fiancé so bad, but Clarke had to be taught a lesson. Her disobedience could not go unpunished. “Who do you think you are…telling me no? Sluts don’t get to refuse their orders!”

“Uhhh…um.” Clarke could only moan in pain and pleasure as sweat covered her body and arousal wept from her pussy. She was glad she didn’t have panties on because they would’ve been ruined.

There were angry red welts across Clarke’s ass and thighs. “Have you remembered what to say to me, or should I put you in the corner?”

If she said she remembered Lexa would fuck her, but if she didn’t, she’d be punished in one of the most boring ways possible. She went with the former. At this point she couldn’t hold out. “I remember, Daddy.”
“What do you say?”

“I’m sorry for disobeying you, Daddy, and I promise to be a good submissive slut.”

“You better be sorry.”

She hissed at the stinging pain when Lexa pressed into her again. Without warning, the other woman entered her slick opening and set a quick rhythm. At this point, they knew each other’s bodies. They could be blindfolded and still find all the erogenous spots and sensitive areas. Soon she was being pounded into with long deep strokes. “Yes, Daddy! YES!” She was close. “May I cum? Please Daddy…”

“Only after I fuck your ass.”

The brunette pulled out and coated her cock with the juices still leaving Clarke’s heated core. A strong hand parted a cheek and Lexa entered her back door. She took a moment to let Clarke adjust, then began with a slightly slower pace than before. Now, the blonde was really feeling the pain in her ass cheeks. It didn’t matter; she had gotten what she wanted. Her lover was always able to get her soaked.

“How do all of your holes feel so good? FUCK!” Lexa let out a low, deep moan as she came. Each thrust caused her to release another load of semen into Clarke.

The sensation of being filled almost sent Clarke over the edge. “Daddy!”

“Cum, baby girl…”

A flood of relief took over her body as Clarke let go of her pleasure. Every nerve ending exploded at once and she came three times. She didn’t remember passing out, but when she woke, she was on the bed with Lexa looking at her. “Hey. How long was I out for?”

“About ten minutes.” Lexa kissed her. “Are you ok? That was…intense.”

“Yeah. I’m fine.” She kissed the woman who owned every part of her, the woman who was the mother of her baby, the woman who loved her, the woman who was her future.

Lexa stood up then scooped Clarke into her arms. She carried her to the shower, washed her from head to toe, then brushed and dried her hair. The whole time they chatted, flirted, and joked. They were having fun with each other like they always did.

“I want to do something different for our wedding,” Lexa said as she laid Clarke on the bed. “The way we are doing it seems boring.”

“What did you have in mind?”

“A theme. We could do something like a sports theme, a horror theme, beach theme, or even comic books.” Lexa kissed Clarke then started to apply ointment on Clarke’s ass and thighs.

“Ouch.”

“Sorry, princess.”

“It’s ok. I enjoyed it.” She gave Lexa a longer, deeper kiss to reassure her that she was ok and had fun during their session. “That sounds like a great idea. Let’s push the date up to next spring. AJ will be older and can participate. An outside wedding would also be nice.”
“Thank you.”

“No need to babe. It’s our wedding; our day, not mine. So, a themed wedding it is. Now, what do you want for dinner? I’ll cook while you put everything away.”

“Surprise me,” Lexa said.

Lexa and Clarke were having a nice walk to the park with Lexa carrying AJ in a front facing carrier. They tried to position her facing inward, but she was having none of it. So, she was quite content now that she could see what was going on.

“She’s stubborn like you,” Lexa said.

“I think she got it from both of us. That’s probably the only trait of mine she’ll have. AJ is a mom’s girl already.”

The couple walked hand in hand to the park. It was midafternoon and they were enjoying the sunshine.

“You made up your mind about returning to work,” Lexa asked.

“Yes. I’ll talk with my mom and inform her I’ll be leaving. I figured two months is enough time to find a suitable replacement.”

“How do you think she’ll take it?”

“Mom will support me.” Clarke was silent for a beat then spoke again. “I won’t be just a housewife, Lexa. I’m not built for total domestic life.” The blonde led them to a bench and they sat side by side.

Lexa had an idea about where this conversation was going. “No matter what you do Clarke, I’ll support you. Art is your passion. Paint and then paint some more. When the time is right, we can explore what steps you want to take next.”

“I don’t care what anyone else says, you are sweeter than cotton candy.” They shared a chaste kiss.

“Mac, come back here,” someone yelled.

There was a black and brown dog running towards them at full speed. When it reached them, the dog hopped on the bench next to Clarke and started sniffing her. A man in his early 50’s was bringing up the rear. Once he made it over to them, he was breathless.

“I…I’m…so sorry…”

“It’s ok,” Clarke said.

“He has a bad…habit of…of running off.” The man apologized several times before picking up the dog’s leash and walking back in the direction he’d come from.

“Dog!”

Lexa and Clarke looked at their daughter. They couldn’t believe what they had just heard.

“Dog, dog, dog.” the girl said again. She smiled and clapped her hands with joy.

“That’s right, AJ. That was a dog,” Clarke said with a proud smile.
“Her first word is dog,” Lexa said with amusement. “Dog.” Repeating her daughter’s first word caused AJ to laugh and smile even more.

“I had her pegged to call you mom first,” Clarke admitted.

“Well she surprised me too. I thought mom or mommy would also come first.”

“Our baby girl is full of surprises.”

They continued their walk around the park, and then headed home. Instead of cooking or going out, the couple decided to order takeout from a local Indian place. As they were walking up the driveway to the house, Lexa got a phone call.

“Hey Aunt Indra. What’s up?”

Clarke didn’t get a chance to listen to the call because her phone also alerted her to an incoming call. It was her mom. “Hello, mom.”

“Clarke, sweetie, I…I have some terrible news.”

The blonde listened as Abby explained the situation to her. “Oh my God…” She couldn’t believe what she was hearing. “We’re on our way to the hospital right now.”

Anya was pacing around the waiting room when Clarke and Lexa arrived. Her parents could only sit and watch their irate daughter as she moved around the area. Anya didn’t like to be touched or given a speech about being hopeful when she was upset. It had always been best to let her have some space.

“Hey, Indra, Gustus. Nice to see you both,” Clarke said in greeting. She sat next to them with AJ sleeping in her car seat. “We came as soon as we heard.”

“Thank you,” Gustus said. “As you can see Anya is not taking this well.”

“I can’t imagine how she is feeling right now.” Clarke didn’t want to be the worried partner in a hospital waiting room. She looked at Lexa as her fiancé spoke in hushed tones with her cousin. “Any word yet about her condition?”

“No. We haven’t heard anything since we got here,” Indra answered.

Clarke thought about who she still knew in the St. Peter’s surgery department. Dr. Goldfine was still on staff as chief attending. “I’ll see if I can find someone to give me some information.” She stood from her seat, spoke to Anya and Lexa about her plan, and then went in search of the chief attending. She went to the nurse’s station where she was directed to an on-call room. It was empty. So, she went down a floor to a second on-call room, and her result was the same. At the second nurse’s station, they directed her back to the floor she had just came from. This time she went to a different station, and they told her to check the cafeteria. When she made it there, it was closed. The blonde decided to call her mom for the doctor’s personal cell number. Abby was speaking with the doctor at that moment, so, she returned to the waiting area. Octavia, Lincoln, Jasper, Finn, and Monty had arrived.

“Hey, guys.”

“Hey, Clarke,” Finn responded. “We didn’t get all the details from O. She just sent a text saying that Raven was hurt.”
Clarke relayed the story to her friends. Raven was at a jobsite for a military construction project. She was with her team in the basement of a refinement facility, conducting an inspection on some storage tanks. It was not clear about how it happened, but one of the tanks had exploded. Raven had been the closest and was knocked unconscious. When they found her about 15 minutes later, she was trapped under a lot of debris. At first glance, she seemed ok. Then they saw her right leg had been pinned down under a heavy beam. Nothing could be done until rescue personnel arrived. Once Raven was freed by the firefighters, it was obvious her leg had been badly damaged.

“At least she’s still alive,” Monty said.

“Yeah. She’ll be back to normal in no time,” Clarke commented. Raven Reyes was as tough as they come. She wouldn’t let a broken leg hold her back. Her best friend would be down for a while, but not out.

“Clarke, honey, I need to speak with you,” Abby said.

They walked away from the rest of the group. “What’s up?”

“Malcom said that it doesn’t look good. Raven’s leg has gotten worse since she arrived. They are prepping her for surgery to fix the damage they’ve found. I’m going to scrub in and assist him with the procedure.”

“Ok.”

Abby hugged her daughter. “I promise, we’ll do everything we can to save her leg.”

“I know, mom. You’re both great doctors.”

“I’ll be in OR three Abby,” the balding doctor said.

“On my way, Malcom.” The older woman turned her attention back to Clarke. “You’ve always been the leader of group.”

Clarke knew what her mom was saying. “Don’t worry. We’ll be ok.”

The next day Clarke had returned to the hospital. Lexa decided to stay home with AJ. It had been a bit stressful when the baby woke up cranky. The baby could sense something was wrong, so they didn’t want to upset her again.

Clarke made her way up to the 11th floor. When she reached Raven’s hospital room, she knocked on the door.

“Go away,” came Raven’s muffled voice.

The woman opened the door and entered the room. Clarke had expected to see a room full of people. Instead it was empty. Even Anya was not present.

“God damn it. I should’ve known it was you, Griffin. You’re worse than your mom and Anya.”

“It’s good to see you too,” Clarke smiled.

“Why are you here?”

“To visit my best friend in the hospital. Where’s Anya anyway?”
“I sent her away, the same as everyone else. If you brought a gift then take it with you.”

Great. She’s back at this routine again. Clarke knew her best friend was never easy to get along with, but right now, she was hurting. She didn’t want anyone around. Raven was very proud and didn’t like to show weakness or be vulnerable. “Don’t try that crap with me, Reyes. You might have scared off everyone else, but not me. I know you better than anyone, including Octavia. Even if we just sit here in silence all day, I’m not leaving.”

“So, I’ll just call the nurse.”

“I’m as well known in this hospital as my mom. Try again.”

The brunette picked up the remote to the TV and found reruns of Three’s Company. The women sat in silence for hours. Raven’s lunch tray was brought in. It went untouched and was rolled out an hour later. Clarke was dozing off when her cell phone chimed.

Lexa: Hey beautiful.

Clarke: Hi yourself sexy.

L: How are you?

C: Bored.

C: Raven has her walls up. She’s way more defensive than usual. She kicked everyone out before I got here including your cousin.

L: I know. She showed up about 30 minutes ago. I’ve never seen her like this over any other woman.

“Who are you talking to,” Raven asked.

“Lexa.” The blonde looked at her friend. “Anya is at our house and very distraught about how you treated her.”

L: I don’t know what to tell her.

C: Have her come back to the hospital.

L: What are you going to do?

C: Help her bulldoze through Raven’s walls.

About an hour later there was another knock on the door. Clarke looked at the hospital bed and saw that Raven was asleep. She crossed the room and opened the door. Anya was standing there looking withdrawn and sullen. The blonde stepped into the hallway. “Anya. I’m glad you came.”

“Lexa said you wanted me to come back.”

“Yeah.” The art therapist wasn’t sure where to begin. So she just went into it. “What do you know about Raven’s past?”

“I know she’s an only child. Her father abandoned her and her mother when she was a little girl. Her mother was also an alcoholic and died of liver failure. She mentioned living with you.”

“Yeah. My parents took her in since she had no other family. Look, I don’t know what she said to
you, but she didn’t mean it.”

For the first time since she met the woman, Anya started to cry. “They couldn’t fix her leg…”

“Raven didn’t tell me that.”

“I was with her when the surgeon came in this morning. There…there was too much nerve damage. She had been under the beam too long.”

“Anya, all you can do is be there for her. She pushes people away, but deep down she really wants someone with her. Raven hates to be vulnerable, but she hates being alone even more than that. You have to show her now more than ever that you’re not going to walk away. That no matter how hard she pushes, despite all the attitude, that you are as strong willed as she is. Don’t let her shut you out.”

“Thanks. Anything else I should know?”

“When she’s ready to talk, just listen. Even if she’s trying to hide her feelings, listen to her tone, watch her body language, and facial expressions. She doesn’t realize how much she says without speaking a single word.”

“I owe you…for this.”

“No. Just help her realize that she deserves to be happy.”

Chapter End Notes

Dog! Yep...that was her first word lol. How was the smut? Too smutty or not smutty enough? I will reveal the wedding theme on the day they get married. So, a few more chapters before they tie the knot. Sorry about Raven getting hurt. This is not one of the plot twist I mentioned that I have coming. We will check in on Ranya since they have to work through Raven being insecure, going to therapy for her leg, and dealing with her abandonment issues. As always read, rate, comment.
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

Here's the newest chapter. I'm so proud of myself for returning to regular updates. Anyway, things in this chapter start a little different. Can I make AJ any cuter? Also, something major is happening. We are one chapter closer to the wedding. Forgive me for any mistakes I made. Also, I'm not sure if the show makes mention of what grounder weddings are like. If it does, I don't plan to use it. Now I'll leave you all to enjoy this new chapter. Still not sure how many chapters will be once it ends. Close to 30?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 18

It was their first time out on a date in months. AJ was with Indra for the weekend as per the babysitting agreement. The couple had decided to make an event of this weekend before returning to work from their maternity leave the upcoming Monday. They were currently at Larry’s Putt-Putt World & Arcade. Finally, the two women were at the end of the mini golf course. The obstacle was an incline which had a chef with an articulating arm that came down. His cleaver would block the entrance to the hole. If she made this putt, Clarke would be seven under par and win the game.

Lexa watched Clarke preparing to take her shot. She looked so beautiful in her jeans, low top Converse, and baby t-shirt that said; Vulcan In The Streets Klingon In The Sheets. It was a true statement. The golden-haired woman was a beast in bed. She could take everything Lexa threw at her sexually, and sometimes her fiancé craved sexual mistreatment and pleasure in the form of pain. She pushed those thoughts out of her mind when she felt herself becoming aroused.

Clarke did a cute little wiggle of her hips, timed her shot, and hit the green ball. Green eyes and blue eyes watched as the golf ball rolled up the hill, past the obstacle, and into the hole.

“Yes!” The petite woman did a victory dance.

The brunette gave her a classic golf clap as she took a bow. “Well, you won. Guess I have to pay up.”

“You sure do,” Clarke said. It had surprised her that Lexa agreed to the wager they had made, but she did and she was the winner.

After a pizza dinner, the couple returned home. There was plenty of flirting between them and they quickly made their way upstairs. When they broke contact, Lexa saw the uncertainty on Clarke’s face.

“What’s wrong?”

“I’m nervous.” To Clarke this was like when they first started their BDSM play. “I-I just…we haven’t done this before.”

“Relax baby girl. You don’t have to be nervous. That’s what the safe word is for.” Lexa gave her a deep, but sweet kiss. “I’ll put on the outfit you want me to wear.” Then the CEO disappeared into
the closet.

Clarke proceeded to get herself dressed. She put on a crotch less leather teddy, black fishnet stockings, and stiletto leather boots. Her hair was left down around her shoulders. As a finishing touch, she put on makeup to give her eyes a shadowed look, and the brightest red shade of lipstick she had. Looking at herself in the full body mirror in the restroom, she was pleased with her appearance.

When Lexa saw, Clarke walk out of the bathroom, she was thrilled. The woman was downright… sultry. It was not every day the woman dressed in a manner like this. She had to count in her head while taking deep breaths to regain her control. The brunette had dressed in her black leather thong with the zipper front, black combat boots, and the armbands. She stood by the bed ready for Clarke to make the next move.

“You look delicious as always.” Clarke walked over to her fiancé and kissed her. “Remember, only the safe word will stop me. Also, you will refer to me as Mistress Clarke.” She kissed Lexa one last time. “Understand?”

“Yes, Mistress Clarke.” It had been a very long time since Lexa had been dominated. She had a true alpha personality and didn’t care to give up control. However, for their mini golf game they had made a bet. If Lexa won, she could make one of the guest rooms into their new play room. If Clarke won, she could dominate Lexa. She was currently at the mercy of the art therapist. The brunette didn’t mind, she would do anything for Clarke.

“Good. Get on your knees.” Lexa dropped down in front of Clarke and looked into dark blue eyes. “Eat my pussy.” With her legs spread open, the blonde felt Lexa’s tongue start at her opening and move up to her clit. She also took the time to lick the area between the wet hole and the hard bud. “So good.” It was not long before Clarke felt herself going weak in the knees. Lexa was doing wonders with her tongue and open mouth kisses. “Shit baby. Ooooohhhhhhh yes.” She pressed her hand into dark tresses. The increased pressure sent Clarke over the edge and she felt her entire orgasm wash over her body. “YEEESSSSSS!” She collapsed on the bed and lay there until she regained her senses. When she opened her eyes, Lexa was lying beside her. “That was good.”

“I’m glad I could satisfy you Mistress Clarke,” Lexa said.

The blonde got off the bed and went to the box Lexa had sitting beside it. She found the restraints. One by one, she tied Lexa’s arms and legs to the bed. “You’re being so good right now. Do you like being submissive to me?”

“Yes, Mistress Clarke.”

“Good. Now, I’m going to suck and fuck you until your dick is sore.” She climbed onto the brunette and kissed her way down her body. Clarke made sure to kiss her all over Lexa’s erogenous zones on her neck and chest. She sucked and licked on the pebbled nipples and then went down to her torso. This was Clarke’s favorite part of Lexa’s body. She had a six-pack of abs and loved how the muscles moved under her tan skin. The blonde kissed and bit every abdominal muscle. It was so sexy. Her fiancé was responsive to each kiss, lick, and caress. Low moans from the other woman made Clarke even more eager. Once she reached the waistband of the thong, Clarke unzipped the front with her teeth. She kissed down well-toned thighs, to muscular calves, and licked back up Lexa’s body to her ear. “It’s so fun to tease you,” she whispered. Then she started her journey back down. The blonde was tempted to repeat her actions a third time, but she was wet.

She stood up, looked in the box and found what she wanted. Clarke took two clothes pins and placed them on Lexa’s nipples. She then reached into Lexa’s thong and removed her stiff penis.
“You want me to fuck you?”

“Yes, Mistress Clarke.”

“Beg me.”

“Please fuck me Mistress Clarke. I need you to make me cum.”

“Only if you don’t cum in my mouth when I suck your cock.”

“I won’t cum in your mouth Mistress Clarke.”

“Good.” Clarke grabbed Lexa and rolled a cock ring down her shaft to the base, and slowly teased the woman. She licked up and down the stiff member causing precum to drip onto her hand. “Someone is very excited.” She climbed into bed again and continued her oral stimulation. Lexa was starting to beg for Clarke to take her into her mouth. The blonde simply ignored the woman’s pleas and teased her. She worked her tongue around the swollen red head and then pulled back the foreskin; only sucking the tip. When Lexa’s hips started to thrust upward, she stopped. “What are you doing? I didn’t give you permission to fuck my mouth.” Clarke gave her a slap directly on her swollen nipples.

“I’m sorry Mistress Clarke,” Lexa replied. The teasing had become torturous. Her body had decided to move on its own accord.

“You do not…fuck me…unless I tell you to…fuck me.”

Lexa felt a stinging slap come across her face. Seeing this side of Clarke was a real change of pace. She stiffened even more; the cock ring made her erection more intense because of the restricted blood flow. It was borderline painful. “I won’t do it again Mistress Clarke.”

“I know you won’t. Because if you do, I will beat your ass until its purple and force you to watch me fuck myself.” Clarke resumed her position between Lexa’s thighs and resumed her blow job. Never did she think her fiancé could last so long, but the brunette losing her battle.

“Please fuck me Mistress Clarke.”

“How do I know you deserve this pussy?”

“Because I love your pussy Mistress Clarke. My dick only likes to feel you Mistress Clarke.”

“And who does your dick belong to?”

“It’s yours Mistress Clarke.”

“Yes, it is mine.” The blonde was beyond wet and couldn’t deny herself the pleasure of being filled any longer. She straddled Lexa’s waist and sat on the stiff cock. Inch by inch she took Lexa into her. “Damn. I think…the cock ring…made you…bigger.” The other woman was extra stiff and thick. Clarke took a moment to get use to the extra bit of girth. Once she was ready, the blonde worked her hips. “Yes Lexa. Fuck you’re big.”

“Oh God, Mistress Clarke. I love how tight you are.”

Clarke was in a state of pure bliss. This had been a great idea. She loved to be dominated, punished, used, and allowed to give up total control of her body. Her fiancé had sensed something in her and brought out the masochist part of Clarke the she had never known existed. However, this was also
fun. She understood why Lexa liked to be in control. It was nice to be in charge and to do anything you wanted to your partner. This role reversal was a fabulous change of pace and she decided that they would play like this again in the future. “Yes. Feel how good this pussy is.” While fondling her breast, the blonde had squeezed so hard that milk was starting to leak from her nipples.

“Uuhhhhhhh. So, sexy Mistress Clarke.” Lexa wanted to taste the white liquid coming from Clarke’s breast.

“You like that?”

“Yes, Mistress Clarke!” The blonde leaned down and placed a nipple into Lexa’s mouth. She sucked and was rewarded with the warm liquid shooting into her mouth. “Ummmmmm.” It was like unsweetened almond milk but a little thicker.

“God yes!” Clarke knew she was close. “Suck these tits.” She pulled the left one from Lexa’s mouth and placed the right one inside. “Yes Lexa!” Her hips were going at a blistering speed. The blonde closed her eyes and gave in to the pleasure. White light flashed behind her lids and she went stiff. Each muscle of her vaginal walls quivered as sexual pleasure rippled throughout her body. She collapsed onto Lexa in a sweaty breathless heap. Once she regained her composure, Clarke sat up again and looked into Lexa’s intense green eyes. “That was wonderful. Your dick is so good.” She kissed on swollen pink lips.

“I need to cum Mistress Clarke.” Lexa had never been this hard in her life. “Please Mistress Clarke.” The blonde started to work her hips again. She rode Lexa hard. Her nails dug into the skin of the woman’s torso. There was a trail of bite marks and hickeys as she laid claim to what was hers. When she had another orgasm, she allowed the woman to thrust into her. “That’s it. Fuck me Lexa! Fuck me…fuck me…fuck me, fuck this pussy!”

“Mistress Clarke…yes! Oh yes…”

“Don’t you dare stop…” A third orgasm washed over her. “Cum inside me Lexa. Fill me up!” She was dying to feel the woman’s release inside her.

“Yes, Mistress Clarke!” One final upward thrust and Lexa let herself go. It felt like she would cum forever. Three squirts, then a steady stream of semen shot into her fiancé. “So…so…so…so good Mistress Clarke.”

“It was.” She reached up and untied Lexa’s wrists. Strong arms wrapped her into a tight embrace. “That was fun. Did you have a good time?”

