### Lagom

**Summary**

Raven is obsessed with the famous lead actress of her favorite show "Fear the Walking 100" Lexa Woods, who happens to be at a Fan-Con in Sweden. Of course our not so obsessed doctor, Clarke, has to accompany her best friend, even if she doesn't want to at all. What happens when the doctor and the actress meet and both their lives are turned upside down?

Lagom - "Not too little, not too much. Just right." (Swedish saying)
„Please remind me again, why I allowed you to drag me with you on this trip!“, Clarke groaned, pulling out her passport from her bag.

„Because you love me, you are my best friend and you had no other choice? Plus, we both know, you could never say no to me“, the brunette girl smirked playfully.

„I should definitely work on that. Why are you so obsessed with this girl anyway, Raven? Like seriously. In real life, she’s probably just a 23 year old, spoiled, bitchy actress with a weird attitude who gets waaaaaay more attention from some creeps than she deserves. It’s not like she found a cure for cancer or something. She acts and is lucky for her good looks. That’s it.“

The dark-haired woman turned around to her friend wide eyed, taking a deep breath.

„Clarke. You are crazy. It’s freaking Lexa Woods. THE Lexa Woods. She’s fucking amazing, like Queen amazing. She’s crazy good at everything she touches. She’s super down to earth, not bitchy at all and why do you hate her so much? You, what? Seen two seconds of Fear the Walking 100 and decided it was the biggest pile of shit you’d ever seen in your life.“

„Yes, because it is. Like how realistic is a radioactive zombie world with a chick-hero, whos hair is always on point and her teeth are more shiny than any toothpaste ad on televison EVER?“

„Are you being serious right now? It’s fiction, Clarkey. It’s not supposed to be realistic. They call it that for a reason you know. It’s supposed to be fun to dive into such a different world and to escape from our daily, routines for some time. And who wants to see the hot hero of the show with greasy hair and rotten teeth? I as hell don’t. God, you totally hate her“, Raven laughed.

„I don’t hate her. Besides, how could i hate someone I don’t even know? I simply think it’s ridiculous to put someone on a pedestal like that. Just for my sanity and for the record tho, we are basically just flying to freaking Sweden because Lexa Woods in your mind is...amazing, right? I’m going to send you my medical bills, that’s for sure“, the blonde sighed, taking a sip of her coffee.

„That’s exactly what we are doing. Trust me, Griff! Stop being such a partypooper. You’ll love it. A whole weekend with me, thousands of other crazy, funny dressed people, Lexa Woods, swedish food and excitement. It’ll be good for you. You’ve been working way too much lately and a change of scenery is what you need!“

„Thousands of people in one room, your obsession with a stranger, what else...right. I’m like 15 hours away from home with nowhere to run. Yeah, that’s what a surgeon on vacation needs“, Clarke said, rolling her eyes. She offered the flight-attendant a small smile before boarding the plane with a giddy, fangirling Raven in front of her.

It was really not like Clarke had something against Lexa Woods. Hell, she’d only seen the girl on a few magazine covers and the episodes of that weird ass show she was part of, which she had secretly watched, whenever she had time between her shifts or an empty apartment. Of course she was incredibly hot, famous and not the worst actress ever. What Clarke didn’t appreciate was the attitude most of these young actresses had towards the people who came to see them from all over the world for simply two seconds of attention. Well if you could even call that second „attention“. The blonde was way too down to earth for the whole fan-thingy and it kind of creeped her out, how obsessed people could become.
She would never tell Raven this, because she was her best friend and after everything the brunette had gone through after her leg-injury last year, it would be the least she could do, if that made her happy. If she loved Lexa Woods so much, so would Clarke. 72 hours couldn’t be *that* hard, right?

Clarke turned away from the window and eyed her friend, who was excitedly watching some *Fear The Walking 100* eps on her iPad and the first honest smile of the day was gracing her soft features.

Raven briefly returned the look, smiled and shook her head. „I know you’ve been watching the show, blondie. If you wanna fool me, try to clear your recently watched list on MY netflix account first“, she grinned, brown eyes studying blue ones.

„Hey Clarke?“, Raven quickly added, before the blonde could try to talk herself out of the embarrassing situation.

„Yeah?“

„Thank you!“

„For what?“ „For doing this for me“, the brunette smiled, her focus back on her device. Clarke smiled again and took Ravens left hand in hers, giving it a small squeeze.

„Anytime."

72 hours. Easy...
Guys, thank you SO much for all your lovely feedback on the first chapter and for taking the time to read it. :) I really appreciate it. I know it's kind of a slow start, but I'm hoping you'll stick with this a while longer. Here is the second chapter and a first tiny appearance of our beloved Lexa ;). I hope you'll like it. Let me know what you think. Enjoy. And again, mistakes are all mine, hopefully it's not too bad ;).

- J-

„Clarke! Come on. We have to go, NOW! What the fuck are you doing? It’s 6:30 already“, Raven yelled through the hotelroom, anxiously tapping her right foot on the wooden floor, rolling her eyes.

„In a minute!“, came from the bathroom.

„You said that half an hour ago! We can’t wait much longer. The line is going to be crazy and we still don’t have any signing OR picture tix. Please. Hurry up.“

The room went silent for a second, before the brunette could hear a door being slammed shut.

„Clarke! For real. Don’t make me drag you out of there. And just FYI, for a person who doesn’t give a shit about this Con, you are spending hella much time getting ready!“

In the bathroom, the blonde let out a deep sigh, while she was trying to cover up the inhuman bags that had formed under her usually bright blue eyes.

„Hey, I’m Clarke. Oh yes, I definitely have not slept and excuse me, what? Sure, those eye circles DO have their zip code“, she fake smiled at her reflection, trying to get her wild, blonde locks under control.

„CLARKE JANE GRIFFIN! YOU HAVE EXACTLY 5 SECONDS BEFORE I BREAK DOWN THAT DOOR!“
„GOD! I’M COMING!“, she yelled back, before stealing one last look at herself in the mirror, adjusting her red flannel and black skinny jeans.

„Jesus. It’s not even 7 in the morning, Raven! Who would...“, the blonde was cut off, when her friend almost pressed the screen of her phone in her face.

„Look at this! The Cons Twitterfeed. Fans have been there since freakin 5, Clarke. 5! We are so screwed!“

„Wow...what? Seriously? That’s just...“, the blonde snorted, but kept it in, seeing the angry look on the dark haired girl.

„I’m sorry. Really. Lets go and I promise you, we will get those tickets, okay?“, Clarke said, squeezing her friends hand.

„Listen, I know you find this whole trip ridiculous and you don’t care, but I really wanna see Lexa and i was hoping you would have some fun with me here, you know? Like fangirling together a bit“, Raven sighed a little defeated, which of course totally pulled at Clarke’s heartstrings.

„I don’t find it ridiculous and i am having fun“. 

„No you don’t“, Raven pouted.

„Okay, no. Not yet tho. But I will. I'm just tired from the flight is all. I promise. We can fangirl as much as you want. I'm sorry. Come on. Grab your phone, food, bag and whatever we need, there is a line waiting for us“, Clarke said, smiling reassuringly.

„Holy mother of---!“, the blonde exclaimed, when they finally reached the convention center 10 minutes later, approximately standing behind thousands of funnily dressed people...at least in Clarke’s calculations.

„Told ya!“, Raven sighed, eyes on her phone, scrolling through her Twitterfeed, checking for updates.

„How do all these people fit in there? Is that even safe? And they are all here for Lexa? I mean seriously, they could have easily just called it Lexa Con, or what?“, Clarke giggled, earning a few irritated looks from a bunch of girls in front of them.

„Hey, what’s the look?“, the blonde asked her friend.
„We are never going to make it in in time. Her signing starts at 10:30 and we are not even remotely close to the entrance. Plus, we still don’t have the tickets.“

Before Clarke could respond, they were suddenly surrounded by deafening screams and clapping.

„What the...“

„It’s her. She’s here, Clarke! Look!“, Raven said, grabbing the blondes arm.

And there she was indeed. Lexa Woods. In all her glory, surrounded by 4 tall men, holding a cup in her left hand, her brown, wavy hair stylishly draped over her shoulder.

She looked absolutely breathtaking even from the short distance and not even Clarke Griffin could deny that fact. Whether she wanted to, or not.

The fans were going nuts around her, but all Clarke did was...stare. She stared until she suddenly felt absolutely caught and exposed, when the actress seemingly looked in their direction and stopped walking for a second, pulling down her huge glasses.

Clarke quickly shook her head and mentally slapped herself for seriously assuming that she of all people were the one, the brunette had locked eyes with. And as quickly as the actress appeared, she was gone again.

„Oh my fucking god! Did you see that?“, Raven squeed.

„I...yeah. Sure did“, Clarke quietly answered, her brows furrowed in confusion.

„You alright there?“

„Yes. YES, of course. Wow...she’s like...really tiny“, the blonde retorted quickly, trying to avoid any further questions from her friend who eyed her suspiciously for a moment, but thankfully decided to let it go.

„Perfect! She’s perfect. Ah man, i wish for once in my life i could be some kind of celeb and simply like walk past the crowd“, Raven sighed, her eyes still shiny from pure excitement.

That’s when something in Clarke’s head clicked. With a devilish grin on her face, she rummaged through her backpack, until she finally found what she was looking for.

She’d probably burn in hell for this and it was more than illegal, not to mention unethical, but she had a desperate best friend on her hands who deserved this more than anyone. That could be classified as an emergency...right?

So before she could talk herself out of it again, she grabbed Ravens hand and started to push
through the line of people, her doctor’s identification card in her hand.

„What are you doing?“, Raven whispered, pulling at Clarke’s shirt.
„Shut up, follow me and do not let go of my hand, Reyes. I mean it!“

„Excuse me. Can we...I’m a doctor, see? We have to...thank you so much. Excuse me, this is an emergency! Doctor...her? My assistant. Not going anywhere without her“, Clarke said to some partly enraged fans, but miraculously managed to get them both through to the top of the line without any serious incidents. Her hands were slightly shaking, when they were stopped by a tall guy, who was guarding the entrance to the hall.

„Id-kort!“, The guy said in swedish, looking the blonde and her friend up and down, thankfully ignoring a few whistles and insults from the crowd behind them.

„I’m so sorry, Mister. We are not from here. We literally just flew in from New York and were super scared, we wouldn't find the right entrance and gosh, you know how it is. Cons, right...is this the main hall?“, Clarke sweetly giggled, twirling a blonde lock between her fingers.

The guy blinked a few times, before he found his composure again.

„Your entry-passes, please. Miss“, he smirked, adjusting his tie.
Clarke internally rolled her eyes, before handing him their tickets.

„Welcome and enjoy your weekend, Ladies.“, he said, stepping aside.

„Oh my god! Clarke! What...I...“, Raven blurted out, as soon as they were out of hearing range.
„You are welcome. See? Sometimes it has its perks to be besties with a doctor“, the blonde winked.
„Clarke! You could lose your job for this! Or go to jail, I...“
„Raven! Relax. Nothing happened, right? It worked. We are in. Now come on, move your ass, i think we have some tickets to buy!“
In your eyes

Chapter Notes

My lovely readers! Once again I'm blown away by your amazing feedback! I didn't have the time to reply yet, but I will try to do that soon :). Furthermore I'll be trying to update as much as I can. It really depends on how creativity hits me ;D. As you will see, in this chapter I felt like focusing on Lexa to also allow her character to have a proper start into the journey. I hope you will enjoy this and please let me know, what you think. I had a lot of fun writing this chapter. But enough talking, let's do this :) XO-J

The clock on her nightstand read 6:30 am, when her phone started buzzing in the back pocket of her lowcut, ripped, boyfriend-jeans.

Still sleepy from the short night and the long flight, she checked the callers ID, before picking up with a sad smile on her face.

„Hey sis“, she simply said, brushing away a strand of brown hair from her face.

„Goodmorning to you, too, grumpy!“, the other woman laughed, trying to lighten the mood a bit.

„I’m sorry. I’ve slept like 10 minutes and I’m trying to get ready for the day“, Lexa said, while sitting down in one of the comfy big chairs, facing the windows of the 5 star hotel located somewhere in the center of Stockholm.

The view from the 12th floor was nothing less than breathtaking and Lexa really enjoyed moments like this, when she could just... be. No people demanding or asking anything of her, no sounds of incoming Emails/calls, just her and her own thoughts.

„Are you excited?“, her older sister Anya, who was also her manager, asked, snapping her back to reality.

„Very. I just wish you could be here with me.“

„I know and I can’t tell you how hard it was for me to let you fly to your first big Con by yourself. But, Lex, Roan is with you at all times. He’s going to take good care of you and you know you can call me anytime, right?“

„Yes.“

„Okay. Have you eaten anything?“ Lexa looked over to the untouched plate of breakfast next to her.

„Yup.“
„Liar. When are you guys leaving? Please eat before you do, promise? It’s going to be a fucking long day and I don’t want you pass out again.“

„I won’t and the car is here around 7:45, I think. Just in case. Traffic and all.“

„Lexa?“

„Yes?“

„Promise me.“

The younger Woods sighed, but could definitely see, why her sister was so desperate after what had happened a few month back.

„I promise. I just...really wish, you were here, An.“

„I know, Babygirl. You can do this. Just go with the flow. Be your charming self, if you don’t wanna answer a question, simply say---thank you so much for coming or whatnot. Ignore, but ignore gracefully and nicely. You know what I mean. We went through this a million times. If you feel uncomfortable, tell Roan right away, don’t hesitate and if you feel like you need a break earlier than scheduled, tell Roan. It’s going to be crazy, but never forget: It’s all about the fun. But be careful and cautious. Don’t trust anyone you don’t personally know, and if you...“

„...I’ll tell Roan. Got it“, Lexa giggled, shaking her head.

„I love you“, Anya sighed.

„I love you, too, An. I’ll talk to you later, okay?“

„Okay. I’m proud of you. Go and kick ass! Call me, when you can.“

As soon as the line went dead, Lexa was wrapped in the soothing silence of the room again. As promised, she slowly worked her way through her breakfast and actually really enjoyed the food, feeling the energy flowing through her veins.

I can do this.

While drinking the last cup of coffee before leaving, curiosity took over and she opened the Twitter app on her phone, a little shocked, how many people had already lined up at the convention center waiting for her. For her.

Sometimes, even after so many years in the business, Lexa was still a little awestruck that people actually adored her so much, without even knowing her personally.

They loved the product that Lexa Woods was, but ever so often, she asked herself, would they also love her not so pretty, kind of broken personality behind the mask? Behind all the fame and the money? The darkness that threatened to swallow her sometimes? Would they also love the 23 year old girl, who was dealing with the same issues, heartbreaks, fears and insecurities like everybody else? IF she would let them? She highly doubted it and quite frankly she didn’t really want to find out, nor did she want anyone to see the real her. It was too precious. Too fragile and too dangerous.

She had learned the hard way not too long ago and she was not keen to repeat that ever again.
She eagerly scrolled through a few recent pictures and selfies, some of her 2.3M followers had tweeted at her within the last minutes and genuilly smiled, seeing so many of her fans dressed up as her character Alicia on the show. Even if their dedication somehow would always be a mystery to her, she deeply appreciated every single fan and could probably never find a proper way to say thank you enough for supporting her so vigorously, except on weekends like this...for probably only a few seconds.

But she was willing to try and please them as much as she could. Because not all of them were crazy stalkers, right?

After shutting Twitter down again, she allowed herself one last glance outside the generous windows, taking the beautiful skyline of Stockholm in, before she put on a white blouse, which she carefully tugged into her pants and finished the look with blazing red high heels.

She smiled at her reflection approvingly and put on her actress mask. It was time to make her fans happy.

Lexa closed her eyes, took a deep, soothing breath, before she grabbed her phone and dialed her sisters-assistants/boyfriends number.

„Hi, Roan. It’s me.“

„Lexi-Loo. You ready to party?“, he cackled on the other end of the line, perfectly aware that she hated that nickname.

„Don’t call me that. But yeah, ready! I thought we could stop at some coffee shop, on the way?“, She smiled.

„Whatever you say. You know you love it. Deep down. And yes, we sure can.“

„I hated it, when i was ten and i hate it at 23. I’m pretty sure, i REALLY hate it“, she giggled.

„Touché. Gonna pick you up in 5.“

„Thanks Roan. See you in a bit.“

„Alright. Let’s go through this real quick. Anya sent me over the schedule for today. You wanna make notes?“, Roan smiled, looking at the girl sitting next to him in the car.

„Isn’t that what you are here for? To be my brain?“, she returned the smile, sipping her tea.
He laughed, before opening his ipad.

„Let’s see. Upon arrival in---7 minutes, we’ll quickly meet up with some of the con workers. They will show us the way to your booth, the backstage area and they will grab all your autographs and posters from the car, so we don’t have to deal with that. Dave, also a guy from the con, will be seated next to you, translating if necessary and delegating the fans a bit. Like a moderator if you will. From 10:30 til 1pm the first signing is taking place. Any questions so far?“

Lexa let all the info provided to her slowly sink in, before she locked eyes with Roan. „Sounds good to me. Where...where will you be?“, she said, nibbling on her full bottom lip.

He gently grabbed her hand and squeezed it. „Right next to you. At all times. Plus we arranged for 4 security guards. Nothing to worry about.“

„Okay. And what happens, when the first signing is over?“

„30 minute break. As soon as we are back, the first photo session will be happening right next to our table.“

„Great. All set then, huh?“

„Totally. It’s gonna be fun, Lex.“

„I know“, she smiled and put on her aviator glasses.

The sun was shining brightly, when Lexa and Roan stepped out of the black SUV and were immediately greeted by the 4 security guys, who, to Lexa looked like massive giants. She introduced herself respectfully, shook their hands and as soon as the group was closing in to the convention center hundreds of fans erupted in applause and screams.

Lexa froze for a second and again couldn’t quite believe that all these people were waiting to see her, but she quickly straightened her back and waved at the waiting crowd.

As they kept walking she casually let her gaze fly over the masses, until she spotted a girl with the shiniest blonde hair she had ever seen. But that wasn’t the only reason, why she was so intrigued in that moment. The girl was the only one who just...stood there, looking at her. She wasn’t yelling her name, she wasn’t jumping up and down, she simply seemed as overwhelmed by the whole situation as Lexa herself was. She was wearing a red flannel that kinda stood out from all the costumes and by her side stood a dark haired woman clinging onto the blondes arm for dear life. The brunette pushed her sunglasses down a bit and for a split second, at least that’s what she thought happened, their eyes locked until the moment was gone and she was shielded out of view by the 4 Hulks.

She furrowed her brows in confusion and felt a jolt of electricity running through every fibre of her being. Maybe that day just took a very interesting turn. She felt ready. She was ready. Lexa readjusted her glasses before stepping inside her biggest public adventure ever since she got
attacked.
Guys! I'm SO SO sorry, this update took like forever. Life kinda happened and i couldn't find the time to work on the story. I hope you will like the new chapter tho. I know it's a slow start still, but lets give the girls the time they need :) I will try to be more frequent with updating. Thank you again for all the lovely comments, kudos and hits :). Cheers, X J

„Clarke, your phone!“

„Hmm?“

„Your PHONE. It’s ringing“, Raven grinned, watching her stunned best friend making her way through the masses of dressed up people like a kid, who had just entered a toystore for the very first time in their life.

The blonde brought herself back to reality and smiled, when she looked at the buzzing phone in her hand and saw Octavias face on the screen.

She accepted the facetime call eagerly and pulled Raven close to her side.

„Yooo bitches! What’s up? Did you Lexa-gasmed yet?“, the brunnette winked and Raven rolled her eyes so hard that Clarke was a little afraid she actually hurt herself for a sec.

„Shut up, O! Clarkey here and i are actually on our way to see her right now and your stupid face is ruining my bubble!“

Octavia started laughing wholeheartedly and wiped her eyes- „Right. I bet Clarke has the time of her life!“

„Actually…it IS kinda fun!“, Clarke chimed in and both of her friends eyed her suspiciously.

„Where is my best friend and what the hell happened to her in ikea homelands?“

„I mean, LOOK at all these crazy cool costumes! I mean, it must take ages to pull that all together“, Clarke enthusiastically said and turned her phone around, so her friend could actually see what was going on around them.

„Yeah, absolutely mindblowing!“, Octavia said. „Now the real part. How excited is Raven? Like on a scale from 1-10?“

Clarked chuckled, looked at her friend who completely lost all interest in this conversation and was pushing her towards the ticket counter of Lexa’s first signing session.

„She’s…lets just say, she’s somewhere else right now! So I’m going with a solid 15. “

„Ha, thought so. Alright, I will let you get back to it. Let me know every single, dirty detail, when Raven wakes up in the ER later.“
“You are impossible. Talk to you later!”

“Oh and Clarkey?”

“Hmm?” „Have fun becoming a die-hard fan, too.“

“Sure. God, she’s just a girl.“

„Keep telling that to yourself, little Padawan. It’s kinda inevitable to NOT fall in love with Lexa Woods.“

„If you say so!“

„I do actually. I love and hate you right now by the way.“

„Hanging up now…byeee!“, Clarke quickly ended the call, shook her head and stored her phone in the backpocket of her black pants, before following Raven to stand in line for the desired tickets.

„2 please!“, Clarke smiled at the guy at the counter, who returned it like a 10 year old on a sugar rush.

„Sure. That makes 200, please.“

„Excuse me, what?“, Clarke said, in utter disbelief.

„It’s 100 each, so…“

„Yeah, i kinda figured that tricky calculation out all by myself, but…seriously?“

„Do you…do you want the tickets, or not?“

„I mean do you even realize, how much food i could by with that money?“

The guy blinked totally confused and his gaze wandered back and forth between the two women.

„We’ll take them! Here! Thanks!“, Raven jumped in, a deathglare shot in Clarke’s direction in the process.

„What?“, the blonde shrugged, when the two friends were finally standing in line, waiting upon the great arrival of the famous actress.
„You are unbelievable, Griffin.“

„What’s unbelievable is, is the price of these tickets. Like, maybe i should have sold my car, my soul, oh and probably should have promised them my first born child before coming here and…“, but she was stopped with a hand in front of her face, which she quickly slapped away.

„Did you just, talk-to-the-hand‘, me, Raven?“

„I sure as hell did and i would do all over again. Can we go back to fangirling now? Because i have like 20 minutes to live, before i die right in front of Lexa Woods and it’s the only way i could think of dying as a good thing, right now.“

„Please don’t.“

„Can’t promise anything!“

And it was exactly 15 minutes later, when the crowd started cheering and clapping like maniacs and Clarke was pretty sure, she hadn’t witnessed anything quite like this. She was pretty sure that yet again, she was the only one, who simply stood there in awe, how so many, mostly grown ups, could lose their shit like this, when Lexa finally made her entrance, waving at her fans, almost a little shy. The first thing that came to Clarke’s mind was, how tiny the actress actually appeared, now that she had a closer look at her lithe figure. Her brown, usually curly hair was pulled up in a neat bun and she was wearing a ripped boyfriend jeans, a white blouse tugged in it, as neatly as her bun. Blazing red high heels finished the look perfectly and for a second the blonde was completely…stunned.

But it wasn’t her outfit alone, or the way she shily nibbled on her bottom lip, it were her eyes. Clarke was pretty sure, she had never seen eyes like this before. She knew, she had mesmerizing green orbs, from all the episodes she had not so secretly watched, but the real thing was nothing in comparison.

Lexa gracefully took her seat, two guys sitting next to her and she slowly scanned the crowds, before Clarke’s heart stopped beating, when their eyes met yet again and again she felt that jolt ripple through her body and again, as quickly as the moment came, it was gone, when one of her companions whispered something in her ear and placed, what looked like a few sharpies in front of her.

„Oh my god, Clarke! She is…I cannot. I simply cannot! LOOK AT HER“, Raven squeeled and grabbed the blondes hand, a few strangers next to them, chiming in with the excitement.
„No, no coffee right now“, she responded and quickly realized that she hadn’t been paying attention to her surroundings at all for the past...she didn’t even know for how long. All she could see was green and the way that beautiful woman smiled, even when it never *REALLY* hit her eyes, which completely sparked an interest in Clarke, she had, well, never experienced. *What the actual hell?*

„Did you just have an aneurism?“, the dark haired girl asked, concern in her voice.

„What? No! I’m fine. I was just taking it in...oh look, it’s starting!“, Clarke smiled and pushed her friend a little forward.

And then suddenly it was their turn and Clarke felt an awful pinch in her stomach, when she awkwardly stood next to Raven and listened to her rambling on and on how much she loved Lexa, the show, how much she appreciated her coming to this Con.

The actress simply smiled politely, thanking Raven for her support and signed the stuff the girl had brought, plus an autograph from Lexa’s stock. What the brunette didn’t realize was, that Lexa’s gaze one too many times fell upon the quite woman next to her, who nervously fumbled with the hem of her shirt and she immediately recognized her beautiful blonde, wild locks and the flannel from outside, when she had arrived that morning.

Clarke on the other hand tried to avoid any kind of eye-contact as much as she could, because otherwise she probably *WOULD* have had an aneurism and she simply wanted to keep up her mask of pretended disinterested. But her hope of getting out of there as quickly as possible was shattered, when Lexa finally managed to lock eyes with her and scanned the doctor’s face intently.

Raven poked her friend’s shoulder lightly, when she...didn’t say anything, like *anything* at all.

She was frozen, stood there like an idiot, but by the second, a much harder poke hit her, the blonde finally snapped out of wherever she was and muttered a simple *Hi*.

Lexa surpressed a grin. „Hi. I’m Lexa. Thank you so much for coming today.“

*Really?* She was a fucking 30 year old, successful doctor and not some little fangirl, Clarke thought and it was literally what she needed to gain her composure back. „I know. And you are welcome? I guess.“

This time a huge smile graced Lexa’s perfect face and to Clarke it was the most beautiful thing she
had ever seen in her life, not that she would *EVER* admit that to anyone.

She swallowed her pride for now and simply nodded her head, not sure what to do next, when way too many pairs of eyes waited for her to say *something*, but Lexa thankfully did it for her.

„So, uhm…do you want me to sign anything, or do you want one of the autographs i brought? And I didn’t quite catch your name.“

„I didn’t tell you my name, and I’m good thanks. I’m just like…I’m just here with my friend. She’s a huge fan, obviously. I don't need an autograph. Thank you tho.“

„Touché. And you are not...a *fan*?“, Lexa grinned, her head leaning on her hand.

„Well, I…no. I mean i like the show and all. It’s…good. But i was never really the fangirl type of person i guess.“, Clarke said and mentally slapped herself.

„Lexa, we need to keep going. I’m sorry, but…“, the guy next to her suddenly said and the actress nodded, a little sad, if Clarke read the look in her eyes correctly.

„Right. Uhm, so again. Thank you for coming and have a great time here...“, Lexa started, extending her hand to the blonde.

„Clarke. My name is Clarke.“, she finally said and took the slender and warm hand offered to her. *Mistake. Big mistake.*

„Clarke. It was my pleasure“, Lexa breathed, never breaking eye contact. Clarke was about to faint, she was pretty sure, after Lexa had said her name like THAT, rolling the *k* on her tongue like a melody, she didn't know she needed until now.

*Fuck.*
Hello my dear dear readers :) The new chapter is all ready for you guys and i hope you like it. As always THANK YOU for all the amazing, lovely comments. Always makes me so happy to see, that you enjoy this story as much as i do! Let me know what you think about this one. Something are definitely going to fall into place and we are picking up a little speed ;). XO, J

She was not tired in the sense of being tired, she was just... What was she exactly? She couldn't even specify, how she felt.

Her fans had been overwhelmingly sweet to her and she couldn't have been more happy to meet all these beautiful people who brought her so many gifts, letters, flowers and simply words of gratitude, of joy and happiness. Some were crying, some were incredibly nervous and she was more than willing to do everything in her power, to make them feel as comfortable around her as possible.

Her face hurt from smiling so much and now, that they were taking a break, Lexa felt deaf. Deaf to her surroundings and deaf to anything someone was probably telling her, when they closed the door of the spacious, nicely decorated backstage area.

She took a seat in the corner of the room, pulled out her phone and hungrily picked up some strawberries from the bowl of fruits on the small coffee table next to her. She sighed, when she went through the approximately 35 texts, Anya had sent her during her signing session.

"Lex, you good over there?", Roan asked, after he had sent the other staff members out of the room to provide her some privacy.

"Hmm?", She didn't look up from her phone, while stretching her long, slender legs.

"Are you okay?", he asked again and squeezed her shoulder.

Finally green orbs found his and a small smile appeared on her face. "Yes. I am fine. Thank you, Roan. You've been a great help. I really appreciate it. More than you know."

"You were amazing out there. Really."
"Was I? I feel like i could do more."

"What more could you possibly do, Lex? These folks are super happy, you were top shelf. Trust me. And with so many people coming to see you, you cannot always please everyone."

Lexa chuckled. "You definitely are dating my sister. You sound like the male version of her."

"Funny. Give her a call", he winked. "And Lex?"

"Yes?"

"You would tell me, if there was something wrong, right? I know you and i have seen that look on her your face a few times. And don't even try lying to me."

She held his gaze for a minute, before she sighed. "Yes, there were moments, but i got this. I do. Stop looking at me like that. Because that's YOUR look."

When he finally nodded and let it go, she closed her eyes and tried to swallow down all the signs of a panic attack that had been threatening to swallow her for the past hour. She could do this. She could do this, she told herself. She took a deep breath, moistened her full lips before calling her sister.

********************************************************************************

"Oh my god, please shoot me in the face. I cannot deal how amazing she is. Have you seen how she like smiled at me?", Raven grinned, her head resting on her hand, the burger and beer in front of her long forgotten.

"She's fine, i guess", Clarke shrugged, not really touching her own food either, lost in thought and probably slightly tipsy after she had downed her third beer since they had found the place, which was super nice and directly next to a small marina. Nothing too fancy, nothing too shabby. Perfect.
That Clarke had been on edge after meeting Lexa had been an understatement. She was feeling drunk, she felt dizzy, she felt confused and most of all absolutely intrigued by the brunette.

And in her mind there was absolutely no way she could have avoided it. But what really bugged her? Bloody Octavia had been right plus she just couldn't seem to stop analyzing her.

Was it the way she looked at her? Was it the way her smile never really reached her eyes, or was it the way she bit her lip whenever she didn't really know how to react to an overly eager fan? Maybe all of it? She seemed...fragile. She seemed to always try to be present and not fall into her own thoughts too much. She fought in a way, because sometimes, when somebody tried to touch her, she quickly tried to figure out the person first, before relaxing a little again.

Then the bomb in the blonde's head went off.

The tiny hairs on Clarke's arms stood up, when she finally realized that she KNEW what it was. Because she had been through it herself. Many years ago and never had she seen the same in somebody else's gaze.

Never had she met somebody, whom she could read like if it were herself in a way. Which both scared and fascinated her all at once.

"Yo! Hey. Gee, Griffin, where are you?" Raven grinned, poking her friend with a straw.

"What?"

"You are like...gone. Are you okay?"

"Of course, why wouldn't i be? It was just a lot. And i need to prepare for round 2, right?", she smiled, tapped the table, reached for her empty glass and stood up. "I need to go to the bathroom. You good?"

"Toats. Don't drown yourself in the toilet tho. I will go over to that super cute blonde over there while you are gone."
"Raven."

"What? If i can't have Lexa Woods, might as well have a little fun otherwise."

The cold water felt incredible on her heated face and maybe a little too slowly she dried it with a papertowel, when she almost had a heartattack, looking up into the mirror of the small bathroom.

"L...Lexa", she stuttered and could literally watch her ears burning up. "Wha...what are YOU doing here? Oh my god, I'm so sorry. Why wouldn't you be. It's a public place and you can totally be here, I mean...God. I sound like an idiot i ...

"Clarke, right?", the brunette cut her off, simply smiling and washed her own hands, standing impossibly close to the blonde.

"Right. Wait. How did you remember my n..."

"It's not like I'm not paying attention. Especially when someone refuses my autographs and wouldn't even wanna talk to me."

Clarke was stunned. Like dead. Like, earth please swallow my shameful body right now.

"It's not like that."

"No?"

"No. I'm just...surprised, i guess? I didn't think you would...like you know... and then also go to places like this." (MENTAL SLAP)

They kept standing next to each other for a little while longer and Clarke had no fucking idea how to react, so her shoes were suddenly super interesting. How did this happen?

And what did bloody Lexa do? Giggled like a super cute dork and shook her head.
"Are you making fun of me?", Clarke said, finally turning to face the actress, who didn't back away.

"Why would I do that? I should be the one feeling offended, because you obviously think I would be too snobby to visit a place in a city I've never been to."

Fuck.

"True. Look, I'm sorry. I didn't mean...okay, maybe I meant it. I just never thought you would be..."

"A normal person?" Green locked with blue and there it was again. The electricity. The tingly feeling in the doctor's chest.

Clarke gulped. "No. That's not it."

"Okay, good. Because I am you know. Breathing, living, having dinner and all that. Where is your friend by the way?, the brunnette asked, thankfully changing the course of a potentially super awkward situation.

"Oh, she...she is probably flirting with the girl from the bar."

Lexa then gave her another of her mysterious looks and simply nodded, checking her fine, light make-up in the mirror.

"Well, Clarke. It has been great seeing you again. Even in the most...funny places."

At that Clarke laughed, shaking the actresse's hand. "You...too. And I didn't mean to be rude."

"Enjoy your night. Hoping to see you again tomorrow? Maybe not in a bathroom this time?", she winked and turned away.
Before Clarke could change her clouded mind, she reached for her arm, receiving a quizzed look from the brunette by the sudden, unexpected contact.

"Thank you for being so nice to Raven today. She really likes you and is over the moon. It's nice to be proven wrong about someone. And *that* i mean. Honestly. You were...great."

Surprised, Lexa studied her face once more, more...closely this time, before she reached for the doorhandle and disappeared. "May we meet again, Clarke", was the last thing the stunned doctor heard, finally releasing the breath she had been holding.
"YOU WHAT?"

"Raven! Chill. It was nothing. Can we sleep now? I’m super tired and you are super drunk."

"Clarke Jane Griffin! You met fucking Lexa Woods in a bathroom, of the same restaurant and had a freaking conversation with her, a freaking flirty one I might add now you act you simply had a chat with some random person? What is wrong with you? And where was I?"

“She is. Not random of course, but she’s just a girl, Ray. Like you and me. She had dinner, we had dinner, we ran into each other, we talked a bit, end of story. There is nothing spectacular about it. And you were busy kissing that bar chick into another dimension, so…” Raven disbelievingly blinked a few times, before her back hit the mattress dramatically. “I officially hate my life.”

Clarke laughed at that, rolled herself on Ravens lap then and grabbed her hands, said “She remembered you!” and ran off into the bathroom of their hotel-room and locked the door to avoid any physical attack.

But after calming down from her fit of laughter, Clarke watched her reflection in the mirror, like she had done in the restaurant not too long ago and for a second she wished that conversation with Lexa would have been longer than it actually was. She closed her eyes, went through every word they had spoken and it dawned on her that she was in trouble. Like in crush trouble, as in goddammit, you’d never have a chance anyway, so leave my head already. For the millionth of time the blonde asked herself, what it was about the beautiful actress that had her feeling like this. Clarke had never been one to fall for someone so easily, let alone if she knew the other person like zero to none and would never have the possibility to change that. Plus the fact that 48 hours ago she thought about the girl as snobby, arrogant and way too famous for her own good. Was she even into girls? Yeah, right. “Oh my god, I’m fucked!”, she said to herself, before brushing her teeth quickly.

Speaking of chances…Little did the doctor know then that sometimes the universe had it’s own,
“Man, that’s a LOT of people”, Clarke said taking a seat next to Raven in the main conference hall the next day. “You should get a tshirt with that sentence, but isn’t it great? Like I think it’s so cool of her to do that, too”, the dark haired girl answered, looking for her snacks in her bag.

“But how does this work exactly? She cannot like answer ALL questions, right? I mean she had quite the marathon already today, with the photo thingy and such. How does she even do that? How is she even real?”

Raven smiled at that and looked at her friend curiously. “Is it admiration and concern for the girl I hear, Griffin?”

“What, no! Are you crazy? It’s just that I personally couldn’t smile like that ALL day and still look pretty AND take pictures with 307K people.”

“Dude, exaggerating much? It wasn’t THAT many- To answer your question tho, some fans can line up and ask her stuff and when the time is up, we all go home and can die in peace with a huge smile on our faces.”

“What kind of questions?”

“Oh my god, Clarke. Really? How would I know that?”

“What? I’m just interested.”

“Right. You know I keep wondering, where the sudden shift is coming from, my friend. Because of that little bathroom stunt you pulled perhaps? I kinda love the picture you guys took earlier by the way”, Raven nonchalantly threw in, checking the blondes reaction out of the corner of her eye and she was PRETTY sure that her friend’s cheeks were a little more pink than usual.

“Do you really? I think I look like an idiot”, the blonde huffed, but smiled internally thinking back to the moment when Lexa recognized her face and did that thing to her name again, when she had greeted her.

“Maybe you should have smiled a bit more and should have actually focused on the camera instead of your vans. But that’s just me I guess. You should have seen her tho. Like she was totally giving you heart eyes and people actually started talking about you.”

With wide eyes Clarke turned to her friend. “You are kidding me, right?”

“Wait, I need to capture this for Octavia, hold still”, the brunette laughed, quickly snapping a picture of the blonde’s stunned face.

“Stop it. And please tell me you were kidding.”

“Why? Did your bi went a little off the charts there for Lexie Loo?”

“Oh my god, please don’t say that….People weren’t really talking about me tho...no? Raven. Hey! I’m talking to you.”
But before the brunette could torture her friend even more, a bell went off and the patiently waiting crowd cheered, when finally Lexa and the guy who was practically glued to her side entered the room. She waved and smiled that fan-smile again which was nothing compared to the one she had gotten last night Clarke thought and she couldn’t stop her heart from beating like crazy. #fucked

The panel began a little later and a guy who was way too formally dressed for Clarke’s taste, introduced himself as the moderator, explained a few rules to the audience and started talking to Lexa casually about some of her previous projects, her current TV show and some other random stuff before he officially opened the conversation for the fans who had already been lining up to ask their questions.

“God, he’s lame. They are kinda lame.”

“Who?”

“The moderator. The fan questions. It’s lame”, Clarke whispered and crossed her arms over her chest.

“Why?”

“Everything. I mean look at this. No drive, no humor, nothing. I bet she already knows what the questions are going to be, before they even ask! She’s totally bored and uncomfortable” Clarke snorted.

“That’s the whole point. Kind of. And look at you, being all smart about it.”

“What is? Having a panel just for the sake of having a panel and no actual interest in the person you are talking to?”

“Well, what would you ask her?” Raven grinned.

“I…I would ask her….”

Unfortunately, or more like fortunately for grumpy Clarke, the mood in the room suddenly shifted from light and funny to painfully awkward, after some fans had obviously no idea what the word rules meant and had asked her some really weird, disrespectful stuff and the blonde could practically watch Lexa getting more antsy and nervous by the second, slowly falling apart.

The actress then whispered something to the guy next to her and nervously opened the first button of her black blouse she wore that day.

Mumbling sounds and whispers could be heard from the confused crowd until the moderator stood up, his hands in the air.
“People! Please. I’m asking you nicely to respect the privacy of our guests. We all want a nice, peaceful event here and…”

“DYKE!”, somebody suddenly yelled and a bottle of water was flying through the air, thankfully missing it’s intended target.

That’s when everything went to shit completely.

Clarke was in a momentarily state of shock, when she witnessed the actress trying to get a hold of her friends wrist, before she unconsciously fell off her chair. The crowd absolutely went nuts then, standing up, screaming Lexa’s name in utter confusion, panic and disbelief filling the room. Security guards were running around like idiots trying to get the situation under control. Ineffectually.

“Oh my god!”, Raven said, her hand covering her mouth and that’s when Clarke’s brain started functioning again and before she knew it she sprinted down stairs, trying to make her way through the hysterical mass of people.

“I’M A DOCTOR! LET ME THROUGH FOR FUCKS SAKE. LET.ME.THROUGH!” She yelled, pulling out her Id, trying to climb up the stage, when a massive hand pulled her back.

“Let me go. I’m a doctor! Look!”, she literally pressed her medical license in the guys face and was suddenly offered a hand. Surprised blue eyes looked up and the man Lexa was with, nodded at her and helped her up.

“I can help. Where is the medical team?” She asked, kneeling next to unconscious actress, her fingers on her pulse point.

“On…on their way. People are blocking the entries. What’s your name?”, the guy asked nervously.

“Clarke. Clarke Griffin. Shield us. Help me get her out of here. Now!”

The sounds and screams around her were far away, when she briefly opened her eyes and the last thing she saw before everything faded to black again, was golden hair. Shiny, golden hair.
Guys, here is chapter 7 already. I couldn't stop writing this and the words flew out of me like crazy. This is so far my fav step of the journey and i really hope, you'll love it as much as i do. It almost completely centers around Lexa and Clarke and yes, enough talking, ENJOY! Let me know what you think and THANK YOU for all the beautiful comments on part 6 :). XO, J

“This is OUTRAGEOUS! They don’t know what’s gonna hit them. I swear to god!”

“Anya, you need to calm down”, Roan said into his laptop, trying to reason with the upset woman, which of course was absolutely impossible.

“Calm down, Roan? Seriously? Calm down? My little sister fainted in front of hundreds of people, was being called a dyke, a bottle was thrown at her by some dipshit, the emergency exits were blocked and you tell me to fucking calm down? What is wrong with you? Do you have ANY idea what could’ve happened?” She yelled back, pacing through her office like a tiger, her right hand pressed to her forehead.

“She is okay, An. That is all that matters for now. We will take care of the rest. I promise.”

“No, Roan, she’s not and the whole situation is not and I will sue every single one of their asses for being so fucking incompetent. She is my family. I will not accept that and act like as if this is nothing.”

“So what am I then? -Listen. I get it. I do. She has always been a part of my life, too, so please. Can we talk about it like an actual family? Don’t push me away like this again.”

Anya bit her lip for a second, running her hand through hair. “I asked you to take care of her and you didn’t!”

Silence engulfed the room and both Roan and Anya looked at each other through the cameras of their respective laptops with a mixture of shock, deeply hurt feelings and: Failure.

*****************************************************************

Slowly the warm duvet of the sweet sweet black nothing was being pulled away from Lexa’s foggy mind but she wasn’t reluctant to the idea to stay just a little while longer in the calmness of her own head, but her body was building her consciousness back together like a puzzle, piece by piece. She blinked her eyes open and there it was again. Gold. Golden hair hovering above her, so shiny like the sun hitting the earth in the most beautiful way. Eyes, so blue it took her breath away, concern so obviously written over the, in Lexa’s opinion, most perfect face she had ever seen
up close. Clarke. She smiled.

Wait! Clarke? What was Clarke doing in her room, why was she holding her hand and why did she feel so damn safe and calm? Her eyes were searching the blonde’s azures for any kind of silent explanation, when it finally hit her like as if she were hit by ton of bricks of what had happened. She jolted upwards, only to be carefully pushed back down by the blonde.

“Hey…hey, you are safe okay? It’s gonna be fine. You are fine”, Clarke said and didn’t even recognize her own voice, when Lexa’s green orbs bore through her like a hot iron, right into her soul twisting and turning her insides until all there was left was: Mush. The brunette didn’t say anything at first, her gaze shifting from the blue ocean to the warm, comforting hand that was currently covering hers and she had truly never felt more okay before and it scared her to shit.

That was the moment, something shifted between the famous actress Lexa Woods and the not so famous surgeon Clarke Griffin. Two absolute strangers, from two different worlds, connected by whatever you wanna call it. Let’s stick with the funny ways of the universe for now, because why the hell not.

Clarke followed green like as if the brunette’s eyes were magnets and her own widened when she realized, that their hands were indeed still one and when there was absolutely no other reason for it than: Contact, comfort and yet to be resolved fear inside of the doctors body.

The blonde audibly cleared her throat and finally retracted her hand, immediately missing the contact.

“I…I’m sorry, I…”

“Don’t…please don’t…be. What…what are you doing here?” Lexa stuttered, moistening her dry lips with her tongue, her head resting against the wall of the backstage room feeling extremely exposed and vulnerable. Clarke couldn’t help but immediately understand the brunettes need for some space right now and moved away from her a little, watching her relax a bit, her hands folded in her lap.

“I saved you…well, of course I didn’t like saved your life or anything, I just happened to be in the room with Raven and…”

“Clarke” Lexa grinned.

“Hmm? Oh god, I’m doing it again” she inhaled and let out a breath. “I’m a doctor.”

“Seriously?” The actress seemed truly impressed by the new information.

“Yeah and I kinda just… jumped into action, when I saw you…you know”, Clarke gestured to the
ground. Lexa successfully managed to suppress a huge smile because of the blonde’s obvious struggle to keep her cool and finding the right words. She found it endearing and despite her pounding head, she enjoyed the warm, fuzzy, fucking creepy warm feeling in the pit of her stomach.

“That was…very brave of you, Clarke. Thank you for saving me then.”

“I just did my job. It was nothing. I’m just glad nothing happened to you. You really scared me there for a sec, Woods” the blonde winked but she could have sworn that she had seen a trace of disappointment in those mesmerizing green eyes of the actress.

“Right. Again. Thank you, Clarke. I really appreciate it and if there’s anything…”


“Chest tightness” she simply said, pressing her pouty lips together.

“Really? Okay, shit…uhm. Please lay down again. Can you do that for me?”

“Clarke, I’m not 12 and I had a panic attack, not an aneurism. I’m fine.”

“You fainted and were out for 1 hour. I don’t take this lightly and so shouldn’t you, Lexa. This is not fun. I’m worried about you.”

“Because it’s your job right?” she blurted out, mentally slapping herself for letting herself slip like this.

“Wow. Where did this come from?” Clarke said, not really hiding the hurt in her voice.

“God, I’m sorry! You have been nothing but good to me and came to my rescue and here I’m being a total bitch to you.”

“You kinda are”, the blonde mocked, nudging the brunettes shoulder, trying to defuse the sudden tension between them.

“Excuse me…Doc?”

“You heard me. Actress. Wow, that was lame” The blonde shook her head before she continued. “But seriously, Lexa. You should let your friend take you to a hospital for a check-up. These things are not fun and I…I do care you know. It’s not just my job.”

Clarke carefully, propitiatingly looked up, diving into jade, searching for…she didn’t even know, what she was hoping to find in there. She just knew that she needed them to be…fine.

“I will. Where is Roan anyway?”

“Next time. He’s been arguing with someone called Anya, I think?”

“Oh god, yeah. That is my sister and manager”.

“Sounded pretty heated”, Clarke informed her and silently handed Lexa a glass of water, which she thankfully accepted.
The actress sighed. “I guess. Clarke, would you mind getting him for me and then I promise I’m out of your hair.”

“Sure. And you were not in my hair at all, Lexa.” Clarke left her with one last smile, before she knocked at the door, separating the two areas of the backstageroom.

When she didn’t receive an answer and also couldn’t hear any talking anymore, she carefully turned the knob, entered and almost had a heart attack, when a dirtyblonde, Asian-looking woman with cheekbones to bloody DIE for, furiously yelled at Clarke via a still ongoing Skype conversation.

“Who the FUCK are you?” Clarke nervously looked from Roan to Anya and back to Roan not really sure what the hell to do with herself.

“Anya, please. That’s Clarke Griffin, she…”

“SUE HER!”

“What? Look, lady, I don’t know what it is I did to you, but I just came in here to say that Lexa is awake and okay-ish for now. Where I come from people actually say thank you, by the way. She is asking for Roan” the blonde threw back, crossing her arms.

“She is a doctor, An. She was the first who came to check on Lexa and I think she deserves a little more respect than that.”

“Well, Clare…”

“Clarke…”

“Whatever. Thank you for your help. I deeply appreciate it and I’m sorry for my outburst. I’m not gonna sue you.”

“That is…nice, I guess? And anytime. I’m glad I could be of service. Lexa should get a check-up though in an actual hospital. She still has some tightness in her chest and I’m not appropriately medically equipped. I…I should go” Clarke gestured to the door and nodded to each of them.

“Clarke?” Roan said, stopping her in her tracks.

“Ya?”

“Do you…like…you know.”

Clarke rolled her eyes. “I don’t want a cent, if that’s what you mean and I won’t say anything in public. I swear it. I’m working at Arkadia-memorial in Los Angeles. Clarke Griffin, surgeon. People know me there. So now you know where to find me in case you’d need to sue me after all.” Clarke gave Anya a wink. “And what is it with you people and your money by the way?”
“I hope that was not a serious question. Not everyone is as noble and nice as you. Please let Lexa know, I’m out in a minute. Thank you again, Clarke. You have no idea.”

“I will. Goodbye.” With that the doctor closed the door behind her and walked up to the actress again.

“He will be here soon. They are still talking. Your sister seems…interesting.” Lexa chuckled.

“Yeah, she can be intense sometimes.”

“You don’t say. So, I uhm…it’s time for me to leave. I really wish you all the best, Lexa.” Clarke grabbed her bag and could see the girl’s smile crumble and she knew exactly, how she was feeling. At least she thought she knew. She didn’t know what it was that she was thinking anymore, if that made any sense. Probably not.

“Of course. Well, I don’t wanna keep you any longer. Thank you again, Clarke. I’m…glad we met” the brunette held out her hand, just as she did in the bathroom not to long ago. Clarke inhaled sharply by the contact.

“Maybe not under such circumstances again” she winked igniting another radiant smile from the other woman. A thing that the doctor kinda could get used to seeing.

“Again?” Lexa grinned.

“Obviously we have a way of meeting each other. I’m glad we met, too though and thank you for your trust in me. I promise you won’t regret it.”

“I don’t doubt it” Lexa answered with a certainty that both shocked and excited her all at once.

“Then…this is goodbye. Take care.” Clarke nodded, turned around before she felt slender fingers wrapping around her wrist.

“Wait. I…” Blue eyes curiously locked with green ones and there it was again. The spark. The electricity.

“This is my Email address. Maybe we could…you know. Stay in touch? I mean…” the brunette mumbled and handed a neatly folded piece of paper to Clarke.

“Keep it”

“Okay. Uhm. Sure. I…don’t know what I was thinking. I’m sorry.”

“Lexa”
“Hmm?”

“I think we already met twice under really weird circumstances…if we do for a third time, than I'll take it.”

“That’s like…Are you serious? I…”

“I am. I also live in LA, just FYI. May we meet again, Lexa” Clarke winked, closing the door behind her.
That it was HUGE was an understatement. It was massive, it looked absolutely perfect, packed by the food angels themselves and it would be the second one she would return to its sender.

Two weeks after returning back to Los Angeles, the two friends once again stood in front of a basket full of the most expensive gourmet foods they had ever seen (they’d googled it! Well, Raven had googled it), a bottle of champagne and wine sticking out from both sides as well.

They simultaneously crossed their arms in front of their respective chests. Clarke took the card attached to it, rolled her eyes and read out: “TAKE THE DAMN BASKET, CLARE! LEXA WANTS YOU TO HAVE IT. BR, AWoods”

“Gee, Clare. She’s such a charmer. Love her”, Raven laughed at the woman’s bluntness, quickly inspecting the basket once more while looking at her friend out of the corner of her eyes.

“I can’t accept this, Raven. It’s way too much. This thing costs over a thousand bucks”, the blonde sighed, putting the card down.