“I did Mistress Clarke.”

“Good.” The blonde removed the ties on Lexa’s ankles, took off the clothes pins, and removed the cock ring from her now soft shaft. “We will be repeating this in the future.” They went into the bathroom for a soak in the tub. Some of the wedding plans were made including the theme. They flirted which led to a round of quickie of sex with Mistress Clarke still in control. They washed each other and Clarke helped Lexa out of the tub. She dried the woman’s tattooed body, and then brushed and dried her hair. She then braided some of the dark locks. Once they were done, the couple returned to the bedroom. Clarke rubbed the same ointment onto Lexa’s bruises. Turned out she also liked to give aftercare.

“Thank you, Clarke.”

“For what?”
“For this. I forgot that it’s ok to give up control sometimes.” Lexa’s second BDSM relationship was with a dominate woman. It had been a power struggle since both woman had an A-type personality. Early in the relationship, she had been ok with submitting. However, the woman had started to become abusive, so Lexa ended it.

“You’re welcome stud. I’m glad you like it.” Clarke replied.

“Anything I can do to please you Mistress Clarke.” The women kissed and fell asleep in each other’s arms after the repeat of the sentiments they had exchanged from the first BDSM session in their relationship.

Clarke and Lexa pulled up to her aunt and uncle’s house a few minutes after 5pm. They had separate cars but usually car pooled with each other because it was easier and it gave them time together. Gustus answered the door and gave them both a big hug.

“We’re glad to see you too uncle,” Lexa teased.

“I just wanted to give my girls some love,” the man replied.

“How was AJ,” Clarke asked.

“Wonderful. She’s a very bright child. Indra and I are working with her on four and five letter words and 3D shapes like cubes and pyramids. It’s amazing to see how much she can recall after a few short lessons.”

“It is,” Lexa agreed.

The trio walked into the family room where AJ was playing with a toy xylophone. “Mom! Mommy!” Her toy was quickly abandoned and the little girl crawled over to her parents as quickly as she could.

Clarke picked up her daughter and covered her with kisses. “Were you a good girl for your aunt and uncle today?”

“Yes,” she replied with a smile.

“Did you also eat all your food and take a nap,” Lexa asked.

“Yes.”

“She’s a delight as always.” Indra handed Lexa the baby bag with AJ’s items. She also handed them a bag with glass storage containers. “Here’s some food just in case you two are too tired to cook.”

“Thanks Indra,” Clarke said. “Tell your aunt and uncle goodbye AJ.”

“Bye aunt, bye uncle.” She gave a wave of her hand.

“How are you feeling today?” Anya had been staying with Raven since she had been released from the hospital three months ago.

“I’m in pain. The medicine is not working.” The day Anya had returned to the hospital was a surprise. Deep down, she was happy to see her girlfriend. Raven wasn’t sure what to do or what to say. She simply allowed the tall woman to be there. Eventually, they talked about her recovery, their living arrangement, and where they were in their relationship. Raven had strong feelings for Anya.
She was starting to fall in love with her.

“Be sure to tell the doctor at your next appointment. If you don’t, I will.”

“Ok.”

“Have you been cooperating with Octavia during your sessions with her?”

“Yes. Can you please stop nagging me?”

Anya grabbed her girlfriend’s hand. “I care about you, Raven. You know this. I will not leave.” She took a deep breath. “Clarke told me about your father.”

“Of course she did.”

“Do not be upset. She is your friend and cares about you. The two of you grew up together. You are like sisters.”

“Did she tell you anything else like my favorite movie?”

“No. She did not.” Anya gave her a chaste kiss. “What is your favorite movie?”

“Wanted with Angelina Jolie.”

“Is she your favorite movie actor?”

Raven blushed a little bit. “Why do you ask?”

“I’ve seen many of her films in your movie collection.”

“Like you don’t have a celebrity crush,” Raven asked.

“Since meeting you, I do not.”

Clarke looked up when there was a knock on her door. It was James Pike. The bald man stood in the entrance to her office waiting to be invited in.

“Please come in,” she said.

He took a seat in one of the chairs in front of her desk. “I-I heard you are leaving the clinic.”

“Yes I am. I’ll be reducing my hours for the next two months and then my final two weeks will be me sitting in on the group sessions to make sure everyone is comfortable with the new therapist.”

“Well I won’t be. I know I don’t always participate, but I don’t want to see another therapist. I’ve made progress with you. I don’t miss my wife as much.”

This was a delicate situation which Clarke had to handle carefully. “I can understand why you are upset. You have-“

“There’s no way you understand how I feel. Don’t pretend that you do. I’m not stupid.”

“Mr. Pike, I know you’re not stupid. And I don’t know what it’s like to lose a spouse. However, I know what it’s like to lose a parent. I had a challenging time after my father died of a heart attack.”

The man stood so suddenly that he knocked over the chair he had been sitting in. “I’m not working
“Happy birthday dear Lexa! Happy birthday to you!” The song ended and Lexa blew out the thirty-six candles that were on her birthday cake. Clarke gave her a chaste kiss and AJ hugged her tightly. Her wish had been simple; more happy and healthy kids with her beautiful fiancé. Nothing else mattered to the brunette. Their wedding plans were going smoothly. They had set the date for April twentieth of 2017. By that time, AJ would be a year old and they could have it outside. Lexa couldn’t wait. Right now, she would enjoy this wonderful birthday party with her family, friends, and closest business associates.

Lexa attempted to cut herself a piece, but was overruled by Abby. The woman wouldn’t let her do anything. She insisted that Lexa relax and let everyone else do the worrying. The woman allowed her future mother-in-law to serve her cake. She made her way to where AJ was sitting with her godparents.

“Are you corrupting my daughter Lincoln?”

“Never,” the man smiled.

She looked to her other cousin for reassurance. “He’s been on his best behavior,” Octavia said.

“So how does it feel to be married,” Lexa asked. The couple had gotten married in secret shortly after Indra had spoken to Lincoln about the prenup situation. While his mother gave him an earful over the secret wedding, she was happy for the newlyweds when they broke the news last week; they all were. The couple was leaving on their honeymoon in two days.

“It’s wonderful. You won’t regret it once you do it.” Lincoln was smiling from ear to ear as he spoke. “No plans for kids yet. We want to wait a few more years.”

“Well I can tell you that you won’t regret it once you have them,” Lexa echoed her cousin.

“Where is Clarke anyway,” Octavia asked. “We wanted to know if you two would keep an eye on the house while we were gone.”

“Off playing hostess somewhere. She hates doing it, but the part fits her so well.”

“Mom, I want food,” AJ said.

“Ok. Let’s go find what mommy has for you in the kitchen.” AJ was so cute in her outfit that matched Lexa’s. She wanted to look like mom so she could be special today too. The little girl was almost eight months and close to taking her first steps. Her rate of development was impressive to her doctor. Lexa just wished the woman would stop insisting that AJ needed to be circumcised. She and Clarke had agreed to maintain Trigeda custom. They did not want to mutilate their children. The couple knew the physician meant well, but it was not an option. Lexa carried her daughter into the kitchen and found the person they were looking for.

“Mommy.” That was Lexa’s signal to put AJ down. She was not a child you wanted to hold when she was excited. Once on the floor, the toddler crawled to her golden-haired mother and used the woman’s dress to pull herself up onto her feet. It was rare for their daughter to ask for help. She was so determined to do things on her own. “I want food.”

“Can you say please,” Clarke asked. Sometimes AJ forgot her manners.

“Yes. Mommy, I want food please.” The little charmer gave a partial toothy smile as she looked up at
Clarke. When her first tooth showed up, they weaned her off breast feeding and onto the bottle. There was no way Clarke was going to breast feed a teething child. She was also eating baby food. So far, her favorites were carrots, apples sauce, chicken, and mashed potatoes.

“Ok. You want me to help you eat or mom?”

The girl thought about it as she scrunched her brow. It was a very serious decision for a seven and a half month old to make. “Both.”

They got their plates of food, got AJ’s meal, and rejoined the party. With their help, AJ used her utensils until she grew frustrated and used her hands. Her outfit was a mess and so was her face. Abby took pictures of it all. Clarke showered the girl with love. While Lexa watched the scene with a heart full of love and pride. This was a change from how she had spent her birthday the year before. She had been working until Anya drug her to some bar for drinks. After that she went home, showered, went to bed, and was at work the next day.

By the time all their guests had left, the couple was happy but tired. Abby and Marcus had AJ since Indra took the baby the weekend before. She was excited to go with Gram-Gram and the Tall Man. Also, lucky for them, Lincoln, Octavia, Abby, Indra, Gustus, Jasper and his new girlfriend, Monty, and Finn had stayed behind to help clean up.

“I have another gift you. The gift I couldn’t give you with everyone around.” They were walking arm-in-arm upstairs when the blonde led the birthday girl to the guest room next to their master bedroom. She pulled a key from her pocket.

“When did we start locking doors,” Lexa asked.

“You’re going to ruin the surprise.” Clarke opened the door and flipped on the light. She watched her fiancé walk into the space and look around. She stopped when she saw what was hanging on the accent wall opposite the windows. “What do you think,” she asked.

Lexa gave the other woman with a fiery gaze. “It’s great. I love it.” The painting was a full body nude of Clarke. The woman was restrained on an X shaped stand with a ball gag in her mouth. Red marks crisscrossed her breast and torso. A look of pure pleasure was on her face. “I love you.” She pulled Clarke into her and kissed her fiancé in a soul searing kiss. Looking around she noticed the paint tape, two full-length mirrors, tarps, and other items placed about the room. “Is this what I think it is?”

“Yes. I thought about it and with over six bedrooms, we can spare at least one. Besides, we need more room to do our activities. A specially designed bed, a rack for toys, sound proofing, the works. We might be able to connect this room to our bathroom since it’s on the other side of the wall behind me.”

“Wow. Any reason you changed your mind?”

“We plan to have more kids. It’d be weird if they saw something like a paddle, a gag, or handcuffs laying around our room. That would be awkward to explain. I’m anticipating someone needing protection from monsters or comfort after a bad dream.”

They walked out of the room and Clarke locked it again. “Why did your parents get such a big house anyway?”

“My parents wanted a big family. All they got was me before they died.” Lexa pushed Clarke against the door when they entered their bedroom. “You really want more kids?”
“Yes, I do.” Clarke reached between their bodies and rubbed Lexa to full hardness. “This is my baby maker.” She deepened their kiss. “And tonight, I want everything you have inside my pussy.”

“Say no more princess.” Lexa walked them over to the bed. She fell on top of her golden-haired fiancé with a soft oomph. “I love you Clarke.”

“Tell me again.”

“I. Love. You. Clarke. Jane. Griffin.” Each word was followed up with a kiss. The last one was slow. Sensual. Full of the future Lexa wanted to have with her soon to be wife. She reached down and removed the pale-yellow summer dress Clarke was wearing. A lace pair of panties and bra soon followed. She sucked on pebbled nipples as she ran her fingers along wet folds.

“Oh yes…just like that.”

Lexa continued her teasing and kissing. She was surprised when a pair of hands started to undo her jean shorts. The brunette stood up, removed her red t-shirt, black sports bra, and the black jock strap fell to the floor with her shorts.

“Let me service you first. It’s your birthday after all.”

They were lying in bed when Clarke straddled her. However, her ass and pussy were in Lexa’s face. Clarke didn’t waste time taking Lexa into her mouth. It was the classic 69 position. Usually the couple was a bit more extreme. Tonight, they simply wanted to enjoy being together on the brunette’s birthday.

In no time, Lexa’s mouth and chin were covered with Clarke’s juices. She loved having direct access to the other woman’s hot entrance. Each lick with her tongue or tease with her fingers caused more of the blonde’s sweet nectar to pour from her pussy. Lexa slowly moved her tongue up to lick Clarke’s ass. Her fiancé moaned in delight. She wiggled when Lexa placed soft kisses and bites on her cheeks.

“Don’t stop baby,” Clarke said. She continued to suck Lexa as the woman did the most wonderful things to her ass. She rubbed Lexa’s penis along her face, lips, and neck; from base to tip. Then took both balls into her mouth. The art therapist forgot how much Lexa liked to have her testicles played with. Seconds later, she felt them constrict in her mouth. Clarke stopped and sat up.

“What are you stopping for?”

Clarke turned around to face Lexa. “We’re not letting your half of our future children go to waste.” They kissed until she could no longer taste herself in the brunette’s mouth. “God, you are so fucking beautiful.” Clarke gripped Lexa’s cock with her internal muscles and rode her to the heavens. She wasn’t satisfied the first two times the brunette came. So, she flipped them over and let Lexa take over. Scratches along the lean back made the woman drive into her deeper.

“Don’t ever change Clarke. I love you just the way you are baby.”

“I love you too. You are amazing.”

Lexa loved to hear Clarke confess her love for her. She loved it better when Clarke showed her. The blonde showed it when she submitted to her, when she cooked for her, when she kissed her, when she did anything for Lexa; she knew that Clarke was her future. A future filled with more than children, birthdays, sleepless nights, arguments, family vacations, and all that came with a family. There was also devotion, trust, communication, honesty, and unconditional love. The couple’s passion burned bright through the evening and into the early hours of the morning. Multiple orgasms
over several hours of kissing, caressing, words of love, promises of a lifetime commitment, and enjoying their passion for each other. When the sun started to come up, they were exhausted but satisfied.

Chapter End Notes

AJ is close to walking, Lintavia had a secret wedding, Ranya is growing closer, and Clexa are getting a...special room. In case you are wondering, Mistress Clarke will return, but overall the dynamic remains the same. There is a chance the updates will slow down soon since I decided to extend it beyond 23 chapters. I had which I extended. I've had request for more smut. Challenge accepted. Comment, kudos, follow, etc.
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

First, I think I need to address something brought to my attention. There have been statements made that AJ is too young to do so many of the things she does. I am aware of this. However, I'm writing her as an advanced child; a baby genius if you will. Yes I know it's not the most realistic thing to write, and I embellished it a bit. It was something I wanted to play around with. Sorry if it bothers you, but I made a creative call that I like. Plus, I think it adds to the Clexa family cuteness. Second, this story is more popular than I ever thought. Porn with plot seems to be a good mix. Now, I just want to say thanks again to my beta readers. Their editing helps me get a better story out and readable. So, without anything else to add, happy reading and Happy Mother's day.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 19

Lexa: On my way to the doctor.

Clarke: I’ll see you soon Daddy.

L: Will be counting the minutes until you get here. Love you.

C: Love you more.

L: Doubtful.

C: I’ll have to show you later.

Clarke placed her phone in her purse and retrieved her keys. Before she left, she stopped by her mom’s office to let her know she was leaving. They chatted for a few minutes so she could give Abby an update on the wedding. The Griffin matriarch was happy at the theme they had chosen and couldn’t wait to go with Clarke to get the dress fitted. After a hug, she left the clinic to meet up with Lexa. It was time for her fiancé to have her annual physical. She wanted to be there for support, and to have lunch with the brunette afterwards. Since their return to work, she had missed spending most of her days with them. Clarke knew it was going to happen eventually, but she didn’t think she’d miss her Commander and Little Commander so much. Clarke made her way to her car, but didn’t notice the man who followed her to her car. Her world went dark seconds after he’d grabbed her from behind.

When the nurse called her back, Lexa sent her fiancé a fourth text message. The clinic was only a ten minute drive from her doctor’s office. Maybe there’s some light traffic. Something told her that wasn’t true. Her instinct that something was wrong started to make her anxious. Before she could send a fifth text, the door to the exam room opened and her doctor walked in.

“Ms. Woods. It’s good to see you. How is everything?” Dr. McGill had been the assistant of her former physician until he passed away in a boating accident seven years earlier. Now, the former military surgeon was her doctor. The short man was very knowledgeable and knew firsthand what
Lexa’s health needs were.

“Fine. I feel great and I hope you don’t find anything.”

“I don’t think we will. You are one of the few patients I have who actually takes care of themselves.” The doctor pulled up Lexa’s file on his computer as the brunette removed her shirt. “You had a baby recently correct?”

“Yeah. A little girl. She’s intersex like I am.”

“Well I’m sure you’ll help her along the way.” He asked her questions about her recent health, if she had any sudden and drastic changes in weight, and other information that could be a red flag.

As the minutes ticked by, Lexa’s phone didn’t buzz. Something is wrong. Clarke would’ve at least texted that she would be late. A knot was forming in the bottom of her stomach. She went through the motions of making more small talk and getting the exam done as quick as possible.

“Turn your head and cough.”

Lexa complied. She felt lucky to only need a testicular exam since she didn’t have a prostate like men did. The physical was almost over. Last thing was to take her blood for testing and to get an EKG reading. Of course, to her that seemed to take forever, and she hurried to set up her next check-up appointment. As soon as she was out the door of the doctor’s office, Lexa called Clarke. There was no answer. As quickly as she could, the brunette went to Arcadia Medical Clinic.

Her head was throbbing and there was something in her mouth. Clarke tried to open her eyes but they were covered. When she tried to move, she couldn’t because she was hog tied. She was sure she was in the back of her SUV. The smell of the incense inserts was strong. She wasn’t sure who had grabbed her, where they were going, or how she would get out of this mess.

“Don’t worry. I won’t hurt you as long as you do what I say. It’ll be ok. I don’t want trouble. I just need you to understand what I want.”

Clarke could tell it was a man’s voice, but couldn’t remember where she had heard it before. He must have given her strong drugs because she quickly passed out again. Her thoughts were only of Lexa and AJ.

“She didn’t mention going anywhere else,” Abby told Lexa.

“I’m calling the police,” Lexa said.

“Ok.” Abby was not sure what she should do. Sitting made her feel useless, and standing made her pace around nervously.

“This can’t wait 24hrs. I know my fiancé and she wouldn’t disappear like this. We have a daughter.”

The doctor turned around when she heard a crash. She saw the broken glass of the diploma she had on the wall. Then she saw the smartphone on the floor. “Lexa…”

“I’m…I’m sorry Abby. The police wo-won’t do anything…right now.”

The older Griffin woman walked over to her future daughter-in-law and pulled her into a hug. Her body shook as she broke down and cried. Never had she seen the strong woman be upset, angry,
cry, or even tired. “We’ll find her, Lexa. You worry about AJ.”

“I can’t, Abby.” Lexa pulled back and wiped the tears from her cheeks. “Clarke is everything to me. I love our daughter, but without our love; without Clarke, there wouldn’t be an AJ. She’s the beginning and end for me. How do I even tell our daughter her mommy is missing?” The thought of raising AJ alone made Lexa break down again.

“Abby! Abby!”

“In here Marcus!” As Abby comforted Lexa, Marcus entered her office.

“I came as soon as I got your message. What’s wrong?”

“Clarke is missing. She didn’t meet up with Lexa at her doctor’s office. She’s also not answering calls or responding to text.”

“Anyone call the authorities?”

“I did, but Clarke hasn’t been missing long enough,” Lexa replied. She took some of the tissues she saw on Abby’s desk and cleaned her face as best she could.

I should be strong for AJ, and for Clarke; wherever she is.

Blue eyes opened and took in her surroundings. There were plaster walls, double doors, and a waist-high wood partition separated the room. Looking to the left there was a stand with twelve seats. The court house? What am I doing here? A soft cry drew Clarke’s attention to underneath one of the tables. She saw a woman hiding under it. As she continued to scan the area, she saw a man in a grey and black uniform on the floor. Blood pooled around his lifeless body. Clarke turned her gaze away from the dead eyes staring at her. Opposite the jury box, there were just over a dozen people crowded together.

The silence of the room was shattered with a shrill scream. The woman under the table was pulled from under it by her hair. Clarke couldn’t believe who was standing there.

“Bellamy?”

Her ex-boyfriend looked at her. “The drugs finally wore off. Welcome to our wedding Clarke.”

“What are you talking about?”

“I brought you here so the judge could marry us. Then we’ll flee to Russia. U.S. law enforcement can’t touch us there. Thanks to that freak you were with, I have enough money to get us everything we need. We get new identities. You’ll look great as a red head.”

She couldn’t move. The bastard had her tied to a chair. Clarke moved her hands and wrist around. To her pleasant surprise, his knot game was weak and she could untie herself. She just had to buy herself some time and keep him distracted.

He pulled the auburn-haired woman to him and pointed his gun to her temple. The distraught man cocked the hammer and said, “You will do everything I tell you to or I start killing people starting with this bitch.”

“Please no. Don’t kill me,” the woman begged as she peed herself.

“As long as my girlfriend cooperates you’ll get to keep your head.”
“Look Bellamy, just let these people go. This is between us.”

“They are a little insurance policy. I know you won’t let these people die Clarke.”

“If you really love me, if you really want to be with me, if you want me to cooperate, then let these innocent people go.”

“Sorry Clarke, but I won’t do that. Besides, this is how I guarantee we get out of here and to the airport. But I do need to make an example of someone.”

The blonde watched in horror as Bellamy pulled the trigger. Blood spatter landed on his face and the front of his shirt. She saw a second lifeless body fall to the floor in a heap. Tears spilled down her cheeks as she tried to erase the sight from her mind and undo the rope. I should be strong for Lexa and AJ; wherever they are.

Lexa was putting the protective case back on her phone when it rang. It wasn’t Clarke, but she was still happy to see the name that popped up on the screen. “Costia. Have you—”

“I don’t have much time to help you look for your fiancé.”

The commotion in the reception area of the clinic drew Lexa’s attention from the phone call. “Hang on Costia, something is happening.” She walked over to the small flat screen TV and turned up the volume. The brunette recognized the woman from Velvet. Local reporter Melody Mendoza was making a special announcement.

“…still don’t know the identity of the gunman or how many hostages he has. Police are making attempts to reach him inside the courtroom he has barricaded himself in. Witnesses say he entered through the back of the building. We’ll have more details as courthouse surveillance footage is analyzed by the police.”

“Now Melody, is it true that he went into the courthouse with a hostage,” the studio reporter asked.

“That right John. That is what police believe happened.”

“Any word about what might be the gunman’s motivation?”

“At this moment that is unclear. I can tell you that a hostage negotiator from the state police is being brought in. Once contact is made…”

The brunette held the phone to her ear. “You still there?”

“Of course. Listen, I don’t have much time to talk, but I’m not able to help you at the moment. This hostage situation is top priority now.”

“Is that where you are?”

“Yeah. It’s all hands on deck down here. Traffic is being detoured, a temporary police headquarters is being setup, and they have the SWAT team inbound.”

“Well thanks anyway.”

“Lexa, I know I never really met her, but from I could tell, she’s a strong woman. When I helped to deliver your baby, she did it without the meds so many women talk about. She’ll be ok.”

“I hope so Costia. I can’t lose her. AJ needs both of her mom’s.” The police officer promised to call
her back when she could get a break. When she had spoken to Indra and Gustus, they agreed that
they would look after AJ until she had more information. She wanted to see her daughter so much.
Lexa wanted to see her, she wanted to hold her. However, the woman knew that the little girl would
pick up on her emotions, and become upset. Lexa knew she was in no state to deal with an upset
child when she too was in emotional distress. She couldn’t console AJ when she felt so helpless.

The time crawled by. Each minute was excruciatingly slow and Clarke had to stop with the knot.
Her hands were cramped up but she would have to get the rope off eventually. The group of
hostages included the judge who had presided over their civil case a few months prior. That’s when
she saw a chance to get free. The man next to the judge was not doing well; he was shaking, he was
sweating, and his complexion was pale. He was a diabetic and his blood sugar was dropping. If he
didn’t get something to eat soon, he could go into a coma or even die.

“Hey, Bellamy you should let someone go.”

He got up from his seat. “When the honorable judge wakes up from his nap, He’ll marry us then we
will leave.”

“How can you get what you want when you haven’t even talked to a negotiator?” Clarke had to
make him see reason. “No negotiations means no airport, no Russia, and enjoying Lexa’s money.
They’ll storm in here and most likely kill you.”

In his rage, Bellamy stormed over to her and punched her in the face. When her saw her nose was
bleeding, he became erratic. “Damn it, Clarke! Why did you make me hit you?”

Clarke looked at the dark-haired man. She didn’t know this person. This was not the same Bellamy
Johnathan Blake she grew up with. He was not the man she had once loved. This Bellamy was not
her long-time friend. This person was a loose cannon with psychopathic impulses and no rational
thought process. Somehow their breakup caused him to have a mental breakdown. This Bellamy was
beyond her help. But maybe she could get the old Bellamy to surface; even if it were for a brief time,
she had to try and reach the decent person he once was. Her childhood friend had to be in there
somewhere. First, she had to convince him to release the guy in the grey suit. The man needed
medical help, and there was a chance he could inform the police of the current situation. Second, it
should hopefully buy her some more time to get through to him.

Chapter End Notes

One of the shorter chapters and a quick update. I know, I know, I know. Don't be too
mad at me. Yes, I will update next week. I'm sure many of you will have plenty to say
about the events in this chapter. So, get it out your system and yell, be angry, ask me
how and why I could do this, get upset etc. Just know that everything will work out.
Thanks for reading. I'm sure many of you can't wait for the next chapter.
Chapter Notes

So, I had a deadline to meet for another project I'm working on. Sorry for the delay. I didn't have this chapter edited by my beta readers. Please forgive any mistakes. Figured you guys would want to read it sooner rather than later. Here it is with corrections made by me and grammar/spell check. Also not sure if Pike has the correct first name from the show. Enjoy reading.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 20

“The door is opening!”

Reporters, police, and by standers were watching as the front doors to the courthouse opened. A man in a grey suit was making his way down the stairs. He was at the halfway point when he passed out. EMT’s with protection from the SWAT team members rushed to the man. Then two other men; one carrying the body of a woman and the other carrying a man exited the building as well. It was organized chaos as the hostages were rushed out of the way.

The first man was placed into an ambulance and speed to the hospital. Additional medical personal was on hand to take charge of the deceased. The other men were taken to receive treatment from the EMT’s. Once the men were cleared with a clean bill of health, police wasted no time asking them questions. One of the officers conducting the interrogations was detective trainee Costia Landrum.

Arcadia Medical Clinic was closed for the day. Abby was too upset to work, Marcus made it a point to remain at her side, Octavia was couldn’t get a hold of Bellamy to inform him Clarke was missing, Lexa was worried sick, the guys were out looking for their friend, while Indra and Gustus looked after their great-niece, Raven was being rock solid with her support, and Anya helped everyone with everything they needed. Indra, Gustus, and AJ were at the couple’s house. Everyone else who was not out looking for Clarke had gone to Marcus’s house since he was the closest to town. Someone had tuned the TV to the happenings at the court house.

“Turn it to something else or turn it off,” Abby said. She didn’t want to hear any news that didn’t involve the safe return of her baby girl. Yes, Clarke was now a mother with a daughter of her own, but the girl was her only child.

Raven turned the channel to the weather station since it was a neutral option. Everyone was in emotional turmoil. Even her girlfriend was concerned that the blonde had gone missing. As hard as she tried to be strong, deep down Raven was the same frantic and emotional mess as everyone else.

A cell phone ringtone played and caused everyone to look at their devices. “It’s me,” Lexa said. She went to the semi-private area of the kitchen. It was Costia calling again.

“I found Clarke. She-“

“Where is she? Is she OK? Can I see her?”
“Lexa please let me explain. She’s one of the hostages at the courthouse.”

“I’m on my way.” Lexa hung up the phone on the poor woman before she could say anything else. She returned to the front room and spoke. “That was my friend on the police force. Clarke is one of the hostages at the courthouse.”

“What?”

“Oh, my God.”

“Is she ok?”

Everyone was speaking at once. “Listen…listen!” The commotion stopped and Lexa continued to speak. “I don’t know what is going on with her, but I’m heading down there now.”

“I’m going with you,” Abby said.

“And I’m going with you,” Marcus said to Abby.

“Fine,” Lexa responded.

Someone had turned the TV back to the local news. “Again, we have breaking news about the courthouse drama that is currently unfolding. A total of five hostages were released. Four men and a woman. We return to Melody Mendoza for more on this new development.”

“Thanks John. Just over an hour ago our camera’s caught footage of the released hostages as they exited the courthouse. We warn you that some of this may be graphic in nature.” The TV cuts to camera footage from the courthouse steps as the reporter provided voice over commentary. “Now as you can see the first man to exit the building was very weak and collapsed on the steps. He is then followed by two more men; each carrying another person.” The camera returns to the reporter’s face. “The first gentleman was taken to the hospital and treated for low blood sugar. We also have reports that two of the hostages are dead. They were killed by the gunman before they were released.”

“Any idea who the gunman is at this time,” the studio anchor asked.

“Yes. It is believed that 27-year old Bellamy Blake is the man responsible for this chaos. He was able to enter the courthouse from the rear where security is far more relaxed. It is also confirmed that additional hostages are 53-year old sheriff deputy Cotton Finch, 28-year old Clarke Griffin, 39-year old ADA Langston Garrett, and several others.”

“What started this situation?”

“The two hostages who remained on scene for questioning say it appeared to be a love gone wrong. Another hostage is Judge Patrick Malone. It is the gunman’s intention that the judge marries him to Ms. Griffin before making a getaway to a foreign country.”

Octavia ran out of the room. Raven had her head in her hands. Anya looked at her cousin in shock. Abby was now hysterical. Lexa was angry.

It had been almost three hours since Bellamy had kidnapped Clarke, brought her to the courthouse, took other hostages, barricaded them in a courtroom, and killed two people. Judge Malone was had not regained consciousness. There was a very good chance he was dead. The wound on his head had stopped bleeding, but he remained motionless on the floor.
“Bellamy please listen to me. Just…turn yourself in. That judge is really hurt; maybe even dead. If—”

“SHUT UP! I need to think about how to get us out of here.”

Clarke had continued to work on the ropes binding her hands together. She could tell that he was growing tired. That meant he was also becoming sloppy. It was good because his reflexes were slowed and his cognitive thinking was not sound. The bad part was that he had become more irritable.

“Ok. Listen…we should go out the front. You can talk to the police. You can tell them what you want.” Clarke looked over at the judge again. “If this judge dies Bellamy, they’re not going to cooperate with you. It’s bad enough you killed a sheriff’s deputy. This would be worse on you. I know things between us ended on a bad note. I still want to help you.” Part of her did want to help him, but she was also in survival mode and wanted out of this nightmare. If her plan to get him outside didn’t work then maybe she could rush him. Lexa was showing her powerlifting, Anya was giving her Muay Thai lessons, and Lincoln had been doing conditioning and endurance training at the gym. She had made tremendous strides in just two months. Overpowering him was a long shot, but she had to do something to end this. She had to get back to her family.

The late afternoon sun was sitting low in the sky. No other hostages had been released. There had been attempts over the past five hours to establish communication with Bellamy, but he was unresponsive. The police only knew the information the three released hostages had told them. For now, things had simply stalled. Everyone was waiting for something to happen.

Finally, hour six was approaching when there was movement in front of the building. The doors opened again. Two figures came out and stood at the top of the steps. A man was being shielded by a blonde woman. He had her in a choke hold, and a gun was pointed in the direction of the police.

“Mr. Blake,” the hostage negotiator addressed him with a bullhorn. “I’m Special Agent Peggy Carter”

“Tell everyone to stay away. I want to get to the airport without trouble. No one follows us.”

Clarke was hoping that there would be attempts to take Bellamy down when they saw them exit the building. However, the agent person was attempting to talk to him. She saw movement in the crowd. When she saw who the person was, the world faded away. The talking stopped. All lights faded away. Blue eyes met green eyes. What Clarke had to do in that moment became clear. She headbutted him then followed up with a hard elbow to his stomach. His grip on her was loosened. Then, she turned around and delivered a knee to the groin. She made a beeline for her fiancé.

“Clarke! Get down.” Lexa saw Bellamy as he regained his footing with his gun was trained on them. She rushed to the woman and pulled her down out of the way. Then a shot rang out.

“Suspect is down! Suspect is down!” Police rushed to the top of the stairs towards Bellamy.

The blonde looked up at the most beautiful face she had ever seen in her life. “Lexa.” She kissed her fiancé. “Wh-what happened?”

“Excuse me, but you ladies will need to move from this area now.” A uniformed officer escorted them away from the courthouse steps.

Once on the other side of the police barricade, Lexa pulled her fiancé close and hugged her. Then she was scooped up into strong arms. “When you broke from Bellamy, he attempted to take a shot at us. Luckily for us, the police sniper took him down.”
“AHHHH! Get off me!” Bellamy could be heard yelling at the police.

“That’s why I pilled you down.” They were met by a police detective who took them to an area away from the news cameras. “If anyone was going to get shot, it’d be me.” When they were alone, she kissed Clarke with all the gratitude she had for the blonde being alive. “I’d ring his neck, but there are police around…and cameras. I hate him.” She looked at her fiancé carefully. “Are you ok?”

“Yes. I’m back with you.” She pulled Lexa close to her again. It felt so good to be in Lexa’s protective embrace. “I can’t believe he kidnapped me, he hit me, and was going to force me to marry him. He is not the friend I grew up with.”

“Lexa, Clarke.” Costia walked into the trailer next to the make shift police headquarters.

Clarke looked at the taller blonde woman. “Did you tell Lexa I was here?”

“Yeah. She came right away, like I knew she would.” It was clear to the police officer that the women were completely in love. Costia was happy for them.

“Thank you.” Clarke hugged the other woman. “What will happen now?”

“You’ll have to give me a statement starting with the last thing you remember.”

While Clarke sat with Lexa holding hands, she recalled everything from when Bellamy had ambushed her in the parking lot, to being on the courthouse steps. The most painful thing was talking about how he shot the woman in front of her. There was no way Clarke would be able to get over that soon. She would have to talk with Marcus as soon as possible. The last thing she needed was to allow this trauma to affect her to a debilitating level. She was sure she’d have PTSD and would most likely need medication.

When they were finished, Costia left them on their own again. “I’m here for you princess. Whatever you might need, I’ll do whatever I can to help you.”

“I know Lexa. I’ll need time off work. I’ll also need to start working with Marcus.”

“Ok.”

“Will you stay with me? I’m not sure about being alone.”

“Of course. I can work from home.” Lexa kissed her forehead. “You ready to go get our daughter?”

“Yes. The whole time I could only think about seeing her and you.”

As the couple was walking out of the trailer, Clarke saw a familiar face talking with Agent Carter. “James.”

The bald man turned to look at her. “Clarke. It’s good to see you’re ok.”

The FBI agent spoke to them. “I was just telling Officer Pike her what an outstanding job he did with taking out your kidnapper.”

Before Clarke could respond, Lexa walked over and hugged the man. “Thank you. Thank you so much for taking him down. My fiancé is safe now because of you. If you need anything, let me know.” Lexa handed the man one of her business cards.

“Yes, thank you. I don’t know how to repay you,” Clarke said.
“Uh… I was just… doing my job.” Pike gave them a small smile and returned to his prior conversation.

For the remainder of the week, the news ran the story of the Courthouse Gunman, and Clarke’s bold get away. Their friends and family came by on a regular basis. The person most devastated besides the couple was Octavia. She did everything she could to make sure Clarke was ok. The blonde had to reassure her that it was all Bellamy. Instead of putting her on an anti-depressant, Marcus had prescribed her medical marijuana. It worked for several of his patients who were veterans with PTSD. She was happy because it kept her calm, but also made her creative. Since taking leave, Clarke had done three new paintings.

Lexa was by her side every step of the way. As promised, the brunette worked from home. They had a routine down and things were progressing slowly, but steadily. She’d had a nightmare twice. Each time, her fiancé was there to reassure her that she was safe. Each time, Lexa would hold her until she was calm. Each time, there were loving arms holding her close. Each time, there were words of love, and comfort. Lexa never pushed her to talk, or share, or do anything she didn’t want to do. Before walking up behind her, the brunette would say her name so she didn’t scare Clarke. The woman had done more than she could ever have asked a partner to do. Clarke didn’t know how she would have coped without Lexa in her life.

Lying in bed they were having one of their more serious discussions. “I’ll understand if you want to postpone the weeding,” Lexa said.

“No. We’re getting married on schedule. I’m also, going back to the clinic to work in a few weeks, but part-time.” She gazed into the emerald eyes that she had come to love. “If we let this interrupt our lives too much, then her wins.” Clarke snuggled closer to Lexa’s side. “Also, we aren’t giving up the BDSM.”

“Really?”

“Really. Just don’t get any ideas about tonight. AJ has an appointment in the morning, and then it’s taking care of errands all day.” Clarke kissed the pout from Lexa’s face. “I love you Daddy.”

“Love you too princess.”

When she did return to work, Clarke couldn’t believe how happy her patients were to see her. They had all chipped in to get her a giant bouquet flowers. Lexa had dropped her off since her SUV was still at the police impound. They were using it as evidence to build their case against Bellamy since he had used the vehicle to kidnap her. That afternoon they would pick up her new SUV; a 2017 Maserati Levante. This one was dark green, and had a black natural leather interior with a carbon fiber trim. She had grown fond of her Audi, but this one would be the same make as Lexa’s.

Clarke and her mother were going over the required qualifications for her replacement when there was a knock on the doctor’s door. Both women looked up to see James Pike standing there.

“Mr. Pike. How are you?” Abby stood up from her desk. She walked over to the man, and hugged him. This was the person who played a hand in rescuing Clarke. The man would always have her gratitude.

The blonde had followed her mother over, and hugged the man as well. “Thank you so much for helping me.”
Pike looked away shyly before he spoke. “I need to apologize to you Clarke for how I behaved a few weeks ago. You were just…doing your job.”

“Honestly, it’s already forgotten, but I accept your apology.”

“Is there anything we can get you,” Abby asked.

“No. I can’t stay long. Just wanted to say sorry to Clarke for my outburst. I also want to tell you that I’m leaving.”

“What?” Clarke wasn’t sure if the man was ready to stop his grief counseling.

“Well, Agent Carter liked how I handled myself. So, she made some calls, and I got a job offer with the FBI SWAT team. I…I took it. I’m supposed to leave for Quantico next week.” He hesitated before speaking again. “It’s for the best. I think a fresh start in a new place…and with a new job…it’ll help me. Jenny would want me to be happy again.”

“We’re happy for you as well,” Clarke said.

“You helped me. I know I’m not an easy person to deal with. I just…”

“It’s ok. You’re actually not the most difficult patient I’ve had. I’m glad I was able to help you Pike.”

“Yeah. Thanks again.” The man said goodbye to the women and left.

When they returned to their seats, Abby looked at her daughter. She was no longer the six-year old blonde little girl too scared to sleep in her own bed after a bad dream. This was not the twelve-year old girl who had just gotten her period. Nor was Clarke the teenager she caught half-naked in her room with another half-naked teenage girl. She was not the rebellious young woman who buried her pain of missing her father with booze and drugs. Her daughter was a beautiful woman with her own family. “I love you Clarke.”

“I love you too mom.” The art therapist looked up, and saw her mother crying. “Mom what’s wrong?”

“Y-you have made me…so proud. When I found out Bellamy took you…I…”

Clarke walked behind her mother’s desk. “I’m right here mom. I’m here, and I’m ok.” Now she was crying too. They held each other for several minutes. Mother and child became closer in their bond as they helped the other heal from a very serious situation. They would overcome this as a family. Bellamy would not be allowed to win. He would not take their power. Clarke was too stubborn to ever let anyone control her or take away her agency. The only person who could do those things was a brunette with verde eyes.

The first few weeks had been a bit rough, but not bad. Luna kept them informed about Bellamy. His lawyer was attempting to work a plea deal. If they went to trial there was a good chance he’d get the death penalty. Killing two people, one of whom was a law enforcement officer, and the other a high profile defense attorney, did not bode well for him. It was also bad that the judge he had injured was not given a good outcome. The man was brain damaged. His speech, his motor skills, and his mental function were all effected. He didn’t receive proper medical treatment in time. He’d recover, but he wouldn’t be the same person anymore.

The brunette didn’t care what happened to him. She just wanted him gone and out of their lives forever. No one deserved what he had done to them. Luna had informed them that Bellamy was
mentally disturbed, but competent enough to have a trial. Clarke was adamant that if she had to testify in court, she’d be ok to do so. Several times she had refused to let this delay the wedding. Bellamy’s actions would not keep her from living life. She had even demanded a session with Lexa the other night. It had been one of the most passionate they’d ever had.

Once she had completed her nightly routine, she joined the blonde in the bedroom. Her ire rose and her dick twitched at the image before her. Clarke was on the bed spread eagle with one hand pinching her nipples, while the other was in her pussy. Lexa walked over to her fiancé and grabbed her by the wrist.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

“I was fucking myself.”

“Are you that much of a slut that you can’t tell me you need to be fucked?”

“No Daddy. I just-“

“What’s one of my rules baby girl?”

“Not to touch things that belong to you without permission.”

“So, why did you finger fuck yourself?”

“Because I was horny Daddy.”

“Well this is going to cost you.”

“I’ll make it up to you Daddy,” Clarke said. She was super wet thinking about what Lexa might do to her. The session they had on Monday was great, but Clarke needed it again. She needed to feel something familiar. Her mind needed to be reassured that things were normal. Her body was also demanding attention. Every five to six seeks her sex drive would drastically increase. This was one of those times. She knew that masturbating was a sure-fire way to upset Lexa.

Lexa pushed Clarke onto the bed. “What should I do to you?”

“Whatever punishment you want to give me Daddy I’ll accept it.”

“You’re damn right you’ll accept it.” She knew what she wanted to do. “Get on your stomach.” A grin spread across her lips as her sub complied. Lexa walked up behind Clarke. “You will receive fifteen licks for your disobedience. You are to count each one out loud.” Lexa’s hand met the smooth skin of Clarke’s left ass cheek.

“One.”

The succession of hits was harder as she progressed. Lexa loved seeing the angry red hand prints she left on her fiancé’s ass.

“Six.”

“You take your punishment so well baby girl.”

“Thank you, Daddy. Ten.”

“Are you a whore who likes to be used? Be honest.”
“Yes Daddy. Thirteen.”

“Good. Because I’m using you for my pleasure tonight.”

“Fifteen.”

“Well it’s just starting. Disobedient subs get punished.” Lexa tossed Clarke on her back again. Part of the reason she worked out too much was to have strength and power. Clarke was smaller than she was in height and didn’t have as much muscle mass, so, it was easy for Lexa to handle her. She pulled the blonde to where her head was hanging off the bed. “Suck me good. Show me you deserve to be fucked tonight.”

Lexa moaned as her tip slid into Clarkes waiting mouth. The other woman gagged from the force she was using. “Stop messing around and suck.” Soon the feeling of the blonde swallowing her and wraping pillow soft lips around her shaft sent a jolt through Lexa. She was on the verge of coming. It was too soon and she regained control of herself.

She ran her hands down Clarke’s torso. If she hadn’t been the one to mother AJ, the brunette would never have guessed that this beautiful cock sucker had a child. “So good baby girl.” Lexa pulled out to let her fiancé catch her breath. Moments later, she was sliding back down the woman’s throat.

Firm hands traveled further down alabaster skin. She caressed Clarke’s inner thighs. The skin there was so soft and smooth. Her finger tips brushed against a swollen clit. The art therapist raised her hips off the bed. As desperate as she was to be touched, Lexa didn’t give the woman any satisfaction. Clarke was here for her pleasure not the other way around. It was nice having this kind of relationship.

After about 45 minutes, Lexa finally gave in to the orgasm she had been denying herself. “Yes!” Her woman always brought out the best in her. “Very good job baby girl.”

“Thank you, Daddy.”

“Now I’m going to fuck you. Do not make a sound.”

Her entrance into Clarke’s sopping pussy was rough and her pace was brutal. It felt magnificent when the blonde’s tight walls wrapped around her. The other woman inhaled deeply, but she didn’t make a single sound.

“Your pussy is so tight. I love how wet you get for me. I love how I can use your body…for my…pleasure.”

When she looked down, Lexa saw Clarke with her eyes closed tight and head pressed into the pillow. “That’s it. Take this dick. And you better not cum.” Blue eyes opened. Clarke’s features morphed from pure pleasure to a mix of surprise and frustration. She’s going to disobey me and I know exactly how to punish her. It was both cruel and fun to do things that made pushed Clarke to her limits.

Lexa flipped Clarke onto her side and thrust deeper into the hot wetness. “So good Clarke. You are such a slut for your Daddy.” Pounding harder made Clarke’s reddened ass jiggle from the force of her thrusting. She placed her left hand around Clarke’s neck and squeezed. A little choking wasn’t going to kill Clarke, but it would make it harder for her to keep from having an orgasm. Long deep strokes made the blonde’s breathing increase. Her walls were tightening. Clarke’s body was going rigid. That’s when Lexa eased up and brought her fiancé to the edge three more times, before she had an orgasm. Clarke let out a moan as her body went stiff under Lexa’s.
This caused Lexa to have an orgasm of her own. Once she had regained her senses, she looked at the blonde with blazing green eyes. “You came without permission. That will be a punishment baby girl.”