“Clark. For reals. If Lexa freaking Woods wants to say thank you by buying you this fucking amazing foodporn-thing here, then for the love of whatever you love, LET HER. Take one for the team. What in the heavens do you have to lose? You are not gonna see her again anyways, so. Plus it’s super rude to send it back for the second time.”

“But I’m a doctor and I helped her as I would have helped anybody else in that room. I didn’t make like some exception, just because she happens to be famous. And I don’t want attention for it, I don’t want money or presents for it, I just want to go back to my life and move on. Why is that so hard to accept?”

“But it happened to be Lexa and she’s loaded and obviously likes you. I say take it. Why are you being so overly dramatic about it?”

“I’m not. I’m just trying to explain why I don’t feel comfortable with it, what you keep ignoring by the way. AND all you think about is the food.”

“True…BUT I also don’t want people to think my bestie is a prick.”
“How am I a prick just because I find this a little over the top?”

“Oh my god, Griff. Could you pull out that noble Dr. Quinn medicine woman-nun-stick out of your ass and accept this wonderful gift the most wonderful woman on earth wants YOU to have? I would die. Like literally” Raven said, dramatically covering her heart with her hand.

“I have to go to work. Please send it back.”

“But…”

“Send it back, Raven!” And with that Clarke left their apartment, closing the door behind her, releasing a heavy sigh. She wasn’t acting like a douche, was she? It was already hard enough to get this damn woman out of her head, she didn’t need a constant reminder of that by suddenly receiving such presents from her. It made it more…real. Too real.

The blonde pressed her bag close to her chest and literally jogged to her car. Work was good. Work was the perfect way to suppress the green eyes that had haunted her day in, day out for the past 2 weeks. Little did she know that this was JUST the beginning of a very interesting week for her poor soul.

It was lunchtime 3 days later, when Harper, one of Clarke’s assistant doctors tried to get the undivided attention of her boss for the past 30 minutes without success.

“Clarke, I’d really like to go through Mrs. Donovans file with you. She is still not feeling better after the medication and I can’t seem to figure out why. I need your opinion.”

“Mhmm. We can release Mr. Murphy later today”, the blonde absentmindedly answered, not looking up from her phone.

“Clarke, seriously. What are you doing?”

“I’m checking my Twitter. Why?”

Harper almost spit out her iced tea. “Your WHAT again?”

“My Twitter-account.”

“Since when do YOU have a Twitter account? Admit it, you’ve totally been abducted by social media aliens.”

“Why is it so hard to believe that I felt like…it was, you know, time for me to kinda go with the flow.”
“Because it's you and you hate it? Remember when Raven installed instagram on your phone and you had a mental breakdown?” "Since when do you have it though?" Harper pushed, an evil, knowing grin on her face.

“Two weeks? I don't know. I'm not really sure.”

“And who are you following?”

“Come again?”, the blonde said finally locking eyes with her assistant, brows furrowed. *Play it cool Griffin, you got this. Play.It.Cool.*

“Following. Like which accounts? Some…famous ones? Maybe…Lexa Woods?” *She knew. Why did she know? How?*

“I…I have to go *(Super smooth, Griffin So much for playing it cool)*. You and Raven should stop hanging out AND you BOTH need to get your own lives and stop being so nosey about mine”, with that the blonde stormed off, ears red, hands balled into fists, her phone suddenly weighing a ton in the pocket of her scrubs.

“What about Mrs. Donovan? CLARKE!” But her boss had already pushed through the swing door of the hospital cafeteria like a crazy person.

Clarke stood in the middle of an empty hallway, her hands on her knees, breathing heavily, her wild, blonde locks covering her heated face. *GOD*, what the hell was she doing to herself? Well, she kinda knew what she was doing, because all she had done for the past 14 days was certainly either healthy nor socially acceptable behavior and MOST definitely not who she, Clarke Griffin was.

*Gathering information* about Lexa Woods had become her routine, her personal drug and she couldn’t seem to stop, ever since she came home. But what else could one poor doctor, who had a crush on an obviously straight actress do, other than trying to cure the virus in her heart by grabbing it by it’s balls. It’s *social media* balls.

She sighed again, because so far she had managed:

- Staring at pictures of Lexa she had randomly tweeted out, for an inconclusive amount of time
- Wrote approximately 156 tweets to the girl, but *of course* never sent them
- Got drunk one night and ACCIDENTALLY tweeted her, but thankfully wasn't wasted enough so she could quickly delete said Tweet again.

*Yep*, she was acting like a total class act and she knew she had turned exactly into the one thing she never wanted to become: A fan. Well her own interpretation of a fan, but still. A fan.

*“FUCK!”,* she yelled, quickly apologizing to a confused mother and her kid passing her in that
“What else, universe? What.ELSE.”

And the universe wouldn’t be the universe, when it wouldn’t reply asap, right? Because just then the workphone attached to her white pants started ringing and a mile an hour talking Harper was on the other end of the line.

“What the fuck do you mean Lexa Woods is here? Like Woods as in Woods? What…I…”

“And I kinda offered her to wait in your office”

“You WHAT? Alright. Alright. I got this. Lets be adults here. Please take over my calls, only page me in case of an emergency.”

“Will do boss. Wow, this is huge, right?”

“Don’t ever think you are off the hook for this, young Padawan. Never. And if you as much as whisper to Raven that I showed ANY sign of being unsettled about thus, I will kill you. Clear?”

“Crystal.”

Clarke hung up the phone without saying another word, her hands shaking a little, when she started walking into the direction of her office. How the fuck was this day even real and who the actual fuck did she think she was, storming in here? Her workplace. Her sanctuary? Her Lexa free-zone (Sure. Because that had worked quite well so far…)

The blonde tried to shake off her bloody nerves when she approached the west wing of the building, halting for a second when an indeed HUGE, bold guy was eyeing her up and down and suddenly the tiny hairs on Clarke’s neck stood up.

It wasn’t some hallucination, no dream. Lexa Woods was sitting behind that door and the doctor had absolutely no idea what this was about.

“I’m doctor Clarke Griffin. Lexa Woods wanted to see me?” The blonde asked, suddenly very aware of the fact that she was asking permission to enter her own office.

“ID?”

“Pardon? I’m the owner of this office and I’d appreciate it if you could step aside please? I have lives to save and not all day.”

“ID.”
“Wow. Okay. Big talker, huh?” But just as Clarke was gearing up to show this guy what she was made of, the door opened and she couldn’t breathe, when jade orbs found hers.

“Clarke. It’s fine, Tucker. I was expecting her.” The guy nodded in acceptance and the doctor could only laugh at the ridiculousness of the situation. Maybe she was caught in some weird shit Twilightzone, or she actually did dream this and would hopefully wake up any second. But that of course wasn’t the case, so shot Tucker one last glance before slamming the door shut. Just because.

“So. You were expecting me in my office?” Clarke gave no room for smalltalk right away, shook her head and took a seat behind her wooden desk, her blue eyes fixed on the (beautiful) brunette in front of her. And damn, she looked even prettier than she remembered.

“I’m sorry for intruding like this, Clarke.”

“Are you?”

“Well, you left me no other choice, did you?”

“Oh, right. Because I refused the presents the holy Lexa Woods sent me? Your sister is a real blessing by the way. She should think about going into the greeting card business.”

“You could...say that.”

“Some would say that this may come off as incredibly arrogant”, the blonde retorted and could see the tiniest of smiles form on the actress's face.

“Some would also say refusing a thank you present, twice, may come off as really rude.”

“So you did have to make a statement?” Clarke's voice was dripping off sarcasm, which didn't go unnoticed of course.

Lexa uncomfortably shifted in her chair now.

“I wanted to…see you again” she admitted, which took all the wit and calmness Clarke had managed to maintain during this conversation so far and left her completely silent.

“Clarke? Alright. I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have come here and probably not like that. It was stupid and you obviously don’t want anything to do with me, so I apolo…”

“Why?” Blue again locked with green and slowly Lexa took a seat again, her hands folded in her lap.
“What do you mean?”

“What are you SO keen to get to know me? Is this…some kind of game you play with your boyfriend and friends just to get a laugh out of it?”

Clarke immediately regretted her emotional and rather bitchy comment and could definitely see the hurt in her green eyes. But she couldn't help it.

“Because I like you, Clarke. I would never do that to you. You are…different and honestly? I have never met someone who didn’t accept gifts from me, or didn’t want my signature, or didn’t sell me out on social media bragging about it. Is that SO hard to believe?”

“I…” Clarke was pretty sure she had an aneurism right then, or a heart-attack or fucking both because right in front of her sat the most beautiful girl, who tried to be friends with her and she was about to royally fuck this up. And yes. She was right. Why was that so hard to believe? Because it was Clarke. And things like that just didn’t happen to people like Clarke Griffin.

“Look, Clarke. This was stupid. I would appreciate it if we could just forget that I made a complete idiot of myself. I will leave you alone. Thank you again and…I really wish you all the best”.

Once more the actress rose from her chair, cleared her throat, trying to hide the disappointment.

“You forgot something”, Clarke finally managed to say and Lexa’s hand stopped in her motion.

“Which is?” She said, turning to face the blonde.

“I think you owe me an Email address, even if you kinda cheated.”

The moment her words fully reached the brunettes mind, it was like the sun had illuminated the earth and Clarke was sure she had never seen someone smile like Lexa did in that moment.

“Wait. Really?”

“Just write it down Woods, before I change my mind”, the blonde winked.

“So, I’m looking forward to hearing from you then, Dr. Griffin” Lexa grinned, shaking Clarke’s hand a little longer than necessary when it was time to definitely say goodbye.
“Thank you for stopping by. I mean it. And for the record, you are kinda different, too.”

“Bye, Clarke.” As soon as Lexa had left her office, Clarke leaned against her desk, breathing heavily, fumbling for her phone and let out the biggest "OH.MY.GOD!" in her life, before calling her friend.

“Raven? Yes, of course it's me. How many Clarke Griffins do you know? LISTEN. I’m bringing Tequila tonight. Call Octavia, too. We have a situation.”
LOVES! I hope ya'll had wonderful christmas days :) I definitely had such a great time with the family and friends, needing this vacation more than i thought. So again, sorry for keeping you wait for so long and THANK YOU for still sticking with me. Chapter 9 is now finally ready for you and i hope you enjoy this. I promise there will be more Clexa time in the chapters to come, but i wanna keep this as organic and real as possible. I was thinking a lot about how i could start a digital conversation between them, without making it unrealistic in a way- Thats another reason why it took me so long to update this- I really really hope you like the outcome :). XO J

“It’s open!” Clarke yelled from her couch, sipping from her glass of wine she knew she should absolutely not be drinking right now, but honestly? She couldn’t care less. She needed her friends, she needed to calm her mind and she needed Mr. Wine and Mr. Tequila and that was all that mattered right now. Hangover be damned.

The two brunettes, one of them holding said Tequila bottle stopped abruptly eyeing her friend curiously when they entered the apartment around 7 pm that day.

“Alright. Hold on. What is this?” Raven said, looking Clarke up and down, her keys dangling from her finger.

“What is what?”

“This!” Raven answered, pointing at the blondes unusual outfit and the half empty glass in front of her.

“I’m wearing a grey sweatshirt and yoga pants. What’s so weird about it? I didn’t know there were rules.”

“You look like one of those youtube gals who are about to make a huge, super important announcement to their fanbase, that’s why. Last time you wore something like this, shoulder free, sports bra and all, that chick from the coffee shop had broken up with you and we literally had to cut you out of that shit. Plus, you have been pre-crisis-talk drinking. Do I need to say more?”

Clarke pressed her lips together, forming a thin line before speaking again. “That is absolutely not tr…”

“It is tho”, Octavia chimed in taking a seat in front of the blonde.

“Okay, fine. Maybe it is true, so what? I have outfits for stressful situations AND I did have some wine before you guys got here, excuse my ass. Can we not focus on my attire or my drinking for a
sec and talk about the situation at hand here? I need solutions” Clarke said, running her hand through her wavy blonde locks.

Raven and Octavia shot each other a knowing look, before they pulled out three shot glasses and filled it with the Tequila Clarke had requested in the first place.

“Alright, Griffin. Spill it. Who and what are we dealing with? This better be good.”

Half of the bottle later Clarke set down her empty glass and eyed her suspiciously quiet friends curiously, while the Tequila was pumping through her veins mercilessly, her words and the burning liquor still lingering on her tongue and lips. After telling them what had happened a few hours prior to this conversation she couldn’t actually still not believe it herself.

“I…” Raven tried, but shook her head downing another shot which made her cringe but it was impossible for her to form her running thoughts into a socially acceptable answer (If socially acceptable would ever apply with her)

“So. Let me get this straight. No pun intended”, Octavia cackled over her own comment before continuing. “What are you telling us here is that THE TV Star, Media-phenomenon, dream of many, untouchable, hotter as hell itself, did I mention TV Star?” “You did”, Raven slurred a little. “Thanks…INCREDIBLY…”

“Is there ANY point to that rant of yours? That’s not really what I meant by I need you guys to come over and HELP me” Clarke said, sighing heavily.

“Lexa Woods. Lexa Woods came to see YOU in the hospital and gave YOU her Email address and wants to be like…friends with you?”

“Why are you pointing me out like that? Is that really SO weird?” The blonde questioned and was pretty sure she looked even more grumpy than grumpy cat right now.

“Dudes. Shush! But holy fucking shit, Griffin.” Raven suddenly stood up, another shot in her hand and started walking up and down the length of her and Clarke’s livingroom.

“We need like a plan” she nodded to herself. “A good plan. Wait! Have you written to her yet?” Panic visibly bubbling in the brown orbs of the woman.

“Are you insane? We all know what kind of stress-writer I am. I couldn’t risk to ruin this, before…”
it even started. If there is *anything* to begin with.”

“That we do! Yo, O, remember when she had that crush on that guy and sent him like 23 messages in a row instead of just one and then…”

“RAVEN! Not helfull. *Helpful*”, Clarke corrected herself pointing at her friend dangerously.

“Fine. *Fine!* Alright, how do we this exactly? *God*, I still cannot believe we are actually talking about this. Never whine to me again about not having game, Griffin. I’d love to hate your annoying guts right now, because this is bloody *endgame*. Lexa Woods. Someone sedate me.”


“Okay. Enough of that whiney shit. Let’s get operation Clexa on the run, biatches. Go get your laptop, Griffin. We need to like play this whole thing out. Like you know…*real* circumstances and all. We have to do this right. This is the pod of gold the trolls at the end of the rainbow are talking about and i swear, they will be jealous, when we are done here.”

“Do you think it’s a good idea? I mean…we had some drinks and being close to any device… Octavia, put that phone down!” Clarke said to her pouting friend. “I just really don't wanna screw this up.”

After discussing, arguing, fangirling and probably on their way to make a *really* bad decision, the three women sat in front of Clarke’s white Macbook 20 minutes later opening up her Email account.

“I don’t know, Ray. I already have to like close my left eye to not see double. Have you ever heard of the term *don’t drink and text*?”

“Clarkeyyyy, don’t be such a party pooper. We are not sendin’ anythin’. It’s just…research.”

“How is that research?”

“I…I don’t know yet. Type away. Anything. Go with the Lexa feels.”

“*HI*? Clarke. *Seriously*. You have the opportunity to write to Lexa Woods privately and that’s what you come up with? Ray, I think we have lost her”, Octavia rolled her eyes and rested her head on
the other brunettes shoulder.

“God. I don’t know. This is too much pressure. I can’t do this guys. Maybe I should just tell her it was a bad idea and we go our ways.”

She suddenly felt a tight grip on her biceps.

“Clarke. Pull yourself together. Right. Now. You can and you will do this. Look.” Raven snatched the laptop from the doctor and started typing before the blonde's alcohol-dazed mind came into gear, panicking slightly, remembering how forward her friend could be. Test-run be damned.

“There's no need. Give it back, Raven.”

“No.”

“Raven. I mean it. Stop it.” And then it happened. Clarke was reaching over the brunettes lap in one swift, uncontrolled motion and accidentally put her hand on the keyboard to support her body.

When the loud *Ping* of the sent mail echoed through the suddenly dead silent room, the three women stared at the screen, mouths open, eyes wide in shock.

“Holy. Shit!” Octavia whispered, refilling her glass silently, jaw clenched together.

“You…you didn’t put her address in there, right?” Clarke finally mumbled slowly turning to face Raven who had closed her eyes, her hands balled into tight fists.

“I…”

“RAVEN!”

“I did okay? I’m SO sorry, Clarke. I didn’t mean…”

“Oh my god!” Clarke jumped to her feet, hands in the air.

“She’s having a meltdown!” Octavia said to Raven. “No shit, Sherlock!”
“Oh my god. Oh my fucking god. Why….oh my god!” And then the laptop pinged again and the room fell silent again. “I...I think Lexa *just* answered.” Raven whispered, handing it to a fuming, pale Clarke.
Lovelies, here it is, chapter 10 :) Inspiration kinda hit me with this one and i hope you like it as much as i do. This one is obviously longer than any other chapter before, but i though i owed it to you for all the wait and the last filler one. Again, I’m overwhelmed by all your kudos & comments. It means the world to me. As you will see, Octavia is a mom in this story and i will totally back away from any backstory when it comes to Lexa. There is no Costia, there won’t be and our lil bean is gonna have a totally new journey in my story. Without giving away too much, lets dive in, shall we ;) XO J

PS: i just wanna point out that Lexa is totally gay in this story. I’ve received some confusion about it and i dont wanna lead you guys on :). There are of course some things she has to do deal with in her situation, but!! No worries. Trust me with this :)

“You are kidding, right?” Clarke immediately stormed over to the couch, positioning herself between her two friends grabbing the laptop from Raven, but not before shooting her another death-glare.

“Nope, there it is. Le.x.a.W214@g…”

“I can see that, thank you very much!”

“Just sayin’…just sayin’!” The brunette answered, her hands defensively in the air.

“You, my friend, don’t get to just SAY or TYPE anything for the next 20-25 years. That ship has sailed.”

“Guys, can we…” Octavia interrupted, pointed to the screen and munched on some gummybears.

“Alright. Let’s check out the most embarrassing let down of my entire existence…” Clarke said, her finger ghosting over the *read message* button.

“You click it, you rea…” The brunette started.

“Raven?”

“Don’t talk for the next 20-25 years. Got it.”

“But shit. I mean, that was hella fast, don’t ya think? She must have really been waiting for this, blondie” Octavia grinned, her left arm resting on Clarke’s shoulder now.
“Let’s just…like a ripping off a plaster, yeah?” The blonde sighed, about to press it when she quickly retracted her finger.

“Oh my fucking god. There. Opened. How old are you? 12?” Raven said, rolling her eyes, but still a little afraid that Clarke’s stare had actually burned life threatening holes into her head.

“What? Someone HAS to be an adult here.”

“Like you?”

“Funny Griffin. I’ll give you that one.”

“I’m not even CLOSE to be done with you.”

“Stop making it sound so dirty, or my bi-bells are startin to ring”, the brunette winked which earned her a slap to the back of her head from Octavia.

“Jesus. Can we please read this mail? I'm growing grey hair here! Plus, you know how protective I’m of my sleeping patterns” Octavia yawned.

“Since when?”

“Since I’m a freakin’ mother, Griffin. My social life is your social life, but I have boundaries you know. It’s not like Lincoln can do more than one thing at a time, when I’m not home.”

“Right. Sorry, O.”

“Now, entertain me. I have 1 hour to go and I need to hear this.”

Clarke stood up, laptop in hand and started reading quietly.

From: Clarke J. Griffin (Clarke@clarke.me) 3rd Sep. 2016, 9:24pm

To: Lexa Woods (Le.x.aW214@gmail.com)

Hi Lexa, How’s it goin? I wasn’t sure what a good Email breaker wooiuld be, soooo. Question: Are you a Meg Ryan or a Tom

In reply to: Clarke J. Griffin (Clarke@clarke.me) 3rd, Sep. 2016, 9:35pm

From: (Le.x.a.W214@gmail.com)

Hello Clarke, I must say I wasn’t expecting…THAT for a first conversation, but it for sure gave
me a laugh, plus irritated looks from my cast members (I’m currently on set). So, thanks ;-) I didn’t know Tom had shorten his last name over the years from ahdshafavchcadiazyfil to: Hanks. But I guess I’m more of a Meg? Does this answer your question? And I hope your account didn’t get hacked and I don’t need to change my address as I type ;-) 

PS: I think it “wooiuld” be a good idea to check on your keyboard, doc. There seems to be something off with it ;-) Looking forward to hear from you soon. -L

Clarke couldn’t believe what she was reading and she was actually pretty sure that her alcohol-induced head MUST have been playing some kind of sick game with her. So she read it again. And again. And again and came to the following conclusion: Lexa Woods was funny, kind of witty, had a thing for emojis and the blonde absolutely loved her for it. Well. Loved as in: SUPER cool and all. Of course. How the hell did this happen to her?

She visibly gulped, closed her laptop, put it back in her office, smiled like an idiot, came back, acted like as if nothing spectacular happened, poured herself one last drink for the night and FINALLY released the breath she was holding for the past---15 years?

“What DID SHE SAY?” Her two friends yelled in unison and their eyes followed the blonde’s every move until she sat down in front of them, folding her hands in her lap.

“We are good. Crisis averted.” She simply said, pulling her blonde locks into a messy bun on top of her head.

Octavia and Raven exchanged curious looks trying to keep the doctor talking. “AAAAND?”


“What? Me? I didn’t do anything!”

“Thanks, Judah!” Raven exclaimed, smacking her friends shoulder.

“She’s funny, she was cool about it and she’s a Meg.”

“I KNEW it. God, I’m good” Raven laughed, her hands balled into fists.

“I have to say…it was…good-ish what you said. Not my style, obviously. But…she didn’t run away, or reported me to the cops, so…” Clarke mumbled which of course caused Raven to sport her typical smirk.

“Can I…suggest an answer?”

“Absolutely not!”
“Thought so. I’m sorry again, Clarke.”

“Well I KINDA knew what I got myself into, when I agreed to be friends with you right? In all seriousness. Thank you guys. I really needed this. Not the heartattack, but you know…”

“That’s it? You are not gonna answer her tonight?” Octavia’s face sunk and she crossed her arms around her chest, back pressed into the cushions of Clarke and Raven’s couch.

“No. I mean, should I? I don’t want her to think like and I’m waiting for to message, while sitting next to my laptop. Plus, she’s on set and probably super busy.”

“Right, that’s why SHE answered within minutes. Seems like a super crazy night”, Raven stated. “Alright Losers, I need to hit the hay. This was fun. Clarke, if you decide to get that stick out of your cute ass and write her back, let me know alright? I need to make notes and how to NOT approach famous chicks I find hot”, the brunette winked, kissed Octavia’s temple and strolled down the corridor to her room.

“I hate her you know?” Clarke sighed.

“ Heard that!”

“GOOD! It was intentional.” The blonde sat down next to Octavia and grabbed her friends hand.

“How are you doing, Mom?”

**************************************************************************

A little later, in a studio somewhere in LA, Lexa once again checked her phone, smiling, when she received another Email from her new favorite doctor, totally not paying attention to anything the producer had told her and the rest of the cast. She was exhausted, she wanted to go home, wrap herself in a blanket, have a glass of wine and just clock off from the world. She re-read the last mail from Clarke telling her how sorry she was about that first impossible message and that maybe or maybe not her friend Raven and a little alcohol had been involved. She had wished her a great rest of her evening and really really hoped that Lexa would not have deleted her account by now. The brunette shook her head and stored her phone back into the pocket of her black skirt.

“Lexa?”

“Hmm? I’m sorry, what?” Her head snapped up and she could feel the blood rushing to her ears when all eyes were fixed on her.

“Where are you tonight? I know this week has been long for all of us, but can we please get your okay to the change of the script? That would be fantastic”, the producer said, pinching the bridge of his knobbly nose.
“I’m so sorry. I…uhm…what change exactly…” Lexa couldn’t finish her sentence, when Anya jumped in and agreed to it for her, not without shooting her a more than pissed look. A look, the brunette knew meant trouble and a lot of it. She rolled her eyes and started fumbling with the edge of the scriptpage.

“Lex, what the hell is going on with you?” Anya grabbed her sister by her elbow, stopping her before she could reach her black SUV.

“Nothing. I’m fine. Why?”

“Stop it. For days you’ve been kinda out of it. You are not focused, you keep forgetting your lines and you constantly check your phone today. And don’t tell me that’s normal for you”.

Lexa sighed. “Look, it’s just been a lot lately. Sweden, the show’s schedule, interviews…I think I could just…need a minute. Nothing to worry about, An. I promise.”

The elder Woods face softened a bit, when Lexa looked at her apologetically with her typical bright, green orbs.

“I hate when you do that puppy face”, Anya grinned, putting her arm around her sister, pressing a kiss to her forehead.

“I know. But it works.”

“Sure does. You know I just…after Sweden I feel like I wasn’t there for you as much as I should have been. And I’m sorry for that. I’m proud of you Lex. Always.”

“I’m fine. And we both have been working hard. It’s okay.”

Anya eyed her for a long minute, scanning her face before she pulled Lexa into a hug. “You wanna grab a drink at our place tonight? Roan is not home and it would be just us.”

“As amazing as it sounds, I’m just gonna go home, take a bath and work through my Emails, probably talk to Ben…Stuff like that.”

“Okay. Fine. Raincheck it is then. About your mails tho…” Anya began and Lexa’s eyes widened and she felt caught like a deer in the headlights. Shit.
“What…what about it?” The brunette casually leaned on her car and bit her bottom lip.

“Lindsay told me you told her you’d manage your inboxes by yourself from now on. Why is that?”

“Ugh, you know…I just…felt like I needed to have more…inside on what’s going on.”

“Since….when? Lex, you work 16 hours a day. That’s what we pay the girl for, you know that, right?”

“Really? Oh…I…I…didn’t…”

“Alexandria Woods. Spill it and don’t you even dare lying to me.”

“Okay. Okay. God, Anya. Chill. I was…giving Clarke Griffin my Email address, cause we really
got along and I think she’s cool and…”

“Excuse me. WHAT? Sorry. I thought i heard you say, you gave your PRIVATE Email address to a complete stranger who rejected a bloody foodbasket TWICE. And not only did she reject the gift, she had her crazy annoying friend come by the office to bring it back personally.”

“Are you mad about Clarke having my contact, or the fact that somebody dared to not accept your overly pricey gifts?”

“Lexa! This is not funny. Do you have ANY idea what she could do with that information? I…I cannot believe this. How long are you in the business? How long has it been that you finally got rid of that stalker? I’m sorry…I just don’t know how to get through to you sometimes.”

“Anya. Could you please relax? Clarke won’t do anything and it’s not like somebody could figure out it’s really me. She’s…she’s not like that.”

“You don’t know that. Stop being SO god damn naïve, Lexa. People are fucking sharks. When do you finally learn that?”

“I DID, okay? I did. And I’ve payed the price. But I’m sick of it. I’m sick of being isolated. I’m sick of everyone treating me like some product. I’m in my mid 20s and ALL I do is smile for everyone.”

Anya was slightly taken aback by the outburst of her sister, but quickly regained her composure.

“Well, Lexa. That’s what TV Stars do” and the minute the sentence left her mouth, she regretted it immediately. She took a step towards the brunette who simply held up her hand.

“Wow. That? Coming from you? I…you know what, An? Clarke is the first person in…forever who treats me like a normal person. She didn’t even WANT my contacts. She didn’t want ANYTHING from me. I’m going home. I see you around.”

“Lex. Wait. I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said that!” The older woman pleaded, but there was no way she could have fixed what she had just said.

“8 sharp at the studio tomorrow? That’s what TV Stars do, right!” With that, Lexa quickly backed
out of the lot and left Anya standing, her head hanging in defeat.

As soon as Lexa reached her house in the hills, she parked her car, grabbed her stuff and took a long, deep breath. What the hell had just happened? She completely hated having a fight with her sister and the worst thing about it all was, she was kinda right. She was taking a huge risk with Clarke but on the other hand? What could possibly happen? That she really needed a new Email address? Some fuzz online? She could deal with that. She wasn’t active on those stupid platforms anyways and from what she had seen Clarke wasn’t either. She just had a feeling about the girl and she hadn’t been this excited to meet someone outside of her shiny bubble for so long that she had almost forgotten how it felt like and damn, she didn’t want to give that up just yet. Trust had to start somewhere and why not with the quirky blonde doctor who had mysteriously taken her breath away the second she had laid eyes on her.

Lexa was ripped from her thoughts, when her phone started buzzing. She checked the caller ID and rolled her eyes when Ben’s name appeared on the screen.

“Hey” She simply said, walking towards her front door, searching for her key with her free hand.

“Hey sweetiepie. All good? You sound…weird”

“It’s nothing. Just came home from the studio and I’m kinda wrecked.” The brunette tossed her jacket and bag into the corner of the roomy entry hall and walked straight to the kitchen, opening her fridge looking for the bottle of half-empty wine.

“You want me to come over and take care of that?” She could hear his stupid smirk all the way through the line and immediately cringed just thinking about his implication. It was not like that she didn’t have her fun with him. Ben was a good guy and they had met 2 years ago on some afterparty and had hit it off from time to time ever since, but she had insisted that they were not even close to being a couple despite what the media said and him. Of course. She was his armcandy, he was hers on official, public events and that was about it for her.

“I’m really tired, Ben.”

“Babe, you are always either tired, busy giving interviews or shooting. I haven’t seen you in ages. I’m starting to think you wanna get rid of me.” Lexa sighed, filling her glass and took a sip.

“It’s not like…that. I just…need some time for myself. I’ll call you, okay?” The line went silent for a minute before he spoke again. “Whatever, Lexa.”
The actress sat down at her huge kitchen isle, her phone still in her hand she nibbled on her full bottom lip and finally dialed.

“Lexa.”

“Hey.”

“I’m SO sorry. I didn’t mean any of it. Well, the Claire part I did and I’m not backing away from it.”

“It’s Clarke. And I get it, Anya. But please let me make my own decisions? Please? I don’t…I can’t fight with you.”

“I’m absolutely not okay with this, but I respect what you are saying.”

“Can we stop fighting now?”

“I love you, you idiot.”

“I love you, too, Anya.”

“See you tomorrow. Get some sleep!”

“Will do. See you tomorrow!” With that Lexa pocketed her phone, took her glass with her to the bathroom and filled her tub and as soon as the hot water started to relax her tensed body, she opened a new message without thinking twice. She needed this.

Hey Clarke, I just got home from the most insane day. You cannot even imagine. You are probably sleeping by now ready to save some lives in a few hours. I was thinking...how do you feel about nicknames? Like Pinky and Brain...OH, better! There is this show and the two female leads are called Heda and Wanheda in their circle of people...Crazy shit, but you know...just to be save in case either one of gets hacked ;-). What do you think?

PS: Who are you by the way? A Meg or a Tom? ;-) Until soon, Heda

With a satisfied smile. Lexa put her phone away and took another sip of her wine letting it pleasantly calm her mind.
Lovelies, I'm back giving you Chapter 11 and without giving away too much, our little beans are en route towards each other ;).

I know I say this everytime, but I'm blown away by all your comments and wonderful words. I LOVE you guys! And as promised, a shout out to Squidskru for finding the hidden JRat in the last chapter, first :D:D.

Alrighty, without further due, have fun and i hope you enjoy the next step on this journey! X's and O's, J

“Hey Rae? What’s that envelope on the coffee table?” Clarke asked walking out of the bathroom, freshly showered after a long, excruciating shift at the hospital, her damp blonde hair tightly wrapped into a pink towel.

“Don’t know. Came this morning. I didn’t order anything so I figured must be yours”, the brunette answered, grabbing a Smoothie out of the fridge and casually leaned against the door.

The blonde furrowed her brows and inspected the envelope curiously.

“Are you going to stare it open?” Raven cackled, putting an arm around the doctor’s shoulder.

“Funny. How come you have never pursued a career as a comic? Never quite got that.”

“And share my wit with the big crowds? As if you guys could cope with the jealousy” the brunette grinned and wiggled her eyebrows.

Clarke just rolled her eyes in response, freed herself from Ravens embrace and walked towards her bedroom, the package safely tucked away under her arm.

“Really, Griffin? You walking away from me? You KNOW how curious I am! Oh my god, it’s from sexy Lexi, isn’t it! Open it. Right now.”

“God, don’t say that!” Clarke cringed.

“Come on. Give me something here! It’s not every day that your best friend is hitting it off with an insanely hot and awesome celeb I was in love with, first by the way! Pleeeeeease, Clarke! I’m begging you!”

“I’m not hitting off anything. Stop it! When are you going back to work anyway? PLUS I’m still
“Dude, really? Come on! That was 2 freaking weeks ago, which is like 6 years in lesbian time. And must i remind you that I didn’t hear you complain after all the mushy shit you guys have probably been sending to each other.”

“Right…pff…as if…what…what do you mean. Like exactly?” Clarke stuttered, clearing her throat, unknowingly clutching the envelope protectively closer to her chest.

“Oh please! Have you seen yourself lately? You are smiling more like any other god damn idiot on this planet and I know you. Don’t even try to deny it.”

“I’m neither denying, nor admitting to anything. Wait…are you tapping my phone again? Seriously Raven, one of these days I am going to kill you! I kid you not. I’m a doctor. No one will ever find your stupid ass!” Clarke said pointing at her friend.

“Am not! But thanks for confirming my suspicions, Smartass. You are too easy sometimes”, Raven laughed, mentally high-fiving herself.

It took Clarke a minute until she realized her mistake. “Dammit!” she cursed under her breath. “Okay. So what. Yes, we have been…talking. Nothing spectacular.”

“Nothing spectacular? Clarke. Seriously. When are you going to FINALLY admit to yourself that you have a thing for her and it’s not JUST some random chick you met at a fan convention. WHEN? Your insane level of denial physically pains me my friend.”

“I can’t hear you anymooooore”, the blonde sang, closing the door to her room painfully slow, leaving her nosey friend behind.

“YOU ARE GIVING ME A FUCKING ANEURYSM! YOU WILL BREAK AND WHEN IT HAPPENS I’M GONNA BE THE FIRST TO SAY, I TOLD YOU SO!”

Laughing, Clarke leaned against the wooden frame, shaking her head but stopped immediately when she spotted a tiny *H* written in the right corner of the delivery. Her heart started to beat a little faster and she couldn’t suppress the heat that crept up her chest. With slightly shaking hands she finally sat down on her bed, slowly opening the envelope when a small piece of paper fell out of the wrapping paper and landed on the hard-wooden floor. She curiously picked it up and her face almost hurt because of the immense smile that had formed on her lips. Her fingertips were tingling, her belly felt like one massive swarm of butterflies and she was pretty sure she was about
to combust by sheer excitement when she unfolded the note and started reading, but not without recognizing the beautiful, exquisite handwriting which definitely did something to the blonde in that moment. She couldn’t put a finger on it, but actually seeing Lexa’s way of writing and knowing that the actress had sat down holding a pen between her slender, perfect fingers, writing this exclusively for Clarke somehow made it so much more real…so much more intimate after all the days of sending digital messages back and forth. It was like they had created their own tiny bubble of giddiness, trust, smiles and the extraordinary feeling of knowing that there was someone out there simply thinking about her wanting to do something special only the two of them would understand made her...proud? It was like fleeing from her daily, hectic and mostly chaotic routine and she slowly started to let herself be taken away by the new, exhilarating force that was Lexa Woods.

*Clarke, I hope I’m not overstepping, or invading your privacy by sending this directly to your place, but I saw it and just had to send it to you right away, since it’s kind of where this all started and I’m just really grateful for your…friendship? Can we call it that already? I mean I know it’s probably not the friendship you are used to, but with this I just wanted to say thank you for being you. I read you soon, Heda*

Slightly overwhelmed by the unbelievably sweet gesture, the blonde carefully unwrapped her present and laughed out loud when she held a DVD of *You’ve Got Mail* in her hands with another note attached to the cover saying: “Since we figured we are both more of a Meg than a Tom, I took the liberty to do some name adjustments. Now we just need to elaborate who is going to be Meg Hanks ;-)”

Quickly and still with an inhuman grin plastered on her face, Clarke reached for her Laptop, comfortably leaning back to the headboard of her oversized bed and started a new message:

“I just opened your present after the longest shift EVER and what can I say other than that I absolutely LOVE it! Thank you SO much for this, because it’s probably the sweetest and most considerate present I have ever received and us being friends? I think I’d like that very much, Meg Hanks ;). See? Done! By the way, who needs “typical”, when life hands you special? One would have to be incredibly stupid to pass on an opportunity to call you a friend. I’m more than honored.”

Clarke then stopped typing for a second not sure if she was too forward with this, but quickly decided against deleting it again and stored her concerns away before she continued.

“You know, at the end of the day I have to say thank YOU. With the all the heavy stuff I have to deal with at the hospital every day and especially recently, talking to you…it makes me smile. I hope this doesn’t come off as super weird. So just in case it does, I’m really sorry. I’m babbling again. I guess you are getting my point ;). I hope your day is a good one. You still have to tell me about that new project you mentioned yesterday! Again. Thank you! I mean it. Until I read you again, Xo, Wanheda
At the same time on the other side of the city, Lexa was casually sitting by her pool, going through the recent script changes her producer was so keen about, when her phone started buzzing on the small table next to her, informing her of a new incoming mail.

Excitedly, the brunette picked it up and smiled brightly when Clarke’s name appeared on her Lockscreen.

Lexa took a deep breath, put the script aside, stood up, walked up and down the length of the pool reading through the message of the blonde, careful not to miss anything and without even realizing it she released a sigh of relief that her present was obviously more than welcome.

Not being able to control herself anymore and with a rush of newfound encouragement, she decided it was time to break out of her isolation and just go with what her gut told her to do.

She nervously bit her lip before she closed Clarke’s Email for the moment and dialed the number of her sister who picked up after the 3rd ring.

“Lex, hey. Everything good? The Script is okay so far?”

“Yeah…yeah, absolutely. Great. Listen, I was just calling to ask you for a small favor”, the brunette said dipping her toe into the chilly water.

“Uhm, sure. What is it?”

“You remember that small bistro down in San Fernando where the Paparazzi swarmed us so badly that they had to call the cops to get us out of there?”

“Oh my god, yes. How could I forget THAT. The poor kid who leaked the info is probably still mentally unstable” Anya laughed.

“Ha, yeah, most likely. So…I was wondering if you could maybe get me the Owners number.”

The line went silent for a bit. “And may I ask why?”

“I just wanted to take the girls out for lunch to…to go through some stuff for the show and I thought why not in a cozy, French place? No disturbances and all you know?”

“I…” Lexa heard her sister sigh on the other end and almost could hear her thoughts running a thousand miles an hour. “Sure. Yes, I guess I can do that”, the older Woods finally said and Lexa closed her eyes for a moment, relief rushing through her veins.

“You are the BEST!”

“Yeah, yeah. If that’s all I could do after our stupid…disagreement the other day, I’m more than happy to. Under one condition, though!”
Lexa’s smile immediately faded. “What’s the condition?” She carefully asked, her left hand balled into a fist.

“Roan is going to come with you, just in case.”

“Anya, come on. Why? I don’t need a babysitter. I’m not a kid anymore. We are just having lunch, go through lines and leave again.”

“I’m sorry, Lex. Either it’s with him or it’s not gonna happen.”

“Please, An. Can I have this one thing for myself?” Lexa almost pleaded and she quickly tried to keep her emotions at bay.

“Why are you SO damn keen about it?”

“Because…like you said, I wasn’t really focused these past few weeks and I feel like I kind of lost the connection to the girls and I really wanna re-establish that and I can’t do it with Roan sitting in my neck, watching me like a hawk” Lexa lied.

Another sigh came from Anya. “Okay, fine. I’ll arrange something.”

“THANK YOU. SO much! I really really appreciate it!” The actress grinned, momentarily trying to dismiss the bitter taste of her dishonesty towards her sister.

“Go and learn your lines you nerd. I love you. Gonna shoot you a text with details. Let’s have dinner tomorrow. We need to go through some things” Anya gave in.

“I’ll totally be there! Love you, too. Bye.” Quickly ending the call, Lexa re-opened Clarke’s Email, took another deep breath and typed out her message, before she could chicken out.

………

“How do you feel about having lunch with me soon? If not, it’s totally fine. X, Heda!” Clarke read out loud and almost dropped her phone when the words were starting to fully sink into her consciousness.

“Holy fucking shit!” She whispered to herself and sprinted out of her room.
"What is so funny?" Clarke asked, watching her cackling friend through the mirror while checking her reflection for the millionth time.

"God, can you chill now? You've been running around all morning like a chicken on ecstasy. You are making me dizzy and I'm not even going. You look fine, blondie" Raven observed, still grinning and enjoying her friends efforts to not completely lose her shit, before that lunch thing had even begun.

"Fine? Fine means, yeah well, it's okayish, but not really hot, so basically shit and I didn't put any more thought into it than necessary. I don't wanna look fine, Rae-I wanna..."

"What? How do you wanna look exactly, Clarke?"

"I...I don't know" The doctor sighed, once again fiddling with the hem of her denim blouse.

"Clarke. Look at me for a sec!" Raven stepped in front of her friend, grabbed her by the shoulders and forced her to look the brunette in the eye, all mockery completely gone.

"You are overthinking this, okay? See it as something you would do with me and O. Be yourself and that alone makes you the greatest, funniest and sweetest human being out there, alright? Wear your killer smile, tell your bad jokes...wear the beauty that is you. That's all you gonna need. You are no going to some high ass fancy gala. You are going to have some nice frenchy food with a cool chick in a tiny place in San Fernando for christ sake. You yourself said that you want to treat her as normally as possible. Then do exactly that. Turn off that pretty head of yours for once and go with your gut. She will appreciate it. I'm sure of it, okay?" Raven gave her a warm smile and squeezed her shoulders.

"Thats...Thats probably the sweetest thing you ever said to me", Clarke chuckled, her nerves still a little audible in her voice.

"I know. Don't tell Octavia. But now. Don't go all mushy on me, Griffin. It's disgusting. Save it for the lady" The brunette winked and released her friend.

"Will do. And Raven?"

"Yeah?"
"Thank you!" With that, the blonde closed the door behind her and sprinted down to her car.

"Aw...young love. They are growing up so fast!" Raven said to herself, shook her head, made herself comfortable on the couch, going through her Twitter account.

2 DAYS earlier:

"Oh my god, that was really really good. Thank you for this glorious dinner", Lexa sighed, rubbing her flat stomach and took a sip from the red wine in front of her.

"So glad you liked it. Finally all those damn cooking classes came to use", Anya cackled, placing her napkin next to her plate.

The brunette wrinkled her forehead in confusion by her sisters admission. "Since when do you attend cooking classes? And when do you have time for this?"

"Please. I'm a fantastic multitasker and i excel at timemanagement. I could still teach you a thing or two of that come to think of it", the older Woods winked and poured herself another glass.

Lexa laughed at that and she absolutely loved the evening she finally got to spend with her sister. Just them. Just them, being sisters, not actress and Manager, even if it was just for a while.

"Right. So where is Roan tonight? Didn't you say he would be home, too? I haven't really seen him in a while" the brunette observed and immediately registred the tiny shift in Anyas demeanor.

"He...He's out with some friends. And he was kinda busy, too, so..."

Lexa simply nodded and pressed her lips together. She knew there was more to the story, but she also knew when she should just keep her mouth shut.

Anya locked eyes with her sister, when no responds came and tilted her head slightly. "We are fine, Lex. Nothing to worry about."

"I wasn't going to say anything."

"Please. You don't have to. It's what you don't say. Your bloody eyes are louder than a freakin jet
"If you say you guys are fine I believe you. Just know that you can talk to me, too."

"I know", Anya smiled warmly, giving her sister's hand a squeeze. "So i hate to disturb our night with this, but i need to talk to you about that project we've been discussing."

There it was. The easyness gone like it never really happened. Lexa sighed and leaned back in her chair.

"Australia."

"Yes. The director only wants you for the lead and he's kinda starting to get on my nerves."

"How long will i be gone for again?"

"6 month. BUT, it's a huge deal, Lex. Like nothing we've ever done before and it would finally get you out of Television, up on the big screens."

Lexa processed the information for a bit, chewing on her bottom lip. It WAS a huge opportunity, no doubt. She knew she would be stupid not take it, but due to recent events, she could feel her inner wheels turning and it was holding her back. No matter how hard she tried to only see it from her job's perspective.

"What is it? I can hear you think."

"It's...nothing. It's just big and i need to think about it. I liked the pieces I've read so far."

"But?"

"I...like the Show. I feel good about it."

"But it's a TV Show, Lex. TV Shows end eventually. It's the third Season and with how the story is progressing, there might be a chance that this could be it's last."

"You never mentioned that before."

Anya sighed. "Look, I just want whats best for you and I feel like this is it now. We need to strike while the iron is still hot, Lexa. They are not gonna wait forever and we both know that everyone is replaceable. Even you. I'm not saying the Show will be canceled and if not, there is still the opportunity for you to do both. I've already spoken to Luis about it and..."

"Wait. Wait a minute. You spoke to Luis? When were you going to tell me that? I mean, after our disagreements lately i thought we were on the same page?" Immediatley after the words left her
mouth, Lexa felt insanely guilty, thinking about her own lie to her sister, but right now this had nothing to do with Clarke or anyone else. This was her job and it was something between her and her sister.

"I was not trying to sneak behind your back. Stop being so sensitive? I simply wanted to talk to Luis if there would be chance for us to combine the projects so that you could come back from Australia and not be unemployed. Why open a can of worms without a reason?"

"Okay. That makes sense...in a way" The actress gave in and looked at her sister apologetically. "When do you need my Go?"

"Latest by the end of next week. Shooting starts End of May and there is of course a lot of prep necessary beforehand."

"I'll think about it. I promise."

"Thank you. You alright? You seem jumpy. Not that we didn't have that topic before. Is it because of Ben?"

"Oh my god, Anya. No. He's a friend. There is absolutely nothing going on and there never will be. You know that. We go to events together. That's it."

"Sorry...i...does he know that, too?"

"Well, i sure as hell hope so. Urgh" Lexa made a gagging sound, causing Anya to laugh.

"He is kinda urgh. I totally give you that" she winked and clinked her glass with the brunette.

"This was nice. Thank you again!" Lexa said while hugging her sister goodbye an hour later.

"Same. We need to do this more often. Beside arguing of course."

"Definitely. Love you!"

"Love you, too. Oh wait, before you go. Here."

"What is it?" Lexa asked, curiously unfolding a piece of paper in her hands.

"It's the number of that bistro you wanted to take the girls to. I already gave the guy a heads up you'd call him"
Without being able to control it, Lexa's heartrate sped up, when the face of the blonde doctor suddenly occupied all of her mind.

"Lex?"

"Uhm...yeah. Great. Thank you so much for this. I appreciate it. Say hi to Roan for me. Night."
With that the brunette hurried to her car and dialed the cellnumber written on it.

PRESENT DAY:

Her breath came out shaky, when Clarke turned off the engine of her car in front of the little bistro. This was it. It was happening and with one last look in her rear mirror, Clarke stepped out into the sun, her aviator glasses sitting deep on the bridge of her nose. She didn't know what to expect of the place since she had never heard of it before, but she couldn't have imagined that it was THAT tiny and she wasn't sure if more than 10 people could actually fit in there. The surroundings were not really busy, as she thought it would be. A Shop here and there, but what struck her most was that it was quiet which was absolutely welcomed, fleeing the constant buzz and noise that was Los Angeles. She smiled, shouldered her bag and jumped a little, when she noticed the sound of another dying engine.

Clarke slowly turned around and there she was. Her brown locks open and draped over the right side of her shoulder, the sun behind her illuminating her whole body as if she were an angel. Holy fucking shit. The blonde tried to take everything in at once. How her black skinny jeans hugged her long legs perfectly, the way she adjusted her sunglasses, how the wind played with the light, silky material of her white blouse and the way her hips seemed to sway when she started walking towards her with so much grace, it was inhuman.

The blondes mouth went dry, when that smile she adored so much, appeared on her face. She was a melody and Clarke was a goner. She didn't even remember her own birthday.

And the next thing she knew, Lexa stood in front of her, pulled her glasses down and green, mesmerizing eyes locked with blue again.

"Hey" She almost whispered.

"H...Hi" Clarke managed to stutter, returning the same big smile.

"I'm so sorry i'm late, traffic really is a bitch that time of the day."

"Ha, it is. I had to leave my house an hour earlier, otherwise i would have never made it", Clarke cackled. "It's...it's so good to see you" she added, still a little nervous. (A lot)
"It's good to see you, too. You look amazing" the brunette said and that was all for Clarke to go with her gut, like Raven had told her to and wrapped the actress in a tight hug.

Lexa was so surprised by the sudden move that it took her a moment before she let her muscles relax, returning the embrace, her body almost melting against the blonde. *Day made*, her subconscious mind yelled.

"I'm sorry. Was that okay?" Clarke suddenly said, pulling away, her eyes searching for any sign of discomfort in the brunette's eyes. But luckily couldn't find any.

Lexa simply chuckled, her hand gliding down Clarke's arm, finding it's place on her elbow. "More than okay. Hungry?" She winked, opened the door for Clarke and followed her in.

"Ahh, Ms. Woods. It's so good to have you back here. And who might your lovely company be?" A small, chubby guy with a really weirdly formed mustache greeted them with a heavy french accent.

Absolutely not cliché at all, Clarke thought to herself, grinning.

"I'm happy, too Alfred. This is my friend, Clarke. And thank you again for doing this. I hope I'm not ruining your usual business today" Lexa smiled charmingly at the man, not even aware of the fact that her hand had made it to the small of the blonde's back.

"Oh come on. Having the amazing Lexa Woods with her friends here again is a true blessing. Please, Ladies. Choose whatever table you want and i will be right back with the menues. Everything on the house today", he smiled and disappeared behind a curtain.

"He's nice. *And* eager" Clarke chuckled when they both sat down at a small table close to the windows.

"He is. But it does come with a story. Last time i was here, the cops had to clear the way, because someone leaked a picture of me and the place was swarming with fans and Paparazzi."

"What? That's crazy."

"It was. Still wanna have lunch with me, doc?" Lexa said, less confident than intended.
Clarke eyed the woman in front of her for a second and felt a light peng in her stomach, when she saw the insecurity in her eyes.

"There is nowhere i'd rather be."

Lexa simply smiled and nodded, her cheeks a little redder.

"So, let me summarize all the amazing details i got today about the great Lexa Woods. You started acting when you were 6, but wanted to quit when you were 12 to become a turtle rescuer but quickly threw that over board again, landed your break out role at the age of 18, few more followed, you sometimes don't like your job very much, hate social media, but you know what i really really enjoyed?" Clarke said, after they had both finished their meals and had been constantly talking for the past 3 hours.

"What would that be?" Lexa answered, playing with her napkin and deep down she couldn't supress the slight feeling of disappointment by the doctors statements.

"That you absolutely hate Olives, that you don't really have a favorite color, that you are more a cat person, that you enjoy jazz and classics and that you are the worst decision maker", the blonde grinned and that was when the brunettes face lit up like the Eiffel Tower. "And you know why?"
Clarke added, sipping from her Espresso.

"I'm pretty sure you are going to tell me."

"Because it's you. This is not something you can google or anything and I'm...happy you shared that with me today."

Lexa sighed and locked eyes with the blonde. "It...it means a lot, Clarke. Really. Thank you for saying that. It's not everyday that...that someone really wants to spend time with me and not wanting to get anything out of it. Which i hope is not the case afterall", she winked to lighten the moment a bit.