Chapter End Notes

Ok so there it is. Clarke has some things to work out and so does Lexa. The healing will continue but our ladies will grow stronger as individuals and closer as a couple. Pike got to move on with his life. Yes I know he was an asshole on the show, but he's not in this story. Next update should come sooner than this one. Got a lot of projects I'm working right now so forgive me for any late posting. Also, know that I really do appreciate all the love. I'll be running a poll on my Twitter in a few weeks to see what you all would like for my next Clexa fanfiction to be.
Chapter 21

NEW RULES. NEW PUNISHMENTS. SAME SMUFF! Nope you're not dreaming. This really is an update faithful readers lol. Sorry for the delay but I've been busy with so much. I'm back to my regular work schedule, taking an online screenwriting class, developing some original material, typing up more chapters to return to regular updated, and other things. I love you guys so much so I decided to just post this chapter. Forgive any mistakes because none of my beta readers have even looked at it. Now enjoy this overdue update so PLEASE FORGIVE ANY MISTAKES. It's short and sweet but I hope you all like it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 21

Six days. Clarke had been in a state of semi arousal for six days. The blonde wasn’t sure how much longer she could go without orgasm. It did not help that Lexa teased her relentlessly. Eating her pussy until she was on the verge of orgasm. Fucking her and coming inside her and leaving her desperate for release. The blonde was going out of her mind. Going to the gym helped unless she went with Lexa. Then it was watching the woman workout and sweat as she maintained her near perfect physique. Her only real outlet was her art. Several of the pieces she’d created had been some of her best work to date.

The blonde knew she couldn’t make demands of Lexa. It would only encourage the woman to draw out her punishment even longer. She hoped the brunette business woman would show her mercy and stop her torture soon. Clarke was currently looking at wedding dresses. They finally picked a theme they both agreed to. It was useless. Sex was the only thing on her mind.

Clarke was brought out of her thoughts when her cell phone chimed. There was a text from Lexa.

Lexa: I will be home in an hour. I want you freshly showered and shaved. Be waiting for me upstairs in bed with your choker and nipple chain. Do not disobey me.

Clarke: Yes Daddy.

L: Also, don’t be a slut by playing with yourself. I’ll know if you do.

C: I understand Daddy.

It was the longest hour of her life. Her body hummed when Lexa walked into the bedroom. Lexa didn’t greet her with even a simple hello.

“Undress me.”

The blonde hopped off the bed and quickly removed Lexa’s clothes. As tan, smooth, tattooed skin came into view, Clarke’s arousal grew. The wetness was seeping onto her legs. The ache of her throbbing clit was becoming unbearable. Clarke got to her knees and removed the boxer briefs Lexa had worn that day, she almost lost control. Lexa’s cock was right in front of her.
“You done staring?”

“Sorry Daddy…”

“Go start the shower,” Lexa said smoothly.

Again, Clarke obeyed without hesitation. Lexa had been more demanding recently, and despite everything, she didn’t mind. Clarke only knew that she liked it. The brunette using her was taking both to another level in their sessions. Things were way more passionate, the punishments were harsher, the orgasm denial was getting longer. Clarke loved it. Somehow, Lexa had sensed this part of Clarke. It didn’t take too much for Lexa to bring it out. But for Clarke, the brunette was a walking, breathing hormone who had Clarke’s love, loyalty, and trust. Lexa owned her figuratively and literally. It was great knowing that for Lexa the same was also true. They both knew that this wouldn’t work so well if they both weren’t committed to each other and their growing family.

Once in the shower, Clarke washed Lexa head to toe. She even washed the brunette’s hair. Once they were out of the shower and in the bedroom Lexa took her without warning. Clarke felt herself get bent over by the nightstand and entered from behind. She was too stunned to say or do anything.

“Don’t cum without permission this time baby girl.”

“I won’t Daddy. I promise,” Clarke said.

She simple took every inch Lexa thrust into her. It felt wonderful to finally be filled. Lexa’s cock seemed bigger. Maybe it was because the couple hadn’t been sexually active for almost a week. Thoughts of any kind quickly vanished as Lexa grabbed her hair and pulled her head back.

“Answer me whore! Is my dick the only one that fucks you?”

“Yes Daddy. I’m your slut only.”

Lexa pounded into her harder. “Say it!”

“Your dick…i-is the…only…” Clarke was having a tough time forming words. Her brain was on the verge of shutting down. But she had to hang one. She had to keep some of her control. If she gave in, Clarke would cum before Lexa allowed her to. The blonde couldn’t go another six days in a state of perpetual arousal. “…one that fucks me.”

“Good. Now you may cum.”

Finally! God yes! Clarke simply leaned over the nightstand and enjoyed the climax. Every nerve in her body was set on fire. The flame consumed every nerve ending. Wave upon wave of pleasure took her higher. She couldn’t even speak.

“That’s it baby girl. Give me all of you.”

Her fiancé didn’t let up. Lexa drove into her even harder. Clarke grabbed the edge of the small table and relished the effects the brunette had on her. She knew she’d be sore tomorrow. But it wouldn’t matter. It never mattered. She was just happy to be satisfied and loved.

Waking up the next morning, Lexa felt the bed beside her. It was empty. She smiled as tid bits of the night before played in her head. After taking Clarke against the night stand, the hogged tied the woman and fucked her senseless. Lexa was unsure how many orgasms the blonde had. Only when Clarke begged her to stop did she give into her own release.
“Good morning,” Clarke said.

The woman was dressed in a satin robe. Clarke walked over to the bed with a tray of food. “Breakfast in bed.”

“Yep. I wanted to thank you for last night.”

A searing kiss was placed on Lexa’s lips.

“Now let’s eat up, pick up AJ from my mom’s, and have a nice family weekend together.”

“…and that’s a lion!”

“Very good AJ,” Lexa said.

The trio made their way through to the animal habitats at the zoo as AJ named each animal. She was also able to name the ecosystem they lived in.

“Mom I need the pottie.”

“Ok.” Lexa turned to Clarke, “We’ll be right back.”

Clarke was filled with so much love and joy as she watched Lexa push AJ’s stroller towards the restroom. How had she gotten so lucky? Lexa was a dream come true. Then AJ came along and made a good thing better. Clarke knew she was ready to try for another kid very soon. Part of her had wish she had agreed to get married before AJ was born. She couldn’t wait to be married to Lexa. Their family would be complete.

Once Lexa and AJ returned, they continued through the zoo. They agreed that next month’s family outing would be to the aquarium. After that it would be close to the holidays followed by the wedding. Everything was falling into place exactly as it should.

Progress on the new play room was going slower than expected. Lexa was irritated to say the least. Three weeks in and the contractors had only managed to partly knock out the wall to the that separated the bathroom from the play room. She fired them.

“…three whole weeks Morgan.”

“Wow. Well at least you didn’t pay them everything upfront like some people I know.”

“They were not getting that much money from me.”

“Owen could do the work. He’s good with his hands and likes to do construction as a small side business. Plus, he’ll know how to build everything safely,” Morgan said.

“When can he start?”

As the two women discussed the details of the work, AJ was playing with their daughter Erika, and Clarke chatted with Morgan’s wife Sara. The couple did enjoy spending time with Octavia and Lincoln but the couple didn’t share their kink. Anya and Raven were into BDSM but they didn’t have children. They were also dealing with Raven’s ongoing physical therapy and her issues surrounding the leg injury. Morgan, Sara, and Owen were like them so the couple’s got along great.

“I can’t believe how advanced AJ is,” Morgan said.
“Sometimes I can’t either. Clarke and I are thinking about getting her tested. It’s worth seeing what her intelligence level is,” Lexa stated.

“Sounds like a good idea. So, where will the wedding be?”

“The botanical garden.”

“Nice location,” Morgan said.

“Thanks,” Lexa replied.

“And the honeymoon getaway is in…?”

“Australia. Both of us have always wanted to go there. We’ll be in Perth instead of Sydney or Melbourne.”

The women finished their evening with a light dinner and the most delicious chocolate cake Lexa or Clarke ever had. Sara was one hell of a baker.

During the drive home, Clarke caught a glimpse of AJ sleeping in the backseat and then at Lexa asleep in the passenger seat. Both were in the same sleep position. It was a sight Clarke had etched in her memory forever.

Lexa hated that she missed putting AJ to bed but she had to work late. Her daughter was so precious to her. She watched the little girl for several minutes before going to her bedroom. What she found sent her to a fever pitch. Clarke was in bed, straw colored hair strewn across her pillow, and the thin sheet covering her nude body. Lexa showered and completed her nightly routine as quietly and quickly as she could. Once done, she eased herself into bed.

The brunette kissed Clarke’s supple lips and took her time as she continued to kiss down her lover’s body. Lexa loved the to feel Clarke’s smooth, soft skin under her hands. She found that the softest spot was the blondes thighs and bikini area. It was her fiancée’s most sensitive area and one of Lexa’s favorite. Once she had herself in position, Lexa started kissing and licking along those areas. She alternated between each thigh. Clarke moved a few times but didn’t wake up.

Then, Lexa finally moved to Clarke’s pussy. She licked from her clit to her opening. It didn’t take long for her to feel the blonde moving her hips. Lexa eased up so as not to wake the woman yet. Moments later she started again. It was the third time with Clarke moving her hips that Lexa stared again. She slowly inserted a finger into to the wet opening and put downward pressure on Clarke’s pelvic floor. This caused more movement. Green eyes looked up to see the blonde slowly rousing from sleep. A hand grabbed Lexa’s head as she sucked on the hard bundle of nerves. That’s when Lexa moved her finger causing Clarke’s hips to move.

“Yes Daddy.”

Lexa pulled out and added her middle finger into Clarke’s pussy. She put downward pressure on the same spot as before. The blonde’s whole body moved. The brunette only made circles with her tongue on Clarke’s clit. Her left hand found its way to Clarke’s breast. She took her time as she inserted her fingers deeper into Clarke. Lexa even made contact with her knuckles. Then she sucked hard on Clarke’s clit as she started to stroke her g-spot.

“Oh, that’s so good,” Clarke said. “I need to cum.”

“Cum when you want princess.”
The brunette felt Clarke’s body shake when she climaxed. Lexa didn’t let up. She fingered and licked the blonde to three more orgasms before the woman cried for her to stop. She slowly kissed her way up Clarke’s body.

“Hmmm,” Clarke moaned as Lexa settled beside her. “What was that for anyway?”

“You just looked so good while you were sleeping.”

“Well I guess I need to return the favor.”

“No need baby girl. I took care of myself in the shower. This was about pleasing you.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. But don’t get use to it. You are still a slut to be used.”

Hearing those words made Clarke happy beyond belief. To most people they would be harsh and uncaring. For these two, it was apart of their unique relationship. Clarke wouldn’t change it for anything else. She knew she was deeply loved and cared for.

Chapter End Notes

We are one chapter closer to the Clexa wedding. And how smart will AJ be? Will we see a Ranya sex scene? When will baby 2 happen? I know, I know, I know. So much to write with so little time.
Chapter Notes

I'm still alive folks and this story IS NOT OVER! So super sorry for the long delay. My other 2-in-1 was stolen so I lost A LOT of material. Damn thieves!!!! I did get a new device though. Then I had car trouble, training for my job, overtime at my job, etc. I'm also trying to crank out multiple screenplays and have them ready for the TV pitch season! SO BUSY! But I never forgot about this story or any of you. Since you all have waited so long here's the latest chapter. I decided to forget the edit and just post it so you guys have something while I work on getting in contact with my betas again. So enjoy! and no the story is not over.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 22

Weeks turned into months and everyone was putting the incident with Bellamy behind them. The holiday season arrived with a whirlwind of excitement and activity. For their first Halloween, Lexa and Clarke dressed as Thing 1 and Thing 2 with AJ as The Cat in the Hat. Abby won the pool tournament for a second time during Thanksgiving dinner. For Christmas, the families gathered at Abby’s house and opened presents after a huge dinner. AJ was gifted with a Leapfrog learner laptop. Before Clarke and Lexa left for home, their daughter had already completed one of the math games. The family of three made a trip to New York to ring in the new year.

Today was a different celebration. Once she heard the music, Lexa made her way towards the alter. Standing there were her cousins clad in wedding attire similar to hers. Lexa was dressed in a white, long sleeve, medieval tunic with a black and silver pattern embroidered on the collar and cuffs. Around her waist was a leather sword belt which held her ceremonial dagger. Black breeches with black calf high boots and decorated fresh braids completed her look. Anya and Lincoln wore light blue tunics with a white and gold pattern on the collar and cuffs.

Moments later, she had to remind herself to breathe. Clarke was a goddess. The blonde carried a bouquet of white carnations. She wore a white long sleeve medieval style dress with a square neckline. A pair of fairy wings were on the back with a crown of white flowers on top of her braided hair. Indra had given her a style like Lexa’s. When she reached the alter Lexa placed a chaste on the woman’s lips.

Upon the couple parting from each other, the official presiding over their ceremony started.

“Family, friends, and invited guest, today is a blessed one for many reasons. Two souls and two families will unite as one. These women have decided to exchange their own written vows.”

Lexa spoke first. In Tregda tradition, she kneels before the woman to speak her marriage vows. “Clarke. My heart is filled so much love. There’s not a single day that goes by where I don’t feel that love. As the years pass I know the feeling will never change. Because you Clarke…you are special. Your strength, your compassion, your beauty, your charm, all that you are is uniquely you and wonderful beyond any words I can think to express. I will always want to be by your side. Never have I been so happy than I am with you. Before meeting you, I was surviving. Now, I have you, I have AJ, and I’m living life. I have more than I could ever dream of. I swear my love, my life, my
heart to you Clarke Jane Griffin. Only when I draw my last breath, will I leave your side.”

Taking Lexa’s hands in hers, Clarke helped the brunette to her feet. It was now her turn to say vows. She knelted before Lexa in the same fashion as the other woman did. “Alexandria Jasmine Woods, the night I meet you changed my life in such a dramatic fashion. We have seen good times and bad. Through it all you have proven to be a strong, loving, and faithful partner. I couldn’t ask for a better person with whom I want to spend my life with. I love you and I love our daughter. Nothing and no one could stop me from loving you. No one has touched me to my very core the way you have. No one has ever loved me in such an unconditional manner like you. No one has made me feel so safe. The has never been anyone who knows and understands me more than you do Lexa. My commitment to you will not fade, it will not falter, it will not change. We might age together but I know our love will remain timeless. For me you are my friend, my lover, my protector, my everything. I love you and I will keep loving you until my last day on this Earth.”

Once Lexa helped Clarke to her feet, the women exchanged rings, and the officiator concluded the ceremony. Holding hands, the newly married couple their way up the aisle. AJ, the wedding party, and their family soon followed suit. The blended Woods-Griffin clan took a series of photos for almost an hour. Once they were alone, Lexa and Clarke simply embrace each other.

“I can’t believe we’re married,” Clarke says softly.

“Well believe it Ms. Woods. You’re all mine now.”

Clarke smiled. It still amazed her how Lexa could make a crude statement sound romantic. “Yes. I’m yours and wouldn’t want it…any…other…way.” The blonde placed soft kisses on each of Lexa’s cheeks and then her lips as she spoke. Taking advantage of their alone time, Clarke pulls her wife in for a deeper kiss. A knock on the door stops things from getting too hot and heavy.

Lexa opens the entrance to Octavia and AJ standing in front of her.

“Someone had to find you,” Octavia said.

The couple knew their time was up until they left for their 3-week honeymoon. So, the small group made their way to the reception area. They were located primarily outside with the dining tables, mini bar, and dance floor located outside. A larger bar, small buffet, and smaller dance floor/guest were inside. It didn’t take long for the celebration to kick into full gear. People drank, danced, toasted the couple with heart warming speeches, and had a great time. After about 3 hours, Lexa and Clarke left the company of their guest. They had a private goodbye with AJ, changed their clothing, and then headed to the airport.

Once they were airborne and at cruse altitude, Clarke and Lexa went into the aircrafts private quarters. The couple wasted no time getting undressed. They also didn’t waste time with foreplay. Lexa took Clarke on the spot. Slender legs wrapped around her waist as hands roamed her back and shoulders.

“Harder Daddy,” Clarke begged.

The brunette pushed as deep as she could in their current position, but it wasn’t enough for either woman. Lexa placed Clarke on the edge of the bed. Throwing the woman’s legs on her shoulders, the CEO had the leverage she wanted. She had Clarke screaming her name in no time.

“Cum on my chest. Please Daddy.”

Lexa could never deny a request from Clarke. The intensity of her orgasm built in the base of her
shaft until she couldn’t hold back anymore. Lexa pulled out of her wife’s warm, wet heat and painted her breast with semen. She watched Clarke lick her cock clean and swallow her still hard dick into her mouth. A second orgasm was immediate. Her still hard shaft was released with a soft pop. Lexa thought they were done, but to her delight Clarke rolled over and got on her hands and knees. For a moment the brunette was overwhelmed with her options. She could fuck Clarke in the ass, eat her pussy, finger her while getting another blow job. She settled for giving the woman analingus the fucking her tight pucker hole.

“Your ass takes this dick so well,” Lexa panted.

The blonde woman could only moan as the hard shaft moved in and out of her. Yes. Every part of Clarke’s body seemed to be made for Lexa. The though of this made her dick harder and she pounded into the woman more. Both women were finally spent when Lexa had cum inside Clarke 3 times.

She collapsed onto the bed beside her wife. The slender body quickly pressed into Lexa’s more muscular one. She was content, satisfied, and happy.

“What a great way to start the honeymoon,” Clarke said.

“Indeed, it is.”

They slept in each other’s arms until the plane landed in Perth.

Jet lag and time difference had the couple out of sorts for the first three days. They slept, they ate, and had no energy for any other activity. Clarke woke the next morning to the feel of something wet on the bed. She pulled the sheet back and was confused at first. It was a very small puddle between her and Lexa. Once she saw the other woman’s semi-hard cock, she realized her wife had cum in her sleep. There was only one thing for her to do.

Clarke crawled down the bed until she was eye level with Lexa’s private area. She looked up at her sleeping spouse and smiled. In 20 years she’d still want to have this amazing woman by her side. The blonde started to trace the different veins of Lexa’s shaft with the tip of her tongue. Clarke watched with delight as it became swollen. Then she gently sucked a testicle into her mouth, the second on soon followed. She rolled her tongue around them several times. Each down stroke exposed the red mushroom head of the thick muscle.

With each up stroke, Clarke squeezed the shaft just under the head. Finally, she took Lexa into her mouth. Her head bobbed up and down while both hands fondled Lexa’s breast. The brunette’s flavor was like no other. She was addicted to Lexa. Clarke felt her own wetness clinging to the inside of her thighs. When Lexa shifted, Clarke came up for air. Her own arousal reached a fever pitch as she looked at sleeping her wife. The hard shaft glistened with Clarke’s saliva and Lexa’s cum.

The blonde straddled Lexa and lowered herself onto the hard shaft. Clarke’s orgasm was instant. Movement beneath her brought her down from her high. She looked down into the jade eyes she loved so much. They spoke with their eyes and responded with touch; deep in the trance of their shared love. There was no greater feeling in the world for them. There was no place either woman would rather be than with each other. Clarke laid on Lexa’s torso to increase their contact. It was the first in a series of orgasms for the women. They made love well into the night.

Lexa lay in bed with Clarke spooning her. It felt good to be held. Her blonde wife was strong in ways Lexa was not. Clarke was more emotionally intelligent. She was intuitive and would
sometimes know what Lexa needed before the brunette could ask.

“You’re quiet. Something wrong?”

“No,” Lexa replied. “I’m just enjoying this, enjoying us.”

She kissed the knuckles of their joined hand.

“Are you too tired to fuck again?”

The brunette’s dick jumped when she thought about being inside her wife again. Lexa turned to the other woman and said, “Only time I wouldn’t fuck you is if I’m away on business, in a coma, or dead.” Lexa watched as Clarke straddled her thighs again. Wet heat enveloped her shaft like a custom fit glove. “You’re always so tight,” Lexa whispered.

The art therapist moved her hips in slow circles. It was torturous but pleasurable at the same time.

“Yes Daddy. Fill me up again…”

With no warning, Lexa turned them over and thrust deep into her wife, Lexa set an even slower pace.

“This is what happens when you wake me up too soon.” Lexa grabbed Clarke’s wrist, pinning them above the blonde’s head. Then Lexa took her newly free hand brought it to the blonde’s clit. The nub was diamond hard. Her wife’s response was immediate, and her legs tightened around Lexa’s waist.

“Fuck Daddy.” Clarke knew that she was done for when she Lexa started to play with her clit. “I need to cum.”

“No,” Lexa said. In the back of her mind she knew Clarke was close to her limit. She pushed her wife over the edge once she clamped her mouth over her left nipple. It was more sensitive than the right one.

The blonde was happy to have her release. She was upset that she couldn’t hold out. Lexa didn’t give her a choice and made her cum. Clarke knew a punishment was going to follow. A second orgasm followed as Clarke thought about what her wife was going to do to her.

“I’ll be back in about 2 hrs.”

Lexa pulled the blindfold over Clarkes eyes and placed earbuds in her ears. The volume was high enough to block most sounds. Then the brunette took a seat in the chair near the foot of the bed. She watched as Clarke wiggled and squirmed on the bed. The blonde woman was bound to the bed with a series of straps that secured under the mattress. Her ankles, thighs, and wrist were all tied restrained.

The woman was so beautiful in her vulnerable position. For her punishment, she needed Clarke to think she left her bound, blindfolded, deaf, and alone. She knew she wouldn’t last the full two hours, but she couldn’t end this new game so soon. Lexa pulled out her laptop and checked work email, looked at some personal financial statements, and sent an email to the family. She returned her attention to Clarke about 45 minutes later.

Clarke’s smooth pussy was glistening with the blonde’s arousal. Her was more relaxed. Her breathing was normal. She had no idea Lexa had been present the whole time. Time for princess to
get her reward.

In a fluid motion, Lexa stood and removed the boxer briefs she’d been wearing. She grabbed her semi-hard dick as she walked to the bed. Clarke must have felt her presence and called out to her.

“Lexa?”

The brunette said nothing as she kissed her wife. Lexa’s mushroom head was lubricated with pre-cum when she pulled back the foreskin. Bending at the knees, she ran the tip of her shaft along Clarke’s leg. She continued up the side of the blonde’s body until she was at the woman chest.

“Daddy.”

*Even blindfolded she knows me. She knows my dick. This is so hot.* Lexa rubbed the same left nipple with her cock head. It was a different sensation, but she liked it. *I should tease her but I’m too horny.* Straddling her wife, Lexa ran her cock down the woman’s torso. Reaching the apex of Clarke’s legs, she penetrated the silky warmth. Clarke moaned as the head entered her.

After a series of deep thrust, Lexa was rutting into Clarke like an untamed beast. Her grunts and Clarke’s moans filled the room. She loved having Clarke bound like this. The brunette was able to thrust into Clarke in the best of ways. Luscious breast in her face were too hard to ignore. Lexa latched onto one and sucked until Clarke protested with yelp. Moving to the other side, the CEO sucked it raw as well. She placed her lips on Clarke’s, kissing the woman deeply as she came.

“I can’t believe you made me think you had left for 45 minutes.”

Clarke and Lexa were sitting in the dinning area of their suite. The couple ordered room service. They knew that after their meal, they would be all over each other again. This allowed them to relax and continue to enjoy each other. Clarke couldn’t sit still with Lexa completely naked in front of her. A nude Lexa was the best distraction in the world.

“But it was so fun to watch princess.”

The blonde stuck out her tongue at her wife and continued to eat her shrimp and spinach alfredo. Lexa had ordered the roast duck meal. *I hope we will always have moments like this.*

“What did you do while you had me tied up anyway,” Clarke asked.

“ Mostly work stuff. Checked email, read some reports, sent word to the family we’re ok.”

“Let’s Skype with your folks and AJ tomorrow.”

Lexa nodded in agreement. “Good idea. I’m sure she misses us.”

“I miss our baby.”

“We can work on making another one when we finish eating and get in that nice big tub.”

Clarke was even more turned on. “God, I love it when you talk dirty to me.”

Green eyes meet blue at the women traded looks in the bathroom mirror. Clarke was bent at the waist as Lexa pounded into her deeply. It took her back to the bathroom sex at the fundraiser the year before. The memory was as sexy to her as this repeat performance was. She was despite for an orgasm and thrust back into Lexa. Then the brunette grabbed her waist and walked them back from
“Bend over more,” Lexa said.

The blonde bent over until her hair dangled inches off the ground. She could see Lexa’s muscular legs parted slightly farther than her own. She felt her wife hit her deepest spot causing her vaginal walls to tighten and grip the woman harder.

“FUCK!” Lexa couldn’t hold back and shot into Clarke so hard, that droplets of her seed dripped from the woman’s pussy. She had not cum so hard in a long time. “Oh damn…” The brunette stood there in awe as her dick lost it’s stiffness. When she pulled out, it seemed like half of her semen did too.

“I’m gonna get cleaned up,” Clarke said as she went to the shower. They had just gotten out of the tub, but there was no way she wanted to go to bed with cum sticking on her thighs. She stepped into the warm spray. “Daddy, are you gonna join me?”

“Yeah,” Lexa replied once she regained her senses. She took one of the towels they had just used and mopped up the mess as best she could.

Chapter End Notes

Clexa wedding finally! With a fairy bride Clarke. Also, the sin will continue in the next chapter. They’re still on their honeymoon after all. If any of my old beta readers still have time to help, or you are new and want to help edit(and get a preview of the upcoming chapters)email me at undea2000@yahoo.com. Also, follow me on Twitter @datonewriter.
And here's another update. A nice long update since the last chapter was kind of short. Hope you enjoy it. Shout out to the betas who helped. If you are interested I'm looking for about 2 more people. DM me or follow me on Twitter @datonewriter. Also, comment, kudos, and bookmark. Feel free to recommend this story to others. Happy reading!

Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

A state of calm overtook Lexa as she lay on the beach towel. It was a nice sunny day. The waves of the Indian Ocean broke gently against the beach. They were in the secluded area of the resort’s beach front. Other guests were scattered about as well. Several people including Clarke and Lexa, were in their birthday suits. Neither woman had been to a nude beach before.

The brunette smiled when soft lips placed a kiss on her right cheek.

“How’s the water?”

“Great. But had you come with me, it would’ve been perfect,” Clarke said.

A green eye popped open. Before Clarke knew what was happening, she was pulled into a pair of strong arms.

“I have been swimming with you since we got here.”

“Yes, but I missed you.”

“Well just remember you asked for this.”

“Asked for what?”

Lexa scooped Clarke into her arms and got to her feet in one fluid motion, she was being carried back to the beach’s edge. Once the water was just above her waist, Lexa tossed Clarke into the waves. When she regained her footing, Clarke saw her wife laughing.

“Not funny,” Clarke stated with a smile.

“Pretty funny to me.”

A splash fight followed. That quickly turned into a tickle fight. Then they were pressed into each other. Clarke leaned into Lexa and kissed her. “Your lips are salty,” she said.

“So are yours. I still love you though.”

The kiss deepened until they were both breathless.

“Really Lexa? In the water?”
“I told you back when we were dating that she has a mind of her own.” Lexa had a raging hard on.

“Guess we are stuck here until I take care of you.” Clarke looked at the beach. No one had noticed them, so there was a good chance they could have sex without drawing attention to themselves. “Lucky for us, no one is paying attention.”

“You have a solution princess?”

“I do.” Clarke kissed Lexa again then turned around and pressed her ass into the woman.

“Really? Anal sex?”

“No. You’re supposed to be getting me pregnant again remember? Just line yourself up like I know you can. I’ll do the rest.”

“But Clarke I thi-“

“Lexa…I love you but trust me.”

“Yes ma’am.”

The CEO slowly moved her pelvis until she felt Clarke’s heat with her cock head. As she entered the woman, she was rewarded with a deep moan. The blonde pulled her arms tighter around her waist. Clarke didn’t move her hips. Too much movement would get them caught. Instead, she squeezed down on Lexa. She would hold it for several seconds, and then loosen her muscles again.

“Damn Clarke. That feels so good.”

“Yes, it does.”

She loved it when Lexa fucked her. Long thrust, short thrust, slow, deep; it didn’t matter as long as it was Lexa who was satisfying her. Even when she was denied her own release. Only her wife could fill her so completely. Lexa had taken her to a place sexually that she had never known before. The woman did things to her body that were amazing even now.

“Keep it up princess.”

Clarke looked over her shoulder into forest green eyes.

“I won’t stop until you cum,” Clarke said.

The blonde was now alternating her squeezes. Long, short, long, short, long, short. “You like how I squeeze your big dick with this tight pussy?”

“Yes…”

The couple exchanged in another kiss. Lexa pushed deeper into Clarke and she felt the brunette’s hands grip her hips tighter. “Does it turn you on that we’re doing this with dozens of people nearby?”

“Fuck yeah,” Lexa responded.

They had been exhibitionist at Velvet on a few occasions. But this was better. The risk of being caught, the people on the beach not knowing, having sex in the ocean, all of it was thrilling. Now Clarke was squeezing and kissing Lexa with all the love and passion she had for the woman.
“I want to fuck you so damn bad,” Lexa said.

“Later Daddy. Right now, just cum inside me.”

Clarke squeezed her walls as tight as she could for several moments. She was soon rewarded with a low moan in her ear as Lexa’s excitement shot deep into her pussy.

“I love you so much Lexa.”

“And I love you too Clarke.”

Clarke and Lexa found the shower area and took turns under the spray to rinse off the salt water. They were returning to their spot on the beach, when a woman walked past them.

“Hey sexy. You should come home with me tonight,” the strange red head said.


“You, me, and your big dick should have some fun.” She had a thick Australian accent. The red head had stopped and was now standing closer to Lexa. Too close.

Clarke was red in the face. She couldn’t believe this woman was being so rude and crude. “Find someone else because she’s spoken for.”

“Who are you,” the woman asked.

“I’m her wife and you are interrupting our honeymoon.” The blonde took Lexa’s hand in hers.

“She’s not very friendly when she’s jealous,” Lexa said.

“Sorry. I didn’t know. Have a good day.” The woman quickly moved along.

When she was out of earshot, Lexa burst into laughter.

Ice blue eyes stared at her. “I fail to see what’s funny,” Clarke said.

“For a moment I thought you were going to hit her.”

“It did cross my mind. But then I’d be in jail. That’s no way to spend our honeymoon.” Clarke pulled Lexa in for a deep kiss. “I don’t want to be away from you when I don’t have to be.”

Lexa smiled against pillow soft lips. “Ditto.”

“Oh God, yes,” Clarke shouted.

Lexa readjusted her position behind her wife and resumed her long deep strokes. As soon as the couple returned to their room from the beach, they shared a shower before ordering room service again. Once their meal arrived, Clarke and Lexa ate their dinner on the balcony while taking in the sunset. Lexa watched as Clarke cleaned up. Arousal hit the brunette and she couldn’t help herself. She made quick work of ambushing her wife by the door. Now she had the woman bent over on the table they just had dinner on.

“Harder…”
The brunette thrusted harder. Grabbing a hand full of golden hair, she pulled Clarke’s head back.

“More Daddy Lex. Please!”

Lexa brought her right hand down onto Clarke’s ass cheek as hard as she could. The woman’s cry of pain laced with pleasure shot into the early evening air.

“You like that?”

“Yes Daddy.”

The harder Lexa thrust into her wife, the stiffer her shaft got. She would cum soon. But they both wanted it. The couple maintained a healthy sex life. Even after a kid, getting married, dealing with Clarke’s kidnapping, they still fucked like rabbits. It was essential to their relationship that they maintained their physical bond as much as they maintained their emotional one. Clarke and Lexa loved each other dearly. However, neither woman was not so daft that they would forget how important sex is in any relationship. It was the way they expressed their love, passion, and desire for each other when words were not enough.

With one more thrust, Lexa released into Clarke during an explosive orgasm. “Cum for Daddy,” she said. Feeling the blonde’s walls tighten around her length sent Lexa into another orgasm. This one was more intense and longer than the first.

Moments after both women were back from their orgasmic bliss, they returned inside. Lexa answered the room phone while Clarke donned a robe and wheeled their food cart outside. Catching sight of Lexa on the phone sent Clarke into a state of euphoria.

“I really do love her. She’s sweet, loyal, smart, strong, she’s…everything. And I am so lucky to have her. My Lexa. Where would I be without her? Who would I be with? Doesn’t matter. I’m here, in this room, with the most wonderful woman in the world.

The brunette turned and found Clarke staring at her from across the room.

“What? I have something on my face?”

Clarke smiled. “No silly. I was thinking about how much I love you.” Opening her robe, the blonde crossed the room with a seductive sway of her hips. Her lithe arms wrapped around Lexa’s neck.

“Who was on the phone?”

“The front desk. Turns out they’ve been calling for several minutes. Anyway, they said they’ve received noise complaints.”

“Well we were outside.”

“Actually, tonight wasn’t the first time they got complaints,” Lexa said.

“And what did you tell them?”

“I didn’t make any promises, but I said we’d try to keep it down.”

“Oh…really?”

“We can try like I said we would.”

“Yeah, we should try. But if they knew what a good lover you are, they’d understand why it’s so hard,” Clarke said. The women share a passionate kiss. Shivers raced through Clarke when she feels

The front desk. Turns out they’ve been calling for several minutes. Anyway, they said they’ve received noise complaints.”
Lexa’s hardening shaft brush against her clit. “And I can’t help wanting to fuck you when you get hard.”

The art therapist allowed herself to be pulled into Lexa’s body. Yes. Let her take me. I need her to ravish me. Clarke pulled back and looked into green eyes. “Lexa, I need you. Fuck me like you hate me.”

Lexa almost couldn’t believe what she had just heard. But she knew her wife was not kidding. “Fine. Don’t complain when you’re sore or have bruises tomorrow.”

“I never do,” Clarke said.

The brunette grabbed Clarke by the wrist and threw her down onto the bed. Lexa was going to use every part of her blonde wife’s body. Just remember to cum in her pussy. She made quick work of climbing on top of the woman and forcing her cock down her throat.

“Is this what you want? To be used?” Lexa thrust deeper. A gagging sound earned the blonde a slap to the face. “Shut up! You wanted rough sex. So, lay here and take it.” Lexa pulled out and turned Clarke around. With her head hanging off the bed, she thrust deeper. To her left Lexa saw her cell phone. She opened the camera app and switched it to record mode.

“Smile for the camera whore.” Each thrust down Clarke’s throat was visible from their current position. Fuck this is sexy as hell. Lexa really wanted to make her wife swallow every drop of cum she wanted to unload, but deep down she also wanted another baby. So, she pushed down the rapidly swelling desire to cum.

Lexa continued with her deep thrusts. Her right hand found its way to Clarke’s throat. The squeezing made the woman’s throat feel tighter. When she felt her dick sliding up and down the blonde’s throat, Lexa had to pull out completely. “Damn your mouth feels fantastic.” Regaining her control, Lexa used her dick to place teasing slaps across Clarke’s swollen lips.

“It’s so sexy how puffy your lips get after you’ve sucked me off,” Lexa stated.

“Thank you, Daddy.”

Clarke received another slap across the face. “I didn’t say you could talk. But since you want to disobey me, I’ll make sure to punish you.”

The brunette went to the closet and pulled out a medium suitcase. Crossing the room with the bag in tow, she placed it on the ground and opened it.

“Sit up and put your hands behind you.”

Clarke obeyed immediately. Lexa held the blonde’s arms in place as she slid a leather arm binder up to her wife’s shoulders. She made quick work of tightening and tying up the straps. Then the brunette placed the 24-inch bar restraint between Clarke’s legs. Soft leather straps with a fleece lining secured the silver bar to her ankles. Finally, Lexa placed an open mouth gag in Clarke’s mouth.

“Let’s hear you make noise now,” Lexa taunted. She pushed Clarke onto her stomach and entered her pussy. “So hot and wet.”

Lexa grasped the woman’s hair for leverage. Clarke’s heavy breathing and her verbal abuse filled the room. “I don’t understand why I even married a slut like you. Maybe I should make you a whore. Plenty of my business friends would love to fuck all of your holes.”
The harsh words turned Clarke on more. She knew Lexa was too jealous to allow anyone else to touch her. It was the raw, primal, animal of Lexa’s current demeanor which drove them crazy.

Lexa didn’t hold off when she felt the base of her dick become tight. She didn’t try to stop her cock from getting harder. There was nothing she did to keep herself from enjoying the velvet smooth feel of her wife’s pussy. She leaned forward, placing her front into Clarke’s back. Every ounce of her weight was pressing the smaller woman into the bed. “But we know I won’t do that. No. You belong to me Clarke. You’re my slut.” Lexa bit Clarke’s shoulder as she filled the woman with fluid.

“Since you want a baby so bad, I’m going to cum inside you until your pussy drips with semen as you walk.” Another series of quick thrust and Lexa came again.

Catching her breath, Lexa turned Clarke over. The woman was sweaty and red in the face. “Don’t think I’m done with you because I’m not.”

Standing up at the edge of the bed, Lexa grabbed the bar and moved Clarke to the edge of the bed. She used it to push the other woman’s legs towards her head. Now, Lexa was able to rut into Clarke. It was a no holds barge as she stretched the woman’s walls. The brunette would pull all the way out then reenter the woman. A loud smack of her balls and thighs hitting Clarke’s ass drove her on.

“Shit you take my dick so well.” Lexa came again for a third time. But she was far from finished. Clarke’s legs went further back, and she felt herself go deeper into the woman.

“Pray to the Spirit that you can walk after this.”

There was nothing Clarke could do even if she wanted to. She didn’t want to. This was what she wanted. What she craved. The blonde had to be mistreated by her dark-haired wife. Being called names, getting slapped or spanked, the pain of Lexa going so deep, all of it.

“Shit,” Lexa said. She came again. When she pulled out, a puddle of cum flowed from her wife. “Your pussy is stretched so wide that you can’t even keep my seed inside you.” Lexa was still hard but needed a drink of water. She grabbed a bottle from the mini fridge. Removing the gag, she gave some to Clarke.

“You ok baby girl?”

“I’m fine Daddy.”

Lexa put the gag back into Clarke’s mouth. “Time for round two,” she said.

Clarke was hurting in places she didn’t even know existed before last night. She didn’t care. It had been wonderful. Now they were getting ready for a day tour.

“You almost ready,” Lexa called.

“Just a second babe.” Clarke finished her makeup and walked out the bathroom. As she grabbed her purse, the suitcase of toys and restraints caught her eye. She found Lexa waiting by the door.

“Drop your pants.”

“Clarke, we don’t have time for-“

“It’s Mistress Clarke and I won’t ask again. Drop your pants. Now.”

How quickly the tables had turned. Inside Lexa was smiling. Outside she was cool and calm. Then
she saw what Clarke had in her hands.

Clarke slid a stainless-steel cock ring down Lexa’s shaft. Once it was in place at the base and behind her testicles, the blonde place the curved cage around Lexa’s length. They connected at the ring where Clarke placed a small lock to close the cock cage. A small hole at the tip would still allow Lexa to pee. But she was restrained from having a full erection or having sexual intercourse.

“After yesterday I can’t have you attracting other women. So, since I can’t control them, I’ll have to control you.” Clarke pulled up Lexa’s blue jock strap and closed her fly.

The couple made it downstairs just in time to catch the shuttle from the hotel. Once at the tour facility, Clarke and Lexa boarded a tour bus. Several other couples, a few families, and a group of college kids were on the tour as well. They headed to the town of Avon Valley. It was nice to be around others, but the women mostly kept to themselves. Clarke took advantage of Lexa’s situation and teased her wife every chance she could.

When they reached the valley, Lexa was worked up. It was now Clarke’s turn to watch Lexa squirm. She was enjoying it.

Lexa leaned over. “In my defense, I didn’t do anything to make that woman come on to me.”

“Ok. But you still need to remember who you belong to.” Clarke pulled Lexa in for a soul searing kiss. “Now, be a good submissive and do as I say.”

“Yes, Mistress Clarke.” The CEO was so turned on. Lexa could feel her cock and balls throbbing in her pants. It was almost painful.

Wave Rock and the surrounding area was full of natural beauty. In the same area was another strange land formation called Hippo’s Yawn. They took several pictures before having a picnic lunch provided by the tour company. After their meal, Clarke, Lexa, and the other tourists explored a series of caves with ancient Aboriginal paintings. Then the couple wandered around the historic town of York taking more pictures and picking up souvenirs. In the back of the gift shop, Clarke pulled Lexa into a dark corner.

“It would be so fun…to unzip your pants…jerk you off before you cum…and tuck you away for later,” Clarke said between kisses. “Tease you. Make you crazy with arousal.”

Every ounce of control Lexa had almost evaporated. She was fighting her instincts to drag Clarke to a more secluded area, make her remove the penis cage around her cock, and punish the blonde for her actions. But she allowed the power exchange because there was a part of her that enjoyed it.

“I’m already aroused Mistress.”

“Is that supposed to make me care about you getting relief?”

Lexa swallowed the lump in her throat. “No ma’am, I just-”

“Thought you could take control of the situation.”

“Please Mistress Clarke…”

The blonde set her steel blue eyes on Lexa. “I’m sure you’ve had blue balls most of the day, but I don’t care. I get to have fun now.” Clarke kissed and caressed the erogenous zones along Lexa’s neck.
“May I touch you Mistress?”

“No. You have to wait. I’m not some whore you can just bend over and fuck in the back of a store. Now, let’s go find something nice to take home to our daughter.”

“Yes, Mistress Clarke.”

They ended their day with Clarke napping on Lexa’s lap during the bus ride back to Perth. Lexa had lost and regained a semi-erection several times during the day. Right now, she was doing ok with the restraint but would need to be released from her prison soon. Lexa wasn’t sure she could keep her composure.

“Clarke we’re back at the tour spot.”

Lexa roused her wife awake with soft kisses on the cheek. The blonde sat up and looked around. The bus was almost empty.

“I’ll go to the shuttle. Make sure you get our bags,” Clarke said.

“Yes, Mistress Clarke.”

As Lexa grabbed their bags, she heard a smooth baritone voice next to her.

“She has you trained well.”

Lexa looked over and saw a tall muscular black man with a bald head standing there. “I’m sorry what?”

“Your mistress. She has you trained well,” the man said.

“Jason who are you talking to?” A shorter woman with salt and pepper hair, grey eyes, and British accent joined the conversation.

“I think she’s another sub Madame Joann.”

“Lexa, what’s taking so long?” Clarke was standing at the bus’s entrance.

“I’m on my way now ma’am.”

The couple followed Lexa off the bus. They had a round of formal introductions and chatted with each other for several minutes. Jason and Joan were on an anniversary trip celebrating 10 years together. It was a shock when they discovered that they all lived in the same city. Both couple’s exchanged contact information before departing to their respective hotels via shuttle.

Lexa and Clarke had dinner in the hotel restaurant. Clarke had a bone in ribeye, with broccolini and rice pilaf. Lexa enjoyed the Elk ribeye, brussel sprouts with bacon and hazelnuts, and a giant baked potato. They shared the tiramisu for dessert. On the elevator ride to their room, Clarke resumed teasing her wife.

“It’s so hot to see you so desperate to fuck me.”

The blonde wrapped a leg around Lexa’s waist. Pressing into Lexa she felt the outline of the chastity device. “You want me don’t you Lexa?”

“Yes, I do Mistress Clarke.”
Clarke stepped off the elevator first when they reached the floor of their suite. She unlocked the door and walked in. Lexa was led into the bedroom. “Undress me. Slowly.”

Goosebumps covered the art therapist’s skin as she watched her brunette wife remove her clothing. Clarke was very aroused. She was enjoying herself as the dominating one this evening. Once Lexa was done with her task, Clarke ordered the dark-haired woman to undress herself. She became wetter as tattoos and tan skin came into view.

“Oh your knees,” Clarke ordered.

Lexa obeyed. “Eat my pussy.”

Again, the woman obeyed. A moan escaped her throat when Lexa’s tongue ran across her clit. It was divine when Clarke felt it snake between her labia. “Damn Lexa. So good.” Clarke put a leg on Lexa’s shoulder. This opened her more. Lexa really went to work on her and got the blonde to cum three times in a row. But she didn’t make the woman stop. Clarke’s slender hand grasped Lexa’s dark tresses as she pushed the woman’s head further into her pussy.

“That’s it. Show me how much you love this pussy. Make me cum harder this time.”

Lexa slid her middle finger into the wet folds. The combination of her saliva and Clarke’s wetness allowed the digit to slide right in. She wanted to bury herself deep inside the blonde. Hell, a hand job would’ve been great. But Clarke was running the show. So, she continued her pussy worshipping and submitted to her wife.

“I’m coming.”

Jade eyes looked up as Clarke threw her head back in a fit of passion. Her legs trembled as wave after wave of sexual satisfaction washed through her body. The hand in Lexa’s hair loosened when Clarke started to return from her high.

She stepped back breathless. “That was fantastic. Now go start the shower. You can repeat your performance there.”

Chapter End Notes

Pretty hot stuff. I'll answer any questions you have about this chapter and a few about what is coming later in the story. Leave them here or find me on Twitter. I'll be at work but it's a slow day on Sunday's so I'll be free most of the day. New update in about 2 weeks.
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

Ok. I just want to say thank you all for being so patient. I know it's been awhile since the last update. Life happens. Moved to a new place, finished some original writing of mine and plotting a new Clexa G!P story. So sorry for the wait. Just know I won't abandon this story. Anyway, happy reading.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 24

Lexa woke up with a strong urge to use the restroom. She made it, but it was a challenge to pee with the chastity device still in place. During their shower, Clarke had removed it long enough for her to wash Lexa’s genitals. Then the blonde locked it back in place.

Her wife was on the bed when Lexa stepped out of the bathroom. The woman’s legs were wide open, and Lexa got a full view of Clarke’s pussy. The blonde’s lips were glistening with wetness. Lexa felt herself throbbing. She wanted to fuck her wife into oblivion, but the other woman was still in control. She hoped this would be over soon. Lexa wasn’t sure how much longer she could take this torture.