Clarke's brows furrowed in confusion and she carefully studied the face of the actress. "Can I ask you something?" She finally said.

"Of course."

"Why me? Why...why do you trust me so much? I'm sorry, I...it sounds stupid i know. I couldn't get it out of my head ever since we met and I...I mean it must be risky for you? In a way? But i just wanted you to know that...you can trust me" Clarke breathed out, afraid that she might had overstepped a little in the early stage of whatever it was between them. Hell, she didn't even know.
Lexa didn't say anything for a minute, simply looking at the blonde, before she spoke again. "I don't even know. It's...crazy? To say the least, but i just...feel like i can...trust you. I felt it, when you were taking care of me in Sweden and honestly, sorry for saying it, nothing appeared online in any capacity after the incident, or after we met in the bathroom you know? It surprised me and i was...intrigued by you and...god, I'm aweful at this. I...wanted to see you again and it felt...feels so refreshing and...good. And then we started talking and now today... I really like spending time with you, Clarke."

That her heart was about to jump out of her chest by the brunette's admission, was of course the understatement of the freaking universe. Here she was, Clarke Griffin, sitting with the most amazing woman she had ever met in her life and even if it sounded super mushy and unrealistic in a way, it WAS happening. The living example right in front of her.

"I really like spending time with you, too" she said, quickly squeezing the warm hand of the young actress. So God help her.

"SO. This was...very nice", Clarke said, her hands in the backpocket of her pants when they stood in front of their cars a while later, the sun already setting painting the sky in beautiful shades of red and violet after the sunny day.

"It was. BUT there is one thing i need to clarify though" Lexa said her face unreadable and Clarke's stomach fell immediately. When the brunette saw the look on the doctors face, she started laughing.

"Oh my god, your face. All good. I just wanted to say...what did you mean by i'm the worst decisionmaker?"

"Really? I said that hours ago!"

"It's essential. So, why?" Lexa raised her (perfectly) shaped eyebrows and crossed her arms in front of her chest.

"Alright, fancy pants. You literally changed your order 5 times. FIVE times! Who does that?"

Clarke said, grinning.

"It's not my fault that this place has like the real good stuff and Alfred is a genius."

"Not enough, but i take it. For now. But honestly, Alfred is not really french, is he?"

"No. He's originally from the Netherlands, but swears he was born in the wrong country. Wait...for now? Does this mean you are not bored with me already?" Lexa challengened.
"Not even close, Woods. And well, if you are okay with it, I'd very much like to see you again. I really had a great time today. Thank you."

"I'd like that, too. Hey uhm...I know it's probably a little forward and if you don't want to that's cool, but may i ask for your cellnumber? You know, for science."

Clarke laughed and held out her hand. "Science. Sure. Come on, give me that phone of yours, Turtle rescuer."

She quickly typed in her contacts and gave the phone back to the brunette, taking a deep breath.

"I guess that is goodbye then", she sighed.

"I guess it is. Can i hug you again?" Lexa asked, taking a step forward.

"Since i didn't have the decency to ask you earlier, hug away as much as you want. I'm kidding. Of course you can."

And with that, after letting go of the others body, they both got into their cars, sporting ridiculous smiles on their faces.

Chapter End Notes

Here we are- It happened! Our little beans had a nice get-together at that place ;). I hope you all liked, how it played out, cause i'm a little nervous about this chapter to be honest. I hope i did the build up until now justice. GAHHH :D. No cliffhanger this time either, just fluffy Clexa time.

As you can see, there was not MUCH else going on, cause i wanted to focus on their "date". By the way, the title of this chapter is french and it means: "Glow" :) Thought that would fit. Furthermore i want to put out there, that i will distance my story from the usual backgrounds of the characters. Lexa is not broken by her past and the same
goes for Clarke. Their families are all well and intact. I hope that is something you
guys are okay with, too. kinda wanted to give them a "fresh" start in my world :D.
That being said, thank you for all your comments. You constantly make me smile.
Mistakes are all mine and unfortunatley i don't own anything. XO J
"Thank you guys. You were all amazing tonight. I couldn't do this without you. Let's get some sleep" Clarke said on the brink of letting out the longest yawn of the century after a really wild, rough night and she wasn't sure if she needed a hug, 3 days of sleep or a shot.

"No, you were great Clarke. Enjoy your offdays" Monroe said, smiling at her boss before the whole nightshift team went on to their respective lockers.

And god she wanted to do exactly that. Go home, sleep, watch senseless amounts of crappy movies, eat fast food and not come out of her cave for the next few days. She sighed heavily, the horrific events still replaying mercilessly in the back of her head. Clarke rubbed her face, put her blonde locks into a bun on top of her head, but was interrupted, when a new text illuminated the screen of her cell.

Pretty sure that it would be Raven or Octavia, she ignored it, but furrowed her brows in confusion, when her phone stayed silent since her friends usually send her at least 5 messages in a row.

Curiously she picked it up, unlocked it and nearly dropped it when Lexa's name appeared on the screen. She quickly checked if she was alone, before she sat down with a huge smile on her face and started reading.

Hi Clarke,

i know it's like super early, but i was just leaving the lot after what feels like the longest night of shooting and i wanted to check in how you were since i was so busy and you probably were, too. Hope i didn't wake you. L-

****

You didn't wake me at all. Just finished a really horrible shift at the hospital and about to leave. It's really good to hear from you and sorry that you had such a long day. Hope it was worth it ;). C

Biting her nail she curiously waited for the actress to reply but when nothing came, she sighed again, pulling her scrub over her head and just in this moment her phone buzzed again which made her jump so badly, she almost tripped over the bench in the room, the shirt just half way over her head. She quickly adjusted it, looking like a serpent charmer and opened the message.
Oh my god that sounds like quite the night as well. Do you...do you maybe wanna grab some breakfast with me? I totally get when you just wanna go home, but i think us nightowls could use the company.

*****

Clarke smiled like an idiot now and she was pretty sure that if somebody had seen her right now they would have taken her to psyche right away. With slightly trembling fingers she quickly typed out her reply.

I think, I'd love that. Where do you need me?

****

As soon as she had pressed send her eyes widened in shock when she realized what she had just said. Fuck fuck fuck fuck.

I'm SO sorry. That definitely sounded WAY different in my head. I mean. Where and when do i have to be? Gee, okay. Not better. You know what i mean

*****

;-D  I know just the place. 0214 Highland Avenue. Meet me there in 30. You won't regret it. Looking forward. -L

Clarke couldn't hide the blush that was creeping up her cheeks and she quickly shook her head, grabbed her stuff and literally flew out out of the hospital.

When she pulled up in front of a huge two story house in the Hills of Hollywood she leaned forward on her steering wheel, mouth agape totally feeling out of place immediately and she quickly realized that this was not a diner, a restaurant or whatever. This was Lexa's home. Lexa Woods had invited her to her private house and for a minute she couldn't deal with the many feelings running through her sleep deprived mind. She took another look, leaned forward a little too much and almost jumped out of her skin, when she accidentally hit the horn of her car with her boobs. Of fucking course.

She was too shocked to realize that suddenly someone was knocking on the drivers window, an amused grin on the perfectly shaped face she got to adore lately, so she did what on only Clarke Griffin would do in a situation like this. She of course didn't open the door like every other human
being would, she pushed a button and the glass separating her from the other woman went down painfully slow.

"Are you going to leave this car anytime soon or should I just bring the food outside?" Lexa winked, leaning on the frame, her face so painfully close to Clarke that she could feel the warm breath of the brunette on the left side of her neck.

"I..."

"Yes?"

Clarke studied the brunettes face curiously and let out an embarrassingly nervous giggle. "Wow that was weird. I am being weird. I'm sorry...I...just really had a long night. Can we forget the last 3 minutes and start again?" She sighed and finally got out of her car, standing in front of the grinning actress.

"Hi. Thank you for inviting me and it is really good to see you", she breathed, finding her white chucks super interesting all of a sudden.

"Hi. I'm glad you are here and it very nice to see you, too, Clarke. Do you wanna come in? Otherwise the neighbors are gonna think i'm in danger" Lexa winked, her hand again on the small of Clarke's back.

"Wha-What?"

"I'm kidding. It's 7 am. Nobody here gets up here before 8. Come on. Nothing to worry about. You hungry?" Lexa said, offering her hand to the doctor.

"Yeah", the blonde finally smiled, taking the invitation gladly.

That she was overwhelmed by the spacious house of the brunette once she set foot into it, was an absolute understatement when she tried to take in everything at once. Sure, she herself had a really nice apartment and all, but this place? It was something else entirely. It was neat, completely open, well organized, had the perfect mixture of modernity and coziness and when the early morning sun was slowly breaking through the huge windows in the living room, offering a breathtaking look over the city, Clarke was rendered speechless. The water of the pool was reflecting on the high ceiling allowing it to seem like a dance of it's own.

Quickly she was pulled out of her thoughts, when Lexa stood next to her, offering her a cup of freshly brewed coffee. "Do you like it?" She asked, almost shy.

"Do i like it? It's amazing. Wow, I...I love it. I think i've never been to such a pretty place before. Did you furnish this yourself? I like the marine touch of it" Clarke said in total awe, taking the cup from Lexa's hands.

"I did. My parents live really close to the Atlantic ocean and when i was young we would always go to Fire Island for the summer and i think...It just stuck with me. I don't know. It calms me", 
Lexa smiled shyly, avoiding Clarke's eyes.

"Well who would have thought Lexa Woods would be such a sap", the blonde winked, nudging the brunette's shoulder.

"I'm glad i could change your mind about me being some spoiled rich girl."

"You already did", Clarke breathed, her heart beating like a freaking maniac and without realizing it, her eyes went down to plump, full lips but she quickly snapped out of it, taking a sip from her coffee and took a seat in front of the large kitchen-isle.

"Well, uhm"- Lexa said, clearing her throat. "I wasn't sure what you'd like for breakfast, but i was thinking blueberry pancakes and bacon? Kind of a classic around my family" She winked, quickly went to the fridge and pulled out some ingredients.

"It's like you are a mind-reader"..."Lexa?" Clarke said, fumbling with the hem of her shirt.

"Yeah?" The brunette replied, her back to the blonde.

"Thank you for inviting me. I really needed that."

"God, this was like heavenly. Where did you learn to cook like this?" Clarke grinned, putting down her plate.

"Glad you liked it. And it's not that big of a deal. I used to do this a lot with Anya and my Mom" Lexa replied, grabbing the leftovers, putting it into her trash and dishwasher.

"Anya. Your sister. And she is also your Manager, right?"

"Yes."

"I see" Clarke answered, walking towards Lexa's couch, making herself comfortable with another cup of coffee in her hands.

"So. How was your night?" The brunette said, sitting next to the blonde.

"Heavy? It was...You know, it's..." The doctor sighed, avoiding Lexa's intense gaze.

"You don't have to talk about it, Clarke." But the blonde offered her a reassuring smile.

"It's not that I don't wanna talk about it. It's just...so much and overwhelming emotionally that i'm having a hard time shaking it off. Especially on nights like this. There was this accident and 5 Teens were involved. We could save 3 of them. And I had to tell their parents you know? It's..."

Clarke gulped, when Lexa put her hand on hers, squeezing it lightly. "I can't even imagine what that feels like. But you know what?"

"What?"
"I know...first hand that is, that you did everything you could."

"Lexa?" Clarke asked, absentmindedly playing with the index finger of the actress.

"Yeah?" The brunette shifted a little so their knees were connecting.

"Are you going to tell me what happened back in Sweden? I don't wanna like you know...But..."

That for sure took the brunette by surprise and she ran her hand through her thick, brown curls. "Eventually. I will eventually."

Clarke let her head sink to her chest for a second. "That's more than fine. I didn't wanna pressure you or anything. I didn't wanna make you uncomfortable."

"You weren't. I just...I need some time. It's not like i'm super damaged from or anything, it...shook me. It made me more conscious in a way you could say?"

The blonde eyed her for a minute, sipping from her coffee. She still wasn't sure if she was caught in some kind of delusion, but right now? She didn't care at all. She was looking at an obviously fragile girl who seemed to have it all, but yet? She didn't. She was simply a woman who carried burdens all by herself like anybody else and fame didn't necessarily meant that you wouldn't be haunted by your past. She understood. At least she thought she'd understand. And she was grateful. She was grateful for what was happening right now, right then in that moment.

"Tell me about your project", she blurted out, catching the brunette off guard.

"What about it?"

"Well, you mentioned it the other day and i'd totally love to hear about it. It seems to be a big deal since you never really gave me any intel."

"It's...I'd have to go away for it. It's good though. I guess?"

"Going away or the project itself?"

"All of it? I'd be away for 6 month and...well, it could be changing everything."

Clarke contemplated that for a moment. "Isn't that a good thing? I mean. It sounds super big. Are you ready for that kind of exposure?" She asked it without meaning anything, but the feeling of overstepping yet again haunted her mind.

"It is."

"So what's with the face, Woods? You don't have to tell me, tho. You know that."
But before Lexa could answer, her cellphone rang. "It's Anya. I...have to take this. I'm sorry."

"Pick it up. It's cool" Clarke warmly smiled and Lexa slowly stood up, answering her call, walking towards the huge windows in the back of her living room.

"Hey An" she said, sighing.

"How was Lunch the other day, Lexa?"

"What...what do you mean?"

"Well, right now I'm looking at...Wait! Hundreds of really weird Instagram Posts, Tweets and news articles saying that Lexa Woods was spotted being out having a very cozy, private Lunch with a mysterious blonde. It doesn't happen to be that Claire girl, right?"

"It's Clarke" Lexa heard herself say, balling her hand into a fist.

"I don't care what her name is. You lied to me. You fucking lied to me, Lexa and I bloody wanna know why your face is plastered all over Social Media because of this. Right now" Anya spat, not hiding any of her disapproval.

"I know what this looks like and...."

"What does it look like, Lexa? Explain to me, cause right now I'm fucking curious. I'm fucking curious why my sister is holding the hand of another woman as if she were touching the hand of Jesus."

"I..."

"I'm coming over right now."

"Anya, that might not..." But she couldn't finish her sentence before the line went dead.

"Lexa?" Clarke asked, eyes wide.

"Remember when I said, my sister could be a little intense sometimes?"

"Yeah?"

"Somebody saw us."
Lovelies, since I'm still stuck in bed being sick i thought why not use the time wisely and give you the new chapter ;). Thank you so much for the positive feedback on the last one, cause like i said, i was super nervous about it. I hope you don't hate me too much right now, but i'm gonna throw in a bit of angst. No worries, this will not turn into something sad, i just feel like life is not always fiction and we have to go through things unexpectedly and deal with it ;). So stick with me and i hope you enjoy this. I know, it's not super long, but i had to make a cut right there. XO J
"Maybe i should leave" Clarke said still taken aback a little over the obvious outburst of the older sister after she had already kind of witnessed her famous intensity back in Sweden, but before she could wait for Lexa's answer, the front door opened and the dirtyblonde haired woman looked between the two of them, anger written all over her face.

"Or...not...right away" The doctor said more to herself and awkwardly put down her mug of coffee.

"Seriously? What is she...What the hell are you doing here?" Anya immediatley turned to Clarke who silently pleaded Lexa to say something.

"Oh my god, can you please chill? what is wrong with you?" The brunette finally jumped in. "We were having breakfast. Since when is that a crime?"

"Chill? Really, Lexa? The news are blowing up right now saying you are obviously too occupied spending cozy lunch dates with some girl rather than with your actual relationship. Right before the.... "

"Look, you obviously don't like me very much for-" Clarke started all of a sudden interrupting the woman, ignoring the obvious boyfriend statement for a second and the sting of...jealously? Discomfort? in her chest.

"Oh really? Gee, what gave me away?" The older Woods spat which was enough for Clarke to gain her composure back a little.

"As I was saying, for whatever reason and i really have no idea what it is that i did to you, or why it is such an outrage to you that I'm spending time with your sister who by the way is an adult... and ALSO, last time i checked, even famous people do have friends, lady friends, to hang out with. So maybe you could stop insulting me for a minute and we can talk about this like actual adults!" The blonde blurted out, breathing heavily, straightening her shirt in the process.

"Is she for real?" Anya said looking at Lexa, before her attention went back to Clarke. "Listen, blondie, I don't know who you think you are or what your agenda is with my sister, but..."
"I'M GAY! I'm..." Lexa suddenly yelled, her eyes wide and the room went dead silent, both of the other women staring at her rendered speechless completely.

"Wha...what?" Anya almost whispered, the anger in her voice gone.

"I'm gay" The brunette breathed, tears running down her face without her really noticing as she let herself sink down on the couch feeling like the biggest burden had been taken off of her chest in what felt like...forever.

"I...i think i should...ukay..." Clarke managed to say pointing to the front door, but by the look of it nobody even paid any attention to what she was saying, so she decided to silently leave the two sisters alone, the revelation of what had just happened, heavy on her mind and heart while she grabbed her bag and closed the door behind her, letting out the breath she didn't know she was holding once she was standing in front of her car.

"What...what do you mean?" Anya blinked, making her way over to the crying brunette sitting down next to her.

"Really? What do you think it means?" Green eyes were searching hazel ones and for a minute none of them could say anything.

"I...I don't know what to say."

"Well you obviously had to say a lot not 5 minutes ago"

"I was angry...I...

"And for what reason, like specifically? Yes, i know i lied and I'm sorry for that, but this? Right now? It's exactly why I didn't wanna tell you. And i keep wondering when you stopped being my sister and turned into someone i don't even recognize anymore."

"Lex..."

"No. Let me finish! I'm not done yet" The brunette stood up, running her hand throught thick, brown hair. "Ever since I started working on that TV Show you began acting like a freaking helicopter hen and i just...couldn't...can't breathe anymore. I was not allowed to do anything i wanted, I was not allowed to really live anymore and i know you just want to protect me after that Stalker shit, but for christ sake, Anya. I'm not a freaking product. I'm not a toy you guys can push around whenever you feel like it. I did everything you ever asked of me without even questioning it and don't get me wrong, i appreciate it all, but stop. Just stop. I don't wanna have a fake relationship with some random guy, because it looks good or because that's what our fucked up society thinks should be normal, whatever that means so they can escape from their miserable lives and gossip about mine. I wanna get to decide whom i trust and I don't wanna ask permission for it
from anybody. I wanna make my own mistakes and i wanna give my heart away to whoever i choose to. It is my life and i wanna live it like i fucking please...I just...I want to be happy."

"Why...why didn't you say anything? All this time" Anya blinked.

Lexa let out a nervous laugh, her hands on her hips. "How? When? Tell me. Cause I really wanna know when all you did was being my Manager and were more concerned about what people said about me and how things looked like. I don't need any of this and we've been through this SO many times, Anya."

"I had no idea. I just wanted to protect you and I only want what's best for you."

"And I know that and you keep saying that but you see where it got us? Again?I'm tired, An. I really am. I can't...do this anymore. I can't and i won't. You know what's really best for me? When I can make my own decisions. And either you accept that, or..."

Anya then pulled the hand of her sister.

"Can you please sit with me and give me a chance to understand? Please? Lex, I want you to talk to me" The older Woods almost pleaded and let out a sigh of relief, when Lexa finally sat down again.

"I am SO sorry. I can't even imagine what you went through. Since...since when did you know?"

The brunette studied her curiously for a minute, her eyes still watery and red from crying. "For...for a while?"

Anya then nodded, interwining their fingers. "Do you...wanna tell me about it?"

"Do you hate me?" Lexa then whispered, completely exhausted, her bottom lip quivering from all the penned up emotions she had been holding in for so very long and she was simply...tired.

And without saying a word, Anya pulled her sister close to her chest, pressing a long kiss to her forehead. "God, Lex! How could I ever hate you for this? I love you with all my heart. You are the most important person in my life and i would support it if you'd marry your fucking palm trees."

"That is weird" Lexa nervously said, sobbing, pressing her face in the crook of Anya's neck.

"Okay that is very true, but what I want to say is...I want you to be happy, too and whoever makes you happy will be the luckiest person in the world, because that person will own the most precious thing i know. Your big, generous, beautiful heart and again, I'm so sorry i was such a douche to you and so self-centered. I promise you, I will get better. I can't lose you. You are my best friend and my baby-sister. So can you forgive me? I wish you had just told me sooner...I...No matter what, you and I? We will stand next to each other. And I'm proud of you. I'm proud of who you are and I'm proud of the incredible, outstanding woman you've become. You could never disappoint me,
okay? Never. And I wish, i could be as brave and strong as you are and I feel even more idiotic that
i could not have said that sooner. I'm an asshole and i've been for a while and i'm glad that this is
happening. I guess i needed a bloody wake up call." Anya grabbed both sides of Lexa's face then,
rubbing away the tears with her thumbs.

"Do you forgive me for lying to you by the way? Just checking."

The older woman let out a tiny laugh then, hugging her again. "Absolutely."

"Good, I think i...can forgive you, too."

"Thank you for telling me, Lex. So that Claire Girl..."

"Clarke."

"Right. Do you...do you like her? Like like her?" Anya asked carefully, releasing her younger sister
from her embrace.

"I...I think so?"

"Tell me about her."

"She's..." Lexa sighed, rubbing her eyes. "She's something else. I don't even how to put it. I saw her
and she actually only came to Sweden for her friend Raven..."

"Is that the annoying brunette with the basket?"

"Anyal"

"Sorry. Go on."

"She just...stood in front of me, was super awkward and she didn't want anything from me, like at
all. We briefly talked and then we kinda ran into each other accidentally in a bathroom of a
restaurant there, which was kinda weird...but funny in a way and i had that feeling again.
She...intrigued me and in a way she challenges me. And then obviously that incident happened and
she took care of me, not wanting anything in return you know? She was just...so nice and sweet,
treating me like a normal person. I even offered her to stay in contact after that and she refused. I
was like...right, what? And then i got even more curious and checked her Social Media and
nothing, not a single word anywhere. But the bottom line is that I think...that she is just beautiful,
Anya. She is so beautiful. We started talking, using weird nicknames so i would be safe, which was
so refreshing and she is so funny, passionate about her job, loyal, considerate and I...I just wanted
to see her again, spend time with her, get to know her more and i...feel free when she is around me.
She makes me feel special." Lexa sighed, locking eyes with her sister again. "Then we met for
Lunch after texting for a while and it was...perfect. I know how that might sound, but yeah. That's
the short version...I guess."

"Does she know how you...feel about her?"

"No and after today I guess i will never find out."

"Lex..."
"It's fine."

"It's totally not and I feel awful for treating her like I did for no reason. She obviously seems to be...a decent person."

"You were an asshole."

"Protective asshole, but I take that and I should probably apologize to her?"

"No, because I know you and I know that you still don't really like her" Lexa winked.

"I...well...You know i can't help myself sometimes, until i'm proven otherwise, but obviously i misjudged the whole situation and i wanna make it up to her and mostly to you of course."

"Please don't send her another food-basket."

"And have her friend come to the office again returning it? No fucking way."

"An."

"Sorry. But have you met that person?" Anya said, but pressed her lips together when she saw the look on Lexa's face.

"You are gay" The older Woods sighed, cupping the brunette's cheek.

"I'm gay" Lexa nodded, a small, relieved smile appearing on her lips.

"I never liked that Ben Dude anyway."

"You don't like anybody really."

"Lex?"

"Yeah?"

"Are we good?" Anya almost whispered, but the answer came in the form of a hug from her sister.

"We will be."

*************

"The fuck what happened?" Raven said, pacing through the apartment like a caged tiger, her hands on her hips while Clarke, still in her hospital attire, was absentmindedly munching on a blueberry-muffin.

"I know and she came in like a fucking Tsunami and...everything happened so fast and i just...left. It wasn't and it is not my place."

"Who does this bitch think she is?"

"Rae, she just wants to protect her sister. I get it. It's not that easy and I should've known before
"allowing myself to think that this could be something that it's not."

"Clarke. I love you and you know that but sometimes you are just too good for your own fucking sake."

"What am I supposed to do?"

"So she's gay..."

"Raven..."

"Yeah, yeah...I'm just processing this. Please let me. Second of all...Does she like you? Do you like her?"

"Oh my god, I don't knooow! That's the least of my concerns right now. She obviously has a ton of shit going on and i'm not even sure about anything. Of course yes, okay? I...like her. God help me and i never thought i would actually say this out loud. She's...special, but maybe it just gotten out of hand in a way."

"I'm going to kick her ass."

"Who's?"

"Anyas or whatever her name is. I mean seriously, this was fucking rude and you didn't do anything wrong."

"I know that and Lexa didn't as well, but maybe that's exactly what was supposed to happen you know?"

"What do you mean?"

Clarke sighed, rubbing her eyes. "Maybe it was nice while it lasted and we simply live in two different worlds and i let myself believe that there was something. I don't know what i was thinking."

"Are you serious right now?"

"God, Raven! I don't even know what i am anymore. Ever since it started, everything is like turned upside down and I'm not sure i wanna be part of this."

"But yet you are, Clarke. You are knee-deep in already. Why do you think she put SO much effort into this?"

"I don't know. Maybe she was just bored and needed a distraction."

"Do you really think that?"

Clarke went silent then, rubbing her hands together thinking about every conversation, every word, every smile, every story she had shared with the actress.

"I'm not sure, Rae. I'm really not sure. Plus, she's probably leaving for a project soon anyway, so...

"Wait. What?"
The blonde sighed. "She's gotten an offer for a big screen role which requires her to leave for like 6 month. And it's in Australia."

"Then what are you waiting for?"

"Raven, that's ridiculous. We are not living in some kind of sappy movie. This is real life. I'm not going to stand in the way of her career and I'm certainly not asking her to stay when all we had were some texts, Lunch and Breakfast. It's simply not how it works and I'm not that kind of person. It's just not going to happen. I was letting myself drown into something which is simply not realistic."

"You know sometimes and just sometimes, life offers us those kind of opportunities and may we be damned to not act on them when they present themselves, Clarke. There is obviously something, god knows what and i still hate you that it's not me and I'm not saying soulmate shit or whatever, but you at least have to go talk to her and make a final decision then based on actual fact and not some theoretical bullshit you stirred up in that pretty head of yours. Most of the time people are failing because they are not able to communicate anymore and that is not you, you hear me? That is not you. You are a successful doctor, working your ass off and you are saving lives every day. How is that for being special? She is entertaining people, you are saving them. Give yourself some fucking credit and allow some goodness for once without immediately dismissing any of it. God. It's about taking risks sometimes, Clarke. It's about being honest to ourselves and others and actually say it out loud."

"Since when are you a fortune cookie?"

"Since I've met you 26 years ago, when you kissed my knee after some kid pushed me off my bike. I'm serious, Clarke. As your best friend I'm telling you, please go talk to her and I'm not saying make her cancel her project but if you really like her, care about her and you are sure about it, at least give her something to come home to. It's not like you are asking her to marry you! She trusts you, obviously and you should offer her the same amount of trust. Remember YOLO? This? Right now? This is a YOLO moment, my friend. Don't go waste it on what if's. Nobody ever got laid because of what-ifs" the brunette winked and was surprised when the doctor wrapped her arms around her tightly.

"I love you, Rae. Thank you. I don't know what I'd do without you."

"Love you, too, fartface" the brunette smiled.

Clarke sighed, feeling absolutely more encouraged than before & pressed a kiss to her friend's temple.

"Soooo...what are you going to do now?" Raven winked.

"I will talk to her."

"That's my girl."
Lovelies, you are BLOWING my mind!! I would love to name every single one of you who constantly leave amazing comments and thoughts for this. You guys are the best. As you can see this chapter finally revealed Lexa's sexuality to Anya and I'm super nervous about how you guys feel about the conversation that followed. Part of it is from my own experience and parts are what a friend of mine went through when she came out to her family/sister, so i know it's a really sensitive topic and i wanna treat it the best i can and I hope i could express that. I re-wrote this part like 3 times, i kid you not :D I promise it will become more Clexa heavy but right now her coming out is such an important turning point in the story :). I also know, it's a little angsty and not the longest chapter, but...it had to be this way for now ;). Don't hate me for it. Let me know what you think and also if there is something you definitely wanna see happening, I will try my best to work it in, since I'm writing every chapter as it hits me :D. There is no plan where this is going like at all. Amyway, Enjoy! XO J-
"I'm JUST gonna go over there again and talk to her...I can do this." Clarke encouraged herself enthusiastically, pumped by sheer adrenaline an hour later after the encounter she'd had with Lexa and her over-protective sister AND her best friend. She grabbed her keys which immediately fell to the floor with a thud, when she swung open her front door and looked into big, bright, green eyes.

"Lexa! What...what are you doing here?" She gasped, blinking like an idiot.

"Hey...I uhm...came over to talk to you? We kinda left off pretty, you know...well not at all...is it a bad time? I could..." But the actress was cut off when Raven stormed out of her room, eyes fixed on her phone.

"Dude, what the fuck is that noise? What are you doing? I need to like work on my paper to rule the world someday and you are messing with my mo...jooohoohooh...Holy fucking shit" she immediately stopped in her tracks when she finally looked up and took in the scene that was unfolding right in front of her.

"Clarke? Please tell me I'm not imagining things...Is that the very real Lexa Woods standing very awkwardly at our doorstep?"

"Oh my god!" The blonde sighed, rubbing her tired features shooting Lexa an apologetical look. "Could you please behave like a normal person for a second and not embarrass her like that? Or me? While you are at it?" Clarke added, silently asking the universe what it was that she had done whether it was in this life, or the previous, OR the one before that.

But Lexa took measures into her own hands then, gave Clarke a reassuring sidelong that implied "No worries, I got this", stepped forward, smiled her million dollar smile and reached out to the other brunette.

"Hi. Raven, was it? It's good to see you again. How are you?" And with that the actress finally entered the apartment while Clarke took the opportunity to close the door, her lips pressed together in a thin line. She was pretty sure she would faint at any second. Just because this had literally been the weirdest, surreal situation ever and maybe it was the lack of sleep, or the fact that she had never imagined this would be happening when SHE had decided to clear the air first. And she had absolutely NOT signed up for what was going down now.
"Ya...Yeah. Good. In fact, very good. Wow. It's very weird that you are here...where I live. Weird in a good way of course. Don't get me wrong. Nice. How...how are YOU? " Raven uttered not really sure what to do with her hands so she decided to lean on the kitchen isle as cool as possible of course.

"Really fine actually. Thank you" Lexa smiled, looking at Clarke again who tried not to die right on the spot.

"I TOTALLY hate to interrupt the great conversation you guys have going right now, but aren't you a little late for that thing you had promised Octavia?" Clarke stepped in, clapping her hands together, not able to take this anymore.

"What thing?" Raven answered, her eyes still fixed on the actress like a puppy.

"That thing. Remember?!" The blonde said between gritted teeth, finally getting the desired attention from her friend.

"Oh. OH. Right. Oh my god. Sure. Don't wanna be late for that. I will just grab my stuff and...right" Raven nodded, pointing to the front door. "Octavia is a mother. You don't wanna make her wait you know?" She added, smiling at Lexa brightly.

"Absolutely not. It was nice seeing you again" The actress chuckled when the other woman passed by her, finally leaving the two by themselves.

"She is not really meeting your friend, is she?" Lexa said, looking Clarke straight in the eye, her amusement still visible.

The blonde sighed in defeat. "No, she isn't. God. I'm SO sorry for this. You must think like I'm 12 years old. I just...I didn't think you would come over. I wasn't prepared. Plus, I promise you, she means well."

"It's fine, Clarke. And I kinda like her", Lexa winked, putting her bag down.

"Oh. Don't tell that to her face. She would never get over it."

"Secret's safe with me" the brunette smiled, still standing in the middle of the loft, hands in her pockets.

"I'm the worlds worst host. Gee. I guess the lack of sleep is really getting to me."
"Like i said, i could come back any time. I just...wanted to talk to you, clear the air."

"No no no. It's totally fine. Please, stay. Do you want a drink?"

"It's 11am, Clarke." Lexa chuckled.

"RIGHT. Uhm...Coffee? Tea?" The doctor nervously offered, mentally slapping herself for her inability to act like a 30 year old. At least for the time being.

"Thanks, I'm good. I don't wanna push you, but can we talk about what happened, cause I really want to explain and get it out my system before i lose my courage." Lexa sighed, offering Clarke to take a seat next to her which she thankfully took.

"Yes. Absolutely. Sorry again for being so weird. I'm just really...nervous?"

"I think it's sweet, tho."

"Seriously? Well in that case...No. For real. You kinda beat me to it. You know, about the whole talking thing."

"Obviously...

"So...how did everything go with your sister? She seemed more than angry. So maybe i should apologize for intruding the way i did? " Clarke started, clenching her jaw, cause internally she was literally screaming. She had planned to figure out what to actually say to the actress while driving up to her place and now? Now she was sitting right next to her and she had absolutely no clue how to put all her thoughts into reasonable, acceptable sentences. And she didn't want to risk this opportunity because her inability to actually say what she really felt sometimes.

"It was...fine, i guess? We talked about it all and uhm, yeah...We will be fine eventually. Sometimes it's just hard for her keeping the balance between being my sister and my manager you know? There are a lot of things going on in the background you don't know yet and I'm sorry I put you into the middle of it. I didn't mean for any of it and I wasn't completely thinking this through. But she had no right to treat you the way she did and she was way out of line. We've had issues beforehand and i guess it was just the tip of the iceberg which also means there is absolutely nothing you should be apologizing for."

"I totally get the intensity thing now. Sarcasm aside. It's okay, Lexa. Really. I get it. It's not like this would be more than it was anyway." Clarke suddenly blurted out, not really sure where it was coming from, or why the hell she had said it in the first place. But she did and when she locked eyes with the actress again, she wasn't sure what she saw in them. Pain? Disappointment? Regret? Realization? All of it?

"What...what do you mean?" Lexa blinked.
Clarke closed her eyes for a second and sighed heavily. "Look, I..."

"Is it...is it because i said that I'm gay?" The actress mumbled, her hands folded tightly in her lap.

"Oh my god, Lexa, no! And you know that."

"Do I? How exactly? How would I know? I just told you private things and you are pushing me away right after?!"

Clarke took a long moment before she spoke again. She was pretty sure she was about to screw this up entirely but at least she had to give it a try to explain herself. Now or never? Right?

"You are right. You are absolutely right. How could you know? I never told you about myself, because i was afraid to scare you away, if i'd said how...beautiful i think you really are after the short amount of time we've got to be in contact. God, I'm actually saying this, huh? I think you are absolutely breathtaking, Lexa. You are funny, pretty, witty and when you said that you were gay I uhm...there was this tiny flicker of hope in my chest that you could actually see me the way i see you?...I have never uhm ...I have never felt so out of place, or turned upside down ever since I've met you, or like now, because my brain doesn't seem to be able to catch up to what is happening. But I also just realized how impossible this all is."

"Clarke..." Lexa breathed, suddenly standing up, walking over to kitchen isle, adjusting the messy bun on top of her head.

"It's...It's not real. It's an illusion."

"What? What is not real? What does that even mean? What are you talking about?"

"This! You and me..." the blonde gestured between the two of them, her emotions taking it's bloody toll on her and she simply had a total meltdown.

"Where is this suddenly coming from? You are not making any sense! You just told me all these amazing things and now it's not real? I don't get it."

Clarke let out a small laugh, rubbing her tired eyes. "Fuck...I...I don't know. All I know is that you are leaving anyway and that we obviously went ahead of ourselves with all of this."
"With what?"

"Lexa. Seriously. You are going to leave at some point, so let's just make this easy for both of us and not gonna pretend that this was more than it is."

"Pretend...what?"

"That we are gonna really see each other after all this and especially not when you are going to Australia."

"So, alright. I get it now. This is what it's all about. It's me leaving? I haven't even accepted the offer yet, Clarke."

"No! Yes? God, I don't know what to think anymore. I'm sorry for being so confusing and weird."

The brunette then stepped into the doctors space, grabbing her by her shoulders. "Clarke, listen to me. After all of this, you are just gonna tell me that...it's over before it even began? Just like that?"

"Why wouldn't it be? You have a reputation to lose and a movie to shoot, so. Realistically speaking, we met like 2 month ago Lexa, and I have my daily life and you have your career to look after."

"What...what if I'm not gonna take the role?" The brunette almost whispered, taking another step forward.

"Of course you are taking it! Stop. Are you crazy? You are not stupid enough to throw this away because of me or because you are being rebellious towards your sister. I couldn't look at myself in the mirror if you did that. Look. I'm just some random girl, some random doc and in a few months from now it'll be like it never happened you will see. And that's...that's okay. You will not compromise your career, your relationship with your family, because...You've met me, Lexa. I really really like you, but I'm not gonna be the one who is holding you back from something you deserve and will be good for your future. I'm not gonna do that. I can't."

"How can you even say that right now, Clarke? Do you really believe that? And why did you get to make that decision for me?"

"That's not the point and you know it!"

"Well, yeah it is. That is exactly the point!"

"Lexa, you have a whole life to go back which couldn't be any more different from mine and thinking about it, I highly doubt i could ever really fit in there! I mean you have a fake boyfriend for gods sake."

"Did you actually google this after you went home?"
"I...Raven did, so..."

"Clarke. I do not have a boyfriend. At all.... and by now you should have figured that I'm not interested in having one. We were set up for the press and that's the whole story. And i really don't care what my sister is saying or what anybody else is saying."

"And you are okay with it? Like that people are dictacting your life all the time and you don't really have a say in it."

"No. I'm not. That is why i'm standing here, in front of you right now telling you all of this, making myself incredibly vulnerable listening to all of your reasons why this is all wrong in your head and why it's a bad choice...You know what I've said to my sister earlier? That I wanna make my own decisions. That I wanna be responsible for my actions. That I wanna choose- Because I'm so sick of people...assuming what is best for me. So please...don't be one of those people, too."

Clarke then ruffled through her blonde hair, her hands resting on her hips. She had no idea when this conversation escalated the way it had. But here they fucking were and she wasn't sure anymore if she wanted to protect Lexa, or herself, or both them.

"You know, being a doctor has always kind of defined my way and I was reluctant to the fact that other people struggle with the same issues everyday in another capacity. But at the end of the day, we all want the same things. We want to know who we are and what our journey will be. It's a question with no simple answer really. There is this whole big world out there, beyond everyone, millions of people with their own story, with their own hopes and dreams..and i was never allowing myself to think that i could be one of those people, too. You know, being happy."

Lexa then couldn't take it anymore and took another step towards the blonde, her eyes fixed on the beautiful face in front of her.

"What if i want to be part of your story?" She boldly asked, her hands suddenly on each side of Clarke's face, her pupils dark with a desire she had never felt and before she could deal with any concern, any insecurity or fear of being rejected she pressed her full lips onto slightly smaller ones, her right hand snaking behind the doctor's neck.

"L...Lex..." Clarke mumbled, overwhelmed by sheer electricity, feelings and complete utter...desire, her arm securely wrapped around the other woman's body, pulling her as close as humanly possible, noticing how good and right it felt. "What...what are you doing?" She managed to say pulling away slightly, her hands resting on the brunette's hips now, silently asking for the permission she didn't know she needed for herself in that moment.

"Becoming part of your life, hopefully. Showing you that you deserve to be happy, too. We both do, so I'm taking a leap of faith here." Lexa simply whispered, closing the distance once more, pushing the blonde against the kitchen isle, her hands having a mind of their own now which send the doctor into a twister of feelings and her mind went completely blank, when she felt warm, eager hands making it's way up her shirt, to her chest leaving a trail of fire on her skin and before
she knew it, the moan that was to escape her throat was silenced in a way she never knew she needed.

Chapter End Notes

You guys, i bet you did not see this coming? But you probably did, because i have the best readers. PLEASE don't kill me just yet. Did I mention that my story is a little...different :). Trust me on this. I KNOW it's a tiny bit torturous. I just wanna keep as real as possible. Well real as in real in my mind :). Gonna share something with you. YES, we have reached THAT point. This chapter is almost identical to a situation that happened to me personally. And my best friend is literally Raven, so...there's that. I rewrote this a lot and i hope you like it :) To end this little rant, i wanna give some shoutouts at this point of the story. Believe me, when I say that i appreciate EVERY single comment, kudos and whatnot and i don't wanna make anyone feel less "special" and i wanna give you all a huge group hug, but there a few readers out there who have such a special place for me by now and they gave me encouragement in a way that i can't even put into words. So here goes: william0102, Harrytoad, KhanDzz, betagamma, DemonKnightAlex, Katiepolley and my lil Frenchie Laukea. THANK YOU, you kept me going! :) xo to all of you, J
Clarke simply stared at the beautiful woman in front of her, her pupils so dilated that the green was almost completely gone, their chests rising and falling heavily after the necessity for air had become a serious issue by now.

Both their hands were tangled in each other's messy hair, lips swollen from the intense kiss they had just shared, both hyper aware of the other and how their bodies almost ached of sensitivity and the sheer feelings of what had just happened.

The doctor's hands then absently snaked around the actress's waist, grabbed her firmly and lifted her up on the kitchen isle, long slender legs locking immediately behind her back, their chests melting together like they had been doing this a million times before already.

"I wanted to do that for a while" Lexa breathed, her lips ghosting over the blonde's dangerously and Clarke literally thought she would pass out when another wave of the brunette's scent hit her nostrils, swimming in a sea of Vanilla and something that was only...her. She was about to get lost and she didn't mind at all.

"Is that so?" Clarke grinned, not being able to control herself anymore, she started lifting the brunettes shirt over her head while pressing soft kisses between Lexa's breasts which elicited the most beautiful sound she had ever heard...yet.

"Abs...absolutely!" She whispered, tilting her head a little to the side so she could give the blonde more access to her neck, her whole body exploding with goosebumps when she felt a warm tongue and lips on her pulsepoint, sucking, nipping, soothing.

"Since when exactly?" Clarke whispered against hot skin, kissing her way up to the woman's sharp jawline.

"How sappy would it be if i said ever since i opened my eyes again after passing out?"

"Very"

"I think, you are wearing too many clothes, Clarke!"

"Oh really? Maybe you should do something about it."

"Trust me, i intend to" And with that, Lexa grabbed the blonde by the hem of the scrubs she was still wearing, pulled it over her head and tossed it to the kitchen floor, almost awestruck by how blonde curls seemed to perfectly fall into place again.
"God, that's hot" Clarke managed to say between heated kisses and not really knowing how they had made it into her room without any serious injuries, she found herself half-naked on top of the actress in her bed, green eyes staring up at her in a way that sent shivers down her spine, her mind completely numbed by how disconnected she felt from the rest of the world.

"Are you okay?" The blonde whispered when she realized that the brunette had started to shake a little.

"Totally!" Lexa smiled, almost a little shy now, the previous boldness gone from her voice completely, her hands wandering up and down Clarke's arms and that was the moment when the doctor came back to earth, scanning the actresses's face intently.

"Have...have you done this before?"

"I...well, I...read some fanfiction, which is super ridiculous and i can't believe I'm actually admitting to this, but..."

"What is fanfiction?" Clarke warmly chuckled, putting a brown lock behind a tiny ear.

"It's...uhm"

"Lex...hey. Seriously. Talk to me" The blonde asked, kissing her forehead.

"Okay. No. I have not...like you know...not...everything. Oh my god, I'm totally killing the mood right now, aren't I?" She nervously laughed, covering her eyes with her hand which Clarke immediately grabbed, pressing it to her chest.

"Hey! Hey. Look at me. You are not killing anything, alright? We are not doing something you are not comfortable with, okay? I mean it. Nothing. Hell, I am super nervous. Like a lot and honestly...I would be really happy, if we could just...BE today? There is no rush. I just...I just really like being close to you, being around you and I'm...sorry if i made you think that I had some kind of expectations, you know? Because I don't. I would never want to you feel I would pressure you into something you are not ready for."

Lexa then sighed heavily, contemplated, weighed her running thoughts, the situation, Clarke as a person, her insecurities, her feelings and it all came to a hold when she saw the look in Clarke's eyes, the sincerity, the empathy and by instinct she reached for the blondes face, kissing her with such a vigor and intensity that she couldn't really vocally express in that moment. "I want you...I want...this. With you!" She breathed and with one last nod of giving permission she completely let herself drown into the ocean that was Clarke Griffin.
She then watched her, felt her, mapping out every inch of her body as if she were the most precious thing in the entire world and when she felt the soft press of the blondes tongue on her for the very first time it was like as if something inside of her had exploded, broke free, as if something had finally emerged from what had been hidden for so long.

She tightly grabbed onto the soft sheets and deep moans replaced any communication, but was still articulated by the way Clarke was literally worshipping her. It was pleasure, it was fulfillment, relief, trust...it was finally being exactly where she imagined to be and somehow she knew that it was not onesided. They were somewhere between the here and now, the past, the future or the fucking Twilightzone, but Lexa couldn't care less when she felt Clarke entering her with two fingers carefully, matching the rythm that her body had set for her without even realizing and she felt herself drifting off into the abyss of...letting go. Simple as that. She let go.

"Clarke..." she whispered and she almost had to surppress a giggle at how strange her own voice sounded to herself while she interlocked her fingers with the blonde's free hand above her head, feeling the heat building up mercilessly in the pit of her stomach like a storm she wasn't prepared for at all and she never had dared to imagine that she could be driven by that amount of such a variety of emotions that were running through every vibre of her body.

"I got you" The doctor whispered, coming up from between her trembling thighs, silencing her moans with another, tender kiss to her lips. Yes, it was sloppy and yes it was messy and a little bit uncoordinated, but right now? In that moment, it was their own description of perfection and that was more than enough.

Clarke marvelled at the way in which the actress was coming apart from her tongue, her hands and she felt addicted. She was addicted to her taste, she was addicted to the sounds, she was addicted to the way Lexa had been looking at her...trusting her and it was all she needed, when she felt her relaxing beneath her, both their hair being a complete mess, bodies slightly covered with a tiny layer of sweat.

Once the brunette had come down from her high, Clarke laid beside her, pulling their naked bodies close to each other, her finger running down the bridge of Lexa's nose calmingly. Her eyes were closed then and a content, small smile appeared on her face.

"Are you okay?"

"More than okay" the actress whispered, wrapping her arm around the blonde's midsection.

"Did... I hurt you? I...I got carried away a little and..." Clarke said, concern written all over her face but Lexa simply kissed her then, still able to taste herself on pink lips, a dreamy, satisfied smile gracing her features while she buried herself in the crook of the doctor's neck even more.

"Clarke..."
"Yeah?"

"Could you please stop thinking for a second?" Lexa giggled, intertwining their bare legs.

**************************

It was probably a few hours later when Lexa opened her sleepy eyes again, smiling, when she felt a heavy, welcoming weight on her chest, while golden curls were tickling her face in the process. She didn't care that her arm felt incredibly numb or the fact that Clarke had obviously taken up most of the space AND the blankets they had been wrapped themselves into.

To cut to the point, she was...**happy**. She felt **energized**, she felt **confident** and without thinking about it twice, she started to trail kisses down the doctors neck, which immediately woke her up.

"If you keep doing that, I can't promise anything" Clarke mumbled, her voice raspy, eyes still closed while she grabbed onto the hands around her waist tightly. "What time is it, anyway?" She added, stretching while turning around to face the beauty next to her.

"5 pm-ish?. I need to get up, tho. I have to be at the studio really soon. Totally forgot to set my alarm" Lexa winked, her hand resting on Clarke's cheek.

"Oh wow, how did *that* happen anyway?" The blonde smiled, pressing her body against the actress seductively.

"I have no idea. My mind is completely blank. Maybe you could provide me with some intel of what I've missed..."

"**Funny.** I like that" The blonde smiled, pressing a soft kiss to Lexa's lips.

"Are you hungry?" Lexa giggled against the blonde's mouth.

"For you? **Always!**" Clarke answered, her hands sneaking their way down to the brunette's firm ass.

"You...you are beautiful, you know that?" The brunette said in a way that left the blonde speechless for a second when green orbs were scanning her face. She simply replied to that with a tender kiss that was soon turning into a more heated one, before the brunette softly pulled away and stood up, her glorious body in full display. And she *fucking* knew it.

"I literally figured that all my stuff is scattered around the kitchen and your room. May I borrow a Shirt and some pants, Dr. Griffin so I can provide you with some food?" The actress winked, while
she walked towards Clarke's dresser, hips swaying inhumanly, bare as the gods had made her, leaving Clarke behind like a suffering mess, simply nodding while the woman of her _not so hidden dreams_ put on her clothes and disappeared from her view entirely.

Clarke then rolled onto her back, giggled like an idiot and couldn't ACTUALLY believe that this was happening right now. Overwhelmed by _any_ feelings a human could possibly have, she smiled into the pillow that Lexa had occupied not 5 seconds ago, inhaling her scent, rubbing her tired eyes.

*****************************************************************

Lexa was standing in front of the fridge, whistling happily, collecting ingredients for the sandwich she had planned to make for Clarke, when the front door suddenly flew open and a certain brunette looked at her as if she had just met Jesus himself.

"Oh...my...god! You..." Raven said, pointing at her, her bag hitting the wooden floor with a thud, her eyes immediately flying to the scattered pieces of clothes that were leading all the way up to Clarke's room and it took no bloody genius to figure out what had happened here.

"H...Hey, Raven!" Lexa awkwardly mumbled, greeting the other woman with a bottle of mustard in her hand, not really sure what to do with herself.

"Okay. I...wow...This is _literally_...Holy fuck. Did you...And...Clarke...Together...I can't-I think i just died. That's it. I'm dead." And in the same moment, Clarke came out of her room, only wearing one of her oversized Med-School shirts, rubbing her sleepy eyes, suddenly painfully aware of a half-naked Lexa and her best friend, breathing the same air.

"This? THIS is too fucking much you guys! I..._need_ this moment! Wait for it." She laughed, shaking her head while she pulled out her phone, pushed a few buttons and suddenly raised her hands up in the air, singing wholeheartedly when Belinda Carlisle's "Heaven is a place on Earth" blasted through the entire apartment.

"Oh my fucking god." Clarke simply said, hiding her face, standing protectively in front of Lexa who's eyes were wide, still holding the mustard in sheer disbelief.

"You know what? This is exactly why I'm constantly one conversation away from never speaking to you again!" The blonde said, shaking her head at her best friend.
Alright, Loves. It happened!!! OH MY GOD and I'm like freaking OUT over this chapter. I know that you were expecting a lot from this, but this is literally the very first time i dipped my toes into writing some "hottie" times. PLUS this is my first fic, so please don't hate me too much. I know it's not the longest chapter yet, but it felt like that i had to make the cut where i did. Still freaking out. It's not the full on Clexa goodness, but that's how it's going down in my mind...like NOT jumping into it head first. I want to give them some time to grow together. I rewrote this SO many times and I will probably adjust some things here and there, because that's me, but for now really really hope you'll get my way of writing this chapter- Like always, I'd love to read your beautiful thoughts and i promise, when i wrote this down from my notes, there are still SO many possibilities for them. Stay with me. God, I hope you will enjoy this at least a bit. Muchos love, an anxious J. XOXO
"Please tell me I'm not dreaming this. Like...Did you guys...ACTUALLY do it? In our apartment? Where I live? Wait...You didn't christinize the couch, right? Cause I'm literally living on this thing. But most importantly, are you guys...dating? As in dating dating, cause hooooly..." Raven ranted, completely ignoring the vein that was building on Clarke's forehead in that moment and only stopped, when a BLOP echoed through the room and 6 pairs of eyes watched as the cap of the bottle of mustard Lexa was holding flew through the apartment, landing right in front of Ravens feet. What is life, right?

"Alright. Enough. Lexa, I'm so sorry, but would you mind giving me and my incredibly embarrassing friend a minute?" Clarke said, giving the actresses hand a light squeeze.

"Sure" the brunette answered quickly, super glad she had been given a way out of this and disappeared into the doctors room.

"Really?" Clarke then turned her attention towards her best friend, hands on her hips.

"What?"

"What, what? Are you serious right now? Why can't you act like a normal person for once? She just squeezed a bottle of mustard to death for fucks sake!"

"That was hilarious by the way, but DUDE! Cut me some slack here. How...I mean...Are you even realizing what is happening?"

"I am. I was there."

"I can't even! Can I call Octavia? This is SO much."

"No."

"Can I just ask one thing..."

"No."

"You don't even know what i was about to say!"

"I know you and i don't wanna hear it right know! Jesus."

"Okay, look, I'm sorry, alright? But then...all the feels. I don't know what to do with myself. Seriously, put yourself into my position, for one minute. How would you have reacted when you find out that your best friend is dating THE most famous actress ever? Come on. Clarke. What is even happening?"
"We are not dating...and second of all, you should work on having a freaking filter!"

"What do you mean, you are not dating? You guys obviously just screwed each other into oblivion and been texting, calling each other, seeing each other...shall i go on?" Raven said, crossing her arms, a smug smile written all over her face. "And what does having a filter even mean?"

"Please don't say that! And I'm not having this conversation right now while she is still here. And please wipe that grin off your face. It's distracting."

"Because I'm right and you know it! But hey, keep telling that yourself. I'll be here waiting to tell you 'I told you so'. But God, I'm actually SO proud of you right now, it's ridiculous. You are my queen, my Yoda, my Oprah..."

"I cannot hear you anymore!" Clarke said, slowly walking backwards, covering her ears before she opened the door to her bedroom and saw a now fully dressed Lexa sitting on the corner of her bed.

"Hey. I am SO sorry for this", the blonde started, sitting next to the actress not really sure what to do with herself.

"It's fine, Clarke. I guess, we were both caught by surprise i guess? Is she always like this?" Lexa grinned, shyly avoiding the doctors gaze.

"Yeah...well...She is...something else. Annoying, but means no harm. Are you okay?"

"Totally. I didn't mean to ruin your kitchen, tho."

Clarke giggled at that, shifting, so she could fully face the brunette in front of her. "I was thinking about painting it yellow anyway, so...But seriously. I don't want you to feel uncomfortable around here and please believe me when I say, what happens in that kitchen, stays in that kitchen. You don't have to worry about anything" she winked, earning another one of those precious, earnest smiles that were obviously only reserved for her. At least in her mind and she...liked it. A lot.

"I know", Lexa simply answered, connecting Clarke's hand with hers, green orbs locking with blue ones. "So...I have to go now, but...can I...can I call you later? When I'm done at the studio?"

"Absolutely. Anytime. But hey, little observation, I see you have changed into my clothes yet again" the doctor said, pointing at the hoodie and ripped, black skinny jeans Lexa was wearing.

"Oh, yeah, about that..I was just...is that alright with you? I didn't really feel like walking the 'shame of picking up my bra walk'. I will wash them of course and..." But before the brunette could go on, she felt silky, warm lips pressed against her own, not fully aware of the small moan that was escaping her throat.
"I take that as an okay, i guess?" She breathed against Clarke's mouth, her hand behind the blondes neck, trying to position them in a more comfortable way.

"More than okay. Funny you mention it. I never thought this hoodie could look that good on someone. In fact, we always used to make fun of how ugly it looks. Obviously that was an alternative fact", she retorted, kissing the beautiful woman again, not ready to let her go yet, feeling the heat and butterflies erupting in her stomach all over again, not quite sure of what that meant besides the very feeling of comfort, bliss and something she could not put her finger on.

"If you keep doing that, I'm never gonna make it in time" Lexa whispered, pulling the blonde on her lap, her hands wandering down the blonde's back, about to screw the shoot and just stay, but thankfully...for now, Clarke pulled away, cupped her face, looked at her intently and smiled while she pressed another quick peck on the brunettes lips.

"Go be amazing. I'll be here waiting for a report."

"Is that so Clarke Griffin?"

"Yes, Lexa Woods and if you are okay with it, I'd like to talk to you about what happened today when we get a chance, as in having another...date?"

"It can be arranged" The brunette grinned, wrapping her arms around the doctor, pressing one last kiss to her neck, before she got up. "Walk me out, Doc?"

Raven was casually sitting on the couch going through her socials, when both Lexa and Clarke came out of her room, smiling like idiots and of course she didn't miss a beat, but forced herself to not open her mouth again, until the eagle would leave the building. So she kept pretending being uninterested, watching as the blonde walked the actress to the door, her fingers tingling to send out a text to Octavia.

"Bye Raven!" Lexa waved, her eyes fully fixed on the blonde in front of her.

"Don't be a stranger, LW! And I mean it. Plus you owe me like 3.85 for that mustard you killed!" The mechanic winked.
"Talk to you soon?" Clarke interrupted, grabbing both of Lexa's hands.

"Hey. Actually...I was thinking", the brunette started, shooting the blonde a look that said 'No worries'. "What are you guys doing tomorrow? Lets say around 1pm?" She continued, leaving Clarke with a question mark written all over her face.

"I, uhm...Nothing? Go on." Raven said, putting her phone down, her whole body suddenly on alert.

"Well, I'm free, too. Off for three days, why?" The blonde asked, her brows wrinkled in confusion.

"Good. Why...why don't you guys come over and visit me on set? How does that..."

"YES! SOLD!" Raven yelled, jumping up from the couch in excitement, not even pretending to hide it.

Lexa giggled at Clarke's shocked face before she was stepping in front of the doctor. "Come visit me there. I'll put you on the list and...we can hang out. It'll be fun. What do you say? You can watch me work."

"YES!" Raven yelled again, suddenly next to her best friend, wrapping her arms around her shoulders. "We'll be there. Absolutely. So much. We'll bring lunch."

"Good", Lexa snickered. "I'll have someone pick you up at the gate. Gotta run now. See you guys tomorrow then?" The brunette squeezed the doctors hand again, before she pressed a final quick kiss on her cheek, leaving her completely dumbfounded while disappearing down the hallway.

"Clarke?", Raven asked after Lexa had left them and the blonde still holding the doorknob.

"Hmm?"

"We are going to fucking Set! WHAT? I think i'm about to pass out."

"Please remind me how this is real life." The blonde said laying down on the couch, her face in her hands, breathing heavily.
"DUDE! Life? *Complete!*" Raven said, covering her chest while wrapping her arm around her best friend.

"We are doomed. I am doomed."

"Doomed? *Buddy.* Your hot ass girlfriend JUST invited US to to the Set. Like, can you even imagine what that means?"

"Can't."

"Clarke. Focus! Because this is fucking huge and have i mentioned i will be forever grateful for your vagina." Raven said, her hands on each side of the blondes face.

"I really really wish you hadn't said that!"

Exactly 24 hours later the two best friends were pulling up to the address Lexa had been texting the blonde, welcomed by a chubby guy who eyed them unimpressed and put his Milkshake down.

"What can i do for you?" He asked, trying to hide the burrito he was just eating.

"We are here to see Lexa Woods!" Raven blurted out, literally laying on Clarke's lap, earning another suspisious look from the guy.

"Really? What's your name?"

"Raven Reyes and Clarke Griffin?"

Rolling his eyes, the guy pulled up a sheet, his greasy finger running down the list.

"Nope." He said, after what felt like hours.

"What do you mean, *nope*?" Raven jumped in.

"*Nope* as in you are not on the list. Sorry. Have a nice day", he answered, pursing his lips.

"Well, we were invited!"

"Well, you are not on the list, so...I can't let you through. That's the law and all, yo know..." He retorted.
"Alright, wait. There is obviously some mistake. Could you please like... call someone?" Raven said, ignoring Clarke sighing heavily.

"I don't do mistakes. Otherwise i wouldn't have this job, Lady!"

"Right. Listen big guy..." But before Raven could go into full motion, she gulped, when recognized Anya Woods casually walking towards them, cellphone in hand.

"Bobby. They are with me. Let them through." Anya winked, stepped away from the vehicle in one swift motion, leaving Clarke with a desert of throat and Raven swooning, while they passed the gate and parked in a free spot.

"Clare. Raven" the older Woods formally nodded at them when they finally had the courage to step out of the car. "Welcome to the Set of Fear The Walking 100."

Chapter End Notes

Guys, I'm SO sorry it took me so long to update! Life, writers block and so many things happened. Please forgive me. This is kind of a filler chapter so to speak and I hope you will like it anyways. I know its not super long, but i needed this to have Lexa, Anya, Clarke and Raven in the same place first . :D.

Right now i wanna thank my bud KhanDzz. You have inspired me so very much in the past few days and I'm so grateful for your input, our conversations and it definitley will define the way that story is going. THANK you for constant support. XO, J.
As much as Clarke tried to take in everything around her on the busy set, it amused her to no end, how awestruck and excited her best friend was, walking next to her behind a rushing Anya, who seemed to have very important phonecalls coming in every second.

"You should close your mouth, Zombie Flies may fly in and eat you from the inside", the blonde mocked.

"Can't. I mean. Clarke. We are actually here. Like here, here! I can't even. Do you have any idea what a huge freaking deal this is?" Raven almost whispered in awe, eyes shiny everytime someone famous, or someone working on the show passed them by.

"Not really, but I'm glad you enjoy it so much. A kid's first time in a Candy store has nothing on you, right now. I wish you could see your face. Glorious."

"This is like sacred land, Dude. Like no Fan has EVER been allowed near the set and we two idiots are fucking walking right through it, not to mention that my best friend is screwing the lead actress!"

"Oh my god, why don't you go borrowing that guy's Megaphone, so everyone knows!"

"Sorryyyyy, I'm just fucking excitteeeeed! This is like literally unlocking the next level of life. Thank you for your vagina!"

"I don't even know you right now!"

"Hey, can you guys move it up a bit? Lexa has a scene soon and she needs to focus. And she insisted on seeing you before, so..." Anya suddenly said, turning to face them, an unreadable look on her features that made Clarke cringe internally.

"She's fucking terrifying," Raven whispered, the huge smile not leaving her features tho, keeping up her mask.

"I know."

"But also terrifyingly hot!" she added, which caused Clarke to stumble over a cable on the ground and Anya to roll her eyes tho it was impossible to have heard what Raven had said.
"What, Griff? The Woods genes game is strong in this family. And while you can have a piece of it, why can't I, too? Have you seen her..."

"Please, don't finish that sentence! - Sorry! All good, we are coming!" The blonde waved to Anya, who, with one hand up in the air had already turned her back on them again, leading the two friends through endless lines of parked trailers and Clarke was pretty sure that she would never find her way out of this set by herself if she had to.

They suddenly came to a hold, causing Raven to stumble straight into the elder Woods in a front of a very shiny, huge trailer that was probably as big as their whole living room and when Clarke read "Alicia - Lexa Woods" on the doorsign, her belly started to errupt into a frenzy amount of butterflies and she could literally feel the heat of excitement creeping up her chest and it had only been like what? 24 hours since she had last seen her.

"When people stop walking it's usually a sign for the people following to also stop walking," Anya snapped at Raven who simply looked her up and down and crossed her arms.

"Well, if some people would give the other people a tiny heads up on when to stop, we wouldn't be in this situation now, would we?" Raven shot back, earning the slightest of smiles from the Manager in return, but it was gone so quickly, that she wasn't really sure it happened.

"Oh right, cause...", but before Anya could unleash another comment towards the brunette, the door of the trailer swung open and bright, green eyes excitedly scanned the three women in front of her. With a huge smile, Lexa walked down the small steps hands on her head, trying to keep all the curlers in place. She looked fucking adorable and Clarke was pretty sure she was behaving like a total creep as her eyes wandered down the woman's body, seeing her in her costume in real life for the first time and it took her breath away. Simple as that.

"Hey! I'm so glad you could make it. Hi." The brunette quickly shot Clarke a sidelook, before she hugged her sister tightly and then moved on to Raven who's eyes went wide by the surprising affection.

"Oh my god, we hug now. Okay. Great. Hi. Hey", she mumbled, her lips pressed together as she sent a silent prayer up to the sky to whatever God was up there.

"Raven?"

"Hmm?"

"You can let her go now!" Clarke giggled.

"Just...a....secoooo....Okay. There. Awkward moment done. I regret nothing by the way, Hi Lexa. Thanks again for the invite. I love it here already." The brunette winked, taking a step back from the actress who let out a sigh, when it was finally Clarke's turn.
"Hi", Lexa quietly said, her eyes briefly flying to the blondes slightly parted lips and god she had to gather all her willpower to not kiss her right there on the spot. Instead she of course opted for the safer way giving their current situation and inhaled deeply, when the side of her face connected with the blondes while pulling her into her arms, vanilla and something entirely Clarke clouding her senses in the process.

"I'm really happy you are here," she whispered, making the doctor blush like an idiot. "Me, too." she whispered back, earning a stern look from Anya who was watching them like a hawk, which caused the blonde to gulp slightly while slowly pulling out of Lexa's embrace.

"I like what you did to your hair today. Suits you," she stated, her hands in her pockets now, trying to losen the tension up a bit that was unfortunately rising.

"Oh this? Yeah. I thought why not, right? Maybe it will be the next best thing. Curler-extravaganza of 2016. Trends and all," Lexa grinned back, catching on, eyes still fixed on Clarke.

"Right. I hate to interrupt, but Lex, you really have to go get ready. Shooting starts in about 15 minutes and Stacy is waiting for you in Make-Up so you guys can...talk later? I will take care of them", Anya then said, finally having her sister's attention who nodded in agreement.

"Alright. Yeah sure. I guess i should go. I will see you later and please, if anyone asks you are my guests and feel free to grab some food, drinks...Anything you need," Lexa mentioned while pulling Anya aside. "Be nice."

"I am. Nothing to worry about."

"Good, thank you. I really appreciate it. Can I...Can I have a minute?"

"Lex, we are on Set..."

"I know. But...please? It'll only be a minute. I promise. Come on. No one will know."

Anya sighed, squeezing her sisters hand before releasing it again. "Okay. Go ahead. One minute, Lexa. I mean it. I know you are happy she's here, but this is your working enviroment. People talk. And they talk quickly."

"I'm not an idiot. Thank you."

"One minute. Love you," The older Woods then warmly smiled, which froze quickly again, when she pulled Raven to stand with her by the studio door a few feet away from Lexa's trailer.

"Clarke, can i talk to you for a second? I need your advise on something," the actress then adressed the stunned doctor, who didn't even have a chance to respond, grabbed her by the hand while checking for any curious eyes around and invited her into her mobile home so to speak.
"What is it that you..." but before the blonde could react, she was pressed against the next wall and soft, very warm plump lips worked their magic on her and Jesus fucking Christ, she never wanted to leave that spot ever again. A shy moan escaped her lips and she found herself grabbing both sides of Lexa's face deepening the kiss, her tongue running over the soft flesh needily, her entire body on Autopilot.

"I wanted to do exactly this, when i saw you," the brunette breathed.

"Is that so?" the blonde challenged.

"Very much" Another kiss.

"Isn't this a little dangerous around here? I don't want you to get into any trouble. But I can't say that I wasn't thinking about it, too. I've...I've missed you." Clarke answered, kissing her again, reversing their position, her thigh suddenly between the brunettes legs, smiling when a brown lock escaped one of the curlers on top of Lexa's head.

"Worth it. Clarke?"

"Yes?"

"Stop talking."

"Sooo. I feel like we haven't been formally introduced. Raven Reyes" The brunette held out her hand while she and Anya awkwardly stood outside the trailer.

"I know who you are already."

"Okay, no handshakes...cool. Yeah, i mean we have met briefly at the office, so sure. But giving...the situation I thought I'd properly introduce myself again," the brunette winked.

"Seriously?" Anya crossed her arms and faced the woman in front of her then, storing her phone into the backpocket of her pants.

"What?"

"Is this your way of saying sorry?"

"Wait. Sorry for what? I don't follow."

"Uhm...Maybe for the way you stormed into my office returning that ridiculiously expensive food basket i had to send to your friend, twice? Plus. How can i know that my sister is safe?"

"You are kidding, right?"

"Do I look like I'm kidding?"

Raven then crossed her arms as well, fully aware of the fact that she was playing with her life. "No.
You are not. But maybe you should try that a little more."

"Excuse me?"

"See? There. A smile. Seen this earlier. That's what I was talking about. Wrinkles are bad you know."

"You do know who you are talking to, right?"

"Yeah, sure. I know. But lemme tell you one thing Anya super-Manager-Woods. I appreciate all of this, like a lot, being able to be here today and all- Like in embarrassingly much, but my best friend is in there and i will not let you or any other fancy ass person, who thinks they are above it all, treat her shitty...or me. While we are at it. If you think you can intimidate me with that attitude of yours? You are wrong. Well, you are fucking terrifying, but that's another story- What I'm getting at is, you can throw me off that set now, fine. But I will NEVER take shit from anyone and especially not when my friend's feelings are on the line, because she obviously, and we both know that, HAS feelings for your sister. She is one of the most loyal persons you will ever meet and i would cut my hand off for her, so if you are under the impression that this is some kind of game to her? Wrong again. From what Clarke told me, you are taking care of Lexa and are a great mentor to her, but fucking hell, cut her some slack, will you? And me in the process, cause neither Clarke nor I have ANY intention to screw you over. And what if I'm concerned about Lexa's intentions towards my friend, huh? Because maybe it is a game to her?- Okay. That was a really long rant and I'm running out of breath, so is that clear? Can we act like normal people around each other now? Cause it's really fucking exhausting." Raven finished, her chest rising and falling from the nervousness she was trying to hide, while she studied the stoic woman in front of her. Correction. Hot stoic woman in front of her.

Anya simply blinked a few times, adjusting her blazer, trying to get back her composure.

"Are you..." the older Woods caughed, "Questioning my sisters loyalty?"

"Should I? Cause obviously i can go pretty fucking protective, too, in case you have missed it which I'm sure you didn't."

"Listen to me. Carefully. Lexa is my family. She is the most caring, compassionate, honest person on this planet and if you think, she would intentionally hurt somebody, YOU are wrong and I will not hesitate to make your life a living hell."

"Good. Accepted. I see we've made progress today," Raven winked again and nudged Anya's shoulder, which earned her another death glare.

"Seriously. You need to work on your social skills. Just saying."

"Reyes..."

"Like you, too, Woods. Glad we could settle this," and right on cue, Clarke and Lexa stepped out of the trailer, looking at their respective plus ones questioningly.

"You guys good? Did we miss anything?" The blonde asked.
"Perfect!" Both Anya and Raven answered simultaneously which did not go by the two lovebirds unnoticed, causing them to share another look at each other.

"Lex, we...we should go. It's time. Clarke, Raven. Head inside and ask for Laura. She is our first PA. She will take care of you and I will join you later. Don't break anything," And with that Anya and her sister disappeared quickly, leaving the two friends behind.

"What the hell just happened?" The doctor asked her friend who was sporting a devilish grin.

"I have no idea what you are talking about."

"It's the first time she actually called me by my actual name. What did you do, Raven?"

"Me? Nothing. Let's enjoy the Show and find that Laura girl, shall we? You are welcome by the way." The brunette smiled, grabbing her friends hand, pulling her into the studio.

Chapter End Notes

Loves! How are you all doing? :) Hopefully everything is great with you! I was super busy at work and unfortunately some major cold keeps on going on my nerves, so I'm sorry the update took so long. Ugh. So what did you think of this? Having them all in one place? :D Can't wait to read your thoughts. Last but not least, i wanna dedicate this chapter to my lovely friend Khandzz, cause I've had the most amazing convos with you and with your constant input and suggestions i came up with this :) So. This is for you. You may find soemthing in the title as well ;). Now, hope you had fun reading and where we will go from here. XO, J
"You must be Clarke and Raven, right?" A short girl, wearing headphones that were way too big for her head, asked.

"The one and onlys" Raven winked. "Laura, the PA?"

"Yep. Nice to meet you guys. Come on, we gotta hurry. I'll show you where you can sit and watch. Please mute your phones and avoid any noise while they shoot, okay?"

"Noted" Clarke nodded and grinned to herself how funny it felt to actually walk through the various sets right now.

"Great. So, you guys are friends of Anya? She usually like never brings anyone. Come to think of it, we never had visitors here before." Laura wondered.

"Lexa...Actually" Clarke blurted out a little too excited and hoped that the PA didn't catch on her slip which luckily she didn't. Or at least she didn't say anything about it.

"Oh, nice. She didn't mention anything." Laura said, a hint of disappointment in her voice.

"Are you...close?" The doctor carefully asked, earning a look from Raven who was walking next to her.

"You could say that, yeah. Lexa is great. When i started working on the show and as her PA, she really helped me settle in you know. She was the only one who like saw me which is not really common in this business, or with actors. She's one of my closest friends. I'm sorry if me saying that she didn't mention anything came off as a little weird."

Clarke would have loved to say, *that sounds just like her* in that moment, but it then dawned on her that she had not really a full picture on Lexa's personality and that she had not yet earned that priviledge and she sure as hell wanted to change that, no matter how much time it took or what obstacles would be thrown her way. And it was as if she almost could hear something click in her head and a warm rush washed over her entire body, turning her cheeks red. She wanted to know everything that was there to learn about the beautiful brunette. She wanted to know what made her laugh, what made her mad, who she was around others, what her favorite movie was. Colors, food, music...the list in Clarkes head seemed endless and it was way more than the glimpses she had already received during their shared time together.

"You okay, Clarkey? You zoned out there for a second" Raven asked, hand on her friends elbow.
"Yeah, yeah. Fine. And Laura, don't worry about it. All...all good." The blonde smiled warmly, which was answered by a nod from the PA.

"Alright. Here we are. Make yourselves comfortable. I'll be over there. This shouldn't take more than 30 minutes, but if you need anything, just give me a sign."

"Thank you, Laura. We really appreciate it." Clarke said while sitting down next to Raven.

"Don't mention it. See you later." And with that the PA left the two girls by themselves and went over to one of the camera guys.

"Spill." Raven whispered.

"What?"

"Clarke, really?"

"There is nothing to spill."

"I could literally see those little gay wheels turning in your head, when chatty Betty over there mentioned her deep, deep friendship with Lexa. Which is BS by the way if you ask me."

A short laugh escaped Clarke's throat and she had to cover her mouth. "Chatty Betty?"

"Oh my god, bless her soul and all that shit, but I'm pretty sure we would have known her whole story if we didn't have to stop walking. Now. Spill, sister. What was going on in that golden head of yours?"

"I think i really really like her."

"Who, Laura? Clarke. Come on." Raven winked, only earning one of the doctors famous looks. "Sorry. But no shit, Clarke. That is SUCH a surprise to me right now. You really caught me off guard here."

"Can you be serious for one second?"

"Wait." Raven breathed in and exhaled deeply. "Yes."

"I think...it's not just..."

"You are really really REALLY into her, aren't you? Like love-mushy into her."

"That was pretty much what i wanted to say, yes. But isn't this totally crazy?"

"We had that convo before, remember?"

"I know, i know. But when Laura mentioned how sweet Lexa had been to her...I figured that i don't really know her at all. And how can i feel like i feel then you know?"

"God you are cute when you panick."

"I'm not panicking."
"Sure you aren't. The heart is a funny thing Clarke, we both know that and if you feel like you don't know her enough, then get to know her. You have all the time in the world and if you ask me, she is head over heels for you, too."

"You really think so?"

"Please. You know that hearteyes Emoji? That is literally Lexa, whenever she looks at you. Have some balls, Clarke."

"Ugh, i'd rather not, thank you very much."

"You know what i mean. Now, look. Speaking of the devil. There she iiiiiisssss. You good?"

"Yeah. Thanks, Rae."

"Anytime, my little gay Boo."

With a smile plastered on her face, she watched as Lexa entered the set, her face in full working mode and Clarke could feel a fuzzy, warm feeling deep down her gut, watching her doing her thing. God she looked hot and the doctor was surprised how turned on you could get by being simply amazed by a person.

"You are drooling" Raven laughed and earned a stern look from a guy with wild, greyish hair. "Sorry", she mouthed and leaned back in her chair.

Clarke wasn't even sure she was still on planet earth when everything else around her became a blur and the only clear thing was Lexa and how lucky she felt to actually witness with her own eyes how the actress turned into a whole different person right in front of her as soon as the director shouted "Rolling!"

She watched in awe, how everything that was Lexa completely disappeared. Hidden by the mask that her character was. A character nothing like her at all. Rough on the edges, a little bitter, stoic and...hopeless. Hopeless to what that world she was currently in had to offer her. Hopeless that there could not possibly be any happiness left and when Clarke saw the look in those green eyes, her real emotions so far gone that it sent a chill down her spine. She even felt like looking away for a minute, because the intensity was simply too much, because all she wanted to do was to wrap her arms around her and tell her that everything would be just fine. The blonde slightly shook her head to remind herself that this was a scene and that Lexa would emerge back from under the surface.

"God, she is SO fucking good!" Raven whispered suddenly, which caused Clarke to jump a little in her chair.

"She is! It's kinda scary!"

"Oh my god, who is talking in the background? I'm pretty sure even the people in Chinatown can hear you speak!" The guy with the funny hair yelled and all eyes were on the two best friends who apologetically held up their hands. "We are SO sorry. It will not happen again!" Clarke said,
catching Lexa's eyes and could see that the actress tried really hard to cover up the smile on her face.

"Definitely not again, because if it does, you two will have to leave my set! Okay, folks! Lexa, Marie, please back on to your marks. We will start from paragraph 3.4. Aaaand. Rolling!"

Raven only rolled her eyes at the grumpy guy, but managed to keep her mouth shut for once, which earned her a squeeze of her hand by a grinning Clarke who mouthed a "Thanks."

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"Hey, you guys hungry?" Lexa said when she could finally join Raven and Clarke in the food-area of the studio.

Clarke beamed at her and had to force herself to not hug and kiss her to death right on the spot.
"Very!"

Lexa smiled at that but quickly composed herself. "Alright, then lets eat, shall we?" She winked.

"This is really good" Raven said with her mouth full, but she quickly figured that she was not really part of the convo, since Lexa and Clarke were in their own little bubble.

"Yo, Pinky, Brain...if you keep staring at each other like that, you might as well write dating her on your dumb foreheads. Just sayin’" Raven added and finally had the attention of the two beans back, both their cheeks burning, eyes down on their respective plates.

"Fuck. I'm sorry, Lexa." Clarke quickly said, but the brunette simply grinned.

"There is nothing to be sorry about. Come on. "And i can't help myself, when you just look so damn pretty all the time" she whispered in Clarkes ear, after making sure that the three of them were alone again.

"I...I..." The blonde gulped, when Lexas warm breath hit her skin.

Raven simply rolled her eyes at them and made a small gagging sound. "You guys disgust me."

"Don't be jealous."

"Of this? Please." She winked.

"So. How'd you guys liked the scene?" Lexa said, changing the subject before it could totally get out of hand.

"I'm actually still processing it. That was intense. You were fucking amazing! How the hell do you
do that?" Clarke excitedly gestured.

"Do what?" The actress grinned, resting her head on her hand.

"Completely lose yourself. It was as if...you were gone. Does that make any sense?"

"I don't know. It's...it's hard to explain. As soon as i'm wearing her cloths, stand on that set...I'm her. I can feel her and then I'm going with my gut i guess."

"Well, you are fucking brilliant. Thats for sure!" Raven chimed in.

"Thanks guys. It really means a lot. Clarke, I..." But before Lexa could finish her sentence, Laura appeared by her side, hand on the brunettes shoulder.

"Sorry to interrupt, but you have to be back in 5, Lex."

"Oh, thank you. I totally forgot the time. I'll be there in a minute, okay?"

"Sure." The PA said, and turned away and Clarke couldn't help herself but feel a little weird about how Laura had called her Lex.

"I'm sorry. I have to get back. Do you guys want to stay, or..." Lexa offered and smiled brightly, which made Clarke forget her own name for a second. God, Raven was right. It was disgusting.

"No, no. We will head out. I think we already established that we are the worst bystanders in history and i don't want to get you into any trouble. Thank you so much for inviting us, tho. It was so great."

"You are welcome and don't mind Gerry. He can be a little hot-tempered sometimes, but he's completely harmless."

"I'm actually more scared of your sister, when she hears about this."

"Worry not, i got you" Lexa laughed, but sighed when she realized that she had to get going.

"Can i hug you?" Clarke carefully asked, her lips pressed together.

"Of course you can. Friends do hug, right?" The actress winked and Clarke immediately felt better and mostly happy for some contact and when she wrapped her arms around the girl, she quickly inhaled her maddening scent. "My place tonight, when you are done?" The blonde whispered and felt Lexa inhale sharply, when their cheeks met quickly, before they had to pull away. Lexa nodded, before she also gave Raven a hug.

"I need the place tonight", Clarke said, when she closed the door of the car.
"Oh what? Seriously? Tonight is Supergirl night Dude."

"Go watch it at O's place."

"She hates it, plus i need to be focused and those kids of hers don't have respect either."

"Please, Raven? I want to cook for Lexa and...

"Cooking, as in cooking?"

"Yes, why?"

"You don't cook."

"Yes, i do."

"Heating shit up in the microwave is not cooking."

"I do cook."

"I thought you'd like her and here you are about to commit murder!"

"You suck you know that?"

"Please, Martha Stewart. You can't exist without me and we both know it."

"Can i have the place tonight, or not?"

"Oh my god, yes, by all means. Take it. One condition."

"What is it?"

"No banging in the kitchen. I eat there. Got it, Casanova?"

"Really?"

"Really. I need you to say it."

"Fine. No banging in the kitchen."

"Or the living-room."

"And not in the living-room."

"And the bathroom."

"What?"

"Clarke."

"What about the shower?"

"Included in bathroom."

"Thats ridiculous."

"Okay, fine."
"I was not planning on it. Can we go now, or do we also have to establish a timeline?"

"No thanks. GO."

Later that night, Clarke checked herself one last time in the mirror, before she opened the door.

"Hey", she sighed, when Lexa stood in front of her, hair wrapped into a messy bun on top of her head.

"Hey."

"Come on in" Clarke gestured inside the apartment, letting the actress pass.

"Something smells really really good" Lexa said, while putting her coat and bag down.

"You are just on time. Hope you'll like it tho. I..." But before she could finish her sentence, she felt warm hands cup both side of her face and heavenly soft, plump lips on hers. Griffin, over and out.

"Wow...I...what was that for?" She whispered against Lexa's lips, tightening her grip on the other woman's waist.

"I couldn't earlier, plus no one ever cooked for me, soooo."

"If that's what i get for cooking, i'll do every day!"

Lexa smiled brightly and kissed her once more.

"I have to tell you something" Clarke later said, resting her head on her hand, while her free one traveled over Lexa's bare chest and she was pretty sure that she would never get tired of the view.

"That sounds serious!" Lexa whispered, her eyes closed, a content, satisfied grin on her flushed cheeks.

"Very." The blonde grinned and kissed her shoulder.
"Are you about to confess that you had totally planned on getting me into bed with the help of a fancy dinner?"

"Was it that obvious?"

"No, but glad I'm right."

"I didn't cook it myself." Lexa then opened her eyes and turned to face Clarke, curling her fingers around the hand on her chest.

"WHAT? Clarke...I..." She exclaimed, pretending to be totally shaken by that horrific confession.

"I...I tried. Seriously. But then i fucking burned the whole thing, but i wanted to have something nice for you...so i ordered in and..."

"Clarke!" Lexa giggled.

"And you looked so happy and..."

"Clarke!"

"Yes?"

"I'm kidding. I knew you didn't cook it."

"For real?"

"I saw the bag."

"Dammit you are good."

"And i dont care where it came from. The thought is what counts and i mean it. No one has ever put so much effort into wanting to do something nice for me, so...Thank you."

Clarke blinked a few times, before she pressed their lips together again.

"There is something else i wanted to tell you tonight and before this gets out of hand, which i cannot wait for, i have to get it out my system."

"God, there is more?" Lexa winked and pulled Clarke impossibly close to her body and when the blonde felt the brunettes boobs pressed against her chest, she almost forgot what talking actually was.

"Clarke?"

"Right. Sorry. Boobed out there for a second. What I want to tell you is...I like you."

"I know."

"No, like, really really like you. As in...falling for you?" Clarke carefully studied Lexas face and it absolutely terrified her that she couldn't read the look on her face right now. Fuck.
"I...I know it's crazy and i don't even know what your favorite animal is, you know? It scares me, but yet i want this...i want to get to know these things. I want to know you and if you don't feel this way, that's absolutely okay, cause i will respect that decision. Wow...I'm really really awkward and bad at this."

"Panda."

"What?"

"My favorite animal. It's a Panda."

"I...I like that."

"I really really like you, too, Clarke. As in falling as well. And I'm not scared. Okay, a little. But...we got this, right?"

"Seriously?"

"Yes."

"So...we are doing this."

"I guess we are. I mean, hey we are already sleeping together, so piece of cake" Lexa winked, putting a blonde curl behind Clarke's ear and the doctor was so speechless then that she kissed her so intently, hoping she could put everything she felt right now into it and make the brunette feel it, too.

Chapter End Notes

Wow, this took longer than expected! But for my excuse, i had to go on a business trip outside my country, SO...Anyway. I hope you are all well and had a fantastic weekend :). I promise, I'll try to update this more regularly!! I hope you liked it and as always, let me know what you think!:) XJ
"What are you thinking about?" Clarke whispered against Lexa's lips, their noses touching, their bodies still pressed together long after their earlier activities.

The brunette then sighed and put her left hand on the doctor's face, caressing the soft skin, loving how it felt beneath her fingertips. "You make me very very happy", she whispered back, her green eyes filled with an affection that caused Clarke's heart to do a double flip.

"You make me very very happy, too" she confessed without thinking twice and pressed a kiss to Lexa's slightly parted, full lips. "Is that all that's going on up there?"

"Isn't it enough?" The actress grinned, but her smile quickly vanished again. "But...in all seriousness. If we do this...I...I can't be out, Clarke. Not yet." Lexa then distanced herself a little, pulling the covers up her chest, avoiding Clarke's gaze for a second when she felt two strong hands on each side of her face.

"Hey. Look at me. Don't do that. Don't shut me out. Talk to me. We promised each other."

"Clarke..."

"Look at me, Lex!" The doctor sat up then and pulled the brunette with her so that they were sitting across from each other. "And I know."

"What?"

"I know that you can't."

"H-How?"

"Because I know that this is all complicated, new and scary especially for someone as famous as you are. I get it and I want this" she gestured between herself and Lexa. "I want you. And I will be by your side, whenever you decide it's a good time, okay? There is no pressure. We have time. We will figure it out. Together."

Lexa was speechless and she could feel her eyes fill up with tears.

"Lex. Look. I can't even imagine what it's like to be under so much public attention day in, day out and it will never be my place to tell you how you should feel about coming out and when. It is your life and you call the shots", Clarke warmly smiled, pulling the brunette onto her lap.

"But isn't the whole concept of a relationship that both parties are equally happy in it? What about what you want? That is important, too and I cannot expect you to be my secret, just because I still need to figure things out and what about Australia?" Lexa said, nibbling on her lip, her arms wrapped around Clarke's neck.

"Oh is that what this is? A relationship?"
"I...I'm sorry, I didn't wanna assume..."

"Lex. I'm kidding. I already told you what i want and when I tell you that I'm fine with it then I am, alright? And we will think about Australia, when it's time to think about Australia."

"I don't know what to say."

"Nod once when you believe me, nod twice when you don't. Nod three times when you are not sure and need more convincing" Clarke grinned and gave her quick peck.

"You are such a dork you know that?" Lexa smiled, pushing her hips down a little more which earned her a small moan from the blonde whos fingers slowly trailed down the brunettes muscled back until she reached her ass.

"I've heard that once or twice...So, are we good?"

"We are. But i think i still might need some more convincing, doc."

"Oh really? What kind of convincing are we talking about exactly? I just want to be sure so there's no confusion. Maybe like this?" Clarke breathed and connected her lips to Lexas pulsepoint and she immediatley tilted her head to the side on instinct to give the blonde more access. She gasped, when she felt a wet, warm tongue trailing along her long neck.

"That...that definitely goes into...oh my god!" Lexa mumbled when her eyes suddenly shot open as she felt Clarke's very skilled fingers entering her without any warning. Without being able to form another proper sentence, she started moving her hips, moaning into blonde curls, very very sure that she never wanted to leave this place and this woman ever again.

********************

"God, you are so fucking beautiful", Clarke heavily breathed, while putting some damp curls out of Lexas flushed face, after they both came down from their highs and back to earth.

"Where the hell did you learn that thing you just did with your tongue?" Lexa grinned, kissing the corner of the blondes sweaty face.

"Can't say, won't say" Clarke winked.

"What, why?"

"A magician should never talk about their tricks."

"I can't believe you just said that", Lexa laughed, grabbing her phone from the nightstand next to her. "Shit."

"What is it? You okay?"

"Yeah, yeah. I just have a ton of messages from Anya and it's super late. I completely forgot the time."

"I didn't hear you complain!" Clarke grinned.

"I would never. But i should get going. I'm sorry."
Clarke then quickly got a hold of her wrist, pulling her back into bed. "What...what if you stayed?" She asked, her voice suddenly lacking all of its previous cockyness.

"Are...are you sure? I mean..."

"I have spare toothbrush and a shower and...you know, you could easily drive out to the studio tomorrow from here. I still have the day off so...we could like have breakfast. But you don't have to of course."

"I'd love to." Lexa smiled and pressed her lips to Clarkes. "Let me just give Anya a quick call and I'll be right back, okay?" She then got out of bed, grabbed one of Clarkes oversized Shirts from a stool and disappeared into the living room.

"Where the hell have you been, sis? I've tried to call you like a million times! I was worried." Anya said, sounding more than concerned that mad, which was definitely something else and Lexa didn't expect that at all giving that it was nearly 2am.

"I'm sorry. I didn't hear my phone and I'm at Clarke's place."

"Oh...okay. I see. Are you alright?"

"Yes, I am. Perfect actually." Lexa answered and Anya could almost see her smiling from the other side of the line. She sighed, before she continued.

"Good. That's good. I just wanted to go through some things with you earlier, but...

"An? You still there?"

"It...can wait. Go. I'll see you later. Tell Clarke, I said hi."

"Will do. Thanks An." Lexa said, a little confused. "Are you alright?"

"Me? Yes. For sure. Don't worry. Goodnight, Lex. I love you."

"I love you, too."

The line went dead then, leaving Lexa in the dark living-room staring at her phone, until she felt arms wrapping around her stomach and a kiss pressed to her neck.

"Is everything okay?" Clarke asked, inhaling her scent.

"Yeah. All good." She turned around then, smiling at the blonde woman.

"You sure?"

"Anya says hi."
"Wow, really? That's a new one."

"That's what I thought."

"Alright, Superstar, ready for bed? Because I'm really really tired and I cannot wait to wake up with you."

"That is so sappy."

"I know. Isn't it just great?" Clarke winked and interwined their fingers. "Come on."

*********************************************************************

"Was that just LW leaving our apartment in the morning?" Raven grinned, munching on the cornflakes she was eating.

"Maybe." Clarke smiled, pouring herself another cup of coffee.

"Oh my god you are SO whipped, Griff!"

"What?"

"And you have that insane Sex glow all over you. I should have worn sunglasses before entering this room."

"You are ridiculous."

"And you have sleepovers now. Congrats. You guys are getting serious, huh? Proud of you and happy!"

"Sometimes I can't tell if you are making fun of me or not."

"Clarke. I am. I am genuinely happy for you and I promise I will not ruin your morning after."

"Thank you. I appreciate it. Plus I don't even have the energy to argue now."

"I know. You are walking like a Penguin that has just been shot."

But before Clarke could come up with a snarky retort, someone was knocking on the front door. "Are you expecting someone?" Clarke asked a little confused.

"Nope. Octavia is picking me up in an hour for lunch and we both know that she not the most punctual person in our universe."

"Why didn't you guys invite me?" Another knock.

"Maybe if weren't finger deep in a certain actress all the time..."

"Really?"

"We just figured you guys would want some privacy."
"I'm not buying that shit." Another knock.

"Do you wanna have lunch with us today, Clarke?" Raven grinned. "Can someone please open the goddamn door? I can hear you guys talk and I'm pretty sure the homeless person downstairs, as well."

"Wait is that?" Raven said, a wide grin on her face.

"Anya. What...what are you doing here?" Clarke said a little surprised. Very surprised and immediately tried to smoothen her wild curls.

The older Woods stepped inside the apartment, took a quick look around, until her hazel eyes landed on her person of interest again. "Hi Clarke. Raven."

"Hello, cheekbones!" Raven cockily said, put down her bowl of cereal and shrugged at Clarke who shot her a glance.

"Call me that again and i will have you banned from the set for eternity!"

"Charming as always. I guess that's my cue. Clarkey, i'll be in my room. Scream if she tries to kill you and if not...Lunch soon." With that the brunette turned on her heels and disappeared into her room.

"Close the door, Raven!" Clarke yelled and turned to face Anya, when she heard the click.

"Sorry about that. What brings you here? Do you want coffee? Tea?" Clarke offered, a little uncomfortable by the way Anya was watching her every move.

"Coffee would be great, thanks."

"So..." the doctor started, handing over the cup.

"We need to talk."

"Oh is this the famous talk? As is in what are your intentions with my sister?" Clarke smiled, which quickly died on her face by the look she received in return.

"You bet it is. Look, Clarke. First of all I owe you an apology."

"Really?"

"I will say this once, so don't push it. Anyway. I'm sorry how i acted towards you. Lexa obviously really likes you and you...seem to really like her, too."

"I do."

"I wasn't finished. This is not fun, Clarke. I need to be sure. I need to be sure that my little sister is safe with you, but i figured she is, since you already would have plenty of opportunities to hurt her."
"I would never do that. And I promise you, you can trust me. I get where you are coming from and why you want to protect her."

"She has millions of fans out there who are, excuse my language, absolutely fucking crazy about her and she is just about to make the big jump to the screen. This is what she has been working for forever."

"And then I happened..." Clarke concluded.

"Yes. I have never seen her like this and it all happened quiet fast."

"I know and believe me I'm scared, too, Anya. I am. But I would never do something that would hurt her or put her career at risk. I know how much she loves it and how private she is. I took a risk, too you know? I'm a well-known doctor and sorry to say this, if some crazy paparazzi would camp outside the hospital all the time, it would put me into a weird place, too."

"I see."

"But. Lexa and i talked about it and i told her that she comes first in all of this. She is important to me. I don't know how all of this happened so quickly. I don't. But she makes me happy. And i think for now, that is enough."

Anya sighed then, took a sip from her coffee.

"Do you love her?"

"I...i don't know that, yet. Love is a very strong word, don't you think?"

"It is."

"You have to work for it. Yes, I do feel very strongly about her, but i don't know if I'm ready to say that and i’m pretty sure Lexa thinks similarly."

"Look, Clarke. I like you, so here is why i came here, too." Anya folded her hands on the table before she continued. "There is this awardshow coming up."

"Okay?"

"Lexa doesn't know that I'm here and I'd like to keep it that way."

"Anya, I..."

"Listen. I'm pretty sure she is going to want to invite you to come with her, but i don't think that is a really good idea right now."

"I don't get it."

"You know about Ben?"

Clarkes jaw tightened then, but she tried to keep a steady face. "Yes. Why?"

"He is going to be her date for that and i need you to decline, when she asks you."

"Isn't that a little melodramatic? I mean, I could be a friend. It's not like I'm going to out her while she receives an award."
"Still. I just wanted to let you know. Because it's already settled."

"Wait, but doesn't she get to have a say in this? I'm not gonna lie to her."

"This is the business, Clarke. I'm sorry. You don't have to lie."

"You literally just told me not to mention this conversation."

"Ben has been her arm candy for all of these shows. I can't have people talking yet. Not when she is going to film the first big movie of her life. I'm sorry, Clarke. But that's how it's going to be. I just wanted to give you a heads up."

"I'm not comfortable with it, but as long this is a 100% in her interest. Fine. I guess. I don't have to like it tho, right?"

"No. But thank you. I appreciate it. I gotta go and it was good talking to you. I had a wrong picture." With that the older Woods got up, grabbed her bag, but turned around again, before leaving the apartment.

"And Clarke?"

"Yeah?"

"She's crazy about you. Don't forget that."

*********************************************************

"Well shit, Clarke. What the fuck? That is some weird shit. What are you going to do?" Octavia asked, when the three friends sat together 2 hours later in a small restaurant in downtown LA.

"I don't know, O. I really have no clue." The blonde sighed and ever since Anya had left her apartment a dark cloud seemed to follow her, ready to pour down all the rain on her any minute. She replayed the evening and night she had with Lexa and the way she had looked at her. The things that they had said to each other. The things she felt in those hours.

Could she do what Anya had asked of her? What the hell would happen if she didn't? She sighed and was pulled out of her thoughts, when her phone started ringing and Lexas name appeared on her screen.

"Hey you!" She said, silencing her friends with her hand.

"Clarke, you wouldn't believe what just happened."

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 20. I cannot believe this story made it this far and be sure that you guys shaped it with me. So thank you all again for your continuous support, Kudos,
comments, Hits...My cup runneth over! I hope you enjoyed this one and as always, share your feels, thoughts and opinions with me. I'm a little angsty about this one, but I hope you will not hate me too much for how this went :). XOJ
"Clarke, you wouldn't believe what just happened."

And as soon as the words had been leaving Lexa's mouth, the blondes stomach began to drop when she heard the pure excitement in her voice. In that moment she hated Anya. She hated the conversation she had only a few hours ago and she hated that it was already tainting their newly commenced relationship like a stain you wouldn't be able to rub out, no matter how hard you'd try.

"From the sound of it, it's a good thing, right?" Clarke said, trying to calm herself a little.

"Oh it definitely is. Are you ready for this?"

"I'm not really sure. Render me speechless, LW!" The blonde grinned, but rolled her eyes when she saw Raven making some gagging sounds, supporting herself on Octavias shoulder who also tried really hard to not burst into laughter.

"What's the background noise?"

"Just Octavia and Raven acting like 12 years old, like always. Please go on and ignore them. That's what I constantly do."

Lexa giggled. "Alright. I'm nominated for an award."

"Wow that's awesome. But thinking about the awards you already have, there is more to it, I reckon?"

"God, I love your brain. And yes, here goes: I'm nominated for an Emmy. An Emmy! Best leading actress, Clarke. Can you fucking believe this? I...I'm so happy, I don't know what to do with myself."

The doctors heart exploded of pride and happiness and at the same time she couldn't shake off the feeling that right now she was lying to her.

"Clarke, are you still there?" Lexa asked a little concerned.

"Oh my god yes. I'm so sorry. I zoned out for a sec. I'm SO SO happy for you, Babe. This is freaking huge, but you deserve all of this." The blonde finally said, snapping back to reality, running her hand through her lose hair.
"We need to celebrate. You and me. Tonight. My place? You have to say yes." The actress suggested and Clarke couldn't hide the insane smile forming on her face, but wondered if Lexa had purposely let her earlier petname slip, or if she was simply too excited to realize that this bomb had been dropped.

"There's nowhere I'd rather be. What time works for you?"

"Around 8?"

"Should I bring something sparkly?"

"Just yourself."

"You're a dork. Can't wait to see you."

"You, too. Bye."

"Bye."

"What?" Clarke said to her friends when she pocketed her phone again, both of them shooting each other looks. "WHAT?"

"Did you seriously just 'Babe' her?" Raven grinned and nudged Clarke's arm.

"It slipped...I wasn't planning on it, plus she didn't say it back so..."

"Oh."

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"Like Oh...She didn't say it back." Octavia chimed in.

"Is that a big deal?" The blonde said, suddenly a little insecure.

"Well, it's like the gay version of saying the three big words first...so."

"What? You guys are unbelievable" Clarke grumbled, nibbling on her bottom lip. "You really think so?"

"No. Chill, Griff. Just shitting with you. You should see your face, it's way too easy when it comes to a certain hottie."

"Not. Cool!" The doctor sighed, aimlessly picking the salad in front of her which she had barely touched.

"You didn't tell her." Raven said, her tone now serious when she saw the look in her friends eyes.

"I couldn't. She was SO excited because of this nomination and i couldn't bring myself to ruin it for her and especially not while we are on the phone. I feel horrible."
"But you are going to tell her, right?" Octavia asked and scooted a little closer to where Clarke was seated.

"I mean, I have to. I already feel like I was lying to her. And in a way I did. I hate this."

"You didn't lie to her. Well, not technically."

"Oh that makes me feel better."

"You hid that you knew that she was being nominated for something and that her crazy sister kinda blackmailed you into this situation" Raven concluded and the more she talked, the worse it sounded.

"I'm fucked", Clarke said, covering her face with her hands.

"Stop it. Tonight you'll drive over there, woo your lady and tell her everything. Trust me, it will be fine" Clarke managed to smile a little and squeezed Octavias hand.

"Thanks, guys. Lets hope you are right about this."

*************************************************************************

"Lexa?!"

The actress turned around to where the voice was coming from, still a huge smile on her face from her conversation with Clarke, but it quickly disappeared when she saw Ben jogging up to her, waving.

"Hey. What...what are you doing here?" She asked, taking a step back when he tried to wrap his arms around her.

"Alright, no hugging today beautiful? I though you'd missed me. We haven't talked in ages."

"Well...I was...busy."

"You always are."

"Ben, what is it? I really don't have time right now, so?"

"Directly to business. Fine. Just wanted to personally congratulate you on your nomination. That's epic, Lexa."

"Thanks? I guess?"

"Yeah and I was actually a little surprised that you wanted me to accompany you since, you know...we weren't really talking and all. But I'm glad you do. It's a big thing, Pretty."

"Wait...what?" Lexa finally looked him directly in the eyes, already feeling the anger boiling up in her guts.

"Anyta told me, so I was..."
"When?"

"Lexa, I..."

"When?" She pushed between gritted teeth.

"Yesterday i think? Gee, what has gotten into you, Babe?"

"Look Ben. Let me make something perfectly clear right now, okay? I do not want you to go with me to this event. I don't wanna play your armcandy anymore and I don't want people to think that there is something going on, cause there never will be, alright? Furthermore. I'm neither your Babe, your sugar, your pretty and god knows what. Got it?"

He visibly gulped and took a step back from the raging actress.

"To-totally."

"Great. And if Anya ever contacts you again, you will forward her to me."

"I...yes?"

"Perfect. Great talk." Lexa quickly patted him on the shoulder and stormed into her sisters office.

"What the fuck were you thinking? I thought we were finally getting somewhere here." She yelled, not even bothering to close the door.

"What are you talking about and could you please lower your voice?" Anya said, brows furrowed.

"Like hell i do. Why are you CONSTANTLY going behind my back? Why?"

"God, I should have known she wouldn't keep her mouth shut", the older Woods sighed and rubbed her forehead.

"Wait...what are you talking about?" Lexa said, her anger suddenly subsiding a little.

"What are you talking about?" Anya replied, eyes wide, realization slowly sinking in.

"Ben being my date for the Emmys? Ring any bells?"

"Lex..."

"What did you mean by you should have known?"

"I..."

"What did you do?"

Anya pressed her lips together and sat back down, defeated. "I went to see Clarke" she finally admitted, trying to avoid Lexa's gaze.
"W...when?" Lexa stuttered and could feel the lump already building in her throat.

"A little while after you left."

"What did you say to her?"

"Lexa..."

"WHAT did you say to her?"