“See something you like?”

“Yes, Mistress Clarke.”

Clarke ran a hand down to her chest. She fondled and pinched her nibbles until they were pebbled. The blonde saw the desire in Lexa’s eyes and continued to play with her body. Her hand went further down until it reached her diamond clit. A soft moan escaped her as a finger brushed against it. Parting her lips, Clarke ran her middle and forefingers from her hole to her swollen nub. Each time Clarke spread her wetness around her pussy.

Sky colored orbs met forest hued eyes, and the art therapist said, “Eat.”

The brunette was on her knees in a flash. Lexa wasted no time and went straight to Clarke’s wet opening. She took her tongue as far as it would go into the already dripping pussy.

“That’s it, Lexa. Make your Mistress…feel sexy. Worship me. Make me your…goddess.” Her blue eyes took in the sight of her wife making her feel magnificent. Hands laced through dark locks. The dark-haired woman switched her technique by running the tip of her tongue from Clarke’s pussy to her clit and making a counter-clockwise circle around the nub.

When Lexa looked up at her, Clarke felt her apply pressure with the very tip of her tongue to the sensitive tip of her clit. The straw-haired woman pressed her hands harder into the back of Lexa’s head as an orgasm started to build at her clit and radiate to her core. She couldn’t stop the raising pleasure even if she wanted to. It was an exquisite and primal experience all at once. Clarke’s hips start to buck as she thrust her pelvis. The licking is now centered on her clit only.

“Fuck Lexa,” Clarke shouts.
Heated pleasure radiates through Clarke’s body. The feel of Lexa’s lips across her sweat-slick skin brings the blonde down from her high. A contented sigh leaves her throat when she is wrapped in her wife’s arms. Pressing into Lexa’s body made Clarke realize the chastity device was still in place. She lay there a few more moments, enjoying the beautiful moment and alone time with one of the people she loved the most. This was one of Clarke’s favorite ways to be with Lexa.

Going over to the nightstand, Clarke pulled out a small key and turned to Lexa saying, “You deserve to be rewarded after a performance like that.”

Clarke unlocked the device and took it off. She took Lexa’s soft cock in her hand and looked at it. The last thing she wanted was for there to be any injury to her favorite part of Lexa’s body.

“How does it feel?”

“I don’t feel any soreness Mistress Clarke,” Lexa answered.

The blonde smiled at the answer.

“Good to hear.” Without preamble, Clarke takes Lexa into her mouth. She sucks the woman down to the base then back up to the tip. The motion is simple but has the desired effect. After a repeating this a few times, Lexa starts to stiffen in her mouth. The throbbing shaft and head made Clarke open her mouth more to take Lexa’s girth. She loved the feel of her wife in her mouth. Pulling back, the art therapist ran the tip of her tongue along the slit on the head. The amount of precum made her head swim. Oh, my goodness. She’s going to cum so hard. The younger woman knew she should stop teasing her wife. They were going for baby number two, and each drop of Lexa’s cum was white gold.

Lexa shivers when cool air hits her saliva covered dick. She’s happy to have the restrictive penis cage removed finally. It was tight in all the wrong places, and the pain of any erections made it worse. It was Clarke’s way of controlling her when they reversed their roles. Lexa didn’t mind it too much since she was given a chance to relax and not be in charge. She could enjoy her time with Clarke and not be expected to direct everything.

The brunette watched her new bride settle herself on her lap. As much as she had hoped to see that beautiful face, Lexa didn’t mind the view of Clarke’s ass. The workouts had paid off because her back was more toned, and her ass had lifted several inches. The older woman watched with hooded green eyes as it bounced when it slammed into her lower abdomen.

It had seemed like a good idea to Clarke when she straddled Lexa reverse cowgirl.

“Oh fuck!”

Clarke smiled back at the woman. “You like that?”

“Yes, Mistress Clarke.”

The blonde ground her hips down. Her walls clenched around the thick shaft as it entered further into her pussy. Clarke worked her hips. Throwing her head back, she cupped her breast. Every sensation of Lexa filling her was not new, but it felt just as wonderful as the first time they had sex with no condom.

“Damn you feel good,” Clarke mumbled.

Lexa was enjoying the view of Clarke’s supple ass as she fucked her. It was not her favorite position. She preferred to look into her wife’s blue eyes, kiss her plump lips, fondle her soft firm breast, but
the woman’s back view was lovely in its way. Plus, her pussy always felt amazing.

“Are you ready to cum for me?”

“Yes, Mistress Clarke.”

As her wife thrust her hips, Lexa felt the woman’s pussy tighten around her shaft. Feeling Clarke’s wall’s grasping her in this intimate way was always a thrill to the brunette. Her mistress was giving Lexa her reward for submitting. Soon after thinking that, Lexa saw Clarke’s back go stiff.

“I love your cock,” Clarke exclaimed.

That remark sent Lexa over the edge. “Jok…” Her hands squeezed Clarke’s hips. There would be bruises later. She didn’t care. Being in the chastity device left her frustrated. It was very tight since she was endowed. So, for Lexa, it was damn near painful to wear the thing. Now, she was getting her release. The pressure in her lower abdomen found its way down her shaft and exploded from the tip. Hot jets of her frustration and lust shot into the blonde goddess on her lap. The woman’s muscles started to relax.

“Thank you, Mistress Clarke, for letting me cum inside you.”

Clarke looked back at her with a mischievous smile. “Your welcome.” The woman circled her hips again. “And I think you left bruises. Be happy I like that.”

Lexa sat up. Wrapping her arms around Clarke, she pulled the lithe body to her muscled one. “Do you want something different now?”

“Yes. Hold me while I take a nap.”

“Of course, Mistress,” Lexa said.

Clarke stretched her body. She moaned with pleasure when she felt the body next to hers. Her excitement started to increase when Clarke realized that her dark-haired wife was still inside her. Waking the woman with another round of sex would be easy. The rumble in her stomach halted her sexual desire. She wanted sex, but she wanted food more. Another round of hunger pains settled her dilemma for good. Clarke detached herself from Lexa’s embrace and found her way to the bathroom.

Once she was done there, Clarke ordered room service. She took a good look at her wife while the brunette slept. Clarke had never seen anyone with such a beautiful body. Lexa had great abs. Even had the V-shaped lines along her lower abs. Blue eyes could see the base of Lexa’s member. Her well-toned thighs lead to muscular calves. Her tattoo on her right leg was a tribal design and signified her passage into adulthood. When they came of age, their children would go through the same ceremony. The artist would choose the design and place. Clarke learned that the one on her back was when Lexa took her place as head of the Woods clan. The one on her right arm was the symbol of their family and Lexa’s first tattoo.

Unable to resist, the blonde walked over to her wife and placed soft kisses along her neck and collarbone.

“Babe,” Clarke called softly.

Lexa continued to sleep.

“Babe. Babe.” Clarke kissed down to Lexa’s breast. She sucked the left nipple into her mouth. It
wasn’t a part of Lexa’s body that Clarke paid much attention. Lexa didn’t seem to care for having her breast played with very much. But Clarke continued to play with the nub until it hardened. An inhale of air made her look up.

Sleepy green eyes meet her shining blue ones.

“Good morning,” Clarke said.

A smile spread across the most beautiful pair of dark pink lips Clarke has seen. I love everything about this woman. She’s so good to me. I’m so blessed to have her by my side. “You should at least put on a robe. Room service will be here for our breakfast at any moment.” That’s when they hear a knock on the door.

Clarke wheels in the food and sets it up in the dining area. She sighs with content as Lexa’s warm body presses into her back. Strong arms wrap around her as she places the last of the cutlery on the table. Soft lips kiss along her jawline. It is moments like this when the blonde is with Lexa, and she knows she is safe. She lets her mind settle on being with her wife. This beautiful, smart, successful, and loving woman was going to be with her forever. They would have other children. There were going to be birthdays, holidays, graduations and so much more to experience. The art therapist was looking forward to their life together.

“I love you so much, Clarke.”

Clarke smiled and said, “And I love you, Lexa.”

It was their last day of the honeymoon. They were standing together on the balcony. Clarke had been feeling ill the last three days, so they stayed in since Thursday. The brunette had her suspicions that her wife could be pregnant again.

“What are you thinking about?”

Lexa looks left, and smiles as the sunset’s golden-hued light accentuate Clarke’s hair. The memories of seeing Clarke pregnant with AJ was heartwarming and sexy for the brunette.

“I think you might be pregnant again,” Lexa said. “You were so beautiful when you were carrying AJ.”

Clarke pulls her in for a kiss. It only takes a few seconds for Lexa’s arousal to kick into high gear. Taking control, Lexa keeps the kiss passionate but languid. She runs her hands along the lithe frame. Dark blue eyes look at her with hunger.

“Make love to me Lexa.”

As she stands, Clarkes wraps her arms around Lexa’s neck. The brunette scoops her up bridal style. Lips crash together in a series of lust filled kisses. Lexa sits her wife down on the bed. She continues her journey placing kisses and nipples around the woman’s neck and chest. Her hand finds Clarke’s clit. It’s swollen, hard, ready. The younger woman inhales when Lexa’s fingertips brush the sensitive nub. Lexa moves lower to tease the soft inner lips. She moves her middle finger in a clockwise circle, stopping at the clit.

“Yes…”

A hand covers Lexa’s as she quickens her pace. Her forest hued eyes stare into deep azure as she releases Clarke’s right nipple. She can’t wait anymore. Their lips meet as Lexa guides her throbbing
cock into warm silky folds. “Fuck…Clarke. You feel so…fuck.” Lexa kisses the exposed neck. Her thrust was slow but deep. Each kiss, each touch, this connection that is their love for each other.

“I will always love Lexa.”

“I know niron.”

Indeed, Lexa knew she was the only person her wife craved. She continues with her slow yet steady rhythm. Giving Clarke sexual pleasure was one of her favorite things to do. They exchange more words of love and affection.

Lexa picks up the pace a bit when Clarke threatens her with bodily harm. Hands squeeze her ass as she thrust harder into the blonde. Her wife is so smooth, so warm, so wet. The words turn into moans and mumbles. Lexa’s forceful hits fill the room. Clarke’s walls grow tighter around her shaft. Then the art therapist goes stiff as she yells out Lexa’s name. The brunette lets out a low growl of her own as she fills the blonde with her seed.

Chapter End Notes

What a honeymoon. Now they return home to their family and their lives. There is more in store for them. I don't know when this thing will end. It has a life of it's own at this point lol. Next update coming soonish.
Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

I am SO SUPER SORRY y’all. Life has been coming at me fast lately. I had a health issue that left me unable to write for 2 weeks. Eye infections suck ass! I've also been working other original projects. Several at one time and 2 OUAT fan fiction stories. One is part one of an OutlawQueen featuring Elsa (Frozen) and Merida (Brave). The other is SwanQueen which is still in progress. I also have some short stories in the works and TV pilots in the rewrite process. Keep in mind I work full time also. Anyway, I can’t thank you all enough for being patient with me. THANK YOU, THANK YOU, THANK YOU! So, here's the newest chapter. Enjoy! Almost forgot, there is a character death in this chapter. Please don't be upset with me. But I had to do this. The payoff will be big in a few chapter tho. I promise it will be worth it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 25

“Mommy, mommy, mommy.”

AJ launched herself into Clarke’s arms.

“I missed you, mommy. Will you be home forever now?”

Clarke stared into innocent green eyes. Her daughter looked more like Lexa with each passing day.

“I will be home for a long time. Is that ok?”

“Yes. I love you.”

“I love you too,” Clarke said.

She and Lexa had arrived home two days before. The readjustment had been easier on the return home. Now they were picking up their child for a day of family fun. They were going to the planetarium.

“She was a dream to have around,” Indra said.

“We’re so thankful to for you guys watching her,” Lexa said.

“It was no trouble. Like I said she is a joy to have.”

The women chatted for a few more moments and then the small family is off for a fun-filled family day. The first thing they do is grab lunch. The couple notices their daughter has improved motor skills and her appetite has also increased. Next week was her check-up. Clarke and Lexa decided to hold off on having her tested. She was still too young for any testing to be reliable or accurate. Ages 4-8 were the prime time to test giftedness. For now, the couple would make sure to keep her active with lots of activities.

Lexa is concerned when Clarke rushes up to them.
“I think we should go inside. I need the restroom.”

Once in the lobby, Clarke dashes to the ladies’ room. 10 minutes passed before the blonde emerged.

“You ok princess?”

Clarke smiles at her girls. “I’m good. Just…lost my lunch.

“Where did it go,” AJ asked.

Her mother’s smile at her. AJ is the light of their lives. Soon maybe they would have a second child. AJ needed company. The women also had a lot more love to give to each other and a family.

The Woods’ trio ended the day at home and falling asleep in the family room after watching three space documentaries.

Three months had passed since the honeymoon. Clarke and Lexa were once again getting ready for the company fundraiser. Lexa smiled at her wife. “You look amazing, Clarke.” She pulled up to the valet parking. As always, Lexa assisted Clarke from the vehicle. At just over two months, Clarke had a new baby bump. To Lexa, she was still sexy while pregnant.

The blonde and brunette are the classic power couple. They simply complemented each other. Of course, the bigwigs in attendance were happy. Their CEO is now a family woman. That, in turn, reflected well on the company. Lexa was more than happy to make the rounds with her beautiful wife.

For the silent auction, a dozen of Clarke’s paintings and three drawings were featured. All of them had sold by the end of the night. Now they were in the shower. Clarke felt Lexa’s lean body pressed against her back. The wetness was instant as she thought of her wife fucking her. Reaching behind her, she started to rub Lexa’s length with her hand.

“What do you want tonight princess?”

“One of our special threesomes in the bedroom.”

“You need my help getting out?”

“No Lexa. Just get everything ready.”

Soon Clarke is walking into the bedroom. Her wife is locking the door and dimming the lights. The blonde lays on the bed in wait. A few candles added a warm glow through the room. Lexa had decided to try intermittent fasting. The result was a leaner muscle build. It drove Clarke wild. “Your body is a work of art Lexa.”

The blonde woman watches as her wife dons a two-ring harness. She pulls snug around her waist and slips her hard cock through the top ring. In the bottom, she slips an anal dildo into place. They hadn’t done anal sex in several months, so she wanted to be careful of hurting Clarke. Soon the couple is entangled in limbs and passion.

“Inside Daddy…” Clarke lays on the bed, spreading herself open to Lexa. She feels Lexa enter her pussy first. A few moments later is the dildo. The brunette is still, allowing Clarke to adjust to the double penetration. Long, slow strokes sent ripples of sexual pleasure through Clarke’s body. It wasn’t long before she was pulling Lexa closer to her. Lexa continued with the same slow pace. Soon she reaches climax. Clarke allows the pleasure to roll through her as one climax leads to
another. “I’m coming.” Lexa had led her to an intense orgasm. As she regained awareness, Clarke felt her wife go stiff as she filled with Lexa’s semen.

“I love you, princess,” Lexa said breathlessly.

Chaste kisses are exchanged while Lexa removed the dildo and harness. “And I love you.” She was in wrapped in strong arms and love as she drifted to sleep.

Thursday had started as a typical day for Lexa. She woke up to Clarke lightly snoring. As she showered, her horny wife joined her. They had a fantastic round of shower sex. She was in a pair of tan dress slacks and powder blue shirt. As she was buttoning it, her cell phone goes off. The ringtone is for her Indra.

“As always I’m happy yo-“

“He’s gone, Lexa.”

“Aunt Indra, who…who are you talking about?”

“…your uncle is gone. He…he just…”

“Where are you? Where is he?”

“He’s gone. They said…they said…they…”

“Indra!”

Clarke rushed over to her. “Lexa, what’s wrong?”

“Indra tell me where you are…”

“Home…I..."

“Stay there. I’m on my way over,” Lexa said. Seconds later the brunette's phone rings again.

“Anya.”

“Dad is gone, Lexa. He’s gone.”

“Yeah. Indra just called me… But she didn’t say what happened. I’m on my way over…”

Clarke walked over to the dresser where her phone is located. She pulled up Raven’s number and dialed it.

“Hey, Griffin. I take it you’ve heard about Gustus.”

“Lexa is talking with Anya. We’ll be heading to the house in a few minutes,” Clarke looked over at her wife. She was leaning on the wall by the closet entrance. Shoulders are shaking. Eyes shut tight. Tears are rolling down her cheeks. Damn her for being beautiful even when she cries. It was her turn to take care of Lexa now.

Lexa felt a pair of arms wrap around her followed by a slightly swollen belly.

“I’m sorry about Gustus babe. I know he was a father to you.” Clarke ran a soothing hand down her back. “I’ll get AJ dressed and feed. Then we go to Indra’s place. Come downstairs when you’re ready.”
The brunette pulled her wife in closer. “I love you so much, baby. So, so much.”

“And I love you.”

Lexa listened as Clarke tried to explain her stoic demeanor to their daughter.

“Where did uncle go?”

Clarke knows AJ would understand death. She was unsure if her child would be ok emotionally. Her wife was stoic and doing her best to be strong for her family. It was not working very well. “Do you remember how I told you my father’s spirit went to live in the sky?”

“Yes,” the girl said.

“Well, Gustus went to meet him. They’ll both watch over the family now.” The remainder of the ride was silent. Clarke pulled up behind Raven’s car already parked near the front entrance. Noticing AJ sleeping in her car seat, Clarke looks to her wife. “You go inside. I’ll grab her.”

Green eyes look at her. “What would I do without you?”

“Most likely working too much.”

The hint of a small smile is gone quickly. “I got the kid.”

“Lexa, you’re sweet, but it’s ok.”

With her daughter in her arms, the blonde walks into the house. Clarke puts the small girl down on the couch in the family room. She walks into the dining and sees her family sitting around the dining room table. Raven held Anya as she cried over the loss of her father. Indra was speaking softly to Lexa. Seconds later the front door opens. Lincoln rushes over to his mother’s side. Octavia walks up to Clarke and the women hug.

“How’s Lexa?”

Clarke looks over at her wife. She is stoic and hard to read. But she knows the brunette is sad. As the leader of their clan, Lexa must be strong for those around her. The brunette would grieve in private. “She’s more upset than she looks.”

“I think Lincoln is too.”

The long-time friends join the others. Clarke addresses everyone present. “Is anyone hungry or thirsty?”

“No, I’m fine,” Lexa answered.

“Nothing for me,” Lincoln replied.

“You want anything Anya,” Raven asked her girlfriend? The woman shakes her head no. “Bring a glass of cold water anyway,” Raven said.

“Indra?”

The woman gives her a weak smile. “Your being here in support is enough.”

“That’s what family is for.” She walks over and hugs the woman. Despite her initial distrust towards
Clarke, the two women had grown close over the past two and a half years. The blonde made it clear that no matter what, she was committed to this family. That she indeed loved Lexa very much. “I’ll bring a glass of water for you too.”

When she returned with the water, Clarke saw her daughter sitting in Lexa’s lap. She had her wife’s phone and was playing an advanced math game.

The family discusses the details of the funeral ceremony. It was to be held two days after the coroner released his body. Until then, the family was in mourning. Gustus’ personal belongings would be packed away. This kept his spirit from desiring to stay in this plane of existence. They would reside together until Lexa determined their mourning was over. Then Lexa would have to choose a successor for the clan. This would happen when Lexa underwent one final ceremony to cement her position as the family’s matriarch and the commander for the other Tregeda families in the area.

Lexa couldn’t believe everything Clarke had done. Over the past three days, she quickly took charge of things at home. Having eight people in their home was not easy, even with all the space they had. The woman managed to keep everyone fed with big meals, keep AJ occupied during the day, and help with the ceremony.

The blonde had also given Lexa all the support she needed. She let Lexa pour her heart and soul out over her uncle’s death. In front of family, Lexa held her stoic, regal façade. But when she and Clarke were alone, the brunette often let her wife hold her as she cried or shared favorite memories of Gustus. Now she was sharing what she’d read in the coroner’s report.

“Total organ failure is the result of massive trauma right Clarke?”

“Yes, it can. It is common in an accident like he had,” Clarke said.

Lexa was silent for a moment. “I still don’t understand how the other driver survived, but my uncle didn’t.” The driver of a cement truck had t-boned Gustus when he was returning the grocery store. As tragic as it was, Lexa was happy his death was quick and painless.

“Are you still doing ok?”

“Of course princess. I’m sad but not broken.” Lexa kisses her temple. “Plus, with you by my side, I know I can get through anything.”

Clarke snuggles closer to her and strokes her back. “Have I mentioned that I like your back muscles?”

Grinning Lexa pulls back and smiles at Clarke. “Not until now,” Lexa said.

“Well, I do.”

They kiss deeply, and in no time, Lexa has her wife pinned beneath her. With no preamble, Lexa pulls her hard shaft from her boxer briefs. She slides completely inside Clarke. Long deep thrust makes the woman moan loudly.

“Don’t wake…oh God…”

The brunette doesn’t care about the noise. “It’s our house. We can be as loud as we like.” Lexa picks up the pace but keeps drilling deeply into Clarke’s wetness. She feels the walls of her wife’s pussy tighten around her. “Don’t you dare cum yet.”
She turns Clarke onto her stomach and pins the blonde’s wrist above her head with one hand. With her right hand, she grabs golden tresses and increases her pace even more. Lexa kisses along the woman’s jawline. She makes her way down Clarke’s neck and to her shoulders. “I want to hear you, princess.”

“Make me cum Daddy.”

“Only when you’re loud enough.”

Lexa ruts into Clarke harder this time. Skin is hitting skin, and their moans fill the air in no time. She still can’t enough. Lexa flips Clarke onto her back again. Releasing her wrist runs her hands along the blonde’s breast and torso. Fiery kisses and soft bites follow the trail her hands made. In one swift move, Lexa grabs Clarke’s legs and lifts them into the air. Holding them in place by the crease behind her knees, the brunette feels her wife open to her even more.

“Oh God! Lexa!”

The flood wetness signals that Lexa hit the woman’s A-spot. She didn’t cum, but she instantly became wetter. This allowed Lexa to rut into the moaning woman with great ease. She pulled out almost to the tip and slammed back into Clarke as hard as she could. Sweat covered her body as she worked her wife’s pussy. The lithe frame under her was flush with arousal and growing sexual tension. Clarke would want to come soon. But Lexa wanted more from her. “Louder princess. Louder or I stop.”

“Please…fuck me harder,” Clarke screamed.

And Lexa did. She was unrelenting with her pace. Clarke was getting tighter around her shaft. Unable to hold on, Lexa came inside her wife. “Cum Clarke.” With a few strokes from Lexa’s still hard cock, her wife goes stiff. Lexa fucks her into a second orgasm. This leads to the brunette having a second orgasm of her own.

She drops Clarke’s legs onto the bed. The woman pulls her down into a soul-searing kiss. “I hope we will have this kind of sex life until we’re old and gray.”