"I...Fuck. I told her that i was sorry about how i acted towards her before and made it pretty clear that when you'd receive your nomination she should decline your possible offer to take her as your date."

Lexa felt sick. She wanted to throw up and holding eye-contact with the person she was supposed to trust most, was getting harder and harder by the minute.

"I told her to keep it from you and that you would be attending with..."

"Ben." The actress concluded, her jaw twisting with anger.

"Yes."

"How...how could you, Anya?"

"I...I'm so so sorry. I didn't mean to..."

"What the fuck didn't you mean to? Cause you keep screwing things up and it leads me to question your position as my Manager."

"Lex..."

"And as my sister. What is it that i should say? Oh, right. No biggie, all forgotten? Again? No. Not this time, Anya. Stop interfering with my personal life and fucking stop making decisions behind my back. I am not a child anymore! Fix it."

With that Lexa stormed out of the office, without waiting for an answer from her sister, tears flowing freely now.

*****************************************************************************************

Clarke was nervously fiddling with the hem of her shirt when she stood in front of Lexa's door later that night, a nice bouquet of her favorite flowers in her hand.

"Hey!" The brunette greeted her with a quick peck on the lips which immediately alerted the doctor. "Are those for me?" She finally smiled.
"Ah no. They are for this other really sweet actress down the street, but i thought, I'm here now, so..."

Lexa couldn't help but laugh about Clarke's sillyness.

"Come on in. Dinner is almost ready and please help yourself to some champagne."

"Lex?"

"Huh?" The brunette hastily went around the kitchen, biting her lips.

"Come here. Can you calm down for a minute? I really need to talk to you and i can't when you are all antsy." Clarke grabbed her face then with both hands and pressed a kiss to her forehead.

"Yeah. I guess i can."

"Good. Lex, something happened and I'm not really sure how to tell you this without ruining our evening completely. I..."

"I know, Clarke."

"No, what I want to say is..."

"Anya told me what happened. I assume that's what you wanted to talk to me about?"

Clarke was a little taken aback and cleared her throat. "Yeah. That...that is exactly it."

"Why didn't you tell me on the phone?" Lexa asked, even if she knew the answer to that already and was acting irrationally right now.

"I...I couldn't. You were so excited and i didn't wanna ruin that for you. Do you...do you think i would have kept this from you?" The blonde said a little disappointed.

"No...no. God, of course not. I'm sorry. This is so fucked up!" Lexa immediately grabbed Clarke's hands, kissing her knuckles.

"I'm sorry, i didn't tell you earlier."

"Clarke, the only person who should be sorry is my sister and i hate that she put you in such a position. I feel like i don't even know her at the moment."

"I'm sure she has...good intentions, Lex."

The actress sighed. "Can we...can we just have a nice evening now? I don't wanna talk about this anymore."

"Anything you want."

Lexa smiled warmly at Clarke and put her hand on her cheek. "Thank you."
"For what?"
"For being you."

And when soft, pink lips connected with her own in a tender kiss, the brunette was finally able to breathe and feel content after all the shit that had transpired.

"Clarke?"
"Hmm?"

"Will you be my date for Emmys?"
"Wait...really?"
"Yes, really. There is no one I'd rather have by my side."
"But the press..."
"I can bring female friends, right?"

"Right", Clarke grinned before she kissed her favorite lips again. "I'm honored to be your date. When is it?"

"In 2 month. I will send you all the details."

"I will have to wear a fancy dress, right?"

"That is the whole reason why i'm taking you" Lexa winked, pressing a kiss to Clarke's pulsepoint. "Perve!"

"Did i mention how proud i am?" Clarke whispered in the brunettes ear and it sent a shiver down Lexa's spine.

"Maybe you could show me? I'm more of a visual kind of gal."

"Is that so?"

"Oh hell yes, Babe."

That made Clarke look up into darkening green orbs. "You did hear it, didn't you?"

"How could i miss that?"

The blonde simply shook her head and pressed Lexa down on the couch, loving the way how she felt against her own body.
Meanwhile on the other side of the city, Raven stumbled out of the bathroom, the towel she had tried to wrap herself into barely covering anything while looking for her phone.

"Goddammit!" She yelled, when she stubbed her little toe after finally localizing the buzzing device.

"Hello?" She said, a little out of breath but received no answer. Raven quickly checked the ID, but it was an unknown number.

"Who is this? Listen, if this is..."

"Reyes!" Raven finally heard someone slur on the other end of the line and she furrowed her brows in confusion. "Clarke if that's you and LW trying to pull some wanky prank here, i swear i will kill you both."

"It's...it's Anya. Woods" The brunettes eyes widened and she clutched the phone to her ear to understand the obviously drunken woman.

"What...Where did you get this number from?"

"I'm very very drunk."

"I can hear that. Are you alright?"

"What kind of question is that?"

"True. So why...why are calling me?"

"I can't drive anymore and screwed up and i need someone to...come and get me."

"Okay and don't you have like...a boyfriend or friends for that?"

"Would i call you if i had?"

"You are like super-drunk, so..."

"Can you come or not? And if you tell anyone..."

"Death. I think i got that memo the last time we met. Where are you, Woods?"

"Studio."

"Got it. See you soon. Don't move."

"Holy fucking shit!" Raven said to herself when she ended the call and almost texted Clarke, but quickly deciding against it. She could do this. Oh God.
"Anya?" The brunette carefully knocked at the office door 40 minutes later.

"It's open. Come in."

Chapter End Notes

Lovelies, I'm FINALLY back with the new chapter. I had some serious technical issues up to the point where i had to buy a new laptop ;D Plus, i wanted to upload this days ago, but the site froze and the whole thing was gone (Of course i had no copy of the chapter) so I hope you guys are still going to like this, cause i had to let it rest for a while to rewrite. I'll probably keep changing it here and there, so don't mind me lingering around ;D Mistakes are all mine. I hope you are all doing well and thank you for your continuous support. Have a fantastic week, XOJ
There a moments in life when you ask yourself: How the hell did I get here? Every twist and turn brings you to a certain point and that's exactly what went through Raven's mind, when she carefully entered the dimly lit office, the click of the lock awkwardly loud as the brunette closed the door behind her.

"You came." Anya said, her voice heavy and a little raspy, spiked with a hint of actual surprise that a person she had no personal contact with and barely knew was willing to come to her rescue so to speak.

"You can pay me in Burritos." Raven replied, her gaze wandering over the other womans face and it was obvious that she had been crying when hazel orbs locked with her own.

"What are you doing?" The older Woods asked, when the brunette went to open a window behind her.

"It smells like a freaking distillery in here! I might get drunk by simply breathing."

"You are annoying, do you know that?"

"And you are the drunkest person i've seen in the past few month and I thought I'd be bad. Congrats, Woods. You won."

"Did you only come here to make fun of me?" Anya slurred, eyes fixed in the brunnette sitting in front of her know, carefully watching her every move. Or at least tried to considering the circumstances.

"You are a real charmer, you know that? I mean, why do you keep doing this?"

"Do what?"

Raven smirked at that and folded her hands on the Managers desk earning another look from her. "Seriously?" She pushed and could see the mask crumbling a little.

"I don't know what you are...you are talking about, Reyes. Maybe you should just go. This was a bad idea!" Anya waved and tried to take another sip from the Whiskey bottle she held, but was stopped by a hand grabbing her wrist.

"I think you've had enough, Cheekbones! Give me that. Come on." Anya then sighed, rolled her eyes in annoyance but was putting on a fight when the brown liquid was pulled away from her.

"And if you think you'll get rid of me so easily you are mistaken. Sorry not sorry. I've got all the time in the world and I'm not gonna let you do that. I know we barely know each other and you can keep throwing shitty comments at me, yell at me, but I'm not going anywhere. Got it?", Raven added, her arms crossed over her chest and that's when even an Anya Woods couldn't keep her shit together any longer when a deep sob escaped her throat and she immediately rubbed her eyes when tears ran down her face.
"Hey. Hey...

"I fu-fucked up. Like massively. Like royally. She hates me, Raven and I don't know how fix this. No matter what i touch. It goes to shit."

"Are we talking about LW?" The brunette asked, receiving a nod in return. "Kay. Look Woods. She is your sister, I'm pretty sure she just needs to cool down and...

"No."

"What?"

"No. Not this time. It's not ther first time I kinda pulled stunts like this..."

"Oh."

"Oh?" Anya asked, a little confused.

"I mean...Oh as in, well shit."

"You obviously didn't get the whole concept of telling people what they wanna hear in situations like this, do you? Can I have my Whiskey back now?"

"No, absolutely not, Patsy Stone and maybe you should know that I'm kinda known for not telling people what they wanna hear most of the time. Fine. All the time, but doesn't this make me the perfect listener?"

Anya blinked a few times, running her hand through her dirtyblonde hair. "I'm too drunk for this shit."

"Listen. In all honesty. I know what happened and..."

"Then why are you here?"

"Because, believe it or not, I actually kinda like your dumb ass, plus i think we all need a friend from time to time. Even you."

"Who's the charming one now?" Anya smiled for the first time in hours and winked at the quirky brunette.

"Give her some time. You'll see, she will come around. I think right now giving her space is the best you can do."

"But she's my baby-sister..."

"Who happens to be a grown, strong woman who deserves being treated as such. You feel me? Lexa is like the coolest chick ever and even Clarke, who trust me, isn't easily wooed, fell for her the minute they first talked. She won't admit it, but I know, cause I'm like the freaking Griffin-Whisperer..."

"I think...I got your point."

"My point is, Woods: Let her be. Let the birdie fly. She'll always be your sis, but show her that you can be trusted, too. Nothing is unfixable and i think she kinda deserves to hate your guts right now and saying sorry doesn't cover it for now. Give her time. Let her see that you are not going to push her. Actions are way louder than words sometimes."
"You sure that you are not some weird shrink or some shit?"

"I'm just pretty fucking smart like that", Raven grinned and nudged Anya's shoulder who looked at her for a long moment. "Thank you. For coming here...I mean it."

"Don't go all sappy on me now, you'll lose your magical unsympathetic glow."

"Oh please."

"Come on, lets get you home."

"I ruined my relationship", Anya suddenly said and struggled a little to stand, but the brunette was quick to put her arm around her own shoulder to support the taller woman.

"What? There is more? Shit, Woods. What else is hidden up in that head of yours? Tell me in the car, but don't dare to fall asleep, i need directions.

"Pff, I'm not falling asleep. I'm sobering up."

The minute Anya made herself comfortable in Ravens car, her head fell back and she was snoring like a maniac.

"You have got to be fucking kidding me!" The brunette exclaimed, forehead resting on the wheel. "Yo, Woods! Hey! Wakey wakey." But it was absolutely useless so Raven did the only thing she could think of right now and she wasn't really sure if she liked it. And most of all how the other party would feel about it. Well, she was about to find out.

"Raven? It's 3 in the morning. Where are you? Is everything alright?" Clarke sleepily said and the brunette could hear Lexa mumbling something in the background.

"Well...I'm not really sure. I...need directions."

"Directions? Directions to where? Are you high?"

"No, idiot, am not. Could you please wake your GF up?"

"Ray, what the hell is going on?"

"Jesus, Clarke. I have a very drunk, sleeping Anya Woods in my car and I have no fucking clue where she lives so i need to speak to Lexa like now, because otherwise I'm going to kill her for snoring like a freaking Trucker. So?"

"I'm not even going to ask how this happened."

"Please don't. Can you get her now please? That'd be fantastic!" Raven asked, rolling her eyes when she heard her friend carefully and awfully sweetly trying to wake up the younger Woods. "Clarke, for real, stop babe-ing and kissing her. I can hear you and you guys make me wanna vomit."
"Hello?" A tiny, sleepy voice finally spoke after what felt like ages.

"LW? Finally. Look. Quicky. I may or may not have your sister in my car and she fell asleep and i need you to tell me where she lives, so i can drop her off. Got it?"

"Wha...What is my sister doing in your car at 3 in the morning? Wait. I don't wanna know. 6240 Magnolia Ave. Sherman Oaks."

"Thanks, Buddy. Go back to smooching my best friend. Nighty."

"Raven!" Lexa said before the brunette could disconnect the call.

"Yeah?"

"Is...is she alright?"

"Yes. She's drunk, but okay."

"Thank you for...taking care of her."

"No probs. I was promised Burritos. Shit, thinking about it i should have probably forced her to write that down."

"Drive safely."

"Bye." Raven looked over at the sleeping frame of the older woman, sighed and typed in her address into her GPS. "Alright, Woods. Lets get your alcoholic ass home, shall we."

***************

On the other side of the city Lexa and Clarke both laid in the actresses bed, both facing the ceiling, holding hands.

"This was weird."

"Agreed."

"Do you really think she is fine?"

"I trust Raven with my life, so yeah, I'm sure." Lexa then turned so she could face the blonde. "Maybe i should talk to her."

"Honestly? Give it some time, Lex. I saw how upset you were, are..."

"Yeah, yeah you are right. I hope she gets it this time. I don't wanna fire her and fight with her."

"I know, Babe. And you guys will figure this out. But it's not your job to fix this. To fix her. She needs to work on herself now." Clarke said and interwined their hands between their bodies searching the green eyes in front of her for sign of uncertainty, not finding any.

"That's why i l...That's why i like you so much! You always know what to say." Lexa quickly corrected herself, her cheeks burning in the dark, thankful that the blonde was able to see that.
Clarkes eyes shot up at her almost slip up as she tried to push down the nervousness bubbling in her veins all of a sudden, but decided to not comment on it. Instead she leaned forward and captured full lips on hers, trying to put all the unsaid feelings into that kiss. "I like you, too", she smiled, nestling into the hollow of Lexa's neck, her arm tightly wrapped around her midsection as if she was afraid the brunette could disappear any second.

"I'm really getting used to this", Lexa whispered into blonde hair, eyes closing, slowly drifting off into a dreamless sleep, her concerns for her sister for now stored away.

Chapter End Notes

You guys! I KNOW its not the longest chapter and not really Clexa packed, but i wanted to use this one to move along the storyline of Anya and Raven, cause i think its essential to dive deeper into the person that Anya is and who both Woods are without the other.

What do you think? Super excited to hear your opinions :). Mistakes as always are mine and i will probably adjust some things here and there. Enjoy and much love and have a great day wherever you are. XJ
It was a little after 8pm when Lexa stepped inside her house after what felt the longest day of shooting in history. Everything about this day had been kind of off ever since she had opened her eyes that morning and nothing on set had wanted to go right either.

The brunette sighed, while kicking her shoes off, threw her bag and coat absentmindedly into a corner and made her way straight to the fridge, grabbing a nice bottle of white wine she actually had planned to open with Clarke, but she was pretty sure her epic g to the f wouldn't mind at all. Lexa really smiled for the first time that day and immediately took out her phone and tried to facetime call tho she knew that she would probably not pick up and would be busy fixing people up at that time of the evening. But to her surprise, bright blue eyes and blonde hair appeared on the screen, combined with a killer smile that had Lexa speechless for a second, pretty sure that she would never get used to the effect her girlfriend had on her. Her girlfriend, the actress replayed in her head, making her flush even more.

"Hey babe!" Clarke said trying to hold her phone steady while walking through the hospital.

"Hey yourself. I was just thinking about you. You busy?" Lexa smiled, taking a sip from her wine.

"Actually yes. On my way to help a colleague out on a surgery. The other one got sick, so here I am. But there is always time for you! I'm glad you called. How was your day?"

"Long. Very very long. Nothing worth of mentioning. Just got home and trying to relax a bit. I wish you were here, tho. I miss you."

"I miss you, too. But as I see our wine keeps you company tonight" Clarke winked, passing through another door, loving the sound of Lexa's laugh in her ears.

"Right. I opened it without you, I'm sorry."

"You can make up for that."

"Dr. Griffin, are you trying to flirt with me?" Lexa suggestively smiled into the camera, her head resting on her hand, simply enchanted by the look on Clarke's face.

"Well, Ms. Woods, unfortunately I have a surgery to attend to, so I will leave you wondering for now. But I'm pretty sure that flirting was also implied. You guys don't have too much fun without me!"

"Never. Go save lives, I l...", Lexa mentally slapped herself for almost slipping again. Not like this, she said to herself. Not like this.

Clarke visibly gulped, trying to hide a ridiculous smile as she saw the brunette shift on her bar-chair uncomfortably, trying to avoid any kind of eye-contact.

"Lex?"
"Hmm?"

"You, too. Gotta go now. Try to get some sleep." With that Clarke disconnected the call and left a complete mess of a brunette back who immediately downed the rest of her wine when her phone lit up again and without checking the caller-ID she picked up.

"You do realize i might think you can't possibly get enough of me!" Lexa said, twirling a brown between her fingers.

"Lexi? Is that you?" And the moment the brunette recognized the woman's voice, she was so startled that she dropped her phone on the counter, the face of her mother smiling at her from her contact picture.

"Lexa?" She heard and quickly picked up the device, trying to compose herself.

"Mom. Hey. How...how are you?"

"Are you alright? You sound funny."

"I...uhm...no. YES. I'm fine. Just dropped my phone is all."

"Who's call did you expect?"

"Sorry what?"

"When you picked up. You clearly expected someone else. Are you seeing someone?"

"Mom!"

"What? Can't i ask my daughter if she is actually dating?"

"Can we please forget about this very very awkward moment in my life and talk about the weather, or better, how YOU are?" Lexa said, trying to wiggle herself out the situation as best as she could. But knowing her mother, she was doomed the minute Momma bear sensed that something somehow was going on.

"Really good actually. Your father and i finally bought that porch-swing we've been talking about for like 20 years."

"Thats great, Mom. I bet dad is thrilled."

"Not really. But enough of your old folks. So....whats new?" Sandra Woods started, making Lexa roll her eyes perfectly aware of the undertone in her mothers voice.

"She told you, didn't she?"

"What are you talking about, honey?"

"Mom, don't honey me. You know that I know that you and dad know that Anya and I had a really bad fight and I'm pretty sure she told you about the Emmy nomination, too."

"Fine! Yes. She did. But only after i kinda pressured her to spill the beans. Because we never hear anything from you anymore and i want to know what my baby is up to. Is that so hard to understand?"
"Don't do the bad conscious thing, Mom. Come on. You know i would have called, maybe even tonight if you hadn't beat me to it."

"Okay. Okay. I surrender. Can you and your sister please figure this out? I don't want my only children fighting like this."

"Did she tell you why we are having a fight?"

"Yes and I told her how much i don't appreciate her behaviour."

"Wait. You did?" Lexa said, surprised her mother was actually choosing a side for once. That was a new one. "Are you and dad having problems?"

"What? No. Why would you say that?"

"Because you actually agreed with me and didn't give me a lecture about it?"

"Your sister has been acting like an ignorant asshole and she can know this. I told her. And that doesn't imply that me and your father are having issues. Which is absolutely not the case."

"Mom!"

"Oh come on. You were thinking it, i said it. Try to talk to her. She is miserable."

"I will think about it. Is that enough for now?"

"Fine. I guess I'll take it."

"Mom? Is everything alright? Like really?"

"I just miss you and it would be really really fantastic if you could fly over for the weekend. You know it's Grandmas birthday and she is dying."

"Grandma is dying for the past 4 years now."

"You know how she is. Would this work with your schedule?"

"Yeah...i think i can manage. Is Anya going to be there?"

"No. Plus your grandmother is perfectly healthy and as we all know simply a little melodramatic the older she gets, so..."

"Why does she get to bail?"

"Because we haven't seen you in ages and we would like to spend some time with you. I told her there is no need for her to come."

"Why do i get the feeling you guys are up to something?"

"I can't wait to see you, honey."

Lexa sighed, pressing her phone to her other ear. "Me, too, Mom."

"And Lexi?"

"Yeah?"
"We are so very proud of you."

"Thank you Mom. I love you. See you real soon, ya?"

"Have a safe trip."

Well fuck, Lexa thought, running her hand through her wavy hair thinking about calling Clarke again, but decided against it and mentally prepared for an absolutely non-planned fun weekend with the fam bam.

Are you sure that you are not mad?" Lexa asked Clarke for the millionth of time before the blonde pulled into a free parkingspace at the airport.

"Babe. Seriously, if you ask me one more time i will actually be pissed and will have to kill you and that would be a real fucking shame. Got it?"

"I'm sorry, i just know we had plans and we didn't have much time for each other as it is and i guess i was just super excited."

"Me, too. But, we will find another date. I promise. Family always comes first. I'd go, too."

"Are you sure you can't come with me?" Lexa pouted and Clarke couldn't take it anymore, grabbed her girlfriends face and kissed her full lips until the necessity for air became too much of an issue.

"I'm going to miss this." The brunette smiled against the doctors lips, her eyes still closed.

"Come on, Lovergirl. If we don't go in now, you'll miss your flight."

"Fine!"

"I wish i could kiss you right now", Lexa whispered into Clarke's ear, after she had finally gotten rid of the few fans who wanted to take pictures with her while they were standing by the check-in.

"Same. Call me when you get there?"

"Definitely. I'm going to miss you" The brunette said, suddenly pulling Clarke away from prying ears into a quite corner, her whole bodylanguage changing.

"What are you doing?" Clarke asked a little confused at Lexa's weird behaviour.

"There is something i need to tell you and this is probably the worst time to do it, but if i don't I'm going to fucking explode."

"Lex..."

"I love you, Clarke. I'm in love with you. I'm like super in love with you and i want you to know
that", she sighed and it was like as if someone had lifted a freaking mountain off of her chest and she almost fainted when she saw the look of total admiration in her favorite blue eyes.

"I..."

"I can't believe i just said that in an airport. I'm good with being romantic in case you haven't figured and I'm totally rumbling right now and if it's too early for you, it is fine, you know? And I probably shouldn't assume as...", "Lexa, could you please shut up. I love you, too you dork."

"You do?" The brunette blinked.

"Yes and if you don't go now i will kiss you to death and i don't want the crowds to have a show."

"Fine, but we will talk about this when i get back!" Lexa pointed at Clarke, before pulling her into one last hug.

"Woods, there will not be much talking when you and your pretty ass are back in town. Now go!" Clarke laughed, giving her girlfriend one last push, before she disappeared through the gate and out of her sight.

As soon as Lexa stepped out of the cab, she stretched her tired limbs, payed the driver a very generous tip and inhaled the fresh sea air which automatically triggered a thousand memories of the last time she had visited her parents at their beach house.

She smiled, when she saw the swing her mom had told her about and decided that she had to visit her family more frequently than she had, ever since she had left to move to Los Angeles and pursue her acting career.

"Honeeey!" Her mother squeaked, pulling her youngest daughter into a tight hug, her curls jumping up and down from excitement.

"Hi Mom", Lexa smiled pressing a kiss to her cheek, burying her face into thick, dark hair.

"Come in, come in. You must be starving. Gimme your bag." Sandra said, grabbing Lexas luggage, putting it down on a bench before she turned to her daughter again, both hands on either side of her face.

"Look at you. You are becoming more beautiful each day. I really missed you." The older Woods stated with a seriousness in her voice that had Lexa tear up a bit.

"I missed you, too, Mom!" The brunette smiled and wrapped her arm around her mothers waist, head resting on her shoulder, walking towards the dining room where a tall, muscular dark-haired
"Lexi!" He stood up, hugged his daughter and pressed a loving kiss to her forehead. "It's so good to see you! Did you have a good trip?"

"Hi, Dad! It's good to see you, too and yeah, definitely." She smiled looking between her parents, a warm feeling spreading in her chest. "Would you guys excuse me for a second? I have to make a phonecall. I'll be right back. Promise."

"To the person you are not seeing in LA?" Her mom teased her, making Lexa roll her eyes before she disappeared into the small bathroom next to the frontdoor, carefully locking it behind her.

"Hey you!" A sleepy voice came on and Lexa immediately pictured how Clarke's sleepy form was buried into her thousands of pillows and how her blonde maine was a tangled mess.

"Sorry I woke you. I just wanted to check in and let you know that I made it safely to my parents place."

"That's great. How are they doing?"

"Super excited to see me. It's actually really nice to be home."

"I'd totally say hi if i could", Clarke laughed. "You there, babe?" She then asked, when Lexa went silent on the other end, her thoughts running a thousand miles an hour.

"Yeah...yeah, sorry. Zoned out for a sec. I...I have to get going. Talk to you tomorrow?"

"For sure. Bye and love you. How epic is it that i can say it now whenever i want?" Clarke snickered.

"Very! I love you, too."

As soon as Lexa pocketed her phone again, she stormed into the dining-room again, breathing heavily.

"Honey, are you alright?" Sandra said, looking at James with furrowed brows.

"Mom. Dad. There is something i need to tell you" Lexa exclaimed, her hands balled into fists and before she'd lose her rush of braveness she just threw it out there. "I'm gay. I'm gay and I have a girlfriend."

Her parents said nothing for what felt like an eternity, before they both burst into laughter, leaving the brunette completely stunned and speechless.

"Did you hear what I just said?"
"Of course."

"So what's so funny? Are you guys high?"

"Oh baby!" Her father laughed, rubbing his eye.

"Aren't you like...supposed to freak out or something?"

"Why would we do that?" Sandra stated.

"Uhm let me think. Because I just told you I'm gay and that I have a girlfriend?"

"How did you think we would react?"

"I don't know, Dad. Maybe a little...confused? Mad? Disappointed? Seem to have forgotten my how to come out to your parents manual while flying here."

"Lexi, we knew."

"What do you mean you knew? How...Wait. I swear to fucking god, if Anya..."

"She didn't say anything. I promise you."

"So...so how did you know? I mean I didn't even know."

"You are our daughter, Lexa. We know these things. We were just waiting for you to realize", Sandra shrugged and put her arm around her daughters shoulder.

"Sometimes you guys scare me."

"Now, finally to the important question: Who is the girl that stole our kid's heart and what is she like? Tell us everything." James smiled and Lexa was pretty sure she actually didn't survive the flight and was caught in some weird Twighlightzone.

"Well uhm she...she is..."

Chapter End Notes

Hello my lovely people!! :) How are you all doing? I seriously couldn't stop writing this chapter so i had to make a cut where i did.

So now we obviously also have Lexas parents in the mix and I'm so excited i got to finally introduce them to you. WHAT DO YOU GUYS THINK? Can't wait to read your opinions! I wrote this at work on my phone so i might have a few more mistakes in it than usual ;) I may be forgiven.

Wishing you all a nice day!!! XO J
"She is...she is just so funny, she always makes these stupid, little comments about small things she
sees, hears and then she would almost die of laughter for cracking herself up. She is caring,
_ridiculously_ smart, loving and sometimes she forgets to think about herself, putting others always
first. And she is pretty. Well not just pretty. I think she is just so _beautiful_. Inside and out. She
respects me, i trust her and...and life is just...better when she is around. I feel safe with her. I feel
like...i can be myself. Like _really_ be myself. She doesn't give a shit about fame or money. She is
just...Clarke", Lexa finished, her cheeks slightly pink, eyes shiny, a small smile still visible.

Her parents exchanged a knowing look and cleared their throats, holding hands under the table the
whole time their youngest daughter had been talking about the mystery woman who had obviously
completely stolen her heart. Never had they seen the brunette speak about someone so passionately
and most importantly: So very _sure_. Hell, she had _never_ spoken about someone like that and while
Sandra Woods was incredibly happy for her daughter, knowing how private and cautious she
usually was, she could not shake off the nagging feeling of concern in the back of her mind. She
squeezed her husbands hand, before she released him and instead reached for Lexa's.

"Honey, she really does sound like incredible", she smiled, which didn't fully reach her eyes and
was not missed by the actress.

"She is. What is it Mom? Spit it out", Lexa said, her thumb carefully tracing the knuckles of her
mothers slender hand.

"Pardon?"

"Mom."

"_Fine_", Sandra dramatically sighed, rolling her green eyes. "Is...isn't...are you sure? I mean you
guys are moving quite..._fast_ and sometimes people are not what they let us believe they are. We
only get what we see."

"What is it that you are implying? That Clarke could take advantage of me? Expose me? Become
famous? She is not some attention-seeking lurking bitch, Mom. She already had like a million
opportunities to use me and it was _me_ who made a move on _her_. It was all me and i would do it all
over again. She wouldn't even talk to me, after we got back from Sweden. But I know where you
are coming from, Mom. I really do, but you guys _have_ to trust me on this. Can you...can you do
that for me? I can't do this without you", Lexa answered, her voice a little shaky which surprised
her a little.

"We trust you with our lives, Sweetheart. We are not going anywhere, alright? You are not alone in
this. We are the Woods. Woods rise and fall together", James winked, placing his massive hand on
Sandra's and Lexa's.

"I love you guys!", the brunette sniffed, wiping her eyes. "But wait. One thing tho. Didn't you and
Mom move in together after like dating for 4 weeks?", Lexa grinned and started laughing when her
mother started shifting uncomfortably in her chair.

"That...Yes. Yes, we did", the older woman sighed.

"Did you regret it?", Lexa asked watching her parents expressions intently.

"Not for a second", James answered this time, looking at his wife lovingly, giving her a quick peck on the lips.

This was what she wanted to, the brunette thought then witnessing the interaction between her parents. She wanted to look back in 30 years and would remember this exact moment when she realized she was seeing Clarke sitting by her side, holding her hand, no matter how naïve, or sappy it may sounded. That was the kind of Love she wanted.

She was pulled out of her train of thoughts, when her mother raised her glass to her.

"Here's to you, Babygirl. And i hope you know we have to meet Clarke as soon as possible, right?"

"I know!", she winked, sipping from her wine, a warm, fuzzy feeling racing through her veins.

"Hey. Care for some old man company?", James said, stepping outside on the porch long after Sandra went to bed, joining Lexa on the new swing. He pressed a kiss to his daughters temple and casually put his strong arm on the backrest behind her.

Lexa cackled and rested her head on her dad's shoulder. "Always. And you are not that old."

"Are you okay?"

"I am. Just thinking and i missed the smell of the ocean."

"It is soothing, can't argue with that. It's good to have you home, kid."

"I'm sorry I'm so busy all the time."

"As long as you are happy while kicking Hollywoods ass, I'll take what i can get", he genuinely smiled and Lexa couldn't help but sigh heavily when deep green eyes studied her features. "Did you really think we would be...mad?"

"I...yes...no...I don't know, dad. I'm sorry. It's just...new for me, too and it's like the biggest thing in my life and I don't know what i was thinking." Lexa admitted.

"Look at me." James then put both hands on the brunettes face. "I'm so very very proud of the incredible woman you have become, honey and nothing and i repeat nothing could ever change that. I never want you feel insecure about talking to me or your mother, okay? You are a gift, Lexa and this...", he pointed to her heart, "is the most valuable thing and when you decided to give that treasure to Clarke it makes me even prouder, because my daughter is lucky enough to have found someone worth of it. I don't know her personally yet, but i know you and that is why i like her already."

Lexa didn't even know when the tears had started rolling down her cheeks and she silently
wrapped her arms around her father's neck, inhaling his scent, saving this moment in her memory for eternity. "Thank you." He didn't say anything then, simply kissed the top of her head, closing his eyes for a second.

"Dad?" She asked, after they had sat in silence for a while simply listening to the waves crashing down on the beach a few yards away from the house.

"Hmm?"

"How...how did you know?"

"Know what, Honey?"

"About Mom. That she was special. How did you know?"

James sighed then, a small smile gracing his features. "I just knew. It's hard to explain. I just...felt it. We met on this party which was supposed to be a costume party but your mother completely missed the theme and stood there in her ridiculous outfit looking so completely out of place and pissed as hell giving her friend shit for not telling her earlier. It was hilarious."

"Oh my god, i can totally picture that", Lexa laughed. "What happened then?"

"I was so mesmerized by her and i couldn't stop looking at her. Brown, wild curls, her eyes, the way she talked as if she would own the place and then i just walked up to her."

"Really? And then the deal was sealed?"

"Oh no no no nooo. She gave me hell the whole evening, but somehow i managed to get her to see me for a date and that pretty much it", James grinned, reliving the first glorious moments with Sandra Elaine Woods.

"I don't wanna know the rest of that story", Lexa winked, taking a sip from the wine she had brought with her. "Give me that, smartass", her dad laughed.

"So. How do you feel about Clarke?"

"I think the same as you described meeting Mom?"

"Is that a question or a fact?"

"A fact", she quickly amended, her skin tingling. God, she missed her and it had not even been 24 hours.

"It wasn't always peachy, Lex. You have to be aware of that, too. Sometimes you have to work for it and sometimes it's painful and you feel at your most vulnerable wanting to throw it all away, but you are in this together. As a team. Your mother and I certainly had our ups and downs, but our mutual respect, trust and love is what was, IS the most important thing. Never not talk about how you feel, okay? Communication is the key, Kid. But I'm getting ahead of myself, you will find your way", James simply nodded then and rose to his feet.

"Alright, this guy needs some serious beauty sleep. Don't stay out for too long, okay? I can't face your grandmother without you."
"I won't."

"Alright. Night, Babygirl. And call her. You have been staring at that phone for the past 20 minutes". Lexa smiled, tilting her head a little.

"Dad?" She said, before James disappeared into the house.

"Yeah?"

"I love you."

"I love you, too, Kiddo."

Lexa inhaled the salty air of the ocean deeply and audibly released it from her lungs again. She kind of knew beforehand that her parents wouldn't really have reacted in a negative manner, but what had been transpired tonight had been blowing her mind and she felt like she had connected with her parents on a whole new level.

She felt good. She felt at ease and with her freshly charged batteries she eagerly dialed Clarke's number, almost melting when sleepy, blue eyes appeared on her screen for the second time today.

"I feel like i keep waking you up", she snickered, her eyes falling to soft, pink lips and jesus christ what she would have given to be able to claim them right now.

"If it keeps being you, I'm perfectly fine with that and i wasn't really sleeping. You okay? Not that I'm complaining", the blonde winked.

"I just wanted to see your face and...I talked to my parents and i told them about us. Everything."

Clarke shifted in her bed then and leaned against her headboard, putting her wild, golden curls into messy bun on top of her head. "Seriously?"

"Seriously."

"Are you...okay?"

"Very. It went better than I even dared to imagine. It was great, Clarke. I'm so relieved."

"That was a huge step for you."

"For us. We are in this together."

"Of course we are. I'm just...This is big, right?" The blonde said a little nervous and didn't really know why she reacted this way. This is what she had secretly wished for and now that Lexa had taken that step it scared her shitless.

"I guess, it is. Penny for your thoughts?", Lexa asked with wide green eyes.
"I'm just tired. I'm sorry, Babe. The shifts are killing me."

"Are you sure?"

"Actually...I lied. Well, yes, the shifts are exhausting, but...", Clarke sighed. "I'm scared."

"Scared of what?"

"Of your parents? I'm pretty sure they would want to meet me at some point and what...what if they don't like me?"

"This is what you are concerned about?" Lexa tried to hide the smile that was slowly spreading.

"Are you kidding me? I'm shitting my pants right now. Stop this!" Clarke was now pointing at her girlfriend.

"Stop what?"

"That face you make. That smirk. You are making fun of me. You actually find this funny."

"I'm not doing anything."

"Stop it!"

"I would love to kiss that pout away right now even if you don't deserve it."

"What? Why?"

"You lied."

"It was a white lie and I'm sorry. I'm acting like a child."

"You are partly forgiven."

"What does that mean?"

"You will know. Trust me!", Lexa wiggled her eyebrows and happily found the earlier bitter feeling in her stomach completely gone.

"I can't wait."

"Clarke, listen to me for a minute. There is absolutely nothing you have to be worried about. My parents are so looking forward to meeting you in person it's almost embarrassing. They are a 100% in for this and besides...I told them how happy you make me."

"Is that so?", The blonde smirked, resting her face on her hand, studying Lexa's beautiful face.

"Yes."

"You make me happy, too", she whispered in a serious tone and the actress melted.

"We good?"

"We are. And sorry again, Lex."

"It's okay. You will pay for it and for me it'll be a win-win, soooo."

Clarke laughed and shook her head. "I love you."
"Love you, too."
"What is the plan for the rest of the weekend?"
"Well tomorrow we are visiting my dramatically dying grandma and it's literally just catching up with everyone. What about you?"
"I have that thing with the hospital tomorrow."
"What thing?"
"We have a new colleague and since he and I will be closely working on a project together he thought it would be a good idea to have dinner, getting to know each other", Clarke tried to explain as nonchalantly as possible, but the slight change in Lexa's features didn't go unnoticed by her.
"What kind of project is it?" Lexa asked, pressing her lips together and she had no idea why the hell this whole thing totally rubbed her the wrong way.
"I can't really talk about it yet. It's a neurosurgical thing and everybody is really hush hush about it. I'm sorry, babe. I wish I could tell you. But I will as soon as I can."
"Nah I get it. That's fine. It sounds huge, tho. You deserve this."
"It could change my entire career. I don't wanna get my hopes up too much, but this? It's a once in a lifetime opportunity", Clarke excitedly said at first locking eyes with the brunette but quickly wondered when this conversation began to go downhill over nothing.
"It's just dinner, Lexa" she sighed, not really hiding her disappointment over her girlfriend attitude.
"What? Yeah, sure. I know. Tell me how it went?"
"Yeah. Of course.

*******************************************************************************

The text somehow never came and when Lexa decided to fly back home early to surprise Clarke at home with a guilty conscience, she couldn't believe her eyes when a tall, good looking guy gave her girlfriend a kiss on the cheek thanking her for a great night. Time seemed to stand still for her when blue met green. She quickly grabbed her bag and hurried down the stairs of the apartment-complex tears clouding her vision which caused her to miss the last three steps sending her flying down to the ground with a loud thud.

"Fuck. LEXA!" Clarke yelled, kneeling next to her, hands shaking, scanning her body for any obvious injuries. "Baby! Lex. Come on. Hey." She gently cupped the brunettes cheeks, kissed her forehead and when her new colleague Matt appeared, eyes wide, she almost threw her phone at him to call for an ambulance.
"Clarke", the brunette suddenly slurred.
"Hey. Hey. I'm here. Lie still, okay? Can you do that for me?"
Lexa slowly nodded and held on to the blondes wrist. "I'm sorry", she mumbled before everything went black again.

Chapter End Notes

Oh my god, guys! It's been exactly 1 month since the last update! I'm SO sorry for the long wait. I had some serious shit to deal with both at work and personally and also a big fucking writers block :-O TERRIBLE. But here we are again and I hope you are still with me! :) Thanks for your patience. Many x's and oh's and dont hate me just yet ;) A little gay drama never hurt nobody ;) J! Let me know what you think. Mistakes, like always are my own.
The first thing Lexa felt when she slowly came by was a soft pressure to her right hand and she automatically squeezed it's source, warmth radiating through her chest.

She blinked a few times, fighting away the fog and found her favorite blue eyes staring down at her. She droopily smiled.

"Did I die?" she whispered, suddenly very aware of the dryness in her throat. Clarke's beautiful raspy giggle then rang through her ears and if she were to die, this sound would easily be the best thing last thing to hear.

"No, you idiot. You are not dead. But maybe I'll be the one to kill you myself soon if you don't stop scaring the shit out of me." The blonde said, before bringing Lexa's hand up to her lips, kissing each knuckle so tenderly, it almost made the actress cry in gay.

"I'm sorry." The brunette shyly replied, avoiding her girlfriend's eyes.

"I was really worried about you. And I'm not sure how many more falls your head can take before you go totally mental", Clarke smirked which earned her a light slap on her shoulder. "Really? You just came out of a 3-week coma and that's the first thing you do? Attack me?"

"Three...three weeks? Wha-what?" Lexa's shocked face was literally priceless and even if she was still a little out of it, she quickly caught up. "You are ridiculous!"

"Am I? I'm not the one who made wild assumptions and pulled an R.Kelly flying down the stairs," and there it was...The tiny dumbo in the room. She deserved it. Lexa knew it and she had to take it.

Clarke sighed, pulled one brown lock behind her girlfriend's tiny ear and decided to put the obviously agitated girl out of her misery. "Lex, can you look at me?"

"No."

"Lexa."

"I can't. I'm too embarrassed and my...head hurts."

"Lie. You are very much drugged and you should actually feel like you are spacewalking."

"Fine", she pouted, turning on her side, clutching Clarke's hand to her chest. "On a scale from 1-10, how badly did I screw up?"

"I think it's a solid 15."
"Oh, fabulous. Can I go back to that coma you mentioned earlier?"

"Absolutely not. So. What do you think you saw back there?"

Lexa inhaled deeply, mumbling on her bottom lip. "I...I thought that after our last conversation...I kind of gave you the impression that I wasn't happy for you with that project and then you mentioned that guy and...I don't know. It...affected me. And then you said you would text me, but i never got a text and my grandmother was going on my nerves and I missed you and...", another sigh. "I decided to surprise you and when i...he kissed you."

"On the cheek..."

"Yeah, i know, but it seemed so...intimate? And then he mentioned the great night you guys had and something in my brain kinda went rogue. You know the rest."

"Babe," Clarke grinned, pressing a kiss to the brunette's forehead. "Matt and I had been working on the project all night, finalizing a first draft for the bosses which was nothing short of incredible of him, since he is one of the most respected Neurosurgical doctors in the states and also, very very gay and happily married to his partner of 7 years."

It took Lexa two solid minutes to process the information. "I'm ready to die now!" she finally said, intertwining her fingers with Clarke's.

"Do you really believe I would cheat on you over the time span of a weekend? Cause if you do..."

"NO!" The brunette quickly exclaimed. "No. I'm so sorry, Clarke. I don't know why I acted like a 12-year-old. I just...missed you so much and I wasn't prepared for this."

"I get that and I'm not mad or anything. But if you don't trust me..."

"I do. I do trust you, Clarke. I love you."

And that was all it took for the doctor to be completely rendered speechless when she saw the desperate look in those green orbs. She slowly leaned down and kissed the brunette with all that she had, her tongue tracing her bottom lip as if it were the most precious thing.

"What was that for?" Lexa whispered, her eyes now 10 shades darker, surrounded by the smell, the taste that was uniquely, Clarke.

"That meant you are officially forgiven. But I still need to run some tests on you right now, Miss Woods," the blonde said, her voice dangerously low, extra raspy and vibrant against the soft skin of Lexa's collarbone, her lips, wet warm and heavy and god how much had she missed that feeling.

"Do you think that this is appropriate? I'm your patient, Dr. Griffin", The brunette managed to say, but her words got stuck in her throat, when she felt Clarke's hand disappearing under the hospital gown she was wearing, her fingertips trailing along the undercurve of her breasts, teasing, not really touching, tracing the outlines of her ribs, traveling down to her navel, she thought she'd combust right then and there. Her whole body was on fire, her abs jumping beneath her hot skin and all she could think about was the burning feeling in her gut before her eyes snapped open...
"Clarke!" She breathed, her hand wrapping around her girlfriend's wrist.

"Hmm?"

"What if someone comes in?"

"No one is gonna come in. You are my patient and I told everyone to stay away from that room. You are a celeb, remember? And since I'm the boss here, I have exclusive rights to take care of you," Clarke grinned from her current position on the chair next to Lexa's bed, her hand still buried underneath the blanket.

"You may resume with your examination then. There seems to be an itch somewhere I can't quite figure out yet and you might need to take a look at tha---" Lexa was not granted to finish that sentence, because without any warning she felt Clarke's hand dipping into the sea of arousal that had built in her pants and all she could do was feel. Feel her wetness surrounding her girlfriend's talented fingers, rubbing, teasing, circling her clit, making her eyes roll back in her head. She'd be the fucking death of her and Jesus, bless his spirits, it was the best way to settle a misunderstanding ever.

"God, you feel so good. I missed you", The blonde said, trying to find a better angle, ignoring the fact that her wrist burned like hell.

"I...Oh, my...missed...you...Fuck...Clarke!" Lexa exclaimed, her hips bucking, while she rode her girlfriend's fingers that were sending her into another dimension mercilessly. "I'm gonna..."

But before her much needed orgasm could take her to the most amazing places, caused by the blonde angel next to her, the door flew open and all Lexa could fathom in her sex-induced mind were the disgusted faces of no other than Anya and Raven awkwardly standing in the room, mouths agape.

"Hey, Superstar, how are you....Oh my fucking god!" They both yelled in unison when they realized what they had just walked in on. Clarke immediately pulled out of Lexa, leaving her girlfriend a mess underneath the sheets as if been struck by lightning, her face turning into 65 shades of: "Please let the universe swallow me whole right now".

"For fuck's sake! Are you guys even aware of the term 'knocking'?" Clarke angrily yelled back (super embarrassed), while rising from the chair, hiding her right hand behind her back.

"Well, obviously we were not counting on you being Knuckle deep in your girlfriend, while she is literally almost unconscious, sooooo", Raven laughed, covering her mouth with her hands. This was too good, too earth shattering and she was pretty sure that she would now have a reason to mock her bestie for the rest of their lives with this.

"Oh shut up the fuck up, Reyes!" Anya said, pressing her lips together, adjusting her blazer. A more than awkward silence engulfed the four women for what seemed like going on forever, until Clarke cleared her throat, holding out her hand to the older Woods who simply let her gaze wander up and down the other woman.
"Are you serious, Griffin? Like, for real?"

"I...I'm sorry...This...", Clarke mumbled, eyes fixed on the very interesting floor right now.

"Well, as quickly as this obviously escalated into the most awkward moment in gay history, I'd say, let's move passed this and focus on the fact that LW here, is alive and well. Shall we?" Raven said, stepping in front of a fuming Anya, saving her friend from being murdered on the spot.

"Could we please open a window? It smells like a fucking brothel in here!" Anya fumed.

"Oh god! I can't even" Lexa whined, covering her burning face with her hands, trying to ignore Ravens muffled laughter.

"Sorry you guys, but this too golden. Can I take a picture?"

"Raven!" Clarke warned before she disappeared into the small bathroom to clean herself, leaving the rest of the group awkwardly staring holes in the ceiling.

"What are you even doing here, Anya?" Lexa finally managed to say, uncomfortably shifting in her ruined panties.

"Excuse me while I want to check on my little sister who managed to not magically kill herself while flying down some stairs."

"I'm fine."

"Obviously." The two sisters quickly found themselves in a staring contest until Lexa broke first shifting her focus to her girlfriend. "Clarke, could you please tell Anya that I'm not having this conversation with her right now?"

"Ohhhh, that's very mature!" Anya snarled, but calmed down a little, when she felt Ravens hand on her back. "Sorry. I..just came to check on you, Lex and sorry for...calling this room a brothel."

"It DOES smell a little," Raven shrugged but quickly shut up when Clarke shot her another death glare.

"I will just...go. Take care of yourself", the older Woods sighed.

Lexa balled her hands into fists before she stopped her sister. "Wait. Thank you for stopping by, An. I appreciate it. Talk after the Emmys?"

Anyasmile and nodded. "Yeah. Sounds good. Oh, i invited Reyes over here so that blondie will not be lost in the audience, hope that's cool with you guys." All Lexa and Clarke could do was...nod.

"Cool. Alright, come on, Raven. Let's head out and leave these two idiots to their...business. Bye
"I have a NAME!", Clarke yelled, but the two were already gone. "Will she EVER acknowledge me as an actual person?"


"Well, that was...interesting? You okay?"

"I'm sitting in a lake right now and my sister caught girlfriend fingering me, so yeah. Peachy."

"You are ridiculous," Clarke laughed. "Want me to finish what I started?" The blonde suggested, wiggling her eyebrows.

"I think the hospital bubble is ruined for me. It always sounded SO hot in those stories. Sorry."

"You need to really stop reading fanfiction. It does weird things to you, my little Gaydawan."

"No, YOU should START reading it. SO good."

"See? That's exactly what I'm talking about."

The next few weeks flew by in a heartbeat and finally, Lexa found herself in front of her mirror in the dress and jewels she had selected for the evening. Her lips sported a blazing red and the long, black dress perfectly hugged every curve of her body perfectly. She laughed when she saw Clarke fighting with hers in the background.

"God I HATE dresses. They are tight...and...fuck! Babe, can you please zip me?" She walked over to Lexa and pulled her blonde, locks out of her neck. Clarke shivered when she felt delicate fingers running up and down her spine.

"You do know we will never make it to that ceremony if you keep doing this, right?"

"Very aware. You look so beautiful, Clarke. Here. All done." (The doc totally knew she looked smokin hot in her silver, knee-lengthy piece and she absolutely loved it, but of course, she would never admit to it).

"Thanks, Babe. And you look SO.(Kiss).Fucking.(Kiss).Beautiful.(Kiss)Too."

"You know what I can't wait for?" Lexa dreamily smiled against Clarke's lips.

"What?"

"To get you out of that thing later."
"Can you have mercy with my poor heart for one second?"

"Absolutely not."

"Hey, Lex?"

"Hmm?" The actress said while applying her favorite perfume.

"You've been awfully quiet today. Are you okay?"

"What yeah. Totally. I'm just nervous and this speech was...not easy to write." Clarke knew she was not telling her the whole truth, but she let it slide for the time being.

To say that Clark was in total awe was the understatement in recent history. She really didn't know what the hell to do with herself, as soon as the doors of their limo were opened for them and a Tsunami of impressions rained down on her, she was a goner. People started screaming Lexa's name, Paparazzi wanted to take her picture and she took it all so...casually. Clarke could simply stare at the woman and how classy and fucking gracefully she smiled her way through the red carpet. She turned around every now and then to smile at the blonde, overwhelmed doctor and that's what it took for Clarke, to hang on onto Lexa's arm stronger. The actress was completely in her element and Clarke had never felt more out of place.

"Are you okay?" Lexa whispered into Clarke's ear when she managed to talk her girlfriend into posing with her, Raven and Anya walking behind them in a respectful distance.

"Yeah, it's just...Holy fucking shit!" The blonde whispered back which made Lexa laugh.

"You have no idea how cute you look right now. Wait. Turn to face to the cameras in...now!" "Okay. We are good. Next up are some interviews. You are doing fantastic, Clarke."

"You are so different here. It's funny. I have never really seen that side of you."

"What side?" Lexa answered, her brows a little furrowed, while they now walked behind Anya, leading them to the first interview point.

"Reserved? Upright? And your smile is so fake, it's painful to watch."

"That's because this is my job, Clarke. This is what I do on these events. Look pretty, waving, making people happy and then I get to go home, strip that person off and can be Lexa again. Does that makes sense?"

"It's still kind of weird." The blonde quickly gave Lexa's hand a light squeeze. "I'm so proud of you, you know that?" She said, scanning the actresses face intently and there she was. The real her. Hidden in those beautiful green eyes and loved to think that this look right now, was hers and only hers. God, she was so fucking in love with that woman.

And this time all banter and fun disappeared from Lexa's face when the sincerity of Clarke's words began to sink in. "Thank you. Thank you for believing in me."
Their moment, however, was broken, when they arrived at the scheduled interview-point with some reporter Clarke's been sure was probably the worst in the business. She awkwardly stood behind Lexa who was bravely trying to make it through his idiotic questions, suddenly hearing her name. She blinked a few times, when Lexa pulled her towards her, linking their arms.

"Freddy here and I were just talking about the beautiful company I brought tonight and he wanted to know who you might be."

"That...that's nice, I guess? I'm a friend of Lexa's. I thought I'd see what this one was up to in her free time. Obviously getting nominated for an Emmy." Clarke said and the guy almost died of fake laughter. She hated him.

"She's funny. Your friend is really funny. So tell me, Lexa, what else is going on in that shiny life of yours? According to your avid fans, you are running Solo right now? Can you confirm that?" Nudging Lexa's shoulder playfully.

The doctor desperately tried to swallow a salty remark but managed to hold it in when she caught Lexa's eyes, silently telling her to just let it go.

"Well, Freddy thank you for asking, but I'd much rather prefer it if we could talk about my projects."

"So you are not denying it?" He kept pushing and that's when Anya finally stepped in, excusing Lexa leading her towards the entrance of the Microsoft Theater.

"That wasn't awkward. What an asshole."


"Alright Ladies, hate to break this little party up, but we gotta go find your table, Lex."

"Wait, we are not sitting together?" Clarke's face fell.

"Sorry, Griffin. She is seated with all the other nominees. It's protocol. You guys will sit upstairs. You will be escorted there in a few."

"Oh. Okay."

"I'll see you after the show, okay?" Lexa beamed, wrapping her arms around Clarke's body, inhaling her one last time. "I love you."

"I love you, too. Go, get em! I'll up there obsessing over you."

"Dork."

"Nerd. Go. Otherwise, I will not be able to stop myself from kissing you senseless."

"I can't wait for that dress to be on the bedroom floor later!" Lexa whispered before she disappeared, leaving a flustered Clarke behind. She wondered when the brunette had become so
brazen. She loved it.

"God, Clarke. I can't believe we are actually at the Emmys. US. Bless your fucking Vagina, my friend. I wanna frame her and build an altar."

The people that were seated close to them shot them a few confused looks, before thankfully turning their attention back to the ceremony which was awfully long and all Clarke wanted was grab her girlfriend, change into some sweats and pass out on the couch.

"I'm pretty sure that that was the weirdest and creepiest thing you ever said, Raven."

"I know. Sorry, not sorry. Oh my god, Clarke, it's happening. That's her category. GO WOOOOOOODS!" The Latina screamed and a few of the stars downstairs looked up to them, including Lexa, shaking her head.

"Friend of mine," Raven said to the woman next to her when she sat back down. "So proud. Gotta support the gang, right?"

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"And the Emmy for Outstanding Leading Actress in a Dramaseries goes tooooooo...." Never in her life had Clarke been more on edge than during these few seconds. She held Ravens hand as tightly as she could, eyes fixed on Lexas face on the screen, who was nervously chewing on her bottom lip, her jaw so tight that the blonde was scared it would break any minute.

Chapter End Notes

Bam! Here it is. There we go. THAT happened. Do you hate me yet? Probably. I'M ON A CLIFFHANGER ROLL. I'm sorry! I had to make the cut here for the next chapter! I really hope you like this one. Muchos love, J

Side note: Thank you again for all your lovely comments, Kudos and Bookmarks guys! Really. I'm overwhelmed. This being my first story and all i can't believe this baby has officially hit 25 chapters now. Holy cow. I never thought it would get that far. You are all blowing my little Clexa-trash mind :D. Sorry, had to get it out. Let me know what you think.
Seconds before the announcement:

The six faces of each nominee appeared on a very big screen including Lexa's who was nervously biting her lip to a point where Clarke, caught up in her own excitement, was pretty sure the actress would break the sensitive skin very soon.

And then it happened. It happened so fast and yet time seemed to stand still when the host cheerfully announced: "And the Emmy for Outstanding Leading Actress in a Dramaseries goes tooooooo: Lexa Woods, The Walking 100," and the whole crowd in that auditorium erupted into waves of wild applause, screams, praises, clapping...it was all too much for Clarke to take in. Seeing the surprised, shocked face of her girlfriend in that very moment, the pure joy of all these people she had never met in her life being so very happy or the woman she had fallen in love with, not even fully comprehending a voice in the background saying: "This is the first Emmy and The first Nomination for Lexa Woods!"

Without being in control of her own body she stood up, raised her hands above her head and screamed herself. What did she scream? She had no fucking recollection. The only thing that mattered was witnessing this gorgeous woman tearing up, hugging her Crew, the Cast, her friends on her way to accept the biggest award of her career yet and when she started wiping her eyes not thinking about her Make-Up at all, was all it took for the doctor to lose her freaking mind, her chest swelling with pride. It all seemed like a Blurr. Raven jumping up and down, embracing her into a tight hug yelling something in Chinese. That's at least how it sounded to Clarke.

The blonde watched in absolute awe, as Lexa finally walked up to the stage, giving no other than Jimmy Kimmel a kiss on the cheek, touching her Emmy for the first time. She looked absolutely breathtaking. She looked so very beautiful and yet so vulnerable when she quickly adjusted the microphone, her eyes roaming through the audience briefly while the crowd was still cheering for her like crazy.

Lexa's usual reserved, almost stoic public posture broke when she audibly took a deep breath, holding her price tightly to her chest, knuckles white, her smile shaky and full of too many emotions.

"Well, oh my god. Please tell me you are all seeing this, too right now," she started and the crowd started laughing, standing up yet again while the brunette kept wiping off the tears of off her cheeks, immediately looking for Clarke in the mass and when she caught her favorite blue eyes, the blonde could literally see her relax a bit, shoulders relaxing.
The doctor then sat back down in her chair, holding on to Raven's hand tightly while she watched Lexa pulling out a piece of paper. She inhaled deeply, before the brunette's back straightened yet again, her beautiful green eyes roaming over the many smiling faces expectantly looking at her.

"First of all, I want to thank the academy for this amazing award. Thank you to all the producers, everyone who made it possible for me to be able to play this wonderful, multi-faceted, iconic character that is Alicia Strand. Louis Roland, Peter Meyers, Seth Garlfield, thank you for your braveness and thank you for your continuous support throughout this whole journey. Anya Woods, my Mentor, my Sister and my Manager. I love you. There are no words to even begin to describe how much you mean to me. Professionally as well as personally. Laura Smith who is the best PA a person could ask for...Marie, Lindsey, Jeff, the whole Cast and Crew. I couldn't have done this without any of you and this award? This also belongs to every single fan out there who is constantly supporting me. I love you guys. A lot. You know...," Lexa's voice broke again and again she kept on looking at her girlfriend for confidence. "My parents, my sister, my friends...they have all blindly followed me without any question, trusting me with my passion to become an actress and I'm SO very grateful for that. Playing the first bisexual character on a weekly show has truly and completely changed my life. And I'm so incredibly lucky to be able to represent that on television not only in the US, but also worldwide and I know how important it is. We all do. Everyone who is working on this Show. And...I always wanted to have our fans to have a safe place in an inclusive, non-toxic enviroment. And I hope you know that," Lexa then took a deep breath before she continued, knowing that her time was up already.

"There is one more thing I would like to say tonight tho and I'm very thankful that the academy allowed me to do it, even if i shouldn't keep you from your drinks and food any longer than I already have. "...laughter in the audience.

"Griff, what is she doing?" Raven curiously asked, looking at her friend.

"I...I have no idea," Clarke answered, brows furrowed suddenly having a heavy feeling in her chest.

"This award...." Lexa started, clearing her throat, looking at the Emmy in her hand. "This award is not only for myself, or all the amazing people who have brought me here. This award is also for the one person who literally saved my life months ago. The person I was lucky enough to fall in Love with. The person who keeps me grounded when I freak out but also and most importantly believes in me. I know a lot of people already suspected and or questioned my sexuality for quite some time now. So, tonight standing in front of you all and the world, receiving this incredible award, I want to say, yes. I am gay. I am very gay and also in a very happy relationship with the most beautiful, incredible woman: Clarke Griffin. Clarke, I love you and this is yours, too. As a doctor you save lives everyday, but in the end...You have saved mine. So many times and various ways. Thank you. Thank you for being the strongest, smartest, bravest person I have ever met. Thank you for loving me and letting me love you in return. Thank you again to the academy. I deeply appreciate it. Have a great night everyone."
And that was the moment when Clarke's face appeared on a big screen, in HD, looking like as if she had just witnessed Michael Jackson coming back from the dead right in front of her. The slightly surprised audience tho, after tiny resignations eurpted into a another round of applause and standing ovations as Lexa walked off the stage, disappearing into the Backstage area.

Too much. Too many feelings. Too many eyes on her. She couldn't breathe. She felt dizzy when everyone of course tried to get a glimpse of her, talking about her, the whispers getting louder and louder until the blonde almost covered her ears. She was in literal shock and she barely heard Raven speaking something to her. She did not just do THAT.

"Clarke?" The Latina asked, her hand on the blonde's pale, sweaty face.

"I...can...can we please get out of here?" Was all the doctor could manage to answer, while she felt the room starting to spin.

"Hey. Look at me. Talk to me."

"I...I need to get out of here, Raven. Right now. I can't...I can't breathe. I...Please take me out of here."

And without hesitating a second longer, the brunette wrapped her arm around her friend's waist, pulled her up, hurrying out of the ballroom, grateful that they were able to leave the building through the back entrance, away from prying Paparazzi, the Press and overenthusiastic Fans.

But before they could jump into one of the Shuttle-Cars, Clarke felt a tight grip around her wrist and when blue locked with very confused green ones, she felt like throwing up on the spot.

"Clarke...where...where are you going?" The actress asked, her voice uneven and her gaze flew back and forth between her obviously upset girlfriend and Raven.

The blonde's jaw tightened at the soft, concerned words and it almost soothed the boiling anger in her stomach. Almost.

"I'm...I'm going home."

"What do you mean you are going home? Are you not feeling well? Let me just get my stuff and..."

"No."

"Clarke. I don't understand. What is going? Can you please talk to me?" Lexa asked, trying to grab the doctor's hand, but was refused to immediately.
"Like you talked to me about that last part of your speech?"

"I...it was supposed to be a surprise. I mean, it was a very huge deal for me," the brunette started.

"Oh it was indeed and i was beyond happy for you until my face appeared in fucking HD on that wall for the whole world to see, Lexa."

"Clarke, I didn't..."

"Don't. Please don't. Not now...not here," the doctor said, holding up her hand when Anya suddenly appeared just looking at each of them individually, a question mark written all over her face.

"Are you Idiots kidding me? Does anyone would care to explain to me what you are doing here and why you, Lex, are not back to your seat yet? I'm waiting. I hope you do realize that this is a live Show."

"She's right. Go back," the blonde stated, avoiding Lexa's hurt, confused eyes, trying to hold in the tears that were threatening to roll down her cheeks.

"Clarke."

"I can't. I'm sorry. I'm not...ready for this." And with that the blonde turned away from her girlfriend, closed the cardoor and immediately a sob escaped her body.

"Go!" She instructed the driver, providing him with her address.

"Do you wanna talk about it?" Raven carefully asked, her hand resting on her friend's thigh, squeezing it lightly.

"No."

"Clarke. You just had a full-fledged panic attack and you left your girlfriend behind, like..."

"I said, I don't want to talk about it."

"You'll get a gastric ulcer from eating that shit in."

"Raven, please not now, okay? Please," and with one look into Clarke's red trimmed eyes, she silently nodded.

It was hours later, probably around 3 in the morning when Clarke woke up due to very intense knocking on their apartment door. But before she could drag her body to open the door, Raven beat her to it.

"What the fuck do you want? I swear to god Oh, LW. Hey," Raven said, immediately calming
down when she saw Lexa standing in front of her.

"I know it's late, but can I please talk to Clarke?"

"Look, LW, you know i love you and all, but she was pretty upset earlier and I don't really know what the fuck happened back there, but I'm glad she's finally asleep..."

"I...yeah...sure."

"It's fine Ray. Let her in," Clarke said, crossing her arms in front of her body, already on the verge of crying again when she dared to look into the green, stormy forest.

"I know it's late, but...what the hell happened? Can you please talk to me?" the brunette pleaded which was also Raven's official cue to leave them alone.

"Why...why didn't you tell me, Lexa?"

"Tell you what?"

"About that last part of your speech."

"Wait. Are you mad at me for openly admitting I was gay in front of millionth of people, cause Clarke, that is not fair at all."

"That's not it and you know it."

"Oh do I now? Last time I checked you were the one who left me at the freaking Emmy's without any kind of explanation looking like an idiot."

"Is that what's important? What these people could be thinking?"

"Clarke. Stop! What the hell has gotten into you? You know that's not true. Weren't you the one who promised me month ago you'd be with me...by my side whenever I decided to go public? Why...why aren't you, now that i did? You stormed out and jumped right into a car."

Too much. Too many feelings...

"Because YOU fucking exposed me to the whole world without even mentioning this to me, Lexa! That was not your place and you know how I feel about the whole spotlight thing. Still, you just went for it, not thinking about any of the consequences for me. What it'll mean for my life. You just made that choice for me when all I did was being supportive to you in every step of the way," the blonde suddenly exploded, the tears now running freely down her flushed cheeks.

"Clarke, I'm...I am so sorry. I..."

"Millionth know who I am now. Millionth. What do you think is gonna happen? That they will all leave me be, not invading my privacy now, too? You of all people know how crazy it gets out there and STILL...For fucks sake, Lexa. Why didn't you say anything? We could have done this together, like we always do. You have NO idea how proud I am and how brave I think it is to step in front of those cameras and make yourself vulnerable to the world like that. But that was for YOU. That was YOUR moment and please don't think for a second that I don't appreciate what you said about me, but I wish you had let ME make that decision."
Lexa was frozen in place, hot tears streaming down her face, too now and she didn't even bother to get them under control, cause god she had never seen the blonde so upset and angry before. Also knowing that she was the reason for that pain, frightened her.

"Why didn't you just talk to me, Lex?" Clarke asked sitting down on the couch, hands running through her hair.

"I...I don't know and I know I should have. God I should have and you are right. Please tell me what I can do to fix this."

Clarke sighed heavily and she hated this. She hated that they were fighting, she hated that she had to make that decision and she hated that they were both hurting so much, but she also needed to try to get this under control. By herself.

"I...I think...I think I need some time, Lexa. Alone- I need to clear my head." The brunette visibly gulped, her lips trembling not believing how this night could have turned into such a pile of utter shit.

"Please don't do this, Clarke. We...we will release a statement, we will figure this out..."

"Don't be ridiculous. There will be no statement. What's the point? People know my name, they know who I am. It's too late for that and also, how would that look? No. Not an option."

"Babe...", Lexa whispered, taking a step towards her girlfriend. Was she still her girlfriend?

"Give me some time, okay?" Clarke whispered, squeezing the brunette's hand.

"I'm SO sorry, i didn't mean..."

"I know. You...you should go now."

Lexa slowly nodded in defeat, tears streaming down her face as she silently closed the door behind her while Clarke let out the breath she didn't know she had been holding, sinking down until she was sitting crosslegged on the floor, silently sobbing into her palms. Suddenly her phone informed her about a new text.

"Are we going to be fine?"

Clarke sighed, before she typed her reply.

"We will be. Eventually."
Okay, now I know FOR SURE that you hate me after that chapter! But i hope you can see my intention by choosing to go down that road. It's about Lexa and Clarke still learning how to balance their both very different worlds and I think that was the perfect opportunity to do that.

But you know me by now and you know you can trust me when I say: THEY WILL BE FINE. I mean, I hated writing this :D:D It is part of their story tho and we all have to go through some storms sometimes. Hopefully you enjoyed the Chapter anyways. Have a great day, XO J

(Like always mistakes are all mine and I'm trying to avoid them as much as I can)
"Fuck," Clarke said, rubbing her tired eyes not caring that she'd probably looked like a raccoon after crying for a solid 30 minutes. Still leaning against the apartment door and still wearing her dress, she was finally able to calm herself to a point where she fully took in her surroundings. The dark room, only slightly illuminated by the streetlights outside, the clock in the kitchen ticking, her legs aching from sitting in the same position for too long, her rapidly beating heart...

She looked down at the phone, she was still holding, opening the messaging app again, re-reading the last text she had received from Lexa hours ago. She closed her eyes, the hurt and disappointing look on the brunette's face appearing behind her lids.

Without thinking about the time, she pressed speed-dial.

"You better have a damn good reason to call me at 3:40 in the morning, Griffin." But not being able to hold it in and say anything, the blonde started sobbing into the device, tears streaming down her already flushed cheeks all over again.

"Clarke?" The voice on the other end immediately sounded soft, caring, no hint of sarcasm left whatsoever.

"I fucked up, Ray. I fucked up like big time...MASSIVELY,"

"I think I got the point. Come on, breathe." And that's what the doctor did. Shakily, but she did.

"Where the hell are you?", Clarke asked.

"At O's. None of my recent conquests had time for me and since Cheekbones is probably plotting your murder as we speak, I figured I'd crash at their place."

"Thanks for saying that."

"Sorry. What happened? Since you are crying and pulled me out of my second REM phase I take it LW is not with you right now?"

"No."

"Tell me."

"I...I really fucked up, Raven."

"We already evaluated that. Go on."

"We got into a fight, kinda and I said some really shitty things to her and told her to go and..." Another sob. "She left."

"Oookay and did she...like..."
"She didn't break up with me if that's what you are implying. Well, at least I hope so. She sent me a text, asking if we would be okay."

"Wait...I'm confused. So she didn't, right?"

"She is too fucking good, Ray. She *should* have broken up with me. She should...I...God, I'm such an idiot. I'd deserve it."

"Stop! Clarke. Stop. Listen to me. We will figure this out, but not on the phone and not while you are a mess and me being sleep-deprived, alright? I want you to go to bed now. Try to get some sleep and I will be home first thing, okay?"

The blonde sighed, sniffing, pinching the bridge of her nose.

"You are right. I'm sorry."

"You don't have to be sorry, Sweetcheeks, kay? That's what besties are for. Clarke, we *will* figure this out. I promise you. Nothing is set in stone yet. Lexa loves you and you love Lexa."

"What...what if that's not enough, after what I did?"

"Clarke. Stop right there. We will talk later, alright? Do you trust me?"

"Yes!" She answered quickly.

"Good. I love you. See you later. And Clarke?"

"Yeah?"

"Lock the door!"

"Wha....why? Raven? RAVEN!"

=======================================================================================================

"Wow, you look like literal shit," The Latina and Octavia mentioned when they entered the apartment hours later, carrying three coffees and some Bagels.

"Well, thanks, guys. That's exactly what I needed to hear right now," Clarke said, rolling her eyes, trying to fix the messy bun on her head and her wrinkled College shirt nonetheless.

"So, as you can see I have brought Mommabear with me. She is fully informed about the situation we have found ourselves in," Raven started placing her iPad in front of Clarke.

"What's that? Did you come up with a Powerpoint on how to apologize to your GF for the shittiest behavior ever?"

"No. I brought this to show you the impact Lexa's coming out had and that some sneaky Motherfuckers, of course, caught wind of your little *discussion* outside."

"But...how?" Clarke's face went pale when she scrolled through the thousands of Tweets from Lexa's fans either congratulating her on her win, or...bashing the blonde, pictures of the both of
them...And there was pretty much no denying that they were fighting.

"Seriously? You are way too naive for your own good sometimes. These people are sharks. She is one of the most famous actresses in the industry, Clarke. She just won an Emmy."

"How bad is it?" She dared to ask, but got her answer quickly, when she saw the looks her friends exchanged. "Fuck."

"I'm not gonna lie and Miss Marple here went to pretty much everything...It's not good. For the both of you." Raven said, pressing her lips together.

Clarke had to sit down, cause she didn't trust her legs at all anymore. What the hell had she done?

"How the fuck am I going to fix this, guys? How?" She said, rubbing her face, looking at her friends intently.

"Look, we know you, Clarke. And yes, she should have talked to you, but this girl risked everything for you. You know, we love you and we will stand by you no matter what, but there is no going back now. What she did was...a massive step exposing herself like that. It could cost her a lot." Octavia said and frankly? She was right. She was damn right and no matter how much Clarke didn't wanna hear it, she knew she was right.

"I thought I knew, what I was signing up for. Obviously, I didn't. No really. What if I ruined her career?"

"You didn't ruin anything. You just have to understand that everything you do has consequences. Especially when you are in a relationship with a woman like LW."

"She should have broken up with me. I don't deserve this. I don't deserve her. God, why am I like this?", the blonde sighed into her hands.

"Alright, Missy. You have to stop this self-destructive bullshit. Yes, maybe you did fuck up. Yes, maybe you should have handled this differently, but you are not a bad person, Clarke. And you sure as hell did not do this on purpose to hurt her. You are a human being and that's what people do. But that doesn't mean that you can't straighten your back, step up and make it right. That is not you and you know it. Life is a fucking mess sometimes and you got scared. Hell, I would have gotten scared, too. Do you really want this? Do you really love her?"

Clarke blinked a few times at Raven's speech, her eyes focused on the iPad in front of her. "Yes."

Octavia smiled and gave the blonde's hand a squeeze. "Then you will get rid of this Trailer Park outfit you are sporting right now and go get your girl back."

"That was a nice reference there, Momma," Raven acknowledged. "I knoowww!" O grinned, high-fiving the Latina.

"You guys are ridiculous."

"You? Shut up and go clean yourself. And please, for the love of God, burn that Shirt in the process!"

"I love this Shirt," Clarke said, looking down at herself.
"No, you don't."

"What's that's supposed to mean?"

"Do I need remind you to the time you had that REALLY bad crush on that girl back in college and you spent 14 days living in this thing, because she wouldn't even talk to you? Or the time that guy dumbed you for the hot Cheerleader, or the time when you broke it off with the biker chick? Oh, all the memories... It's literally the "I clocked out from life, because I'm a miserable piece of shit"-Shirt. We don't need this anymore, cause you are getting the girl this time," Raven winked, wrapping her friend into a tight hug.

"Why are you so sure she is going to accept my apology and Anya not killing me on the spot?"
Clarke whispered.

"Because I know that she loves your stupid ass, too and I know you. Tell her everything. Tell her you are ready. Tell her you are all in. Go with your heart. I've known you forever and the only thing you can always be sure of, is your heart, Griff. I'm not so sure about Anya, tho," Raven grinned, placing a kiss on her friend's forehead.

"I really liked what you said until now," the doctor winced thinking about the many many ways the older Woods probably already plotted to kill her.

"You got this," The Latina said in a serious tone, grabbing her friend by the shoulders, looking her in the eyes intently.

"I got this. I got this. I got this," Clarke repeated, while she retreated from the living room into the bathroom.

"She is SO gonna shit her pants," Octavia said, looking at Raven.

"I know, Boo. I know," The brunette answered, patting the hand on her shoulder.

20 minutes later, Clarke emerged back from the bathroom, not looking exactly fresh, but definitely managed to give herself an upgrade from what she looked like before. Well that probably happens when you spent hours bawling your eyes out, worrying if you had screwed up the only relationship that ever really, deeply mattered to you. The bags under eyes were covered up neatly, her hair hang loosely over her shoulder and she was wearing tight, dark skinny jeans combined with a white Superdry hoodie, she knew, Lexa liked a lot.

"I'm going to screw this up!" She immediately said, when she stood in front of her friends again.

"Shut up. What happened to I got this? You got this. Now move your cute ass and stop annoying us," Raven replied, rolling her eyes, sipping from her coffee.

"What if she's not home?"

"Only one way to find out, righty? Come on, Clarke. Stop this shit. Go. Go, get your girl."
Clarke took a deep breath, nodded and headed out the door, murmuring "I got this" all the way down to her car.

The blonde let out a sigh of relief, when she saw Lexa's car parked in front of her house. She put her own into parking mode, holding on to the stirring wheel tightly, closing her eyes for a second before she finally found the courage to ring the doorbell.

The blonde almost started to walk back to her car, before her favorite voice stopped her in her tracks.

"Clarke!"

She immediately turned around and she wasn't sure what exactly she was feeling, when she saw her girlfriend standing there. Small, exhausted, eyes puffy, her hair tight up in a ponytail, arms wrapped around her chest protectively. I got this...

"H...hey." She breathed, taking two steps at a time until she stood in the brunette's personal space. "Can...can we talk? Please?" She added, hoping that she wouldn't be rejected right away.

Lexa studied her face curiously, the usual glow almost completely gone from her beautiful, jade eyes and without saying a word, she stepped aside, a tiny smile gracing her lips, yet so quickly gone that Clarke was almost sure she had imagined it.

Once the actress closed the door behind them, Clarke grabbed both of her hands, about to explain herself, when a more than furious Anya cut through her I got this mantra like a knife.

"What the hell are YOU doing here?!", she burst out, stepping between the two women. "I gotta give it to you, Griffin. You have some fucking balls. I wouldn't have expected to see your face anytime soon, if ever. And I can't ay I wouldn't be opposed to it. I think you have done enough."

The older Woods said, her voice full of vomit, pointing her finger at the blonde.

"Anya!"

"No. No, Lex. She is right," Clarke started, straightening her back, taking yet another deep breath, surprising both of the other women.

"I...god, I don't even know where to start..."

"Maybe you should keep it that way, turn around and never come back, cause I'm pretty sure you have done enough."

"No. I'm not leaving until you hear me out. Please. I can't...", Clarke sighed, trying to not start
crying. "Both of you. Please hear me out and if that is...not enough, I will turn around and walk out that door for good."

"Everything is so fucking simple with you, isn't it?", Anya snarled, but took a step back, when she saw the daring look on Lexa's face. "Fine!", she gave in, holding up her hands.

"Lex. I know I screwed up..."

"Oh my god, give me a breeeaak!", Anya laughed.

"Enough!" Lexa finally stepped in, grabbing Clarke by the wrist pulling her into the kitchen away from the wrath of her sister.

"She's right, you know? I...Lex, I am SO sorry. I'm the biggest idiot on this planet and I honestly don't know why you haven't broken up with me by now", She started again, not able to find any kind of emotion in the actresse's face.

"I got scared. Terrified, to be honest. When you said all those amazing things about me, us, YOU, coming out to literally the whole world, I was not prepared. I panicked. I panicked and I hate myself for letting you down like that when this was like the biggest thing for you and I...was not there, like I promised I would be. When I saw you on that stage... I..."

"I'm sorry I didn't talk to you about it."

"No. You? You don't have to be sorry anything, okay? This is completely on me and I'm the idiot. Cause you are the most amazing, bravest, funniest, most beautiful woman I have ever met in my life and there I was making this about me. Only thinking about myself when this was about you taking a leap for both of us, risking everything."

"Are you...are you ashamed?", the brunette carefully asked, her voice low, feeling the eagle eyes of Anya on the back of her neck.

"What? NO. Stop. How could I? I love you. Lexa, I'm so in love with you and I hate myself that I have put you in this situation. I KNOW what I signed up for and I KNOW that I want to be there, by your side. All the way. I want to be the woman, being able to hold your hand in public, kiss you...put my arms around you, cheering for you... I want to face this mess, WITH you, together. If you still wanna have me. I had no idea about this entire business, no clue about how people would react until Raven and Octavia gave me a pretty good idea of what I had done, making me look at your Twitter Feed. I didn't know. I simply didn't know. But now I do. Lex, I....I'm not even sure if what I'm saying right now could make up for what I did. The only thing I know for sure is, I wanna be with you. I wanna be your girlfriend. I wanna be your best friend and I want to your anchor. And if there was ANY way for me to fix this, I'll do it. The only thing I'm ashamed of is that I have ruined the most important evening in your life with my stupid anxiety. I don't wanna run. I don't wanna not be with you, cause, Woods? You are all I want. I don't know, how I got so lucky, but here I am, standing face to face with the only person I want to be with. You take my breath away. You make everything so much easier and I'm just so...proud of you. I'm so proud and I was a jerk for letting insecurities take the better of me." Clarke pleaded and what she didn't see was that Anya sighed deeply, witnessing the exchange between the two, rubbing her stressed eyes.

"I love you, too!" Lexa finally whispered, resting her forehead against Clarke's.
"Yeah?", The blonde giggled, almost awkwardly, daring to cup her girlfriends face with both of her hands.

"Yes, you idiot."

"I wanna say so much more right now, but my whole speech pretty much went out of the window as soon as I parked my car."

"Alright. ALRIGHT. I'm still here. Enough of this sappy gay shit. I may need to vomit. Come here," Anya suddenly demanded, letting Clarke and Lexa exchange a worried last look.

"What you did, was a fucking disaster," she started, once the blonde stood in front of her.

"I know."

"This could affect her career long-term."

"I know."

"Good, cause we need to find a way to figure this out, which doesn't mean I still don't want to kill your stupid ass."

"I know that, too."

"You are not forgiven yet."

"Fully aware. But I'm willing to do whatever it takes," Clarke sincerely answered, turning around, looking directly at Lexa.

Chapter End Notes

OKAAAAY! Here we are with the aftermath of Clarke's panic attack. I was thinking so much about how I could dig myself out this situation....I literally spent most of the day writing it, re-writing it, deleting it, writing it again and now? I hope you like the outcome. Cause like someone pointed out, Clarke always seems to be the one who's running away, leaving Lexa as the "villain" and I didn't want that and I never planned for that. All I can say is, the girl gang will def get together soon to fix the social media mess together, as in Octavia, Raven, Anya, Lexa and Clarke. :D Of course, Clarke didn't get to say everything she wanted to say, but it was a start and I felt like it was a start and she is not FULLY forgiven yet. I promise, she WILL work for it. Let me know, what you think. It was great to read the variety of opinions on the last chapter. I appreciate every single comment so much.

Last, but not least. I have to put something out there. I wanna dedicate this chapter to a very important woman in my life who has literally turned my world upside down in every positive way possible. D, you are amazing. You're funny, dedicated, you keep up with my nerdy, sarcastic self, make me smile like an idiot and you keep me on my toes. I know you will be reading this, so...You make me happy :). I love everything
about us and to you, lovely readers, she is literally the Lexa in this story :D. I can't wait for our adventures together. Thank you for being...you. :) XO

So, with that being said, I really hope you enjoyed the next step of our fav dorks journey and thank you for being with me on this. Mistakes are my own like always. -J-
Any, could you give us a minute, please?" Lexa said, her eyes not moving away from Clarke's face. The older Woods studied her sister briefly before she pocketed her phone, nodded and walked outside to provide them some privacy.

"Clarke, what you said earlier...", she started, grabbing both of her girlfriends hands again, her thumbs rubbing small circles on the soft skin as soon as they were alone, needing to stay in contact.

"I meant it."

"I know you did and that's the problem. This whole situation we are in", she sighed, "It is not only on you and you shouldn't be taking all the blame, because I was the one who made the decision without talking to you about it first. I won't let you do that. You shouldn't be the one standing here, begging for forgiveness, when I literally wasn't thinking about what it could mean for your life, or your privacy in the long term and I see that now. I didn't think it through at all. I just threw you in front of the world, Clarke."

"Lex..."

"No. Let me finish, please", Lexa replied sternly and Clarke knew there was no room for discussion, so she let the actress take a deep breathe before she continued. "When you left...Yes, I was confused, yes, I was hurt in that moment but again, I was thinking about myself and MY feelings and I can't even begin to imagine how you must have felt."

"I did freak out...", the blonde admitted, squeezing her hands a little tighter.

"I'm really really sorry. I...I will have security people at the hospital if necessary, I..."

"Look at me, please", Clarke asked and only continued when blue was securely locked with green.

"I did mean it when I said I knew what I signed up for and sooner or later people would have found out anyway if we are honest with ourselves. I'm in love with you and I am proud to be your girlfriend. You are the best thing that ever happened to me, Lexa. Now I can even show it in public, so..., the doctor nonchalantly shrugged.

"It can't be this easy, Clarke", Lexa sighed, her eyes filling up with tears again which the blonde quickly wiped away, both of her hands now on each side of her girlfriends face.

"It never is and we have to get better at this in order to make this work. But you know what I am 100 percent sure of?"

"No?"

"I'm sure of you! I'm sure of us. I don't wanna be without you, Lex. Life is so damn short and I
know we will figure this out. I cannot and will not let this break us before we have really started building something and I don't know about you, but what we have seems pretty fucking special to me. We are better than this. You and Me. Together. We both screwed up and now we pick up the pieces and deal with it. Enough of you did this and I did that. If me having to deal with the media, crazy fans and whatnot in order to be with you? Hell, bring it on."

"I don't wanna be without you either", Lexa managed to whisper while a sob escaped her throat, totally overwhelmed by her emotions, her forehead resting against Clarke's now. "How did I get so damn lucky?"

Instead of answering Clarke simply kissed her then with all she had, sighing against familiar, warm lips, finally feeling her girlfriend fully relax against her body, her arms tightly wrapped around the blonde's waiste as if scared she could disappear any second. She knew, they had things to work through and hell it would probably not be the last stone in their way, but it was their way and Clarke was more sure than ever. This was it for her. *She* was it for her. Her hand found it's way into Lexa's messy bun, massaging her scalp while pressing another lingering kiss to her temple, inhaling her scent deeply.

Unbeknownst to both of them, Anya had been watching most of the exchange, her chest filling up with guilt. She nervously tapped her foot on the ground, arms resting on her hips, the wheels in her head spinning. She pressed her lips tightly together, before she finally made a decision. She'd probably (most likely....ABSOLUTELY) regret it, but she did it anyway. This was obviously bigger than her and only after she had seen it with her own two eyes now how in love they truely were, she could finally realize what an absolute asshole she had been as of late. "Fuck", she cursed to herself, pulling out her phone.

"Cheekbones! Such a royal call. To what do I owe the pleasure? Wait, it's not a Bootycall, is it? Because we are definitely not there yet", Raven exclaimed with feigned horror and Anya could almost see the stupid smug smirk on the Latinas face right now. She pinched the bridge of her nose and started walking up and down the length of Lexa's pool to calm herself a little. It didn't work at all.

"Shut up, Reyes. I need your help."

"Careful, Woodsie. If we keep doing this, you might not be able to exist without me anymore."

"Call me that again and I will end you."

"You would never and we both know it. Also, that is not a denial to my previous observation. Just sayin'."

"Gee, why do you always have to be SO fucking extra?"
"Born this way. Can't help it. But come on, I'll let you off the hook for now. You said you needed help. Shoot."

"It's about Lexa and Clarke."

"Please tell me they are still alive, not ugly gay crying or jumping each others throats!"

"What? God no. They are fine. At least from what I saw. Wait, checking- Yup, all good. Currently sucking up each others faces. Eww, what the..."

"Wait, where the hell are you?"

"Lexa's place. Outside."

"That is just a very, very disturbing picture in my head right now. You know that creepy Kim Kardashian stalker gif? That's you. Dude, you are totally perving on them. Oh you know what, on second thought tho...are they like you know...Snaggity snag snag? Ringing the Bell-bells? Taking the Plunge, Poppin' the Cher..."

"RAVEN! STOP! This is my sister we are talking about here. My fucking ears are bleeding."

"Oh my god, I love this!" The Latina laughed and Anya was pretty close to just hang up, but also couldn't help the smile that formed on her own face.

"Are you done now? Can we go back to business?" The older Woods asked, immediately mentally slapping herself for her last remark. "Please do us all a favor and don't answer that. I'm begging you."

"You have no idea how hard that is, but as a sign of good will from my side, I...won't. What do you need? For real", Raven said earnestly.

"I need you and your other sidekick to come over here and help me figure out how we are going to deal with the Social Media situation. After the backlash Clarke has received online, which I'm pretty sure she has no clue about, I could use...I could use your...input on this one. Also I'm positive that you and your Minion already went through most of it. You guys are her best friends. I need this to be handled smoothly and I'm pretty sure she will appreciate it and feel more comfortable with you around." Anya mumbled under her breath.

"Excuse me, what? The mighty Woods, Manager Extraordinaire, Queen of resting Bitch faces, the great GREAT has actual, human...FEELINGS?"

"Surprise, Motherfucker. Don't tell anyone. I have a reputation to uphold", Anya smirked.

"I wanna cry and laugh all at once! Bless. Serious question tho. Don't you have like people for this kinda stuff? Like Peeps who actually get paid for handling that?"

"Yes, but I don't trust them and they are idiots, so. Also, like I said Clarke is gonna need the mental support. There is a lot of nasty bullshit floating around and I'm not sure if she is aware of how cruel people can be. And...she doesn't deserve it. I know her and I haven't been quite besties, but she seems like a really decent person and I was wrong about her."

The line went silent for a bit and Anya looked at her screen a little confused. "Raven?"

The brunette audibly cleared her throat before she answered. "Dude, that is probably the nicest thing I've ever heard you say. More brownie points for you today. Seriously. Thank you for saying
"No worries. I will. And I also need a serious convo with Lexa. I've been such a f*cked up Bitch."

"You are not...a Bitch. You are a good person, Anya."

The older Woods blinked a few times, clearly a little overwhelmed.

"Okay, this is getting too sappy for me. When, uhm...when can you guys be here?"

"What's the address?" Raven nodded, while calculating their estimated arrival.

"I need to get a hold of Mamabear first, also taking traffic into consideration...I'd say hour and a half? But worry not. Be there as soon as possible. We got this, Woodsie," Raven said, quickly ending the call before Anya could explode again by the mention of her new nickname.

"Is it safe to come back inside?" Anya asked, covering her eyes as she entered the living area again.

"Haha, yeah, of course", Lexa laughed, her arm wrapped around her girlfriend's shoulder.

"Okay. Good, good. Uhm, Clarke? Can I talk to you for a sec, please?" The older Woods carefully asked and didn't miss the small flash of surprise and slight suspicion in the blonde's eyes.

"Sure...I...let's...let's go outside?" Clarke offered, squeezing Lexa's hand reassuringly before following Anya.

As soon as the door closed behind them, an awkward silence engulfed the two women at first until finally the blonde took the initiative.

"Sooooo. Here we are. You wanna throw another death threat my way?", Clarke started, crossing her arms over her chest.

"I guess I deserve that. No. I'm not. I'm...I want to apologize, for...being an absolute Bitch to you from the second we met and...I was wrong about you. You never gave me a reason to truly doubt your intentions with Lexa and I need you to know. I don't hate you, Clarke. I never did. I'm sure we will never become best friends, but at least I wanna try."

"Wow...I...did not see that coming", the blonde confessed and buried her hands in her pockets.

"What...changed your mind?"

"I saw you two talking and I can see how you look at her and how she looks at you. I think I never really let myself really see it before, if that makes sense. I was so caught up in protecting her and my shit that I completely lost myself and her in the process. I guess I used you to let off steam and frustration. Something just clicked?!"
"You...you didn't lose her."

"What?"

"You have not lost her. She loves you. Trust me on this. Give her time. You are her sister, Anya. She looks up to you."

The older Woods sniffed a little, hastily wiping her eyes. "Thank you for telling me. I needed this. I...are we cool? I know that this doesn't make up for anything in a blink of an eye, but you know..."

"I'd like that", Clarke smiled and again, silence hung over them like a big, fat awkward cloud. "So, do we hug?" She asked, but Anya simply stared at her, raising her eyebrows.

"Nope. Nope, okay...guess we are not...lets, yeah. Lets go back inside, shall we?" Clarke stammered, not looking at the dirtyblonde as she hastily passed her.

"Everything okay here?", Lexa asked, eyes darting between her girlfriend and sister, who both casually leaned against her kitchencounter.

"Yup. Sorted some things out, right, Claire?" Anya winked which earned her a royal eyeroll from the blonde and a nugde against her shoulder.

"By the way I received a super weird text from Raven while you guys talked. I have NO idea what that means and I'm not sure if that word even exists", Lexa said, handing her phone to Clarke who immediately started laughing.

"That's a thing Raven came up with when we were kids. Everytime an emergency happened and nobody else would be allowed to know about what that was, she'd use that word so only selected friends would know. That was mostly Octavia and me. And now...you. FOFECYAALWM. Fixer of Fucking Everything Cause You All Are Lost Without Me- Welcome to the circle of trust, Babe", Clarke explained and handed the phone back to the brunette.

"I feel honored, I guess?", Lexa snickered while Anya only rolled her eyes. "God, she is SO extra!"

"She is on her way tho, isn't she?" Clarke concluded and just in that second the doorbell rang and indeed a highly motivated Raven stormed into the house, looking around, clearly impressed, Octavia closely behind her, carrying a black backpack inside which landed on the floor with a thud.

"Not bad, LW. Not bad! I like it", the Latina whistled, arms on her hips while eyeing the women in front of her.

"Dude, could you help me with this fucking shitload of Tech you brought?" Octavia whined. "Hi Ladies",she added, quickly greeting everyone.

"Would someone care to explain what is going on?" Clarke asked, taking hold of Lexa's hand.
"SO glad you asked. My little protégé and I are here to take on the mission of our lives. NO. YOUR lives. We came here to clear up your Emmy- Gaymageddon and make you the shiniest, most sickenly cute couple Social Media has ever seen. Buckle up. We are going online, Bitches!"

Chapter End Notes

I am back, very much alive and guys, this chapter has taken its bloody toll on me! :D I was super busy with work shit and barely had time to write and when I did have time, I hated it. But ANYWAY. Here we are. Chapter 28. The chapter after the Emmy mess. As you can see I went on lighter territory again and I gotta say, it's refreshing and I hope you like how the conversations went down. I was thinking a lot about it. Is it realistic? Is it too out of character? Makes it sense after what happened? Also I took the opportunity to tie up some ends and have some closure in parts of the relationships :). I wanna thank you all SO much for being so very passionate about this story, I loved reading all your amazing comments and thoughts over the last chapter and diving into the discussions. You have no idea how much it means to me! I love you guys and hopefully i can keep you entertained :). Let me know what you think of this one. Always looking forward to read you all, Mistakes are all mine as always. Cheers and until next time, XO J
"They put my head on a spear...", Clarke quietly said, more to herself than deliberately communicating with the rest of the group, holding the iPad Raven had assigned her so tightly, her knuckles turned white.

As the hours had passed by and after they had taken several pictures, Snaps & short videos together to be posted on their various social media accounts, the blonde had gotten more quiet by the minute, simply shocked by the intensity of the reaction Lexa's and her little drama had obviously caused within her very dedicated fanbase. She had no fucking idea how passionate they truly were or how powerful a force of people, she had and would never meet could be. She couldn't have imagined the hate that was aimed towards her. And yes, she was pretty sure she wasn't exaggerating by using the word "hate."

The bickering and cackling of her friends almost felt distant and foreign in her ears. She eyed each of them with a little bewilderment, wondering how they could be so carefree about this when she almost completely lost her shit right then and there. She was pulled out of her haze tho when she felt slender, familiar fingers interwining hers, concerned green eyes looking at her curiously.

"Babe?" Lexa asked, squeezing the blonde's hand.

"Hmm?" Clarke answered, suddenly all eyes on her.

"You kinda zoned out there a little, Dude. You alright?", Raven tuned in, putting down her phone which spurred Clarke into action again.

"They put my head on a fucking spear, guys. That's...that's disturbing, sick, super weird and some serious Game of Thrones shit. It's not even one of the dragons. At LEAST it could have been a dragon", she said, her voice two octaves higher than usual, causing Anya to struggle with herself to not burst into a fit of laughter, which quickly earned her an eye-roll from the Latina. "What?" The older Woods silently mouthed and rubbed her eyes.

"It's not THAT bad", Octavia said, now the center of attention.

"Nah, you are right. Some idiots photoshopped our best friend's head on a speer, calling her a slut. Not that big of a deal. Could be worse. DUDE. Seriously! Sometimes I'm pretty damn sure you are inhaling too much Babypowder", Raven answered.

"Right, says the one who is around toxic fumes all day, as if that wouldn't explain a hell fucking lot when it comes to you."

"You are unbelieveable. Ask me once again for those snacks I'm always bringing home from work for you."

"I'm just saying, not Lexa's whole fandom like wants to bitch on her and...destroy her. There are a
"I'll be right back", Clarke excused herself then, quickly striding towards Lexa's guest bathroom at the end of the hall, exhaling deeply as she closed the door behind her and was finally engulfed in...Silence. Wonderful, relieving silence. Not that she didn't appreciate the effort her friends were putting into this, but after reading all day how much of a bitch people thought she was, she just needed a break. In that moment she wished, not for the first time in her life, she'd would be Sabrina the witch and would be able to freeze time whenever she needed it.

She splashed some water in her face when she heard a soft knock on the door.

"Clarke?" The blonde relaxed, hearing her girlfriend's soft voice while turning the lock to let her inside.

"Are you alright? You are awfully quiet and that's never a good sign", Lexa tried to joke a little and searched the blonde's eyes.

"I'm fine. It's just...a LOT. Like a shit load LOT. Like...you get my point. I never expected that. We have a fucking ship name. People photoshop our pictures on strangers bodies, there is...SO much...and most of all? They hate me, Lexa. They really really hate me. I don't want them to hate me and think I would purposely hurt you, you know." Clarke sighed and it kinda broke the brunette's heart seeing her struggling so much in that unfamiliar, new territory and with all those weird new feelings. Not that all the online weirdness didn't still affect her, too, after all these years in the limelight- But she kinda had gotten used to it, had a chance to slowly acclimate with the situation, but for the blonde it must have felt like a freaking Tsunami and she wanted to protect her from that, even though she knew that it was a pretty hard mission to accomplish.

"They don't hate you. This is not about you personally, Clarke. Do you understand that? They don't know you. They see what they want to see, but it is not you", Lexa tried to reason, placing her hand over her girlfriend's heart."This?" She gestured between the two of them. "This is real. We, right now, are real. I promise you, it will get better and they will move on. We got this. I got you, okay?" You don't have to be scared. If you let this too closely you'll go mental and trust me. I know what I'm talking about." The brunette said, looking at her intently and there was no way that the blonde did not believe every single word Lexa had just said to her. It made sense. It made so much sense to her. Lexa made sense to her. Her hand on her burning skin made sense. Her scent invading her nostrils, made sense.

She genuinely smiled for the first time ever since they had started their little social media crusade hours ago.

But before Clarke could respond she suddenly felt delicate fingers starting to slowly travel down her chest to the valley between her breasts, opening the first button of the blonde's shirt skillfully. She inhaled sharply as she felt herself being pressed against the wooden door even more and warm, soft, pouty lips started nibbling at the soft skin of her neck, biting, soothing, sending her nerves in complete overdrive. She fucking loved it. She loved how Lexa had that effect on her body, how
she'd be able to completely consume her every thought, every fibre of her being up until the point where she could forget everything else around her and all there was left was the beautiful face of the woman she was utterly in love with. Lexa was her drug and she never wanted to come back down from the high that was uniquely her.

"Wh-what are you d-doing?" Clarke muttered, her brain already short circuiting as the next two buttons came undone, the chilly air from the airconditioning hitting her hot skin, causing her nipples to uncomfortably rub against the material of her bra. A moan escaped her lips as she felt Lexa's wet tongue travel down her chest, one hand gliding down her back, the other squeezing one of her breasts with just the right amount of pressure. Clarke was sure, she was about to pass out. She was not used to her Girlfriend taking so much initiative and it was a more than welcome suprise even if they were currently just meters away from there friends.

But obviously Lexa couldn't care less and Clarke would rather sell her soul than stop her from doing these wonderful things to her.

"I..." Next button.

"Love...", next button.

"You...", Lexa murmured against the soft, hot skin of Clarke's stomach, a jolt of aching electricity shooting down to her own core as she felt the tender muscles constrict under the touch of her lips.

"Lex...", Clarke moaned, looking down at her girlfriend, her hands buried in brown, soft curls now and her legs almost went total jello, when the brunette locked eyes with her. The light green completely gone, pupils dilated, she seemed almost predatory and just the thought about what that meant brought the blonde dangerously close to the edge without even being really touched yet.

"Yes?", She smirked, popping open the button of Clarke's denim, grinning even more when she heard the sharp intake of breath and the way the blonde's hip automatically pushed a little forward.

"I...", Lexa didn't let her finish. She was intoxicated by the way Clarke was panting. She was intoxicated by the smell of her girlfriends arousal invading her senses and she was intoxicated by the way Clarke expectantly looked down on her, cheeks rosy, her wild, golden locks framing her angelic face. She couldn't take it anymore.

She pulled the blondes jeans and panties down in one swift motion, placing one leg over her shoulder before she dived right in without hesitating and the reaction she received? Priceless.

"Ohhh my....oh my god!" Clarke exclaimed, biting down on her bottom lip hard, hitting her head against the door in the process, but she couldn't care less, cause the way Lexa's tongue was currently working her was out of this world and she couldn't decide if it was all too much, or not enough at all. She could feel the brunette grin against her most private parts, changing the angle so suddenly and in such an unexpected way that Clarke's eyes shot open, her hips jerking so badly that she accidentally knocked off some the perfum and bath articles from the cupboard next to her.

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"What was that?" Raven asked with a frown, but she quickly caught up on what exactly WAS happening not too far away from them. She pressed her lips tightly together, looking between Anya and Octavia who both had to control themselves from not laughing out loud.

"Woods, you do realize that my best friend is currently shagging your sister while we are *here, right?!*

"Who says my sister is not shagging your best friend?" She snickered, totally amused by the blank expression on the Latina's face and the fact that she had managed to actually shut her up for once.

"I'm gonna...oh SHIT!", Clarke exclaimed with trembling legs, her grip on the brunettes head probably a little bit too strong, but she simply couldn't control herself as Lexa send her into one of the most orgasms she ever had and she was pretty sure she had actually passed out for a few seconds.

Not caring that she felt like a wet spagetti right now, she pulled Lexa up, kissing her deeply, moaning yet again as she tasted herself on her lips. "That was...Where the hell did you learn that thing you did earlier?" Clarke breathed heavily, cupping her girlfriends rosy cheeks.

"Magicians never tell their secrets", Lexa grinned, pecking the blonde's kiss-bruised lips again.

"Oh really? Cocky much today?"

"Confident. Are you better?" The brunette asked, her features softening as she carefully caressed Clarke's cheek.

"Do you even have to ask? That was...unexpected, but I'm not complaining."

"Good." She kissed the blonde's forehead, let her clean herself and zipped her back up then.

"I can dress myself, you know", the doctor said in mocking, but loving tone.

"I know that. Just...let me take care of you a bit."

"What about you tho?"

"I'm fine, Babe. I'll be out in a minute. This was about you."

Clarke simply grabbed her by the collar of her shirt, pressing another long, lingering kiss to her lips. "If you keep doing that, we will never make it out of here again", Lexa warned.

"FINE. I cannot believe we just did that."

"It was hot."

"You are hot. You think they heard us tho? I mean, we were gone for a while", Clarke said, her hand already on the doorhandle.

"Nah. I doubt it. They were so caught up that they didn't even saw me going to check up on you."

"Okay, if you say so. See you in a bit. And Lex?"
"Yeah?"

"I love you, too."

As soon as Clarke re-entered the living room area, her dopey smile immediately disappeared from her face when she saw Raven sitting at the table, arms crossed, her jaw hard as a rock. *Fuck.*

"Oh, *hey* there. All good? I haven't seen you in a while. Where is your little gay counterpart?"

"I...she...you know...", Clarke stuttered. "You *know*, don't you?" She added quickly.

"Hell yeah I *know*. The whole fucking neighborhood probably *knows", Raven scoffed and you could literally watch the blonde turn into 50 shades of red within seconds.

"I..."

"Everything alright here?", Lexa said, her arm snaking around Clarke's waiste innocently.

"Spare it, Woods."

"We have been made. They heard us", the blonde clarified.

"*Sit*. Both of you useless gays. You owe me a fucking *adorable* Snapchat story", Raven announced, pointing her finger at both of them. "And by adorable i mean, SO adorable that it will turns your insides and makes you wanna vomit."

"Raven, come ooon. I hate Snapchat", Clarke whined.

"Yeah?Really. Well, that's a shame, cause I hate that you two for not being able to keep your poochies in your pants for 5 minutes."

"You will never let this go, right?" Lexa finally spoke, the tips of her ears burning.

"Absolutely not."