“I’m sure we will princess. I’d have to be dead to lose my desire for you.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope this update was along the standard that you all expect from me. If not I apologize and promise to do better in the next update. And I promise not to take as long with chapter 26. And we are not near the end yet. I have a lot more planned for the Woods family. There will be some surprises, setbacks, and yes another baby for the Woods family. But you'll have to read to find out who is expecting a child next. Also, I think I'll include some more Ranya. Pretty sure folks want to know what Anya's anatomy is lol. Anyway, comment, kudos, recommend to other Clexa fans. Follow me at my writer twitter account @DreTop1a.
Chapter 26

Several Tregeda families from all over the city and a few from other states had shown up to the funeral ceremony. Part of it was due to the Woods family and their importance in the community. They were basically royalty. But it was also because Gustus had been a well-liked and respected man.

It had taken almost an hour for people to get settled in the small clearing. There were no seats. Standing only but everyone wanted to get a last look at the man many had called a friend. And others wanted to see the soon to be Commander of the Coalition Lexa with her new family. The Woods were dressed in traditional garments. Lexa’s stood out the most with her red cloak, eye paint, and ceremonial sword. Even Clarke, Raven, and Octavia had donned eye paint and were in classic Tregeda dress. AJ was matching Lexa because her mom was her idol and she refused to wear anything else. The terrible twos were nearly over much to her parent’s relief. As smart and well behaved as she was most of the time, AJ was still a typical child.

After Lincoln gave the eulogy, Lexa spoke and gave the farewell blessing. “On this day, we say farewell to the physical embodiment of Augustus James Frances Woods.” She took a torch that one of the Junior Nightbloods handed her. “And we release his spirit to the afterworld.” Using the torch, she lights the altar holding her uncle’s body on fire. “May he live a full life in that world as he did in this one.”

There is silence as people watch the cremation takes place in from of them. Soon the fire is dying down and attendees start to depart or give the family their condolences. The matriarch of the Ocean Clan, Io Deimos, greets the family with her typical jovial manner.

“Lexa. You have grown to be a fine leader of the Tree People,” she says in the native tongue.

“Thank you. This is my wife Clarke and our first-born AJ.”

She looks at the blonde and the little girl, then back to Lexa. “What a beautiful family. I know Gustus was proud.”

“Yes, he was,” Clarke replied.

“I am pleased that Lexa is teaching you our ways and our language,” Io said to Clarke. The woman looks at AJ again. “You understand me little one?”

AJ looks at the woman and says, “Of course. I am smart and know a lot.”

The woman smiles. “She’s is truly a Woods.”
“She is,” Lexa replied.

Speaking in English again, Io addresses Lexa again. “Will you be at this year’s conclave?”

“It depends on when the new addition decides to arrive,” the brunette said.

“I understand. Our youngest came two weeks late. Wilson and I never thought she would get here,” Io stated.

Lexa and Clarke spoke with several more people. The blonde realized how much esteem Lexa had in her community. Now they were making their way to the car with the brunette carrying a sleeping AJ.

“That was crazy.”

“How so princess?”

“Everyone looks to you with such high esteem,” Clarke said. “It’s not a bad thing. Just…different. They treated us like we were royalty.”

Once AJ was secure in her car seat, Lexa got into the driver’s seat. “Well, we are royalty. The Woods family was the last to lead the Tree People for over 120 years before we started to modernize our culture. We kept it up as a tradition.”

“So, I am a princess in a way?”

Lexa looked over at her wife and grabbed her hand. “Yes, Clarke. But to me, you are so much more. You’re my queen. My wife. My heart. You’re everything to me.” Lexa kisses her knuckles. “Nothing will ever change that.”

Clarke couldn’t help the blush that spread over her cheeks. Lexa still had a way with words. She could still make Clarke feel like a giddy teen who was in love for the first time.

It was well past 11 pm once the entire Woods clan made it home. The couple didn’t bother to change their daughter’s clothes. Dealing with a grumpy, half sleep toddler would have been a nightmare. They simply removed her shoes and tucked her in.

After a quick shower, the couple was resting in bed.

“Clarke, I’m so happy you were able to help me today. I know that being pregnant is not easy. So, it meant a lot to everyone that you’re supportive to us all.”

The blonde kissed her wife. “Family has been important to me Lexa. Even when it was just myself and my mom.”

“I know. It’s one of several reasons why I love you.”

“And I love you. I also loved how you looked today. The eye paint made you look like a raccoon.”

Lexa looked at Clarke in the low lamplight. “A raccoon? Really?”

“Yes. A very sexy raccoon at that.”

Lexa pulled Clarke on top of her. “What else is sexy about me?”

“Your tattoos, that perfect smile, and those killer abs.” Clarke rubbed her hands down the tight
bundes of hard flesh. “But the sexiest part of you is right here.” She reaches up and places a hand over Lexa’s heart.

“Make love to me Clarke.”

A series of kisses and their passion quickly rose. In their naked state, Clarke was able to reach back and guide herself onto Lexa’s stiff shaft. “Always so good,” the blonde sighed. She works her hips in a circle. Hands grab her hips, making Clarke moan louder.

“That’s it baby girl. Work that pussy.”

The blonde continued to move and work her body. Her wife’s hands move up Clarke’s body to her growing stomach. It was moments like this that reinforced Lexa’s love for her. This was the only person Clarke trusted to protect her, to love her, and their family no matter what. As much as she wanted to reach orgasmic bliss, Clarke slowed down. She wanted to enjoy this time with her favorite person in the world. The person who was her world.

“I love you, Clarke. I love you so much.”

Clarke remained silent and let her body do the talking. Her wife the best way she knew how.

Movement beside her caused Lexa to wake up. Clarke was laying with her back to her. The woman is so beautiful. Since being pregnant with AJ, the blonde’s body had become shapelier and curvier. Lexa was tempted to wake the woman with morning sex. She thought about how AJ would be up soon and decided against it. Her daughter was highly intelligent and independent for her age, but she was still a child. Instead, Lexa covered Clarke with the blankets and eased herself from their bed.

After a quick shower, she stepped from the bathroom and found the bedroom empty. Lexa quickly dressed in a jockstrap, jeans, and a polo shirt. As she made her way downstairs, she heard talking. Clarke’s voice sounded angry.

“…don't understand what this is about,” her wife said.

Then Lexa heard an unknown male voice. “We have the arrest warrant, Ms. Woods. That’s all you need to know.”

The brunette quickly made her way into the foyer. “Clarke. What’s wrong?” Lexa placed a comforting arm around her wife’s shoulders.

“These people were banging on our door. When I answered, they claimed to be the FBI, and they demanded to see you but won’t say why. Now he’s saying they have an arrest warrant.”

“That’s right. I’m Special Agent Smith. We have an arrest warrant for Alexandria Woods,” the tall man said.

“What’s the warrant for?” Clarke asked again.

The same man spoke up again. “Alexandria Woods you are under arrest. Turn around and place your hands behind your back.”

A cell phone went off. At that moment AJ came down the stairs with Indra in tow. “Mom. Mommy.” The girl ran straight to her parents. “Can we go to the zoo soon please?”

“Ms. Woods don’t make this hard,” Agent Smith said.
“Lexa, what’s going on?” Indra asked.

“Mom, mommy, I want pancakes for breakfast,” AJ said.

“AJ go with Indra. She’ll make you pancakes,” Lexa answered.

“But I want you and mommy.”

One of the other FBI agents stepped into the foyer. “Ms. Woods…”

“I’m trying to deal with my daughter you asshole!”

Anyaa made her way downstairs. AJ sensing something wrong after Lexa’s outburst started to cry. Clarke was starting to demand why Lexa was under arrest. It was becoming chaotic.

“Lexa, that was Luna. She said the FBI is raiding the office,” Anya said.

Things became worse when two of the agents slammed Lexa into the wall and forced the cuffs on her.

“Stop hurting her,” Clarke yelled.

“Come with me AJ,” Indra said.

“No. I want mom,” the girl cried.

“I’m calling my lawyer,” Anya said.

“AJ be a good girl and listen to your mom and your aunt.”

The agents grab Lexa by the shoulders as they walk her out of the house. They place her into the back of an SUV. A crying AJ clings to a crying Clarke. Indra tries to comfort them as Anya talks on her cell phone. As they drive off, a tear rolls down Lexa’s cheek as her family slowly disappears.

Chapter End Notes

I know. I know. I was wrong to do that. But, the entire Woods family will have to come together like never before. And no this WILL NOT turn into an OITNB crossover. It’s a Clexa fanfiction story until I type The End. Also, if you want to read one of my original stories, one is posted on wattpad.com My handle is @DreT0p1a. Feel free to follow me there as well and vote for my story. New chapter to this story next week!
Chapter 27

Ok. Here's a new chapter. I'm posting it because y'all have pulled out the internet version of torches and pitchforks lol. Enjoy the update. Some strong hateful language towards the end of this chapter. Not meant to be offensive to any of the readers. Just a warning.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 27

Hours had passed since Lexa had been arrested and placed in this interrogation room. She was sure someone was on the other side of the mirror or watching her from a monitor. Some physiatrist was probably studying her behavior.

Finally, the door opened and two men in dark suits walked in. One was Agent Smith. The other she didn’t recognize. They both take a seat across from her.

“Ms. Woods. I must say that I’m surprised,” the unknown agent commented first.

“I’m not answering any questions or talking without a lawyer present,” Lexa said.

“Talking with us will make things go much faster,” Smith said.

“At this time I’m invoking my fifth amendment right.” Lexa didn’t care if she were held for days or weeks. She wasn’t going to say anything.

“Well the charges against you are serious.” Unknown Agent opened a manila folder. “Looks to be seven counts against. Securities fraud, wire fraud, tax evasion, false filings with the SEC, investment fraud, insurance fraud, and wage theft.” He closes the folder again. “Looks like you financial house of cards has fallen.”

The brunette had no idea what they were talking about. She knew Polis Industries better than anyone. There was nothing that went on without her knowledge. Lexa went over the quarterly statements herself. She made sure all the board members were present for it. They even had third party auditors come in and go over the books. Sometimes they were scheduled, sometimes they were not. There were times when she was also be caught off guard with the rest of the employees. If something had been wrong in any way, Lexa was sure the firm would tell them. She trusted Baxter and his team as much as she trusted Anya.

As her mind worked over the list of possibilities, there was a knock on the door. She heard chatter then Luna walked into the room. She’d never been happier to see her old friend.

“I wish to speak with my client in private before any questioning is started.” Luna looked pointedly at both men. “My assistant will be in the observation room to ensure nothing is recorded.”

“You have ten minutes,” Smith said.

“I have as much time with client as I need,” Luna shot back. The woman wasn’t sacred of anyone in
law enforcement or a courtroom. She was a legal shark and it made her great at her job.

The men left the room.

“Before you ask, I spoke with Anya. Clarke and AJ are ok. Well, they’re as good as they can be considering what happened.”

“Thank you.”

“How are you?”

Lexa sat back in her chair with a sigh. “Pissed, confused, and I want to get out on bail.”

“We should have a hearing in the next few days. Just an arraignment. You might have to surrender your passport to not pose a flight risk.”

“Luna, they listed some really crazy charges against me. Tax evasion, securities fraud, and more. They think the company is corrupt.”

“Yeah I know. The SEC, IRS, and FBI came into the building and took all company electronic devices and a ton of paper files. The building is also closed and locked.” Luna opened her briefcase and pulled out some paperwork. “Lexa, I know how you run this company. I’ll fight for you until the end. And I will try to get you back to the family in a few days.”

“Thanks Luna. Well call them in, I guess. I want to get this over with.”

Clarke held AJ until she was sleep. The child had cried and cried until she passed out. Now the sun had set and according to Luna, Lexa was to be arraigned in two days on Friday. She would try to get a visit for her and AJ the day before. Clarke slipped from the bed and walked into the bathroom. Lexa’s items were neatly arranged by her sink. Her side of the bed was empty. The tears she’d been holding back all day spilled over as the blonde sobbed silently. There was nothing she could do to bring her wife home. AJ was the closet living person she had to Lexa.

That’s when Clarke felt a kick from the baby. She cried harder until she realized that stress on her was also stress on the baby. It was bad for them both. The art therapist washed her face and used the restroom before returning to bed. Most of the night consisted of Clarke thinking about Lexa and what would happen next.

Her mind wondered to the information Luna had given her after the lawyer visited Lexa in the Federal Detention Center that afternoon. The charges Luna told her about were crazy. It made little sense. Lexa didn’t run a bad business. Polis was her family legacy. The CEO was building on it to pass the company onto the next generation of the Woods clan. Their growing family was the only thing Lexa loved more than Polis. It meant everything. There was no way Lexa would throw it away by being greedy. Nothing about this was right to Clarke. She settled into an uneasy sleep.

Clarke woke the next morning with a little ball in her back. She slowly turned over and saw AJ. So much Lexa in her. They even sleep in the same position. It was a blessing to have their daughter around. As much as the blonde wanted to stay in bed, she knew she couldn’t. First thing was getting breakfast ready. She knew AJ would be up soon. When Clarke entered the kitchen, Indra was already present, mixing pancake batter.

“Indra. Good morning.”

“Morning. I figured you’d sleep in.”
The younger woman let out a yawn as she started the Kureg for AJ’s cup of hot coco. “That ran across my mind. But I need to find a way to see Lexa today. They came into our home and just took her.”

“Luna is a good lawyer.”

“Yes. It’s just…I can’t sit around and do nothing while Lexa is in jail. I need her. And I need to know she’s ok”

“We will figure this out.”

The morning went by with little fuss. AJ just wanted her mom home. She still didn’t fully understand why she was gone. But she missed her. She wanted to play blocks, build a fort, and look at the motorcycle in the garage with her favorite person.

Indra got the girl cleaned up while the rest of the family chatted over breakfast.

“I can try to ask around amongst the employees about the raid on the office yesterday,” Anya said.

“Is there a company computer with records on them? And have you talked with this accountant? Will they sit with us and go over financial records?” Clarke had some ideas about looking for what the FBI had charged Lexa with. Unless she saw evidence with her own azure eyes, she wouldn’t believe what they said. Even then, she would take Lexa’s word for it. The brunette had never lied to or mislead Clarke about anything.

“Maybe. I’m hesitant to do it. The feds could be monitoring my online activity.”

“Jasper might be willing to help. He’s a damn good hacker,” Raven said.

“Remember high school when he hacked the school system and changed the grades for the entire sophomore class?” Octavia had stood watch outside while their skinny friend worked his magic. “I’ll give him a call. See what he can do.”

“Thanks O.” Clarke couldn’t believe how fortunate she was to have such a remarkable group of people around her that made up her close and extended family. “Well, I have calls to make. I want to see Lexa today if I can.”

“Let me know if you need anything,” Lincoln said. “I’ll be at the gym location on this side of town.”

“Octavia, remind me to get Lincoln something really nice for his birthday,” Clarke said.

The bald man just blushed and said, “I’m just taking care of you like my cousin would.” He pulled Clarke into a hug. “Try not to stress out too much. And don’t hesitate to ask for anything.” With a final goodbye to each other, the family went their separate ways.

Lexa was miserable. She was separated from her family. Clarke was pregnant and needed her at home. She was locked up for crimes she didn’t commit. Plus, she had no idea what would happen at her arraignment. Luna told her that she could expect bail or to stay in jail until the trial date. Lexa was hoping for the former.

Being locked up and unable to do what she wanted was another thing driving Lexa crazy. How do people make it a habit of being in and out of jail their whole life? This place is horrible. The cell was small, the mattress was thin, and it was always cold. What they passed off as food was anything but. Lexa wouldn’t even feed it to a starving wolf. Only good thing was that she had a cell to herself.
From what she had heard from the other inmates, the guards were ok. But there was a few to watch out for. They were known to hassle the inmates because they had power over them.

The sound of a heavy metal door opening then closing caught Lexa’s attention. She walked to the entrance of her cell and saw two guards walking in her direction. It took her by surprise when they stopped in front of her.

“Inmate Woods. You have a visitor after just one day,” Officer Locke said. “Wrist please.”

Lexa held out her hands and winced when the handcuffs bit into her skin.

“Too tight?” Locke asked?

“A little.”

“Too bad,” the older woman replied spitefully.

Locke will be one to look out for. Pretty sure she won’t tell me who’s here to see me even if I begged her to tell me.

A younger man who looked to be in his mid-twenties walked behind her. Lexa was led through a series of doors. Some were solid and some were bars. All of them made a creaking noise when opened and closed. It was starting to annoy her. Lexa even hated the colors of the walls. The off-white color was depressing.

Soon they entered a room with tables and chairs throughout. Locke turned to face Lexa. She redhead removed the cuffs as she spoke. “Someone must like you because you got an hour and a half. No touching and always keep your hands visible. We’ll let you know when your time is up.”

The other guard opened the door across the room. When a pregnant Clarke entered the room followed by AJ, Lexa’s mood was a thousand times better.

“Mom,” AJ said. The child ran straight to her.

Lexa didn’t care about the no touching rule. She wrapped the girl up in her arms as soon as she reached Lexa. “I missed you, Sprout.”

“I missed you too mom.”

“That’s enough Woods. Put the kid down,” Locke said.

Clarke shot a disapproving look towards the woman.

Lexa put AJ in the seat on her right. “I’d hug you but, there’s a no touching rule.” The brunette pulled out the chair a chair placing Clarke on her left. Lexa finally took a seat between the two. “Just let it go, Clarke. I don’t want to be on this woman’s bad side. She can make my life here difficult.”

“Right. I didn’t think about that.” Clarke looked at her wife. “Lexa, I know you didn’t do any of those things you’re being accused of.”

“Hearing that means everything princess.”

“Mom. I can tie my shoes now,” AJ said.

“Really?”
“Yes. Aunt Raven showed me.”

“What else has Aunt Raven showed you?”

The little girl went through a list of the things she had learned from the engineer. Most of it was third-grade math which was too advanced for a child almost age three. But AJ was showing to be a child who was gifted with a strong aptitude in math and science.

“That’s very good AJ,” Lexa said. It brought tears to her eyes when she thought about missing her time with her daughter. And she’d miss time helping Clarke through her second pregnancy. But she had to be strong. All she could do from jail to fight to prove her innocence.

Clarke pulled out the notebook of blank pages and a twelve pack of crayons she brought with her. “Can you draw a picture for mom while she and I talk?”

“Yes, mommy,” the brunette child replied.

In short time the girl was doodling in the notebook.

“So, how are you doing princess?”

“I’m scared and still shocked by this,” Clarke confessed. “But more than anything, I’m angry. This makes no sense.”

“No, it doesn’t. But we can and will get through this.” All Lexa want to do was hold her wife next to her. She couldn’t even hold her hand. It felt like she was dying inside.

“So far Luna hasn’t gotten much information. I told her and Anya that I want to look over as much of the companies bank and other financial records as I can. Luna also said the judge might grant you bail.” Clarke inhaled deeply.

“I know this is difficult Clarke. And I never wanted to miss being with you while you’re pregnant.”

“Of course. I know that.” Clarke took Lexa’s hand in hers. “It’s nice to hear you say it anyway.”

“Hands off,” Locke said.

Clarke really wanted to punch this woman. Yeah, she had a job to do, but there was no reason to be a rude uber bitch. “The sooner we get you out of here the better.”

“I love you so much,” Lexa said.

“And I love you.”

Lexa turned to their daughter. “I love you AJ.”

The girl looked at her brunette mother. “I love you too mom. When are you coming home?”

“I don’t know. But be good and listen to your mommy. Help her out too. She is carrying your brother or sister in her stomach.”

“Ok. I’ll help.” She got up from her seat and tried to hug her mom, but Lexa stopped her.

“Mom can’t hug you.”

“Why not?” AJ was a smart child, but she was still a child.
“Because it’s against the rules here.” The sight of tears in her daughter's eyes was breaking Lexa’s heart. She couldn’t be a proper wife or mother while stuck in this place. Her girls needed her. Yet, she was in jail for who knows how long. There was no way she could stay here.

“It’ll be ok AJ.” Lexa tried to comfort her.

“We should go,” Clarke said.

“But I want mom,” AJ cried.

“I know, but remember what I said when before we came,” Clarke said. “Mom wouldn’t come home with us and we only had a little time to see her. We couldn’t stay.”

“AJ it makes me sad too,” Lexa said. “But this won’t be forever. Can you help me and mom by being brave?”

The little girl whipped her eyes as she nodded her head yes. “Ok.”

“I love you both.”

“I’ll see you tomorrow,” Clarke said. With a final goodbye, Lexa watched as her wife and daughter left the visitor area.

It was Friday morning and Clarke made her way up the courthouse steps with her mom, Raven, Anya, Anya’s lawyer, and Luna. Anya had a separate arraignment. There was a chance she could end up in jail like Lexa. The sight of the steps sent a chill along Clarke’s spine. The last time she was here, her life was on the line. Her love for Lexa had gotten her through that very difficult time. Now, she had to lean on the rest of her family.

“Are you ok sweetheart?” Abby asked.

“Yeah just…a bit unnerved.”

“I understand. Whenever you need to talk, I’m available. So is Marcus.”

“Thanks, mom.”

Clarke walked into the courthouse with her family. Once through security, the small group wished each other luck and parted ways. Anya, Raven, and their lawyer went to the right. Clarke, Abby, and Luna went to the left.

“Clarke, I want you to know that I’m going to try and get Lexa out on bail today,” Luna said. “Her chances are good since she has no criminal history.”

“And if she doesn’t get bail?”

“She’ll be in jail until the trial date. The judge should set the date for that during the arraignment.”

“Ok. And for what it’s worth Luna, I trust you.”

They entered the courtroom and take their places. There were reports and cameras inside which was no surprise. Lexa was wealthy with a Fortune 500 company, good looks, and a beautiful wife. She was a high profile person. A door to the left of the judge’s bench opened. Lexa was escorted into the room with two guards behind her. Simple brown sandals, white socks, and an orange jumpsuit were her attire. She shuffled more than walked because her ankles were cuffed like her wrist. Tears
clouded Clarke’s vision. Her wife looked completely helpless.

An arm was placed around her shoulders and Abby pulled her close. “I’m here Clarke.”

“Thank you, mom.” It was moments like this when the blonde was grateful, she and her mother had repaired their relationship. Clarke would need all the support she could get.

Things quickly got underway once Judge Tina Mason took the bench and started the proceeding. The stern looking woman listened to the attorney’s as the presented their cases for and against bail. The judge brought down the hammer on Lexa. She was not given bail because she was a flight risk. The company owned three aircraft and a yacht. Lexa also had dual citizenship for the US and the Tregeda Islands. This devastated Clarke even more. Lexa’s trial was set for seven months from the current date. The government was also set to seize all property, assets, and put a freeze on all her bank accounts. Their situation just got worse.

Once out of court, Luna and Abby did their best to calm Clarke. “You two realize that the baby will be born before Lexa starts trial.” This was not how her second pregnancy was supposed to go. Who was going to rub her feet? Who was going to cook her crazy fried food meals? How would she deal with the horniness? “What about our child? She misses her mom as much as I do. And what did the judge mean that our property is seized?”

There wasn’t any easy way for Luna to say this. “The government is going to take anything they believe to be valuable. It’s part of them building their case against Lexa, Anya, and the company.”

“What? They can’t do that,” Clarke protested. She didn’t care that her outburst caused a few heads to turn.

“They are doing it, Clarke,” Luna said.

Abby spoke up. “You and AJ have a place to stay with me. We’ll get through this.”

They were on the steps of the courthouse when Raven finally joined them. Thanks to a combination of regular therapy and exercise, the brunette was able to walk with a lightweight brace now. “They, they took Anya to jail.”

Clarke pulled her friend into a tight hug. “I’m so sorry Raven. But we’re not giving up on them.”

When the best friends parted, Raven looked at the blonde, “Of course not. This is a tough situation but not hopeless.” Yet, deep down, Raven felt empty and lonely.

“Let’s go have a drink or five,” Clarke suggested. “I’ll just drink grape juice and pretend it’s wine.”

After three weeks of being in jail, Anya and Lexa were adapting as best they could. They had cells just a few feet from each other. The cousins hooked up with a small group of Tregeda. Knowing they had people who were looking out for them as well as for each other, was small comfort for the cousins. Lexa’s status a Commander and Anya’s as her second was a help as well. The CEO and VP didn’t abuse their privilege, but they liked things such as being first in line for their meals, phone calls, and showers. Getting extra food from the Tregeda who worked the kitchen. She and Anya had even been offered sexual favors. Both women had declined.

Today was visitation and Lexa was not looking forward to it. Seeing her wife would be great, but they couldn’t even hold hands. She couldn’t give the blonde woman the most basic in human comfort and affection. Saying goodbye to AJ would be hard as well. Deep down, Lexa hoped Clarke had the child stay at home.
When she was escorted to the visiting area, Lexa got her answer. Clarke was sitting at a table with Abby. Lexa also saw Raven and Indra were sitting at a table nearby with Anya sitting across from them. It was a comfort and heartbreaking to Lexa all at once. Her family was broken, and she was powerless to fix it.

“Clarke. I’m… I missed you so much.” It took all the brunette’s will power to not hug her wife. “Abby. It’s good to see you too.”

“I miss you too,” Clarke cried.

“Where’s AJ?”

“She’s with Octavia and Lincoln,” Abby replied. “I…I want you to know Lexa that we’re doing all we can to get you out of here.”

“Luna couldn’t get you bond. And… we… they took it all…” Clarke now had tears streaming down her face.

Looking to her mother-in-law, Lexa asked, “Abby, what’s she talking about?”

“The IRS and the SEC have frozen all of the accounts and seized most of the property you own. That includes the mansion, the summer house, all their contents, the vehicles. Everything.”

Lexa’s family had spent generations building not just their wealth but their reputation. Now, it was falling apart like wet bread. It was not making sense to her. Years of audits and out of the blue things were in a tailspin. “I have some money, stocks, and jewelry in a safe location. Ask Lincoln to give you the key to the basement locker room. But go to his gym and ask face to face. He’ll give you a passcode. Then go to Indra’s house. There’s a safe in the game room behind the pool cue stand.”

“Ok,” the older brunette said.

“Clarke, please try to relax. The stress isn’t good for the baby.”

“I know. It’s just… hard. AJ misses you. She asks about you every day. She… she wants to learn martial arts.”

“Lincoln can teach-“

“She wants you to teach her Lexa. No one compares to you. Our baby girl worships you.”

When she was released from prison, Lexa was going to spend as much time with her family as she could. She hoped it was before the new baby arrived.”

“I want to teach her too. But right now I’m stuck here.”

“It’s hard to get a 3yr old to understand,” Clarke snapped. The blonde had a lot on her mind. A new baby, a toddler who was in distress, living with her mom again, missing her wife. She was doing her best to keep it together.

“And I’m doing my best to be strong. But I can’t do anything here. I hate this.” Lexa was now getting upset. It was more with their current circumstances than her wife or even herself. “This was a bad idea. Stop coming here.” Lexa stood from the table and left. She walked and walked and walked. The dingy color of the walls and floor made everything a blur. Eventually, Lexa found herself in the prison library. To her displeasure, she came across members from the gang of White Supremacist. They and the Tregeda had no love for each other.
Five of them stood in the isle of fiction books Lexa had entered.

“Well, looks like we have a bottom feeder trying to get in our business,” the bald one said. “What should we do Maude?”

Maude was their underboss. Her auburn-colored hair was hanging loosely about her head and came just to the small of her back. The stringy, greasy locks did nothing to hide her acne scarred cheeks. She had crooked teeth, dark brown eyes, and chapped lips.

“I say we cut its balls off.” The comment came from a chick with a bad blonde dye job. She had to be no older than 20yrs-old.

“She’ll bleed out in minutes,” Baldy said. “No fun in that. She’s the leader. We should hold her for ransom.”

“That’s a good idea,” Maude said. “I’m sure the other shemale freak would give us anything we want.”

“Who is that?” Bad Dye Blonde asked.

“You don’t know anything” Baldy said. “She’s the one with the high cheekbones. They always hangout together.”

The woman stepped into Lexa’s space. “Which one of you is the bitch?” Laughter ensues as they attempt to bait Lexa into a fight.

Lexa knew that the other two were behind her. If they jumped her, she knew that could take most of them. If all five of them had weapons, she was in trouble. Part of her wanted to walk away. If I do that, I show I’m weak. Just stand your ground. I’ll fight these bitches if they come after me. Fine with me if they do. I could use a good fight to blow off steam.

“I asked you a question half-a-man,” Maude said. The woman took another step. “You want us to carve you up nice and slow or should it be the other Tregeda man-thing?” The small group laughs at the woman’s demeaning humor.

The brunette quickly realized she was going to end up in a fight. However, she would try diplomacy first. “I just want to get to the legal section. There’s no need to fight.”

“Seems like you came down the wrong aisle,” the bald one said.

Lexa tried again. “A fight will only land everyone involved in solitary.”

“I’d be happy to go if it means I don’t have to look at the niggers, Spics, and Tregeda trash like you,” Maude said.

One of the members standing behind her pushed Lexa into the other three. That was all it took. Lexa found her footing just as someone punched her in the nose. Another blow came to her back. She hit Maude in the stomach three times before the woman slumped to the ground. An arm wrapped around her neck. Using all her strength, Lexa flipped the woman over and dislocated her arm from the shoulder. Two down, three more left.

The bald one took something out of her pocket, but Lexa quickly disarmed her. Then she felt a sharp pain shot through her left shoulder and up her neck. After that, she felt a blow to the back of the head before passing out.
Clarke made her way downstairs. Abby greeted her when she entered the kitchen.

“I thought you were taking a nap?”

“So did I but I couldn’t get comfortable,” Clarke replied. If Lexa had been around, she would have rubbed whatever part of Clarke’s body that was hurting.

“Where’s AJ? I made her carrot sticks, apples, and peanut butter for a snack.”

“Upstairs. She doesn’t want to eat.” Her daughter was displaying some unusual behavior in the last week. But Clarke knew it was because the child was also stressed. “And she had another accident last night. She even tried to hide her sleep clothes.”

“I’ll talk to Marcus. I’m sure he knows some good child psychologist. And you should talk to someone as well.”

Clarke’s phone rang.

“I’ll answer it. You have a seat and eat that snack,” Abby said.

Several minutes passed when Abby finally returned to the dining nook. The older woman took a seat across from the blonde. “Clarke that was the prison. Now stay calm when I tell you this.” Abby held her daughter’s hands. “Lexa is in their infirmary. She was in a fight. She was stabbed and hit in the head. But she’s stable and should make a full recovery.”

“Oh, God.” Clarke almost fainted. “I don’t know how much more I can take.”

“You have all the support you need Clarke. Everyone you know is rooting for all of you.”

“This is all crazy. How...how did this go so bad so sudden?” Now the blonde was sobbing uncontrollably.

Abby wishes she had an answer. All she could do was give support. “Please try to calm down Clarke. This isn’t good for the baby.” Abby didn’t know what more she could do for her daughter. But her gut was telling her that something was off. For the health of her soon to be two grandchildren, her daughter’s happiness, and her daughter-in-law’s safety, the doctor had to figure out what was going on with Polis Industries. Her family needed her now more than ever.

Chapter End Notes

I know my updates have been long to post. I’m embarrassed that I’m behind on this story. I have no excuses anymore. Things are pretty stable after a move and a shift change at work. I’ll try my best to get more written and eventually end this thing. But that won’t be soon. More is in store for these two and their growing family. Also, follow me on Wattpad.com under the handle @DreTop1a. I have a horror short story on there with more content coming soon. Happy reading. And remember to kudos, comment, etc. Love all my readers and thanks for hanging in there with me!
Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

I know, I know...this was a long time to leave you all with a cliffhanger like that. But here's the update. ENJOY!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 28

Lexa woke up with the worst headache she ever had. There was also pain in her shoulder. Looking around she notices that she’s in a hospital and not the prison infirmary. Lexa tried to move her arm, but she was handcuffed to the bed. She couldn’t even reach the call button. However, it wasn’t long before a nurse came into her room.

The woman was pleasant and informed Lexa she was County General Hospital. She started to take Lexa’s vital signs.

“What happened?”

“You were admitted with a stab wound to the neck and a concussion. The surgeon found the tip of the shank broken off inside your shoulder. But she’s the best we have on staff and she got you fixed up.”

“Do you know if my family has been contacted?”

“Yes. It’s standard for the prison to contact the family of an inmate in case of emergency.” The woman completed her bedside exam. “The prison admits all the injured inmates here. So, most of us know how things go over there.”

“Am I allowed visitors?”

“During normal visiting hours you are allowed only one guest at a time. Children are the exception and can have one adult with them.”

“Thank you,” Lexa said.

All Clarke could think about was how she wanted to see Lexa. When they were told she’d been admitted to County General, it made the blonde’s skin crawl. The facility was adequate with some state-of-the-art medical equipment. But it was mostly staffed by interns and burnt out medical personnel.

She had taken AJ to the clinic for an evaluation with a colleague of Marcus’s and a quick check up from her mom. Indra was with her. The blonde had decided to let the woman drive. Clarke was on edge and unsure about what to expect. When she saw Lexa in the hospital bed, Clarke lost it. She rushed over and hugged her brunette wife for the first time in weeks.

“Lexa…” This was the happiest Clarke had felt since Lexa was arrested. Everything was better in that moment. “I’ve been so lonely.”
“I love you so much.” The women just held each other. It wasn’t until a nurse came in to check Lexa’s vital signs, they realized over an hour had passed. The nurse made quick work of his task and left the couple in peace.

“How’s our baby doing?” Lexa asked.

“Good considering everything.”

“And AJ?”

“She misses you Lexa. Same as I do.” Clarke took a closer at Lexa. The woman had lost some of her color. Her eyes were dark rimmed, and she seemed exhausted. “I can’t imagine what it’s like for you or Anya. Neither of you need to be locked away. You’re not animals. Or criminals.”

“Let’s hope Luna can work her magic.” Silence fell between them. That’s when the guilt hit Lexa. “I’m sorry about this.”

“What?”

“I stormed out during your last visit. My anger lead me to the library in that place. And…that’s where they jumped me.”

“Who?”

“There’s a group of woman. White supremist. The Tregeda don’t like them and they don’t like us.” Lexa took Clarke’s hand in hers. “And I was wrong. I had no business taking my anger out on you.” Lexa started crying.

“Babe, that’s not your fault. Please don’t think that.” The blonde wiped the tears from her wife’s face. “It’s ok Lexa. I’m here.”

Abby was unsure of what to expect. Jasper told her to meet him at a vacant lot near the clinic. Upon her arrival, the doctor didn’t see the young man. Her cell phone chimes and it’s a message from Jasper telling her to come to the parking garage next door. She takes the stairs to the fourth floor. The doctor is getting concerned with the cryptic steps Jasper is making her take. Movement draws her attention to the right side of the space. Her steps are cautious as she moves towards that direction. Abby hears a faint voice.

“Jasper?”

The lanky man walks from behind a pillar. “Had to make sure you were not followed.”

“What did you find?”

“A lot.”

Reaching into his back pocket, he produces a small envelope. “This is needs to be seen by only people you trust. Even the police can’t be fully trusted.”

“What? I don’t understand.”

“Just be careful Mrs. G. The people involved are danger-“

Out of nowhere Jasper is bleeding. Crimson spreads across the front of his shirt as his body hit the floor. Bits of concrete hitting her brings Abby back to her senses. She ducks down next to Jasper
and checks for a pulse. It’s there but he’s is losing blood at a rapid rate. Jasper just hang on.” The doctor placed an emergency call and started to assess the wound while waiting for the ambulance. She hoped one the man would survive. Most patients with a wound like this were dead within minutes.

“Why were you meeting with Jasper in secret?”

“That’s what he requested.”

“It almost got you both killed.” Clarke whispered. The blonde was with her mother outside Lexa’s hospital room. Jasper was in ICU in critical condition. Partial collapsed lung, shattered collarbone, three broken ribs, and a cracked sternum were the result of 2 gunshots to the chest. The person was a pro because both rounds were next to each other. If Jasper did survive, he had a long road of recovery. His father, mother and brother were with him now.

“Well before he was shot, Jasper told my he found something. It’s on an SD card. And I’m keeping it, so you and Lexa are not at risk to get hurt.”

“If they saw you with him, the person behind this will come after you,” Clarke said.

“I have a place to hide it after I go through the information.”

“Mom-“

Abby cut her off. “Clarke don’t worry about me. I can take care of myself. You take care of your family.” The doctor hugged her daughter. “This will be pass sweetheart. And I’m proud of you.” They chat a few more moments and then enter Lexa’s hospital room. Abby was happy to see her daughter-in-law was awake. She was not the strong, proud woman Abby was accustomed to seeing. Right now she looked tired and older than her thirty-four years. “How are you being treated Lexa?”

“Not bad. I’m sure the staff know they’d have hell to pay otherwise.” The woman flashed a weak smile.

The doctor informs Lexa of the incident with Jasper. “I’ll assign some personal from security to the clinic and your house.”

Abby was taken by surprise with this. “That is nice of you to offer Lexa but-“

“You need protection. Same goes for Clarke, my cousins, and my aunt.” Lexa sat up straighter in her bed. “I know your concern is their interference with your daily lives. But I will not back down on this. My job is protecting this family.”

This was one the things Clarke loved about her wife. A protector to the core. Clarke was quickly approaching her last trimester. With this new threat, she was not willing to take the chance of being an open target of these people. The blonde woman walked over to her wife. “I agree. We have a new baby and the added stress is not good.” The couple exchanged a chaste kiss.

The older Griffin shook her head with amusement and resignation. “Well I’m outnumbered. All I ask is that they blend in when at my clinic. I don’t need them to scare off my patients.”

Lexa smiled. “My security department always sends their best for assignments like this. You, the staff, and any patients will be in good hands Abby. You have my word.”
“If you go three feet outside of the established parameter then an alarm will sound alerting law enforcement. After that you’ll remain in jail until your court date. For your medical appointments, a representative from the parole office will come and turn the device off and ride along with you to and from your visits. Do you understand the conditions of your house arrest Ms. Woods?”

“Yeah. I got it.” Lexa wasn’t happy to be under house arrest, but it was better than jail. She also hated being in her mothers-in-law house, but again, it beat jail.

“I’m sorry this is happening Lexa. For what it’s worth, I think you’re innocent.”

“Thanks Costia.”

“Call me personally if you need anything or if someone hassles you.” The ex-lovers hug with a final exchange of goodbyes. Lexa was happy to be out of those concrete and metal walls. She hoped Anya was ok. Luna was working hard to get her cousin placed on house arrest like she was now. Lexa wasn’t sure what the woman had done but when this was over, Luna was getting a huge bonus and a long vacation. The brunette’s cell phone chimed on the coffee table.

Clarke walked into the front room with a tray of sandwiches and sweet iced tea. “Did I miss saying goodbye to Costia?”

“You did.”

“Too bad. I made sandwiches for including one for her.”

“I’ll eat it.” Lexa was also happy to have real food again. Since her release from the hospital last night, she realized how many little things she had taken for granted.

“OK.” The women made themselves comfortable on the couch and watched what Clarke called “brain dead” TV. “Daytime TV is awful. Terrible soap operas and game shows.”

“It’s not that bad. I do like Drew Carey as the Price Is Right host.”

The blonde turned off the TV. “Can you guess how long I can suck you dick before I make you cum?”

“It’s been almost two months so about twenty minutes.” Lexa went to pick up her wife bridal style but thought better of it. The brunette didn’t want to mess up her stitches. Clarke had other ideas. Sitting on the couch, she undid Lexa’s pants and pulled her dick out. Blue eyes looked at her as Lexa was being pleased by her wife. “Oh yes.” Clarke licked down until she got to Lexa’s balls and sucked both into her mouth. Lexa knew she wouldn’t last long at this rate. “I need to cum princess.”

A warm mouth wrapped around her length. Lexa was being deep throated by her wife in no time. Minutes later the brunette came back to back. She felt Clarke swallow her semen down and continue with the oral stimulation. But Lexa pulled back before she could cum a third time. “Let’s go upstairs.”

“Yes Daddy.”

Lexa and Clarke undressed as the moved toward the bed. The blonde got on the mattress first. Seeing the woman’s naked pussy and ass was not something Lexa could resist. “Stay just like that.” Lexa walked up and entered her wife. “Fuck you feel fantastic.” A few deep thrust was wall it took to make Clarke beg for orgasm. “Give me your pleasure baby girl.”

“Oh Lexa. Yes…Yes. YES!”
Downstairs Abby had just entered her home. She was unsure if she’d ever get use to the sound she just heard. Sure her daughter was grown with a growing family, but it was still awkward. Normally the doctor would be at her clinic. Today she was unfocused and anxious. Having the new security around didn’t help. They had blended in with the clinic. Two of the men had the tools and attire of a building maintenance crew. A third man and two women passed themselves off as janitorial workers. Jaha, Marcus, and the other clinic staff assumed she had finally hired the additional staff like she talked about. She would hire actual maintenance and cleaners when this whole thing blew over.

The doctor figured the couple upstairs would be hungry when they were done. She made quick work of cooking mushroom chicken with a brown rice and quinoa mix and steamed cauliflower. Neither woman came into the dining room as Abby ate. She simply covered the leftovers on the stove top. After a quick shower in her private bathroom, Abby pulled out her personal laptop. She made sure the VPN was on before inserting the SD card from Jasper. As she navigated through the files, the woman realized that some of the files were password protected.

Jasper had incorporated a series of security questions that should be known only to Abby or Clarke. A lot of what she read seemed to be accounting documents. Lots of money transfers and overseas banking activity. She looked up three of the companies she had seen in the file. All two of them had little information and one had opened and closed in a matter of two years. It was late and Abby didn’t want to bother the couple, but she knew Lexa had to see this.

As Abby approached Clarke’s old room, she heard the tale-tell sounds of sex. I’ve been home at least two hours. And they are still at it. She had to show this to Lexa. It couldn’t wait. After knocking on the door, the doctor waited for one of the women to answer. Several minutes passed before her daughter-in-law stepped into the hall. The younger brunette was dissolved and smelled of sex. The monitor around her right angle reminded her quickly of what was at stake.

“Lexa, I’m sorry to bother you,” Abby said.

“It’s fine. What do you need?”

“There’s something I to show you. It’s important.” The doctor was followed downstairs as she spoke. “Jasper compiled a lot of information. Some of it concerns me but the rest is confusing. I’m a doctor not a businessperson.”

Lexa smiled at the reference. Sitting next to Abby, she starts to look through the files. “You said Jasper found this information?”

“Yes.”

“He’s one hell of a hacker.” It took a few moments, but Lexa was able to put the puzzle together. “There’s a lot of activity here. Someone is doing a ton of illegal activity. These are shell companies. This is hard evidence of money laundering. If the company or person behind this can be found, we might be able to get them on the hook.”

“Well I’m happy this gives us some headway.”

“It does but we have to do more digging. I…I think Costia can help us out. I’ll make a copy of this and give it to her.”

AJ had the biggest, tightest hug for Lexa her little body could give. “I missed you mom.”

“I missed you too my little genius.” Indra had brought AJ home early that afternoon. She didn’t stay long. She had errands to attend and AJ was all about Lexa. The woman promised to visit in a few
days. Now, Lexa and her second favorite person were playing blocks. Lexa had been playing with her daughter all morning. “You ready to be a big sister?”

“Yep. I will show the baby everything.” AJ had built a fort from her blocks. “And we can play together.”

“What games will you play?”

“Tag, hide and seek, and Avengers. I want to be Captain America and they can be Ironman.”

“Will you be nice to them?”

AJ looked at her. “Why would I be mean to my brother?”

Lexa smiled at the question. “Sometimes siblings can be annoying. And how do you know you’re going to have a brother?”

“I just know,” AJ replied.

It was a few hours later while the girl was napping that Costia stopped by. Lexa told the woman everything before giving her a copy of Jasper’s findings. “Make sure you’re careful.”

“Don’t worry. I know who I can go to. Just give me a few weeks.”

“Thank you so much for this,” Lexa said.

“No matter what Lexa I’ll always be a friend to you and your family.” After that the officer left. AJ was finally up from her nap. The girl followed her into the kitchen. With little else to do, Lexa started cooking dinner. She made parmesan lamb chops, grilled zucchini, and wild rice. For dessert, Lexa put together five berry parfaits. It wasn’t long after she put them in the fridge that Clarke and Abby came home. The women carpooled together to stay safe and to keep an eye on the blonde. Clarke was getting late into her third trimester.

As the women sat down to eat, Clarke heard her phone. “It’s ok to start without me. Could be a patient.” Since Lexa’s arrest and their assets being frozen, the blonde took up her role at the clinic full time again. However, her replacement was still there as well. Word had gotten out how effective her therapy was.

“This is Clarke.”

“Hey Griff.”

It was Raven. “Raven. Is everything ok?”

“Yes. I’m not sure what happened but Anya called me. She’s being released from jail tomorrow morning.”

“That’s great.”

“I know.” Clarke heard the woman’s sniffles. “Didn’t know how much I missed her until now.”

The blonde looked at her wife seated at the dinner table. “I know exactly what you mean.” Lexa was Clarke’s everything. “Will she be under house arrest like Lexa?”

“Yes but I’m just happy she’ll be home.”
“When this is over, I say we take a family vacation,” Clarke said.

“I agree,” Raven said. “We deserve it.”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will be posted sooner than this one I promise!

End Notes

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