Chapter End Notes

Guys, here ya go, part1 of the their Social Media crusade! I know there is not really a lot going on, BUT after all the angsty angst I felt like I owed you a fun, light one with some Clexa hottie times and hopefully a smile on your faces :). I enjoyed writing this one and I hope you will like it, too. Thank you for your always amazing comments and Kudos :) I love reading you all so much. Have a great week, XO -J

PS: Mistakes like always are all mine.
Hi my lovely readers!

Holy shit it's been a while, huh? I'm deeply deeply sorry that I have not been around in AGES. Oh my god. I have been so wrapped up with work, family, friends, vacation, that I just couldn't focus on writing. But I do promise you, I'm not abandoning the story. I will continue, I just don't know when that is exactly, so stay with me :). I don't wanna give you something half-heartedly written down, just for the sake of posting, you know? This story and it's characters is really important to me and so are you as my audience. Thank you for still reading it and leaving your wonderful comments. It's means a lot.

I hope ya'll are doing alright and I will see you pretty soon I hope. Spoileralert: Clexa will go on a little vacay trip before Lexa's departure to Australia. What could POSSIBLY go wrong right? ;)

All my LOVE to you and if you have qs, wanna discuss things, feel free to contact me :) XO and a massive Lagom family hug, J
Guys! WE ARE BACK!! How cool is that? I got so inspired that this chapter kinda wrote itself today between Meetings at work and my lunch break. As you will see, this is kind of a set up of what's to come for these two beach bunnies :D. I really, really hope you'll like where we are going and I promise I will try to update sooner next time! Again, thank you for sticking around!!! As always, mistakes are mine and only own the storyline! ;) XO J

It had been weeks since the whole social media ordeal had taking it's toll on the entire group and both Lexa and Clarke were exhausted, to say the least, but it seemed like it had all been worth it in the end. The storm had eventually settled like they all, except for Clarke of course, had predicted it would be. There were still many many other fish in the deep sea of the Entertainment Industry and thankfully so, the next big gossip thing was just one Click and Tweet away for people to freak out about.

And to the doctor's surprise she was…okay with it all. The tough ones as well as the quieter once… Well, in all honesty, lets say she was more chill about being a public face now than she had before and that was also due to the fact that Lexa had been nothing but supportive, sweet and super protective of her. She had gone above and beyond to make sure that her girlfriend could process her newfound “fanbase” and attention online in her own speed and to the brunettes surprise, Clarke once in a while even suggested to share a picture, short clip or Instagram Story of them together on their respective accounts.

So when the actress pressed her warm lips to a still sweaty neck, while pulling the blondes naked body even closer to her own bare form on a relaxed Friday night, she contently smiled.

They were both on the brink of falling into a massive post-sex induced coma, but it had simultaneously been the most relaxed Lexa had felt in a long time and she didn’t want to waste any second of this night. Everything had been so hectic for both of them that she more than ever treasured these quiet, peaceful moments as much as she possibly could.

Clarke shifted against her girlfriends flushed skin, grabbing the hand that rested on her waist, intertwining their fingers.

“I can feel you smile against me”, the blonde whispered into the darkness of Lexa’s bedroom, her voice still heavy and more raspy than usual.

“I am”, the actress responded, rubbing her nose on Clarke’s soft skin.

“Any specific reason?”

“Do I need a reason? I’m just happy. Very, very happy.”
“Me, too”, Clarke responded, kissing every knuckle of Lexa’s hand. “Hey, Lex?”

“Yes?” The brunette answered while a heavy yawn escaped her.

“I was thinking…” The blonde suddenly said, rolling over, supporting herself on her elbow, now fully facing Lexa, her lower lip between her teeth.

“Okay. *Wait.* Hold on. I know that look and *that* tone.” She switched on the small lamp on her nightstand, squeezing her eyes shut for a second, adjusting to the brightness of the now illuminated room.

“What *tone*?”

“Every time your mind is brewing over something and you finally decide to tell me about it, you have that…tone and look on your face”, Lexa nonchalantly shrugged and Clarke was momentarily taken by how beautiful this woman looked in that moment. Her brown locks a wild mess, cheeks still flushed, pupils blown, a white sheet only covering the lower part of her glorious, wonderful….

“Clarke?”

“Hmm?” She almost hummed, blue locking with green again.

“You still with me? You zoned out there for a sec.”

But without answering Clarke simply placed a chaste kiss to pouty lips so quickly, the brunette couldn’t even reach out to cup the doctors face in time.

“Before this gets out of hand, which I wouldn’t mind at all…You wanted to say something”, Lexa smiled, putting a gold lock behind Clarke’s ear.

“Right. Sorry. But you have to promise me something, first, okay?”

“I’m not gonna like this, am I?”

“You don’t even know what I was going to say. You trust me, right?”

“Of course I do. Now you are starting to freak me out a little bit, not gonna lie.”

“Promise you won’t get mad and it’s already kinda settled anyway, sooooo…”, Clarke confessed, eying her girlfriend anxiously.

“*Clarke*!”

“Listen. We’ve been like through a lot lately. Like a *lot*, lot, right?”

“Yup, you could say that, yes.”

“Exactly, SO… look. You are all done with the Season and I’ve got like a *ridiculous* amount of
vacation days left to use. Long story short: I booked a trip for us. Just you and me, a beach, Bikinis, Cocktails, Flip Flops and most importantly: No cell service.”

Lexa blinked a few times, shock written all over her features and Clarke was totally screaming/freaking out on the inside, but was pleasantly (thankfully) surprised, when the actress grabbed her face, kissing her hard.

“Okay. Does this mean you are not mad? Or was this like my last kiss before you murder me?”

“You really did that.”

“Uhm…yes?”, Clarke shrugged.

“But what about your project at the hospital and my interviews?”

“I’ve spoken to Anya and I had to sell her my soul and my Firstborn for this, but she agreed and actually thought it was a great idea to get out of here for a while.”

“Seriously?”

“No worries, I took a short video of it to prove it to you, without her knowing. So maybe not…tell her about it.”

“And what about the hospital?”

“They will survive without me for a two weeks. I have a stellar team behind me on this and I’m sure they are not gonna burn everything to the ground, while I’m taking my wonderful girlfriend on our first vacation”, Clarke sweetly smiled and literally beamed when she saw the look on Lexa’s face.

“I…I really don’t know what to say.”

“Just say you’ll come with me?”

“Are you kidding? Clarke, I…thank you. That means the world to me. Oh my god. I’m so excited. Where are we going?”

“I may or may have booked us into a very fancy-pantsy Spa in…Thailand?”

“Excuse me, come again?”

“Shit. You don’t like it. I…”

“Clarke. Shut up! I legit always wanted to go, but obviously never had the time.”

“I’m SO relieved right now. You have no idea. Jesus…”The blonde said, covering her heart with her hand and just the pure excitement shining in Lexa’s eyes and the sound of her laughter already made this trip unforgettable.

“You do know, that I’m not gonna let you pay for everything tho, right?”
“Here we go. I knew it.”

“I can’t believe I won’t see both of your stupid faces for like two wheeeks! I’m gonna miss you gay losers SO. VERY.MUCH”, Raven cried, hugging both Lexa and Clarke to death at the airport a week later.

“Yeah, I will also BARELY survive this. Geez, keep it together, Reyes”, Anya said, rolling her eyes but the tiny smirk did not go undetected.

“I saw that, Woods”, the Latina winked, holding Clarke’s hand.

“You saw nothing. Anyway, have fun, take care and it’d be cool if you two could keep it out of each others pants for 2 minutes to send me a quick text after you guys arrived safely. Got it?”, Anya smiled and pulled her sister into a tight hug.

“We will. I promise.” “Send that text that is, I mean”. Lexa added quickly, her face suddenly 10 shades redder.

“Okay. THAT just went from weird to incredibly awkward super quick. Come on. You guys gotta run, wouldn’t wanna miss your flight”, the elder Woods warmly smiled at her little sister, before releasing here from a tight embrace, pushing her in Clarke’s direction again, who was already picking up their hand-luggage.

“Yas. Shooo, little birds. Go. Fly. Explore this whole new world. May you day drink a lot, may you don’t wear any clothes because Tan-Lines, may you spread your tiny wings & don’t let Spiders eat you alive”, Raven sing sang, suddenly all eyes on her now, brows raised. “What?” She shrugged.

“Are you drunk?” Anya said, shaking her head at the Latina.

“Just my natural, bubbly personality”.

“Huh. Funny would have said Extra as shit. But what do I know, right?”

“Alright. As much as we would like to listen to your little…banter here, we really have to. See you guys soon and please try to not kill each other, allright?!”, Clarke waved, intertwining her fingers with Lexa’s and pulled the actress towards their departure gate.

Both Anya and Raven waved sweetly until the couple had disappeared through the sliding doors and went completely out if sight.

“They grow up so fast, don’t they?”, Raven sighed and leaned her head against Anya’s shoulder, much to the distress of the Manager.
“Oh my god. What is wrong with you, Reyes?” She grumbled and started walking into the direction of where she had parked her car.

“I can’t believe we are here. Like actually here”, Lexa said as she sat down next to Clarke. “This is so amazing. So fancy.”

“Told you I’m gonna spoil you rotten”, the blonde smiled, placing a quick kiss on inviting lips.

“But shouldn’t we like, both get spoiled? Isn’t that the whole concept of a couple vacation?”

“You will and I will be the most actually, because I have the most amazing girlfriend in the world with me and I get to see her wearing nothing but a Bikini all day, or better yet…Nothing at all. My eyes will be blessed, thank you very much.”

“You are an idiot”, Lexa laughed, kissing the corner of Clarke’s mouth.

They quickly separated tho, when they heard someone clearing their throat.

“Sorry to interrupt, Ladies. I just wanted to quickly introduce myself. My name is Nina and I will be your personal flight attendant for the duration of your travel. If you need anything, anything at all, please don’t hesitate to call for me”, a tall redhead with a cleavage that should have been illegal, introduced herself, her gaze entirely fixed on Lexa, who tried to hide an amused smile.

“Well, Nina. This is incredibly nice of you, but I think we are good here for now. We appreciate the effort tho”, Clarke answered snappier than intended, sporting the fakest smile human kind had ever seen.

“Of course. As…as you wish. Some refreshments will be out shortly”, she answered a little intimidated but didn’t retreat without one last nod in Lexa’s direction.

“Is she for freaking real?” Clarke blurted out and that’s when the brunette completely lost it and started snorting of laughter.

“Oh my god, you should have seen your FACE! Hysterical”.

“It is not funny. Did you or did you not see how she shamelessly tried to flirt with you while I’m sitting like, RIGHT here?”

“Tell me, Clarke. Are you jealous?” Lexa said, her voice dangerously low now, her eyes searching her girlfriends’ expression, the K rolling of off her tongue like velvet and the blonde had to press her thighs together immediately.
“I…”

“Hmm?”

“Stop it.”

“Maybe you should tell me what it is I should stop exactly?”, Lexa teased further, fully enjoying
the flustered look on the doctors’ face.

“Okay. Okaaay. I am…was a little jealous. Happy? You are unbelievable”, Clarke finally
admitted just out of self-preservation because she wasn’t sure how much longer she would have
been able to stopping herself from jumping the brunette right then and there and since they were
unfortunately not the only ones flying first class….KIND OF self-explanatory. Dammit.

“I hate you.” Clarke said with a pout, crossing her arms over her chest.

“No, you don’t and we both know it. Now, hottest woman there is on earth, please stop being
grumpy, give me a kiss and fly with me to paradise.”

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“Oh my god, it is SO HOT! Why the fuck did we book that boat tour again?”, Clarke sighed while
putting her hair into a messy bun, leaning on Lexa’s shoulder.

“If I had known how much of a cry baby you are, I would have gone by myself”, the brunette
grinned, kissing the woman’s forehead gently.

It was on their second day at this beautiful, surreal Spa that they, by recommendation, decided to
go on a nice snorkeling tour with another couple around their age that acted a little odd for their
taste, but hey, they were not really here to find new besties for life and they seemed to have no idea
who Lexa was, so that was plus, too. Sometimes you just got to work with what you get, right? But
in reality Clarke couldn’t care less. She leaned closer to Lexa, inhaled the amazing breeze of the
salty ocean and let the sun burn her light, sensitive skin to a crisp.

It wasn’t only until 3 hours later that they found themselves in the worst storm they both had ever
experienced and were struggling to stay together when the little boat was flipped over and they
were both swallowed by the deep blue sea.
A lazy smile was tugging at the corners of Clarke’s lips, when she slowly came back to life, pretty sure that she was chilling in the pool back at the hotel, lying on an inflatable piece of Pizza, Lexa floating right next to her.

EXCEPT, the “inflatable cozy piece of Pizza” felt pretty fucking hard, she had no recollection she had ever been in a saltwater Pool before and third of all, she couldn’t feel Lexa’s hand in hers.

Clarke suddenly snapped her eyes open, only to be completely blinded by merciless high noon sun. She covered her face to find at least a little protection. She slowly and carefully started to look around. Nothing. There was absolutely nothing but the Indian ocean, herself and a large piece of the boat, she obviously found safety on.

The storm. The waves, the absolute rage of mother nature that had hit them completely unprepared and unprotected hours ago.

*Lexa*. A panic so intense, it almost took her breath away, raced through her sunburned, dehydrated body and she fell almost into the crystal-clear water. A water that suddenly was more a deadly threat than a beautiful thing to look at or swim in.

“L…Lexa!”, Clarke tried to yell, but almost nothing came out of her burning lungs. She held onto her throat and took a deep, shaky breath.

“LEXA!”, but the only thing that the blonde could hear was her own, raspy voice and the water clashing against her small “raft”.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, FUCK!” Clarke screamed, tears rolling down her burned cheeks uncontrollably,
but then she saw it. A bright orange thing a few hundred meters away from her.

“Wha…”, The doctor quickly tried to wipe her eyes, narrowed to slits and hoped that her mind didn’t play any shitty tricks on her. A life-vest. It looked like a life-vest.

And without wasting another second or even thinking about it, she jumped into the water, wincing when the cool liquid met the immense heat of her skin.

“Motherfu... Okay, Griffin, you can do this. You.Can.Do.This.”, she encouraged herself and kept pushing her tired body forward, closer and closer to her goal until she stopped, her heart beating so fast that she was pretty sure it would jump right out of her chest.

“Lexa!” She screamed, paddling towards the brunette as fast as she could and literally, she had no freaking idea where she took the Energy from. Probably shock, probably adrenaline, most likely both.

The actress’s lifeless body was floating on the surface of the ocean, her brown hair fanned out around her and it would have even looked pretty, hadn’t they been in a fucking life or death situation in the middle of a fucking ocean.

“LEX! Oh my god. LEX!” Clarke yelled, pulling her unconscious girlfriend towards her by her vest and the blonde sent a quick prayer to whatever god was out there that she was wearing that damn thing.

Clarke didn’t know how, but somehow she managed to slip into full doctor mode, checked the brunettes pulse, which THANKFULLY was there. Not strong, but she was alive and that was everything that mattered in that moment. The blonde let out a shaky sigh of relief and pressed a hurried kiss to dry, bursted lips. She then checked her for any external wounds, but could only locate a pretty nasty bruise on the side of her temple and some cuts on her arms which were not deep enough to be concerning. Not yet at least. She just hoped that Lexa wasn’t suffering from a bad concussion.
“Shit. Come on Baby, please come back to me. Lex. Hey!”, she carefully tried to wake the other woman up, while struggling to keep herself above water.

“Babe, you have to wake up. I need you. Please, please, please.” But as much as she tried, the brunette remained still and the panic in Clarkes chest reached its peak when she fully realized that they were royally screwed if they wouldn’t find anything to climb on. Soon.

“Okay. I got this. I can do this. Ohhh, you are SO paying for this woman, once we get out of here”, Clarke said to Lexa, but was pretty sure that it was simply her trying to calm her own nerves and not think about the very possibility that they would not have another shot at anything.

She held on to Lexa as tightly as she possibly could and wanted to swim back to her raft with her when she saw something for just a few seconds, but those few seconds were enough to ignite a spark of hope in Clarke. She waited for another wave to pass, staring into the direction she was certain she saw it.

“Get the fuck OUT OF HERE. Lex. There is an island. I think there is an actual island!” She said excitedly and without any further due pushed them both towards survival.

******************************************************************************

“How is it possible that such a skinny person is this freaking heavy?” Clarke sighed, when she collapsed on the beach half an hour later, Lexa lying next to her. “Fucking hell”, the blonde tried to steady herself which was hard, cause after she had spent god knows how many hours out on the open sea, the “hard” surface of the island gave her a tough time adjusting again and her legs felt like freaking jelly.

She carefully studied Lexa’s face and only now she realized how much paler she had gotten, her blue lips in stark contrast to her usual soft, glowy features.

“Okay, that’s enough. Come on, Baby”, Clarke said while trying to get the water out of her girlfriend’s lungs and when she finally started coughing it all out, the blonde was so relieved that she pulled her weak body into a sitting position, wrapping her arms around her, sobbing uncontrollably.
“Clarke?”, Lexa said, her voice airy and barely above a whisper, eyes frantically searching the blondes.

“I’m here. I’m here. You are safe, okay? I got you”, she sobbed, both her hands on each side of Lexa’s face, trying to maintain as much physical contact as possible.

“Am I dead? Is this what heaven looks like?”

“Nooo, Baby. You are not dead. You are fine. We are fine”, she said between crying and a small cackle while pressing a soft kiss to her forehead. “Does anything hurt? Are you feeling dizzy or sick?”

“Just a little dizzy. I think I hit my head or something. I don’t really remember much. I just…I just tried to hold on to you, but then you were gone and then everything went dark…”

“Shh. Safe your energy. Lex. We made it and that’s all that matters. But please tell me right away, as soon as you feel really weird, yeah? A concussion should not be messed with.”

“Will do, Doc”, she said with a small smile on her lips.

“Lexa.”

“I will. I promise.”

“Okay good”, Clarke looked at her intently for a minute, before she nodded and carefully took off the vest Lexa was still wearing, immediately checking for any tracker attached to it, but nothing. Of course.

“Oh my god, that thing was heavy”, she sighed in relief when she was finally free, her head resting on the blonde’s lap while Clarke carefully massaged her scalp.

“You saved my life you know?” Lexa said after a while, interlocking their fingers and looked up at her girlfriend who was staring at her as if she would disappear any second. “I love you, Clarke. I really, really love you”, she whispered, kissing the doctor’s knuckles who quickly wiped away fresh tears.

“I really, really love you, too. But if you ever do that again, I’ll kill you myself. I was scared shitless.”

“God, we are damn lucky, aren’t we?” Lexa smiled, trying to make the situation a little lighter.

“Yes…hell yes, we are”, Clarke cackled and for the first time she allowed her eyes to drift away from the brunette, trying to take in their surroundings, which was literally not much. The beach they were currently in, a deep, deep scary looking jungle with god knew what creepy bugs and other animals living in it and two mountains which seemed to be at least days away from where they were now and she wasn’t really sure she was super keen to throw herself into this green hell.
But all in all, the island didn’t seem to be very big.

“We need to find Water and Shelter. Quick. Before we die, looking like two stranded raisins.”

“I’m glad you haven’t lost your sense of humor at least”, Clarke winked. “Any hidden boy scout talents I don’t know about?”, she added.

“Not really. You?”

“Absolutely nothing. Zilk. Nada. Niente. My parents had to carry me to the water as a kid, because I wouldn’t want my precious feet to come in contact with sand. I hated it.”

“Seriously? Wow, that’s a whole new level of Diva right there. And how am I only learning this now? How old were you?” Lexa grinned.

“Three.”

“Oh my god, Clarke! That’s hilarious.”

“What? I hated sandy feet. Are you making fun of Mini-me?”

“I…uhm. I wouldn’t dare?”

“You totally are.”

“It is funny. Come on. Well, if it’s any consolation, I had this very weird fear of rain as a kid, because Anya used to tell me it’d be toxic and would burn my skin, so whenever it rained, my parents literally had to drag me outside. Screaming and kicking included. I can’t even count all the times I was late to Kindergarten or pre-school. It was bad.”

“Wow. That’s savage. Poor Baby”, Clarke laughed and kissed Lexa’s sunburned cheek.

“I know, right? Oh my god, we both look like two overcooked lobsters. Maybe we can find something similar to aloe vera to soothe the skin a bit.”

“Look at you, Miss I don’t know anything about nature.”

“I never said I know nothing at all. I did this one movie years back and I think I picked up a thing or two I guess. I do know how to make fire and how to build a small shelter and what cools sunburns”, Lexa shrugged.

“God that’s hot. Listen, Crocodile Dundee, we both went through hell and almost lost each other. Why don’t we just stay here for the night? It’s warm enough, you need to rest anyway and it’s getting dark. Hence I’m not sure that I wanna be in that jungle when it happens.”

“You are right. But what about water? We haven't had any for hours, Clarke.”

“We got this. Trust me. First thing in the morning we head off and find some. Come here.” She pulled Lexa in her arms so that her face was buried in the crook of the blonde’s neck. “I love you, Lexa”, she whispered into messy, dark curls, this time her tone serious.
“I love you, too.”

“I hate you!” Clarke huffed, her hands on her knees after trying to keep up with a way more fit Lexa for what had felt like hours of walking around.

“No you don’t. You are just tired. Come on.”

“Are you telling me, I’m fat?” She had no idea where that shit came from, but she was in the mood to cause a fight and she blamed it on the insane humidity, the heat and the way her sweaty hair stuck to her face and MAYBE also the fact that Lexa still managed to look like a freakin' goddess and Life wasn't fair.

“What? Clarke. Are you serious? Really? You are not fat and we both know that. I’m tired and thirsty, too. And I will not do this right now. Forget it. I know you and I know what you are trying to do.”

“Why are you so perfect all the time?” The doctor whined grabbing Lexa’s hand who laughed her ass off at her girlfriend’s overly dramatic antics. “I so wish I had a camera right now, you should see your face.”

“I’m pretty sure it’s better this way. I cannot walk anymore. Where are we even going?”

“I’ve seen some indicators that we are close to water.”

“How do you even know that?”

“I read”, Lexa shrugged and winked cockily while walking away from Clarke.

“You read? Never thought Hollywood chicks would have the time between picking high heels and inhaling too much hairspray during make up sleepover parties with the besties!” The blonde shot back while passing Lexa, but not without kissing the corner of her mouth quickly.

(Woods – Griffin: 1:1)

“Holy shit. LEXA! Look at this. Water. Fresh, cool Water.” Clarke squealed when they had indeed and pretty much miraculously managed to find a small Waterfall in the middle of the jungle without any serious injuries along the way due to the doctor’s incredible clumsiness.

“Told you!”

“Yeah, yeah. Come on. Get in here, Woods!”
“I’m pretty sure we are the luckiest Cast Aways in history! Tom Hanks would be proud”, Clarke said, her arms tightly locked around Lexas neck in the water a while later.

“I’m just glad that we are in this together. I keep wondering what happened to the others, you know?”

“How much?”

“How glad are you exactly?” Clarke whispered against Lexas lips and had to suppress a grin, when she saw the brunettes throat bob.

But instead of answering, Lexa grabbed the doctors legs and wrapped them around her waist while kissing her hard.

If that what it was like being stranded on a deserted island with your hot girlfriend, having sex in a pond surround by pretty flowers and a bloody Waterfall then hell, Clarke was all game for this. So she thought.
The Devil You Know

Chapter Notes

GUYS! I'm back and I will just stop apologizing in like every chapter! :D I was on vacation for a few weeks and after coming back, I was buried in work, BUT! Here it is. I have mixed feelings about this one, I don't know why. Probably because I've been gone for so long again and don't want to disappoint you guys. Anyways, ENJOY and thank you so much for sticking with me and these two crazy beans and as always, trust me. They will be fine! ;) Anya and Raven will also be entering this mess soon and we all know what that means: MORE CHAOS :D. As always, all mistakes are mine and also i wrote this on my phone for you, hahha. I hope you are all doing alright and let me know what you think! PS: Lets keep in mind that being in such a situation can take its toll on you. Even on the most solid couples ;) XO, J

Unfortunately, as it turned out, being stranded with your hot ass girlfriend wasn't so hot after all.

In fact, Clarke wished she hadn't agreed to this stupid trip in the first place. (BUT, who are we kidding here?) Of course she wanted this trip, but she definitely didn't want to have these angry thoughts. What she wanted was a fucking Burger and shower for three days. But most of all: She wanted to put a stop to the stupid fight they were having. And of course Lexa felt exactly the same, but since they were both too exhausted and proud, neither of them wanted to make the first step. A vicious circle.

For the past 48 hours they had aimlessly been walking through the green hell they found themselves in and hadn't spoken for half of it. The only interaction were small sighs, eventual glances and the occasional pee-break, tho both of them wondered how that still worked given how dehydrated they were at this point.

Also, the sun was burning down on them mercilessly, mosquitos celebrated parties on their taunted skins and being scared and hungry didn't really help the tense atmosphere either. To sum it all up: The entire situation was a huge pile of stinking shit and it got bigger by the minute.

Clarke carefully chanced another side-glance at her girlfriends profile. Her jaw was clenching like crazy and deep down the blonde knew she had fucked up. Not that she would admit that or anything. No. She couldn't give in. She could do this. She would not give Lexa the satisfaction. Not now, not ever.

Don't break, Griffin. Don't break. Don't...

She audibly cleared her throat, catching Lexa looking at her briefly before she turned away again,
hands buried in the pockets of her pants, her plumb lips pressed tightly together. Bad sign. Really bad sign. Clarke cleared her throat again.

"Can we talk about why we are still not talking? Cause I don’t like this and fighting is the last thing we need right now.", she finally started, trying to catch up with Lexa who was marching ahead like being stung by a bee.

Well, fuck...So much for not giving in. Well done.

"Nope."

That stopped Clarke in her tracks and she put both her hands on her hips watching the actress walk away from her, kicking some stones out of her way in the process.

"Lexa!" She shook her head, feeling the anger bubbling up in her belly again. "LEXA! WAIT."

"WHAT, Clarke?", the brunette yelled, finally turning to face her girlfriend.

"Seriously? Are we really doing this? What is wrong with you? You are acting like a 12 year old!"

"I AM acting like a 12 year old? That's funny and huge coming from you. You’ve been acting like a whiny kid ever since we got here."

"I cannot believe you just said that."

"Well, you started it, so. DEAL.WITH.IT", Lexa spat, crossing her arms.

"You are an asshole, you know that? Maybe we should go back to not talking, cause obviously it’s not possible to have an adult conversation with you right now!"

"Gladly", Lexa simply shrugged, turned on her heels and started walking away from the conversation again.

"No! You don’t get to do that. Jesus, Lexa", Clarke yelled back and she could see the brunette taking a deep breath.

"Can we just...try to find a safe spot for tonight and talk about this later? Please?", Lexa said, the exhaustion in her voice clear.

"Fine."

"Fine."

"Lexa?"

"What, Clarke?"

"I'm sorry."

"Okay."

"What do you mean, okay? Obviously it is far from okay and I will not continue to follow you
around like some kicked puppy, putting up with your attitude. We are both tired, hungry and haven’t slept properly- I told you I was sorry. Why are you SO mad at me?"

"Because, Clarke, you destroyed the only hope we had of someone finding us anytime soon. But not only did you destroy it, you also lied to my face about it, making up some weird story because your fucking pride got the best of you while you were at it!", Lexa yelled, pointing her finger at the doctor, also surprised by her anger and her outburst.

"So you of course are perfect and never made a mistake, right?"

"I never said I've never made mistakes. That's not the point and you know it. But, no, I wouldn’t have lied about it and blame it on a MONKEY, Clarke. A MONKEY!"

“IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! AND THERE WAS A MONKEY. AND IT WAS SCARING THE SHIT OUT OF ME!"

"I DON'T CARE!"

"STOP YELLING AT ME, LEXA!"

"YOU STOP YELLING AT ME!"

"NO. YOU STOP!"

"Oh my god, I cannot right now. For real. This is insane!" The brunette said, throwing her arms in the air.

“IT IS INSANE AND YOU KNOW WHAT? YOU ALWAYS DO THAT.”

“Do what?”

“Lash out and then avoid the conflict.”

“What are you even talking about, Clarke? I have never lashed out on you and we both have never avoided a conflict. We…figured things out.”

“I…I don’t know, okay? Sometimes it’s like…I have no idea what’s really going on in your head and it feels like you are shutting me out. Like now. I know that you know that the radio is not the real issue right now."

“Clarke…”.

“No, Lexa. You know I’m right. I’ve been watching you for a while now and you don’t even do it on purpose. I just wish…I just wish you’d fully let me in.”

“I AM talking to you and you are the ONLY one I have let in. In years! Where does this even come from?”, Lexa asked, her voice much calmer than before.

“You tell me. I haven’t said anything, because I thought you were exhausted from work and the whole Emmy thing, but it’s just…something in your eyes. It happens sometimes and…”

“And what? Do not put this on me right now! Just because I haven’t told you my entire life story yet, does not mean I don’t want talk to you about things, alright? Don’t treat me like one of your patients. You cannot fix everything just because you think you know it all. You always said you’d give me all the time in the world. Don’t say that, if you are secretly having doubts!”
As soon as the words had left her mouth, they both stared at each other, breaths rigid, eyes filled with tears.

“Lex…I…that’s not…that is NOT…I don’t have ANY doubts about you, or us…”

“Can we…can we please just…keep walking? It’s getting dark soon. Lets hope one of the signals went through at least”, Lexa said, rubbing her temples.

The blonde only nodded in response, trying to suppress the lump in her aching, dry throat. They slowly started walking again and a wave of relief washed over Clarke, when she interlaced her fingers with Lexa’s and felt a reassuring squeeze.
realized that her GIRLFRIEND WAS MISSING?

“ALEXANDRIA WOODS! YOU BETTER COME BACK RIGHT NOW! This isn’t funny!” The blonde aimlessly stumbled through some bushes, not even feeling the sharp branches piercing her skin.

“LE…”, the words died in her throat when she was suddenly looking at smirking brunette standing in front of a small shack, arms raised as if she would present a new car.

“Look what I found! Clarke! LOOK. Ouch! What the hell was that for?”, she said when she felt the slap on her naked arm.

“Do not do that ever again! I thought I’d lost you, you asshole! You could have liked passed out somewhere and I would have never found you and…”

“I was LITERALLY 10 steps ahead of you. Ow! Stop it.”

“You scared the shit out of me!”

“I’m sorry, alright? But look!” Lexa slowly stepped aside as Clarke carefully looked into one the dirty windows.

“I mean it kinda looks abandoned”, she said, trying to rub off some of the mold to have a better view.

“Come on.”

“Lex, wait. What if someone IS living here and is just waiting in the bushes to jump us and…”, but the blonde couldn’t finish her sentence since Lexa already kicked the old wooden door open.

“Or…we could do that. You know that’s illegal, right?”

“Oh come on!”, Lexa whispered, grabbed Clarke’s hand and carefully entered the small space which was completely overgrown, but packed with old shelves, old maps on the wall, a more than disgusting looking bed, if you could describe it as such, a generator and bunch of other stuff they yet had to examine.

“Why are we whispering?”, Clarke asked, trying to take in as much as possible.

“Right. I mean at least no one has been here in years! I think we are good”, Lexa concluded rubbing some dust between her fingers from the table that stood in the center of the cabin.

The blonde carefully scanned the old pictures of various animals and plats clipped to an old cord on the wooden wall. “Seems like someone had some tropical research project going on, look. I can’t make out the full name, but it says: *Save and preserve our Earth, by Fred M.*”

“I wonder what happened to that Fred M.”, Lexa said, earning an eyeroll from her girlfriend.

“What?”

“Not funny. But hey, he definitely left his booze behind AND…oh my god, Lex.”

“A radio!”, they excitedly said in unison.

“We are getting out of here, Clarke. I can’t believe this. Here, turn that handle. No wait. It seems to
be connected to that generator by the door. Could you please turn it on?”

“Yeah, yeah, sure!”

But as soon as she pulled the cable, sparks flew and the machine died immediately.

“Fuck! It’s too old, Lex. I’m kind of afraid it’s gonna blow up in my face if I do that again.”

“Alright. Okay. We got this. Look, a handle. Lets turn it and maybe there’s enough juice left to at least send a signal.”

“God, you are sexy when you go all McGiver!”, Clarke winked and started turning the wheel while Lexa grabbed the attached talkie and almost dropped it when the line came to life.

“Holy shit. Hello? Can…Can someone hear me?” With shaking hands she released the red speaking button and listened to the crackling…nothing. “Hello? Please. Someone? This is Lexa Woods and Clarke Griffin. We…were in a boating accident.”

Nothing.

“Dammit!”

“Let me turn that thingy again. Maybe…”

“It’s not working, Clarke.”

“Hey. We are not giving up. Come on, Babe. We came so far.”

Lexa looked into her girlfriend’s blue, hopeful eyes for a long moment and pressed the button again.

“A..ll..o?” They both jumped when suddenly a voice came through.

“Oh my god! Hi. Hi. This is Lexa Woods…”

“And Clarke Griffin…”

“Clarke! What are you doing?”

“Allo?”, it came again, sounding like someone was speaking into a can.

“Give me that. We are trapped on an island…We…need help. We were in an accident.”

“…Hear…”

“They cannot hear us. The connection is too bad. HELLO? We need HELP! SOS. ISLAND. WE ARE ON AN ISLAND!” Lexa now yelled, but the line went completely dead and she angrily slammed the Radio on the table.

“Hey, Baby. Look at me!” Clarke said, grabbing Lexa’s face. “Someone WAS there. We just…maybe we need better reception. We are in the middle of nowhere and this thing hasn’t been used for god know how long. You know my dad is an Engineer. He showed me a few things. Maybe
that finally comes in handy. We got this.”

“That’s the weakest pep talk ever, cause we both know how bad you are with this stuff. You can’t even fix a toaster”, Lexa cackled despite her disappointment.

“But…it IS a pep talk after all. Listen. Let’s try again tomorrow. Let’s…let’s find some higher grounds and hey, someone heard us. I’m sure of it.” She didn’t fully believe her own words right now, but she couldn’t stand the sad look on the brunettes face.

“You are terrible at hiding things from me”, Lexa smiled and pressed a soft kiss to Clarke’s lips and after the day they’ve had, it felt like it had been ages.

“Okay. You are right. Let’s see if that bed is of any use. Shall we?” The actress said, holding out her hand which Clarke gladly took.

“We shall. Where you go, I go.”

“Sappy.”

“Cute.”

“Whatever. Come on, lets try to fix this mess and not get bitten by bedbugs, which I’m sure are living in this thing and were just waiting for us idiots.”

“Alright. That’s it. We are sleeping outside.”
GUYS! Can you believe it? I managed to update a week later ;D.

Before we get into the next chapter, I know there's no Clexa in it, BUT i missed Anya and Raven and i felt like now would be a perfect time to throw these two into the mix as well. Also I love writing them. That said, I REALLY hope you'll like what I did here. I had a lot of fun with this chapter to be honest and yeah, without any more babbling from my side, let me know what you think and as always, mistakes are all mine.

PS.: To everyone new: WELCOME! I'm so happy to have you on this ride :) XO, J

"Fuck me. This is like...I knew that LW was rich, but...holy shit! Even the drive way looks more expensive than everything I own!", Raven whistled, taking her sunglasses off.

"Really?"

"What? Can't I admire beauty and wealth when I see it? Us civilians never get to see such places up close", the Latina said after earning an eye roll from Anya who looked like as if she had just ran a marathon.

"Not when my sister is missing with your best friend in the middle of nowhere. And could you please, for the love of god help me with the THREE suitcases YOU brought along? Cause I'm not your freaking Mule, Reyes."

"Wait. Who says that my best friend is not missing and trapped with your sister? AND I had to make sure I packed everything. Preps and all. You never know when you might need any of this!"

"Two coats, 3 pairs of boots, like 24 sweatshirts and whatever else you brought will not be necessary in a country where it's currently over a 100 degrees!"

"Don't you ask me for any of it when you need it, Woods! I'm telling you now! Remember my words!"

Anya deeply sighed then, pinching the bridge of her nose. "I have no idea why I thought it would be a good idea to bring you with me, but can we PLEASE go inside and actually do what we came here for and find them? And please don't make me kill you. I'm begging you."

"Oh my god, fine! You don't have to remind me and stop being so melodramatic. Come on!"

"I'm being melo-, you know what? I'm not gonna finish that sentence. Here, grab your entire household and let's not waste any more time. I don't want to have to tell my parents that I couldn't bring Lexa home, because I was arrested for getting rid of your annoying ass."
Raven then smiled, put her sunglasses back on and placed her hand on Anya's shoulder. "I'm glad we are doing this together, too. And this is a fancy hotel. There was no need to carry all our stuff by ourselves", she winked, leaving the older Woods fuming, while three employees of the hotel started roll their suitcases inside.

"Wow. Now that's what a call a functional AC system, right? After we find those two idiots, I suggest we just stay here forever", Raven said, admiring the view totally not aware that Anya was already in a deep discussion with the desk clerk.

"Listen. My name is Anya Woods, this woman over there touching your super expensive deco is Raven Reyes. My sister, Lexa Woods and her girlfriend Clarke Griffin checked in here days ago and had a boating accident and have been missing ever since. The police officer in charge told me the authorities made arrangements for us upon arrival. So. Here we are."

"What were the names again?" A young girl, probably not older than 19 asked, while nervously typing something into the computer.

Anyas jaw clenched.

"Woods? And Reyes? My sister's name is Lexa Woods, girlfriend's name Clarke Griffin?"

"Ok. Yes. I have Miss Lexa and Miss Clarke in the system, but there are no reservations or any information in regards of you and Miss Reyes. See?" The girl turned the monitor and indeed...nothing.

"Well, that's fu--that's brilliant. But not possible. The officer told me just before we left the states. Could you ask someone, please?"

"If it's not in the system, I can't do anything. I'm sorry."

"Well...sometimes, it's funny, i know, the system has it's flaws and maybe, just maybe, someone forgot to put it in there? Just a wild guess.", Anya said between gritted teeth, her fist clenching and the girl only looked at her with wide, brown eyes.

"I...I...maybe. Can you give me a minute, please? I will ask my supervisor. I will be right back!"

"I'm pretty sure she just peed herself a little. Chill, Woods. Will ya?"

"How can you be so chill? Lexa and Clarke are missing and you act like as if we are on some funny road trip!"

"First of all, I am not chill. I'm as scared as you are, alright? But almost draggin' this poor thing over the counter doesn't allow us to find them any faster. So ya, I'm choosing my bubbly personality and my never dying optimism over being grumpy and fucking rude in order to keep my
head clear and in the game. You should try it sometime.”

“I…”

But Anya couldn’t finish her sentence as the girl came back just in this moment with a man in toe that looked almost as intimidating as herself.

“Ladies. Welcome to our beautiful resort. My colleague was nice enough to explain the situation to me.”

“So, what’s the verdict?” Raven asked which only earned her the fakest smile she had ever seen in her life which made her cringe internally.

“Well. We are of course aware of the accident that happened and we are working closely with the local police to solve this as soon as possible and help to find the missing.”

“So I’m pretty sure you are also aware that we were supposed to be residing here until my sister and her girlfriend have been found. Like I mentioned, the police officer I spoke to said that everything would be set up beforehand.”

“I see. Unfortunately no such arrangement have been made. I wish I could tell you something different, especially in a situation like this. Please know that we are incredibly sorry about what happened and we hope that Miss Woods and Miss Griffin will returned unharmed.”

Anya took another, shaky deep breath and placed her hands on the counter.

“Listen. I get it. Someone messed up, but it doesn’t change the fact that we have this problem. So how do we solve this?”

Silence hung over the small group and looks were exchanged.

“We have to pay, don’t we?” Raven then said and the employees slowly nodded.

“Okay. Fine. How much are two rooms?” Anya asked and wasn’t really sure if she wanted the answer to that.

“Since this is main season, we are very packed, so…”

“How much?”

The girl cleared her throat, looked at her boss and started typing again.

“We have a double suite available.”

“Okay so like two rooms?”

“No. One double. One suite. It’s the couples romantic suite with a direct entrance to the ocean from the cabin, a hot tub, massages…”

“No freaking way!” Anya exclaimed. Raven on the other hand had to try really hard to not burst into laughter.

“But…it’s…it’s the only one.”

“Listen, I’m sweating, my sister is missing and aren’t first class hotels supposed to make someone feel good?” The older Woods asked, getting more exhausted by the second. This wasn’t fucking
happening and she couldn’t wait to rip that police guy a second one.

“It is very good, Miss. We also offer…”

“How much?”

“1.200 dollar per night.”

“I cannot believe I just sold my entire life and everything I will ever earn again to pay for this stupid suite”, Anya sighed, sitting on the edge of the king size bed.

“But it is fucking nice. Come on. ADMIT IT. I can see it in your eyes, Cheekbones. I can see it!” Raven teased, while she opened the door, letting in the wonderful breeze of the ocean which was indeed right in front of the cabin.

“Never.”

“Come on, Anya. It’s beautiful.”

“You know what’s going to be beautiful? When I make this idiot of an Officer pay me back and when we find Lexa and Clarke.”

“And we will. We will find them and I promise you I won’t interfere when you go all Punisher on the guy”, the Latina smiled, nudging Anya’s shoulder and she didn’t miss the tiny smile on her lips but chose not to comment on it. “Hey, how about we forget that we just sold our souls, our first borns, everything we ever owned and kill this romantic mini bar over there? I’m sure they have like pink champagne.”

“Seriously?”

“What I actually mean is, obvi, I’m sure there’s some Whiskey in there. And I don’t know about you, Woods, but I could use a drink. Or seven. Look.”

“Oh. You actually have to look at me while I’m doing this whole speech thingy here”, Raven added and cackled when Anya rolled her eyes, but complied anyway.

“Go have a shower, because you do sweat a lot, change into something casual and meet me outside. There are two wonderful, comfy chairs at the jetty and we’ll have those drinks. And tomorrow we will turn this country upside down and find these two useless gays and make them pay for every drink and rent. Lets say for the next 5 years. Sound good?”

Anya now fully smiled and stood up. “Yeah. I guess that sounds good”, she said, walked towards the bathroom, but turned around before she entered.

“Thank you, Raven.”

“Well, thank me when you’ve had those drinks I’m about to make.”

“Why do you have always have to be so cocky?”
“Just keeping you on your toes, Woods. Just keepin’ you on your toes. But…you are welcome.”

“Hey”, Anya said, when she finally came outside taking the chair next to Raven wearing a light kimono, a tank top, sleeping shorts and Flip Flops. And god, the shower DID wonders, cause she finally felt like a human being again, the stress of the journey finally washed away and her head definitely a little more clear than before.

“Hey. Holy shit”, the brunette said a little stunned.

“What?”

“No—nothing. It’s just I have never seen you in anything other than your usual office attire is all. Suits you.”

“I do own casual clothing you know.”

“Could have fooled me. I’m kidding. Here. I hope you like it”, Raven said, offering the older woman the drink she had prepared. “Maybe put in some fresh ice from the bucket. Only tastes really good when it’s super cold.”

“Thanks.”

They fell into silence for a few minutes, both breathing in the fresh air, both enjoying the calm before the storm which they both knew would come. It was a weird feeling having such beauty surrounding you when you knew that the reason you were here was nothing but ugly and pretty fucking scary and not beautiful at all. Both of them had these thoughts. How could they not?

They sipped at their drinks gazing over the seemingly endless ocean in front of them.

“You know, Lexa always loved the ocean. But was fucking scared of rain, because I always used to tell her these scary stories and she kept avoiding going outside when it would rain. When she grew older she even missed school sometimes, because she would pretend she was sick or whatever reason she came up with. I was grounded for weeks when my parents found out”, Anya suddenly said, keeping her gaze on the ocean.

“That’s funny.”

“I had a blast, until I was grounded of course. But like I said, she loved the ocean. We grew up on the East coast, in a small town right by it. Our parents still live there. It’s beautiful there.”

Raven looked at her then, smiling at how the features of the usual so guarded woman softened at the memory.

“Sometimes she would spend hours after hours just sitting in the sand, or collecting shells. I literally think you could have build an entire fort of all the shells she had in her bag. She called it the “Shelltors”. I have no idea know what that means, but it was cute. She still has these really cool strings she made in her old room.”

“You know Clarke is a little Pussy when it comes to the ocean. Okay, maybe not a Pussy, but a
little spoiled queen you could say. I have known her and her family my entire life and we would go on vacations together and Clarke always refused to put her precious feet into the sand, because she hated the feeling between her toes. So,” Raven started laughing then and Anya couldn’t help but join her.

“So, blondie refused to leave the towel, right? It was hilarious. Her dad literally had to carry her from the car to the towel and from the towel to the water. One time, I think we were like 4 or 5, her dad refused to do it anymore and of course we always gave her shit for how she behaved and…and I remember that she started crawling towards me just to smack me. She is such a proud idiot. Always has been.”

“I’m really not surprised”, Anya cackled having another sip from her drink and because of the heat, she already felt a little light headed, but not in an uncomfortable way. She felt…light. A little carefree even as much as the situation allowed her to.

“Right? She really is something and the sister I’ve never had aaaand that sounded super sappy, but it’s true. As long as I’ve known her, she never let me down. Never.”

“I never had a friend like that. It…it must be nice. I was always like…a lone wolf, if you can say that. I always knew I wanted to be where I am now and I chose this over friendships, I guess. I was never that sleep over, girlsnight kinda girl and always driven to excel.”

“I’m not surprised”, Raven winked. “Well, you turned out well, so…no harm done. And it’s okay, you know? If you know you know and I’m pretty sure you do have friends.”

“Yeah, but not like you and Clarke.”

“Would you have done something differently if you could change things?”

“I…I’m not really sure. Maybe? I don’t know.”

“You know, Clarke and I…we’ve had rough times. Once, we didn’t even speak for an entire year.”

“What? Really? Wait. Did you annoy her too much?”

“Funny. No. We got into this super stupid fight over a boy who turned out to be like the biggest jerk. We were Teenagers. Classic. But that year? It was the worst. It was horrible and we said nasty things to each other. It was also the time when she came out as bisexual and I was the last person to know. She went through a lot and I wasn’t the one by her side you know? So, short story short: One day someone in school like harassed her really badly and she cried in the middle of the cafeteria and I walked up to her and hugged her. I hugged her as tightly as I could and told her that I loved her and that no one ever should have that power over her to tell her how to feel. So that was the moment when I knew that she’d always be my best friend and that I would do give my last piece of clothing for her. Not my Victoria’s Secret thongs obviously, because lets be real, they are fucking expensive.”

“How do you do that?”, Anya asked, finally turning to look at Raven.

“Do what?”

“Make someone feel good, even though everything seems to be falling apart?”

“Anya Woods. Are you asking me to be your official friend?”

“Oh my god! Here we goooo.”
“Just admit it, you love me.”

“I love my peace and quiet.”

“Yes.”

“What?”

“Yes as in yes, I would love to be your official friend”, Raven grinned, clinking her glass with Anya’s.

“I’m scared”, the brunette suddenly said.

“I know. Me, too. But. Now is the time you have to look at me again, Woods”, the Latina grabbed her hands and squeezed them.

“We will find them, okay? And listen. We both know that these two are stubborn as fuck. I know it. I miss them, too and I’m scared, too, but we have to be strong now for them. You got it?”

“I’m…I’m glad you came with me”, Anya said resting her head on Ravens shoulder. “You are sleeping on the couch tho.”

“What? For real? No way. Have you seen this thing? It’s bigger than both our egos combined. But you sleep on the couch if you can’t handle close proximity.”

“I paid, my bed.”

“I cannot believe you, Woods.”

Anya grinned. “My money made the rules.”

2 hours later they were both asleep. In the bed. Both sprawled out like sea stars, snoring like champions.
Full Circle

Chapter Summary

Previously:

- Lexa and Clarke finally found a radio, but as it seemed their signal didn't go through. Without much hope and nerves left, they keep wandering through the jungle without a destination.
- Raven and Anya have made it to Thailand, too and got kinda drunk on their first night there, but keen to meet with the authorities to push the search forward.
- We'll see where we go from here ;)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

She could feel the throbbing pain in her head, before the rest of her tired body fully came to life. Who had the crazy idea to invent alcohol anyway?

Raven groaned and wanted to wipe her face, when she realized that something heavy was holding her down and that that something had messy dirtyblonde hair and was peacefully snorring into her chest. Aw, cute she thought for a nanosecond before her eyes went wide with the shocking realization of the situation she was actually in.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. The Latina carefully looked down and saw that, thank god, she was at least fully clothed. She let out a silent sigh of relief before she continued to observe, careful not wake the sleeping woman up. She didn't even want to imagine what she would do to her would she know that Raven was checking her out like that. Not that she was checking her out, just...checking. As in casually checking when you drunkenly fall asleep with your buddy on a mission to save your friends from a life and death situation in a foreign country. THAT checking. No biggie. She shook her head over her stupid thoughts.

But she continued anyway. 'Course she did. Who were we kidding here?

Anyas right arm was draped over her midsection holding her close and her right leg was covering both of hers. Complete immobility and with a short shrug Raven decided it was not THE worst feeling in the entire world to wake up like this, minus annoying headache and brewing nausea of course.

Stop it, Reyes she scolded herself. Stop it right now. She didn't even know where this shit was coming from all of the sudden, except that...she kinda did know. They had truly bonded the previous night and Raven couldn't deny that it had been more than refreshing to witness the usual closed off, hard-shelled manager more carefree, laughing and discovering that she indeed had the dryest sense of humor. It was different and she liked it. So what?
She carefully pulled some hair behind the woman's ear and made a mental note that she appreciated the tiny ear hame the Woods sisters seemed to both sport. The headache briefly forgotten, she caught herself smiling and quickly reminded herself that she was currently being the biggest fucking creep in the entire world and that they had just managed to finally call themselves friends. Friends. That's what they were. She needed coffee, 10 Advils and a freaking cold shower. Dammit.

She finally managed to free her numb arm from under the other woman and pinched the bridge of her nose, but stilled immediately, jaw clenched together when two hazel eyes were suddenly looking at her and she had never been more turned on and scared in her life at the same time.

"Morning...honey?" She carefully said, testing the waters and felt Anya shift, away from her, but to Raven's surprise she didn't flee or...simply killed her. Babysteps, right.

"Excuse me?" The older Woods said, removing herself from the other woman, rubbing her eyes. "If you touch me again, I will break your fingers, Reyes."

"Uhm, hate to break it to you, big Spoonie, but as I see it, you were the one who was holding on to me for dear life, soooo."

"I...", Anya stuttered and Raven had literally expected every other reaction instead of...this. She almost caught herself being a little disappointed for all the lost innuendos she was ready to throw her way.

"I swear to god, if you tell anyone..."

"Death. By 300 cuts. Got it", Raven winked, grinning and she was sure she saw a tiny tiny hint of a smile on the other woman's lips, too.

"That's just messed up."

"And breaking my fingers isn't?"

"Alright, point taken. Ok, I really need..."

"Another cuddle session?" The Latina grinned and opened her arms. "Come on, bring it in."

"You wish. I was more thinking of painkillers, breakfast and a gallon of coffee!"

"A woman after my own heart. But...you are missing out tho. Imagine my little spoon qualities when I'm fully awake. You'd be surprised."

"Don't push your luck, Reyes!" Anya said, got up from the bed, stretched her bones and disappeared into the bathroom.
"YOU LOVE IT, THO!" She yelled after the manager, laughed and called the number of the roomservice.

"So, what is the plan for today?". Raven asked, rubbing her stomach after the crazy huge and most of all heavenly breakfast they had just finished.

Anya sighed, rubbing her temples. "Well, I guess meeting this police dude, ripping him a new one and go from there?"

"I like the way you think. Wear gloves tho. You never know what's down there you know. Lets get these two morons back. Whatcha say, big Spoonie?" The Latina winked and clinked their coffee mugs together. The older Woods only rolled her eyes.

"You are disgusting! That's all I'm sayin' for now. Thanks for ruining this perfect food for me!"

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"We totally walked in a circle, didn't we?", Clarke said wiping sweat of her forehead, looking at Lexa who simply stood there, hands on her hips, head hanging. The blonde sighed, walked up to her girlfriend, wrapped her arms around her tightly, chin resting on her shoulder.

"I'm SO sorry", the brunette finally said, her head leaning against Clarkes.

"Babe. What could you be possibly sorry for?" She then turned so she could look into her favorite green eyes.

"I thought it would the right way to go and...I don't know, Clarke. I just...wanted this vacation to be special for us and now look at were we are! I just...I feel like I failed you. Again!", Lexa sighed, gesturing around.

"Could you look at me for a second, please?" Clarke had to surpress a smile when she saw the huge pout on her girlfriends beautiful lips. Focus, she stalled herself, putting both her hands on each side of Lexas face.

"Listen, Crocodile Dundee. None of this is your fault, alright? None of it. And I know we've hit some rough roads here and I totally screwed the radio up and blamed it on the poor local monkeys...I'm sorry for that...what I wanna say is, Lex and I told you before...We are together and that's all that matters and I don't wanna be anywhere else than just right here with you, okay? I'm not saying we won't fight again, or that hunger and the heat won't take it's toll again, but..."

"And just when I thought we'd had reached maximum gay, you say things like that!" Lexa giggled and leaned into Clarke's touch.
"Thank you for ruining my perfect speech, you dork!"

"Oh, I wouldn't say perfect, but...OW!"

"Shut up and give me a kiss, idiot!", Clarke sighed contently when Lexas full lips wrapped around her own, her hand finding home in her golden tresses, her thumb caressing her cheek and no matter how greasy her hair was, or in how much need of a shower she was, kissing her favorite person was literally everything.

"Hey, what do you say we go back to the cabin and check out that bottle of rum we found?" The doctor said between kisses, her arms locking behind Lexas neck, pulling her close again so that their noses were brushing.

"Clarke Griffin, are you trying to get me drunk?"

"Maybe I am."

"Will there be making out and inappropriate touching involved?" Lexa grinned, hands wandering south, grabbing a firm ass that was unfortunately covered by the shorts Clarke was wearing.

"If you play your cards, right..."

"What's that supposed to mean? If I remember correctly, you are the one who has to make it up to me!"

"You yelled at me!"

"That I did. Can you really blame me tho?"

"I'm pretty sure you will enjoy, what I have in mind for you", Clarke quickly said, her fingers ghosting over the valley of her girlfriends breasts.

"Mmm, I'm interested. Go on."

"I guess you have to find out then, right?", Clarke giggled, freed herself from Lexas grip and looked over her shoulder, before running into the direction of the cabin leaving a groaning actress behind.

"This is really really nice...like really nice", the blonde slurred a bit when she rested her head on Lexas shoulder two hours later, both of them wrapped in a blanket, their feet buried in the warm white sand, the bottle of rum sitting in front of them. The sky was just preparing for the approaching sunset and Clarke was sure, she had never felt so carefree, wild and in tune with herself. She was never a fan of the word perfection, but right in that moment, when Lexa turned and smiled at her, it was just that: Perfect. The light was changing into a warm orange and pinkish color and the way it framed the brunette actually made Clarke tear up. She wasn't sure if it was the alcohol, or simply all of it, but every single one of her senses and fibres were heightened as hell and she couldn't help but stare at her girlfriend like the useless gay bean that she was.
"I love you!", She whispered, not fully trusting her voice then and started straddling Lexas naked form, fistened her brown maine behind her head and kissed her with a ferosity she didn't know she possessed, but it was fucking glorious and when her searching, eager fingers finally found it's warm, velvety destination, looking into blown, dark-green eyes she was gone.

"Beautiful", Clarke breathed and she almost came by only watching the various facial expressions of her girlfriend and she couldn't get enough. She was like a drug, a high she never wanted to get away from and the more she pressed into her, the more she started to burn, her body becoming more and more shaky until they finally jumped over the wonderful edge together, both breathing heavily from sheer exhaustion, sore wrists and strained leg-muscles.

Lexa let out a shaky laugh, kissing Clarke's forhead tenderly, wrapping her arms around her tightly. "Wow", she exhaled, her lower section still twitching from the aftermath of her intense orgasm.

"That was...something else", she grinned putting some of the doctors blonde hair behind her ear, caressing it. "We should get drunk on beaches more often!"

Clarke laughed at that and leaned up to kiss her favorite lips.

"What are you doing?", Lexa cackled, looking at the blondes closed eyes.

"Kissing you. What else would I be doing?"

"That's...that's my nose, babe!"

Clarke immediately opened her eyes and snorted laughing. "Oh my god, I'm so sorry. You obviously ruined my navigating system!"

"You are a cute drunk."

"I'm not that drunk. And also, you have actually never seen my party side! I can definitely hold my liquor, babe."

"Hmm, I guess we definitely have to remedy that when we get back home!"

They both felt silent after that, the light mood slightly strained, but Clarke wouldn't have it. Not now.

"Come here", she said, pulling Lexa close, nuzzling into her side, wrapping her arms securely around her waiste. "Lets get some sleep, what do you say?"

"Can we switch so I can hold your boobs?", the brunette grinned, wiggling her eyebrows.
The sun was already high up the sky and the shadows of the palmtree they were laying under, danced on their skin, but gratefully shielded their very naked forms from being burned to a crisp.

Clarke and Lexa almost came by at the same time, stretching their wonderfully exhausted limbs, lazy smiles playing around the corner of their lips.

But those were quickly gone, when their eyes went wide with panic and four people started screaming simultaneously as two barely covered guys with speers, pointing at the two women who struggled to wrap the blanket around their private parts, stood in front of them.

Well. Fuck. They obviously were not the only ones on this island afterall....

Chapter End Notes

I AM BACK and I will just stop apologizing for my late updates :D. But I'm SO glad that you still stick around and I promise you, I will absolutely not abandon this story :). It is very close to my heart.

Thank you so much for your constant love for this journey. I really really hope you enjoyed this chapter. We are ringing in the next step on their little island excursion! I had the re-write the whole thing and hence I'm not totally happy with it. Also, I had to re-write it on my phone!

:D You know...if I missed mistakes, please forgive me. Happy reading, friends! xo-J.
"Did...did they just high-fived each other?", Lexa disbelievingly said, her eyes not leaving the two men, clutching the blanket tighter to her chest. This could not be happening. It had to be a really, really bad dream, but unfortunately they didn't get that lucky.

"I...I think so. But you are seeing this, too, right? This is not in my head?", Clarke whispered, holding Lexas hand.

"I wish."

"Okay. Listen. I got this", the blonde cleared her throat and looked at the two guys. "He-ll-oo. My-name-is-Clarke. And this-", she pointed to her girlfriend, "is Le-x-a. Got it?" She spoke awefully slow while gesturing between them.

"What are you doing?", Lexa said, her jaw tense, but Clarke only mouthed: "Don't worry" and the brunette rolled her eyes.

"Do-you-under-staaand?" The blonde started again, trying to see if they got any of the things she was saying, but the men only exchanged amused looks, one shook his head and headed into the cabin.

"Clarke, they are not dumb, they simply don't understand you!"

"What...what is he doing? What...HEY!", she yelled after him, but was rendered speechless when he reemerged, with a bundle of clothes in his hands, dropping it in front of them.

Lexa and Clarke blinked when the guy tried to make them get dressed. "Would you fucking mind?", the blonde snarled, swirling her pointer in order for them to turn around to give them at least some privacy.

"Well, at least we'll not get murdered naked!", the actress whispered, hastily putting on her clothes, relieved that he was at least smart enough to grab the right stuff.

"No one is dying. Stop saying that!"

"Fine. But what are we going to do, Clarke?"

"Talk. We will talk to them, see what they want. Maybe we can make a deal, give them food or
"Yeah, because that worked well so far. And food? Really? We don't have any, also I'm pretty sure they sure as hell know how to get it themselves. They have speers and I don't wanna know what that thing over his shoulder does."

"Well, you try it then, if you are fluent in Thai or whatever it is that they speak!", the doctor shot back, a cocky smile on her face, arms crossed over her chest.

"Are we really doing this now?"

"I guess we don't have a choice, do we?"

"God, you look hot when you are angry!", the brunette whispered, not being able to help herself and if she would die there, might as well say what was on her mind.

"Seriously?", Clarke couldn't help but let out a laugh.

But before Lexa could answer she felt an uncomfortable, tiny stab in her neck and everything faded to black immediately.

The two guys rolled there eyes, thankful for the peace and quiet, each shouldering one of the girls.

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She had absolutely no idea how long she had been out for, but judging by the stiffness of her neck and her numb arm it could have easily been a while.

The brunette wiped the drool from her mouth and panicked when she suddenly remembered what had happened at the cabin. Clarke. Lexa jumped off the cot she was laying on and fell flat on her face because of her wobbly legs couldn't support her weight just yet and groaned in pain.

"Fuck!" She cursed, rubbing the dirt away, rolled on her back and finally took in her surroundings. She couldn't deny it. The spacious marquee seemingly built from palmtrees only had a certain charm to it and as far as Lexa could see, there was everything one would need. A basket with fresh fruits, a bowl of water, even towels were neatly placed on a wooden table nearby. She furrowed her brows and slowly stood up. This time more careful. She had to find Clarke. She tried to call for her, but her throat felt as dry as a freaking desert, so she grabbed one of the dried coconut halfs serving as a cup, next to the bowl of water and sighed contently when the cool liquid ran down her aching throat. She had to find Clarke and get the fuck out of here she thought, before she confidently stepped outside.

Lexa shielded her eyes against the brightness of the sun and couldn't believe it, when she stood in the middle of what seemed to be tiny lively marketplace, people passing her without really paying attention to the brunette. Some were kicking a ball back and forth, some were doing laundry, some
simply relaxed in front of their tents and the brunette had to close and open her eyes to check if she wasn't imagining all this. How had completely missed that an entire freaking village existed here? But in their defence, they had absolutely no clue how far or close they were to where they were taken from and so far they had only managed to walk in circles.

"Wha--", but she spun around when a familiar voice pulled her out of her running thoughts and this time she really WAS sure, it had to be a dream. In front of her stood her girlfriend, her face covered with colorful dots, stripes and triangles. Red and orange feathers were dangling at the side of her head held by a cord and she was sure she had never seen anything more cute and more ridiculous in her life. She was pretty sure that's how a stroke must be feeling like. Everything, all of this was way too surreal. TOO crazy for her to be awake.

"LEXIIIIIIII!", the blonde slurred and wrapped her arms around her neck tightly which gave the brunette the opportunity to scan the doctors face for any wounds. Thankfully she couldn't find anything, except for the fact that her pupils were blown like small bottom plates.

"Clarke, are you...are you high?" She asked, grabbin her face again which earned her another high pitched giggle.

"THE highest. I mean...have you seen these coloooors here? It's SO good. It smells like CHRISTMAS! You HAVE to taste the cookies. The best. Freddy is a QUEEN. Like literally. She's a queen and you have to meet her. She also tells THE best stories! Of adventures, also our adventure!" Lexa couldn't help but laugh at the blondes stupid behavior. She had never seen Clarke this way and she didn't really pull up a fight, when she was eagerly pushed towards a small group of people sitting around a fire, eating, laughing, but her smile vanished quickly when she recognized the two men from the beach eyeing her curiously.

"YOU!", she started lunging towards them, but a strong hand suddenly wrapped around her wrist holding her back. "What the..." Lexa gasped, trying to pull herself free.

"Chill, hot stuff! Quiet the firecracker, aren't we?" The older woman cackled, her curly blonde-greyish hair jumping up and down in the motion.

"Who...who are you?"

"Name's Freddy, I run this place. Clarke, this your girlfriend you won't stop talking about?" The only response being a giggle and a nod.

"What...I...I don't understand. How...how long have I been out and what the fuck did you give us? And why is she still high as a kite? I swear, if..."
"Barry and Jim here overdid the whole show a little, didn't they? And we are deeply sorry for that, right?" The two men mumbled some apologies and nodded Lexa's way.

"Wait...Barry and Jim? Are they..."

"American? Yep. I'm from the Netherlands tho, few other fellow Euro beans...Aussies."

"So they did understand everything and you do know drugging people is a serious crime, right?"

"Aww come on. Lets not freak out. Have a seat and to answer your question: Clarke only had brownie is all. She'll be fine."

"No...I...what the hell is this here? Is this some sick joke, cause I'm starting to get really uncomfortable."

"Nothing is going to happen to you, i promise. Chill your bones. We are all emigrants who found this little sanctuary eventually. I've been living here for 15 years now. We are actually working together with that hotel you guys are staying in. Adventure tours and all you know", Freddy started to explain, hand resting on Lexa's shoulder to calm the actress down.

"What? I...How...I give up. I think I'm in shock", Lexa gave up and finally sat down next to a bubbly blonde who wouldn't shut up about the pretty colors around her. She HAD to be unconscious. There was no other way.

"Barry, make up for scaring the ladies and bring a coca-noca", Freddy winked and Lexa slowly turned to look at the woman.

"Do I wanna know what that is?"

"No. But I promise it will take the edge off. Trust me. It's like Tequila. You know that, right?"

Lexa could only nod.

"You are the woman from the cabin! Clarke found your picture."

"Yep, that would be me. By the way I'm impressed you got that radio running. Thought that thing was lost. You've reached the gardening department at the hotel, if you wanna know. Friend of mine gave me a call."

Lexa's eyes widened with every new bit of information and she quickly downed the Shot that was handed to her.

"You are going home, Kid", Freddy winked, patting her on the back, leaving the brunette completely speechless. "See that?", she pulled out a super fancy Satellite phone. Lexa only nodded, her mouth agape.

"Called your hotel. They will pick you guys up first thing in the morning."

"H...how? But..." Tears welled up in her green eyes slowly and she grabbed Clarkes hand to wipe them away. Blame it on the alcohol...
"You two useless Castaways are pretty damn lucky and you literally just changed islands on your little crusade during the storm."

"What? But why...but why didn't anybody come looking for us here if it's so close?"

"Oh they did. You caused quite the fuzz. My guy told me a tall, scary looking American woman and her plus 1 almost burned down the house. But, weather and waves were pretty tricky the last few days. Hard to get here.

"I...I think that's my sister. I can't...can I have another of those noca-schmocas or whatever it's called? Holy shit", Lexa breathed and Freddy only smiled at her in sympathetically.

The night had been a short one, mostly because Clarke and Lexa couldn't believe this whole nightmare was finally over, but also because they didn't let the opportunity pass to have a last moonlight party with these crazy nuts and restrospectively, as crazy as it sounded, it had been a vacation of a lifetime. Never again, but yet definitely unforgettable.

When the boat finally reached the hotel, they could already see Anya and Raven restlessly pacing up and down the jetty. Lexa felt Clarke squeeze her hand and as soon they stepped up to meet them, they were almost thrown off balance back into the ocean but the sheer force of bodies colliding. There was a lot of ugly crying and hugging and kissing and accusations AND even a slap to the back of their heads for being such assholes. They got it. They would have acted the same.

"Don't you EVER do this again!", Anya sniffed, pulling her sister to her chest again.

"What the FUCK is that shit on your face and on your head, Clarke?" Raven said, next to the sisters, while she pulled a feather out of blonde, messy hair, but smiling at her best friend fondly.

This was it. This was home. They were going home.

Chapter End Notes

OMG they are going back!! :D Finally.

I'm being honest, I'm not ENTIRELY happy with this one, but I needed to get them
home finally, cause these two have plans you guys. I really do hope you enjoyed this chapter at least a bit. For everyone who will say it feels a little rushed, I will try to build some flashback sequences into conversations once they are back in LA to fill plot holes. I never planned for them to be stuck there too long and this outcome was ghosting in my head for a while. ANYWAY. I'll read you guys soon. Have a great rest of the week. Mistakes are all mine. XO, J
It had been a month since Lexa and Clarke had been rescued from their little adventure in the jungles of Thailand and after 2 weeks of constantly being mocked by their friends (mostly) Raven, busy schedules and making the rounds to see everyone, they had finally a quiet evening to themselves. Except it wasn't quiet. Not in Clarke's head at least.

After a long, stressful day at the hospital they were currently cuddled up on Lexa's couch, a glass of wine in front of them, the TV on and some leftovers still on their plates from dinner.

Clarke smiled when she looked over at her girlfriend, glasses on, a messy bun on her head, reading through script pages in deep concentration. She was wearing one of the blondes old college sweaters, which was way too big for her lithe body, but just the sight of it made her heart melt. Lexas left hand was buried in Clarke's golden curls, absentmindedly massaging the back of her head. It could have been so peaceful, had there been not THAT phone call three days prior to this evening.

"I can see you staring, you know!", Lexa said, smirking, not looking up from her script.

"I'm not staring."

"Yes, you are. Say it."

"I have no idea what you are talking about and can I not admire my beautiful girlfriend, because she looks insanely cute right now?"

"Oh, you can. Except that your favorite Show is on, which is not mine, excuse me very much and I know you, Clarke. Also flattery won't get you anywhere."

"Is that so?", the blonde replied, her voice a little deeper, a little more raspy. But Lexa wouldn't have any of it, so she finally looked up, placed the pages on the table and turned so she'd sit cross-legged facing her girlfriend. She raised her eyebrows in silence and waited.

"Okay, fine. I'm freaking out a little bit. Happy?"

"I knew it. Why didn't you say anything before?", Lexa smiled, taking Clarke's hand into hers,
playing with her fingers.

"It's not like...it's not like freaking out, freaking out, you know what I mean? It's just...your Mom and Dad. The people who brought you into this world. Who care for you dearly."

"They are my parents. They are kinda obligated to love me forever. I'm kidding. Listen. If you are not ready, I completely understand and we will just cancel this weekend", the actress said, but then again Clarke knew her as well and the tiny vibe of disappointment didn't go unnoticed by her.

"Hey. No. That's not it. I'm sorry. Oh my god. I cannot wait to meet them, Lex. But what if...what if they don't like me? What if they think you could do better?" Clarke sighed, pressing her lips together.

"The mighty Clarke Griffin, who curses like a sailor, is a well known surgeon and has a mouth for ten is actually terrified of my parents. I have to write this down!"

"It's not funny. I'm so happy Raven is not here to see this. She would give me shit for the rest of my life."

"I know it's not. I'm sorry. Look.", Lexa moved so she could place both of her hands on each side of Clarke's face. "You, my wonderful wonderful girlfriend have absolutely nothing to worry about, okay? I feel like they already love you more than me just from phone calls and that says something."

"Why Ms. Woods, have you been bragging about me?"

"As a matter of fact I have, Ms. Griffin!", Lexa giggled at their silliness and pressed a kiss to Clarke's forehead. "But I was serious tho. If you feel like you are not ready? That is okay. I won't be mad and my parents won't be, either. We can just reschedule."

"I'm sorry for being so nervous about this and of course we are going."

"Yeah? You sure?" Lexa beamed and that was all the courage Clarke needed for now. Bloody hell was she in love with this woman.

"Yeah! And now that we have cleared that up, I will let you get back to your script. What is it anyways? Something for the show?"

"Uhm, no. It's...it's actually for the movie."

"Oh, that's...that's cool. How do you feel about it?", Clarke asked and realized that they hadn't talked about the fact that Lexa would be leaving in 2 and a half month. Not really at least. And they both knew it. It was like this constant cloud above their heads, ready to rain down any second.

"It's really amazing actually. Just a draft for now, but from what I've read so far? Top notch."

"You are top notch, baby", Clarke whispered against full lips and the warmth of her girlfriends breath against hers send a jolt right to her core. Nerves about meeting parents, movie scripts and inevitable departures were successfully erased from her mind momentarily when she made herself comfortable on Lexas lap who grinned like an idiot. Hands immediately disappeared beneath the thin material of the blondes shirt. A moan escaped her throat as she felt lips moving against her pulse point.
"Are you using Sex to avoid talking about how much we are going to miss each other?", Lexa managed to say, but gasped when she felt Clarke squeezing her boob, her hips grinding harder.

"Listen. I'm just a girl, sitting on top of another girl, asking her to love me", the blonde answered theatrically, trying not to laugh. But Lexa couldn't hold it in.

"Did you just Notting-Gay-Hilled me in the middle of making out?"

"Is it working?"

Lexa's answer came by flipping them over, pinning her smirking girlfriend to the couch, her fingers playing the inside of her like a fiddle until Clarke was pretty sure she had blacked out at some point.

****************************************************************

"Yo. O. Could you give me your sunglasses for a minute?" Raven asked two days later, while the three friends were having lunch.

"Wha? Why? We are inside of a restaurant. Just because your friend is dating a celeb, doesn't mean you have to act like it", the brunette answered while wiping of some drool away from her daughters mouth who was happily munching on her toy.

"That is not it you ass. It's because, Griffin Cruso here is radiating orgasms and I'm afraid it may blind me. That's why."

"Raven!", Octavia said covering her kids ears who was grinning, two tiny white teeth visible.

"What? Oh come on. Her brain is like the size of a bun and you knew what it meant to bring children into this friendship."

"You do know I'm present, too right?", Clarke said, shaking her head.

"How could one NOT be aware of your presence? I mean your glow was bad before, but ever since you two came back from your little Castaway trip, your vagina is literally entering a room before you do. And I'm not exaggerating."

"Jealous?"

"I'm fine, thank you very much. I'm just saying, it's fucking distracting and I'd rather give you shit for being so nervous about meeting the paaaareeeentssss!", Raven grinned and Octavia couldn't help herself but cackle along.

"I hate you both dearly. I would like to resume this lunch with the only sane and normal person at this table. Right, Livi?" Clarke reached out and took the tiny hand next to her, warmth spreading in her chest when big hazel eyes fixated on her face curiously.

"Leave my kid out of this. She has nothing to do with it."

"Oh, but that's not true, right, Livi? And I cannot wait until I can you aaaaaalllllllll the embarrassing
stories about your Mom and your insane godmother."

"You will not live until that day, Griffin. Trust me. Also I've already bribed her so you will never stand a chance anyway. So stop trying. Also it pitiful to say the least."

"With what? Jellybeans?"

"You are a very disturbing person, Clarke. THAT is disgusting. Make a note, O. But back to business here. So Sexy-Lexy and you are going like very very serious and stable."

To that the blonde smiled and she could feel her cheeks burning. "Yeah. I guess we are."

"Look at you. I mean, I've had a some wine already and we all know how sentimental I get, but i remember how much I had to beg you to come with me and now here we are", Raven winked at her friend, squeezing her hand.

"Ha, totally. It's...sometimes I cannot believe it, you know? She's...she's just everything you guys. Like no matter what happens at work or when my insecurities turn me into a child again...she just has this way of making everything okay. Sometimes she would just smile at me, kiss me and give me a hug and that's all I need", Clarke said and wasn't aware of the look Raven and Octavia shared in that moment.

"So...I guess she is pretty much on the same page, bringing you home and all", O concluded, taking a bite from her garlic bread.

"I mean, yes? Yes, right?"

"Chill. Of course she is, dummy! You guys are amazing together and I'm so happy for you, Clarke. And don't worry, alright? It's going to be fine. They'll love you. Just be yourself and don't overthink it too much."

"Wow. Since when are you so wise, Mama bear?", Raven cackled.

"Since I'm a responsible, fully grown adult with a sense of empathy. You should try it sometimes!", Octavia fired back, but pressed a soft kiss to Ravens cheek.

And Clarke? Clarke just said there, watched her best friends banter, thinking about the upcoming weekend and felt...Content. Nothing could go wrong. She was sure of it.
and...fuck. I'm rambling. Sorry, Baby", the blonde sighed and adjusted her black blazer once again.

"You are cute, when you ramble. Give me your hand", Lexa said and kissed every knuckle.

But before Clarke could take another deep breath, the front door opened and two of the most beautiful people stood in front of her. Her mouth fell open. The Woods family sure as hell was blessed with the fucking best genes. Holy shit. She could immediately see where Lexa had her eyes and inhumanly pretty hair and literally everything from.

"Are you guys coming in anytime soon? Cause we were starting to worry we'd have to take dinner outside", Lexas father said in a very deep, but incredibly soothing voice. Clarke could have listened to him for hours.

"Hey, dad! Mom. Sorry, my girlfriend here had a little meltdown over the wine she bought for you!"

"LEXA!", Clarke said, nudging her shoulder, cheeks burning. But her parents just started laughing wholeheartedly and pulled each of them into a tight hug.

Okay. Hugging. We are hugging. That's good, right? The doctor thought to herself relaxing a bit against her girlfrends mother.

"Clarke, it is so nice to finally meet you! Lexi told us so much about you!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Woods. Likewise. Thank you for having me."

"Oh god. Please. Call me, Sandra. Come in, come in." And with that a good portion of Clarkes nerves faded away by the incredibly warm welcome of Lexas family.

"I brought wine", she joked and offered the bottle to the couple. So far so good, Griff. You got this.

"So, Clarke. Lexi tells us you are a doctor?", James Woods asked later while they were half way through light, comfortable conversations and to her surprise, none of it had felt forced, or weird, or anything close to justifying another mental breakdown.

"Yeah, yeah. That's right. I'm a surgeon. A Neurosurgeon actually. I started off with general practice and I still do it, but there is just something about the way a brain works, you know? God, I hope that didn't come off as super weird".

Both James and Sandra giggled at that, but assured her, no, not weird at all. Lexa just stared at her girlfriend in complete and utter awe.

"In fact, I recently got involved in a very huge project and if everything goes according to plan, it could change a lot of people's life in regards of brain tumors. I cannot say much about it yet, but I
think ever since I started it, I have never felt more connected with my patients, my team and my job", Clarke continued, smiling into impressed faces.

"Dear, that is amazing. Brains and looks, what more could a girl want", Sandra winked at the young doctor.

"Mom!"

"What? I'm sure Clarke knows what I mean, right?"

"Totally. Thank you. I appreciate it. What is it that you guys do? And I love the house by the way. I mean Lexa told me a lot, but actually seeing it and having the ocean so close? Beautiful."

"That's very nice of you to say. We do love our little haven. Raising our kids here has been nothing but rewarding. We are very lucky" James answered, taking a sip of the wine Clarke had brought. "To answer your question tho, I'm the co-owner and the financial head of Turner & Woods. We remodel old wrecks and basically re-sell these boats", he cackled. "I opened the company together with my childhood friend Brent Turner. It's always been a passion since I was a kid and my beautiful wife here, is a pretty badass lawyer", he continued, kissing Sandras temple and for a second Clarke had to fight against the lump in her throat by the affection shone in his eyes. Maybe it was the wine and all the food and the amazing evening in general, or the fact that these people let her in their lives so easily, but she didn't really care. She grabbed Lexas hand under the table and gave it a gentle squeeze.

"Sounds amazing."

The night went on, more drinks were shared and by around 11:30pm they could all feel a little tiredness kicking in.

"Mom, you want some help with the dishes?", Lexa offered.

"That'd be great, honey. Thank you."

"Clarke, how about you and your wine join me and my wine on the porch to get away from drying plates?", James offered and winked at his wife.

"Uhm, yeah. Sure. I mean...if that's okay? I'd love to help tho."

"Nonsense. You kids go ahead and we'll take care of it. Finally some alone time with my lost child", Sandra smiled.

"See you in a bit?", Lexa asked Clarke, grabbing some of the dirty plates from the table.

"Definitely."

"Alright. Have fun", she pressed a quick, chaste kiss to her girlfriends lips before disappearing into the kitchen.
"I mean I cannot see much now, but it's so beautiful out here. Nothing like the packed mess and polluted air in LA", Clarke said when she took a seat next to James on the porch swing.

"Lexa will probably give you a tour tomorrow tho. It is beautiful indeed. I couldn't imagine living anywhere else."

They sat in silence for a minute, just breathing in the fresh air of the ocean, listening to the waves crushing down on the beach.

"Is this where you give me the talk?", Clarke carefully asked, sipping from her wine, looking at the tall, dark haired man next to her.

"The talk?"

"Yeah, as in what is your in intention with my daughter? Are you treating her well...you know. That talk."

"OHHHH, right. You want me to give you the talk?" James challenged her, grinning.

"I..."

"Listen, Clarke. I could do that, like you know, a fathers duty and all, but I don't think that is necessary."

"Wh--why?"

"Because you look at her, like I looked at my wife and how i still look at her. I'm not worried. I have never seen my daughter more happy and that is enough for me. You are a good kid, Clarke."

"I'm 30."

"And I'm 49, so?"

"Technically I'm not a kid anymore", she winked and clinked glasses with him. She loved his laugh. It reminded her of Lexas.

"I like you...Kid."

"Thank you for making it so easy for me. I was literally shitting my pants. Not gonna lie", Clarke said honestly.

"I puked myself when I met Sandras parents for the first time, so i think you are doing amazing."

"No way!"

"Yes way. I couldn't even get one single word out. Rang the bell, they opened the door and I puked. Quite the icebreaker, huh?"

"Sorry, but that's hilarious."

"It was. And trust me, I will never forget it and when I not think about it, my wife makes sure to bring it up in every single argument."
"Reminds me of someone."

"Ha, I'm not surprised. I am not surprised."

Another silence surrounded them before James said: "You really love her, don't you?"

Clarke blinked at that, the emotions roaring inside of her. "Yes. I do. I really really do."

He looked at her intently then and nodded. "Thank you. And thank you for taking care of my daughter's heart", James sighed, his eyes now focusing on the ocean.

Clarke cleared her throat. "She's special."

"That she is, Kid. That she is."

"That wasn't too bad, was it?", Lexa whispered against her lips later when they were facing in each other in her old bed which was way too small for them both to properly fit in. But who needs space anyway?

"No. It was perfect, actually. Your parents are amazing. Thank you for bringing me here, baby." She kissed the brunette again, a little longer this time, hands buried in brown curls.

"Just wait until you meet my grandma!"

"What?"
Hi guys! It has been a while again, but I recently started a new job and everything is exciting and awesome, but it also left no time to write! :-O

BUT I'm coming back with this monster and I think it's the longest chapter yet and I'm honestly super nervous about it. A lot of personal experience went in this, so please be gentle :D.

Anyway. Enough talking, enjoy the chapter and let me know what you think! <3 Have a fab weekend ya'll. XO J

PS: As always, mistakes are mine and I wrote this on my phone again during a train ride! *OMG* Never doing that again.

That Lexa's Teenage single-bed was small would literally have to be THE understatement of the year and the actress had no idea how they had managed to not fall out of it during the night, knowing how Clarke could easily to turn into a tornado in her sleep sometimes.

The fog of a yet surprisingly good sleep left the brunettes mind and a smile automatically formed around her lips when she inhaled the scent of golden curls, sprawled all over her chest. By the way her girlfriend was breathing Lexa could tell that she was still asleep, and she couldn't help herself running her free left hand through it carefully. It didn't take long tho until the blonde started stirring, mumbling incoherent things into Lexa's soft, warm skin.

"Good Morning, beautiful", she whispered, and her smile grew even wider when blue, sleepy eyes were looking up at her, like Clarke had done a million times before. *They* had done this a million times before, but somehow today it felt different. New even.

Maybe it was because the previous night went so well, or because she was just overly excited. But deep down Lexa knew that it was something else entirely. She wanted to do this every morning, as in EVERY.MORNING.FOR.THE.REST.OF.HER.LIFE. and instead of scaring the living shit out of herself, her mind went miles ahead and already tried to come up with a super romantic idea on how to ask the blonde to move in with her. She needed a plan. She needed guidance. She definitely needed a best friend. Maybe she could borrow Clarke's? But that would be stupid...and weird. She needed to call her sister. Asap.

"Babe?", the doctors raspy voice brought her back to reality and for a split second she thought about to screw planning and just go for it, because the moment was perfect and Clarke was perfect, but to her own dismay Lexa was a scared, useless chicken. So instead of asking she did what she did best in situations like this and closed the small distance between them and let the feeling of smooth, warm lips moving against hers consume her completely. And to be perfectly honest, it wasn't like THE worst way of to run away from your own insecurities.
"What was that for? Not that I'm complaining or anything!", the blonde smiled, pecking her girlfriend's lips again.

"I just love you and you look so pretty in the morning", Lexa answered and if it was even possible they snuggled closer together, Clarke's head resting right under her chin. "I love you, too. Are you okay tho?" She asked after a while and the brunette should have known better.

"Totally. Why wouldn't I be? I have the most beautiful woman in the world in bed with me."

"Smooth talker. Are you sure? You have that special wrinkle on your forehead."

"I am. Promise. I'm just thinking."

"About?"

_Do it, Woods. Do it. Do it now._

"How you would feel about getting some breakfast and a walk down to the beach before we are heading out later to see my grandma."

"Oh god. That's today?", Clarke's eyes widened.

"It is. But we can always cancel!"

"_Sure. Piss off the chief of the family before I have even met her. That's an icebreaker right there!_"

Lexa couldn't help but laugh at that and pressed a soft kiss to the blondes forehead. "You'll be fine. I promise. She acts all tough, but is a total softie on the inside."

"I barely survived your parents. Grandma's are even worse."

"Oh, you have experience or something? Sounds like it's been a few" Lexa winked.

"Maybe?"

"Wait. What?"

"Oh my god, I'm messing with you, you dork! You should see the look on your face."

"Well, at least you can still joke around. Let's see how you'll do later!"

"Jerk!"

"Bite me!"

"With pleasure!", Clarke almost growled, immediately straddling the brunette leaving hot kisses down her throat, but just as Lexa put her hands on her favorite set of perfect boobs, the door to the room flew open and a more than shocked Sandra Woods tried to awkwardly turn around, which of course was not possible anymore. The damage was done.

"Oh my god, honey I am SO SO sorry! I wasn't thinking! I wasn't thinking at all!" The older
woman shrieked, her face burning red.

"MOM! What the HELL?! "How about knocking? Jesus!", Lexa said, her hands still on Clarke's breasts and Clarke? Clarke was laughing her ass off. "I'm glad one of us has the time of her life tho?", She added which made Clarke laugh even harder and gave Sandra a perfectly welcomed chance to finally excuse herself and get out of the situation while the two were distracted.

"Are you done now?" The actress said, arms crossed in front of her chest, watching her girlfriend.

"Baby, two complete strangers found us butt naked on an island in Thailand. This is your mom. We've been through worse. Stop pouting! At least we can check, caught by the parents, too. It's not that big of deal. Come on. It was funny. And it's not as bad for us as it is for her", Clarke cackled, rubbing tears out of her eyes, grabbing both of Lexa's hands kissing each knuckle tenderly.

"Move in with me." The brunette suddenly blurted out before she could stop her mouth from letting the words escape and suddenly the room fell silent immediately.

"W-What?"

"What?"

"What did you just say?" Clarke asked with a look on her face Lexa had not quite seen yet and it was a little... if she was being honest.

"I...nothing. It's...Shit. I..."

"Did you ask me to move in with you? As in living together 24/7? As in sharing an entire house?" The blonde sat up, back straight, looking into wide green eyes.

"Clarke, I...this was not how...", the actress stammered, trying to find the right words. And that was exactly why she always needed a plan, structure...she simply wasn't the person to jump into things, because she would most likely mess it up. Like now. Great. Just fucking great.

"So...you didn't mean it then?" The blonde blinked, confusion written all over her face.

"What? Of course. It's just it slipped out and sometimes you make me feel so much and my emotions are running wild and then i can't control myself..."

"LEXA, CLARKE. Breakfast. Come on!" They heard Lexa's dad from downstairs.

The brunette sighed defeated and rubbed her eyes. "Can we have a proper conversation about this later? Please?".

"Yes...Yes, definitely." Clarke answered, still a little shook by what had just transpired.

"Okay. Great. Good. That's...good. I guess we should get some food, right? And I have no idea
why I'm making this so weird right now! I'm sorry. I'll see you downstairs, yeah?" Lexa said, getting up slowly to give her girlfriend a little space, cause she sure has hell could need a minute, too.

"Lex?"

"Yes?"

"I love you!"

"And I love you!" Lexa smiled and closed the door behind her.

Needless to say, breakfast was a little awkward after the incident earlier.

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"Okay, guys. How am I doing so far?"

"We haven't even entered the house. You are doing amazing, Sweetie", Sandra giggled and gave Clarke's shoulder a light squeeze. But the blonde didn't really have time to take one last breath just of braveness, cause the front door was opened way too quickly for her taste and a beautiful, grey haired woman around Lexa's height appeared, her blue eyes curiously running up and down her body. The Woods exchanged amused looks and Clarke? Clarke held her breath. Also what the fuck was it with these GENES in this family? Rude. Simple as that. 

*Rude.*

"Ohh look at that beautiful lady. Lexi's description didn't do you justice, sweetheart. You must be Clarke!"

"H-Hi. Nice to meet you Mrs. Woods and I promise I'm usually not a nervous mess and thank you so much. I appreciate it. Here, I brought you these. I hope you like Orchids."

The older woman smiled with a full set of perfectly shiny teeth and right then and there Clarke made it her life goal to have teeth like this and most of all skin like this when she hit her mid 70's.

"They are beautiful. Thank you, dear! And please, call me Camille. Come in, come in." The older woman stepped aside and Clarke quickly leaned into Lexa whispering: "Why again is everyone like freaking out about her? She seems super lovely."

"Just so you wait", the brunette grinned and placed a quick kiss on her girlfriends cheek.

"What does that mean? Lexa! Lexa, wait."

"So, Clarke. Tell an old, dying lady. How do you like your whiskey? Same as me. Thought so" Camille said, wrapping her arm around the doctors shoulder who instead looked helplessly at her
"Don't look at her. You and I are having a chat now." Clarke visibly gulped, but didn't put up a fight when she was guided outside.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" Camille smiled, eyes on the horizon and took a sip from her drink, definitely ignoring the fact that it was only 3 pm in the afternoon.

"It really is. But I'm sure you didn't take me out here to chat about the view, right?"

"Smart."

"Realistic", the blonde shrugged and tried to hide a grin when Camille clinked glasses with her.

"I'm a fan of honest, direct communication."

"Me, too."

"Good. Do you love my granddaughter?"

"Yes."

"I know. I can see that. Bad habits?"

"Working too much, sometimes I smoke when I'm under a lot of stress, I'm rather messy. Lexa hates that." Camille only nodded.

"Would you purposely hurt her or use her?"

"No. I would never do that."

"How old are you?"

"31."

"Have you ever cheated on someone?"

"No."

"Why were you so nervous about meeting me?"

"Because Lexa loves you very much and speaks highly of you. You guys are her everything. Of course I'd be nervous. And I love Lexa very much, so naturally i want her family to feel safe about me", Clarke shrugged, looking the older woman directly in the eye.

"You are a good kid, Clarke."

"Thank...you? I guess? Sorry, I'm just..."

"I just messing with you and wanted to have my drink in peace to be honest. You and Lexi are both old enough to handle your own shit. You don't need anyones approval. Only promise me one thing."
"Okay?" The blonde answered a little surprised by the entire course of the conversation.

"Make sure you never miss any chance to tell each other how much you love each other. Be there for each. Be each others person. Be each others anchors. Cause one you might be too late."

Clarke nodded and could see that there was more to the story than the older Woods let on, but she didn't want to overstep or risk any part of the bond they obviously seemed to have, but she was more than surprised when she looked at Clarke intently.

"I met the love of my life almost 30 years ago, honey and let me tell you, I looked at her the exact way you look at my Lexi. Her name was Linda."

Clarke almost couldn't believe what she was hearing. "Wait. You...you are gay? Lexa never mentioned that."

"That's because she doesn't know. No one knows. Well, except you now."

"Why...why me?"

"Because I have never seen my grandchild like this and I want her to have the happy ending we never got."

"What...happened? And what about Lexa's grandfather?"

Camille sighed deeply, before she put her hand on Clarke's. "Lexa's grandfather was a good man. He really was. And I did love him. I did. He was my best friend."

"Did he know?"

"Oh gosh, no! I don't have to tell you how it was for...us back then. But finding your soulmate unfortunately doesn't give a shit about the right time, that's the problem. It hits you and you have to deal with the cards life hands you. Jesus, I adored her. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen in my life. She completed me. And I don't know how, but we did manage to stay together for 15 beautiful years."

"Wow...I...that's...amazing! What happened to her? Did she..."

"No. She got pregnant and unfortunately was as lucky with her husband as I was with mine. So as soon as her son was born, she moved away and she wrote me one last letter. I never heard from her again."

Clarke couldn't help it and wiped away a few stray tears from her face.

"Oh, sweetheart. I didn't want to make you cry! Camille said and gave the younger woman a hug."

"I'm just overwhelmed by it. Thank you for telling me. I promise I will never tell anyone. But...can I ask one thing?"

"Why I never tried to find her or love again?"
"Yeah".

"I myself had a child and a family, Clarke and as much as I loved her, I couldn't. She took care of hers and I did the same for mine. But she was still it for me, together or not and she will always be. You and Lexa have a true shot tho. Never jeopardize it".

Camille put her hand on Clarke's cheek, smiled and emptied her glass in one big gulp. (Edit: The Woods could also hold their liquor) "Come on. Enough sappy stories. Let's get back inside and not let them wait any longer, shall we?"

"After you!", the blonde offered and knew that their secret conversation was over. Nevertheless, her heart felt incredibly full and she was sure she would never forget it.

6 pairs of eyes immediately focused on both of them once they reentered the living room not a moment later as if nothing major had happened.

"And? What's the verdict, Mom?" Sandra smirked.

"You chose wisely, Lexi! Welcome to the family, Clarke! And now let me tell you ALL the wonderfully embarrassing childhood stories of Lexi which her parents were too polite to tell I am sure."

"GRANDMA!"

"Oh, let an old lady have some fun, will you? Listen. So, that one time when she was like 3 years old, she had THE worst case of a farting problem. She wouldn't stop or couldn't. I don't remember. No one knew what was going on with her and then..."

________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________

As positive as the entire family trip was at the end, Lexa and Clarke of course did not talk about the moving in together thing after all and after 3 days of complete silence about it, plus their crazy work schedules they both started to freak out. Of course.

Little did they know that they had almost the same conversation, but not with each other, but with Anya and Raven respectively.

"But, honestly! Do you think she didn't mean it, Rae? Like she never mentioned it again!"

"Clarke. Do you want to do this?"

"I mean, I guess."

"You guess or you know? Cause honeybug, this shit is no shit no more. It's like it it. You feel me? Not like that I've ever had a doubt in my mind, but there is no going back from this."
"I know. And yes. I want this. But what if she thinks it was a mistake and now she doesn't know how to tell me?"

"Clarke?"

"Yes?"

"Can you shut the fuck up and tell me what you are doing here?"

The blonde blinked. "I'm getting advice from my best friend?"

"No, you useless gay. You are wasting time. Go and log that shit down with your girl. Might as well propose while you are at it, so that's out of the way! You guys are stressing me out so hard, it's ridiculous."

"You are the best. Love you!" Clarke grinned and ran towards the door.

"Griffin!"

"Yeah?"

Raven didn't say anything and just held up the blondes phone and car keys.

"Right!"

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Meanwhile at Lexa's place:

"What if I scared her away, Anya? I wanted to plan this with a grand gesture and all. Now look at the mess."

"You are annoying as fuck. Can you please stop pacing? I'm dizzy."

"Anya! This is serious. What do I do?"

"Uhm...well, super crazy idea. I know. But how about you talk to Clarke maybe? Like the person you wanna move in with?"

"I'm such an idiot, aren't I? We wanted to talk, but then somehow we didn't..."

"Lex. Look at me!" Anya said when she had her sisters full attention. "Do you want this?"

"Yes. I do."

"Then stop going on my nerves. Call her and tell her to come over, or drive to her place, I don't care. But DO something."

Lexa shook her head and smilingly grabbed her phone only to find a message from Clarke.

"Oh..."

"What? She didn't break up with you or something, right? Please say no!" Anya said a little
"No! She's on her way over here. How crazy is that?"

"Super. Well I guess I'm outta here then. Go with your gut, Lexa. You got this. Call me tomorrow!"

"Thank you so much for coming over. I appreciate it. I really needed that", the actress said and received a kiss to her forehead for an answer instead.

Not 40 minutes later Clarke finally parked in front of Lexa's house and almost jumped into her girlfriends waiting arms pushing them inside.

"Hey", the blonde whispered after their lips disconnected.

"Hi."

"We really need to stop doing that!" Clarke said and wrapped her arms around the brunettes neck.

"What? Kissing? No way in fucking hell."

"No, you dork. As in stopping to not talk about important things when we always say we need to talk about important things, you know? And also let our work get in the way that much."

"I know."

"So can we finally agree to stop freaking everyone around us out? Cause I'm pretty sure Raven is gonna kill me one of these days", The blonde smiled and took a sip from the wine Lexa had offered her.

"Definitely cannot have that", Lexa nervously scratched the back of her neck before she scraped together all of her courage. "Clarke. About..."

"Ask me again."

"W-What?"

"Ask me again", the blonde smirked and she was almost sure that her girlfriend could hear how hard her heart was beating against her rips.

Lexa looked down for a second, her cheeks flushed and after taking a deep breath she said:

"Clarke Abigail Griffin, will you do me the incredible honor of moving in with me?"
Hello hello my lovely readers!

How are ya'll doing? :) Short story short, I'm working a lot at the moment, so writing was not really in the cards :D But I didn't want to make you wait for so long again. So here goes. I felt like that Lexa and Anya could need some sister time :) and I can't wait to read what you'll say about a certain development later. Let me know. It's always so nice to read you all. I know its kinda a filler, but I hope you'll like it anyways.

XO-J

"So where is Clarke tonight? Not that I'm complaining tho", Anya said, sipping from the red wine she had brought to Lexa's place on a Wednesday night.

"An!"

"What? Can't I just say that I'm happy having an evening with my little sister alone for once? It's been ages since we got to do this. You guys are inseperable."

"That's not true!", Lexa tried to defend them, even tho she knew how weak her joke of an excuse was.

"Oh really? Tell me then. When was the last time she was not staying here, or you didn't drive directly to her place? I'm waiting."

"Fine. I know. I know!" The actress held up her hands in surrender, her cheeks a little blushed from the alcohol that pleasantly ran through her veins and warmed her insides. She had really missed hanging out with Anya and the easy banter between them that came with it. Even more so, after all they had been through recently.

"So? Where's blondie?"

"She is working on her project. It really picked up recently and she's staying at her place, because it's closer to the hospital and easier to get back and forth."

"I see. No success in finding a shared space then I guess?"

Lexa ran her hand through her wild mane, sighing deeply. "No. Not yet. It's fucking hard to find something we both like AND something that's like good for both of us work wise. I wish we had more time. We don't even have an idea of like, a house? An apartment?"

"Gotcha. Have you contacted Susan Mahony by any chance?"
"Mom's old classmate? No. I haven't really thought about her to be honest. I never liked her vibe. She's weird."

"She is a total nut, yes. But she's good at what she's doing, that's for sure. You should give her a call, just to have someone else think for you guys. Wouldn't hurt. She will be thrilled."


"I actually cannot believe we are talking about this. I mean my little sister, all grown up with a solid relationship. Who would have thought?"

"I know right? It's crazy. Sometimes when I look at her sleeping..."

"Ewwwww! I don't wanna hear that! Have mercy!"

"Stop!", the brunette laughed before she continued. "It's not like that. It's just when I look at her, I can see it all, you know? Like...it should freak me out, but it doesn't and then I think back to when we met and HOW we met and it's just...overwhelming. Good overwhelming, but overwhelming. I can't believe how lucky I am."

"I just wanna vomit by how cute this is to be honest. No, I'm...I'm really really happy for you, Lex. You deserve it. The only thing that bothers me is, that we all have to suffer through the tornado that Raven Reyes is. I blame you for bringing her into our lives."

"Oh come on, you like her!" Lexa cackled and the slight change of color on her sisters face didn't go unnoticed, but she decided to not comment on it.

"She is a fucking pain in the ass! Like the way she is not physically capable of accepting another opinion, or that she always and I mean always has to have the last freaking word of literally anything. It's infuriating. She chews too loudly, she's messy, she can't sit still for 5 freaking minutes and her taste in movies in catastrophic."

Lexa's amused grin just widened and she simply nodded, listening to her sisters pretentious hate of the Latina.

"Wipe that smirk off of your face!" Anya said between rants, rolling her eyes at her sister.

"I have no idea what you are talking about. But keep going. I'm intrigued with how familiar you are with Ravens many many traits."

"I don't know how you can't be affected by this. Teach me your ways!"

"Well, obviously, because I haven't spent that much time with her to know these things. Can't see you can say the same."

"What are you implying?" The older Wood's back suddenly went a little more rigid, fidgeting with the hem of her university hoodie. Lexa had the time of her life. This was too good.

"Me? I'm not implying anything. You on the other hand..."

"There is nothing going on."
"I didn't say that."

"You kinda did."

"Not at all."

"Whatever", Anya murmured, waving her hand in dismissal.

"Do you want something to happen?", the actress pushed and earned a warning glare from her sister.

"Okay fine. I won't say anymore. But tell me. What's going on in your life, besides having not so secret dates with Raven Reyes?" Lexa asked, after her laughter had died down. "I feel like all we do is talk about me and I have never thanked you properly for flying out to Thailand to find me, An. You have no idea how much it meant to me seeing you at the marina, after we were rescued."

"You are my little sister. Of course I flew out there. I would turn the fucking planet upside down for you."

And instead of answering, the actress threw her arms around her sisters neck and held her tight. "I love you, you giant softy! And I'd do the same for you."

"I know", Anya whispered into dark curls and pressed a kiss to Lexa's forehead.

"So? What's going on? And don't you dare tell me nothing."

The older Woods took another sip from her wine, repositioning herself on the couch, avoiding her sisters questioning gaze. "I'm...okay-ish? Roan and I, uhm...we broke up."

"Wait, what? When did that happen? I mean, I've had my suspicions, but...God. I'm so sorry. Why didn't you tell me?"

"It was 2 month ago."

"Anya!"

"When was I supposed to tell you, Lexa? You had enough shit going on and with the movie approaching...there wasn't really time."

"There is always time for you. Your life isn't any less important than mine."

"You are my priority and also my client so everything else needs to be dealt with once things have settled and in order."

"That's complete bullshit and you know it. What happened? Tell me now or I will squeeze it out of you. I have sick moves!" Lexa said, proudly showing off her biceps.

"Right, you and your tiny chicken wings aka arms. Please. I could knock you down on your ass in
"a blink of an eye."

"Don't try me. Spill."

"I guess...me happened? Me and my inability to keep people around? Look at how I almost lost you, because I was such an asshole about Clarke. And he was sick of my moods, my schedule...I guess we've had it coming for a while. I'm surprised he stayed as long as he did. I'm not a very likable person. I don't really blame him for leaving", Anya shrugged and pressed her lips tightly together.

Lexa couldn't believe her ears. She sat down her glass and grabbed both of her sisters hands. "Look at me, An. You? You are incredible. You are loyal, you have the biggest heart, you are funny and everyone who has you in their life should be fucking grateful. Got it? Just because you guys weren't meant to be, doesn't mean that you are not deserving of love. He was just...not your person. But this person will come along and you'll know when he/she does."

"And since when are you so wise?" Anya finally smiled and nudged her sisters shoulder.

"Since always. You just didn't see it."

"Right. Thanks, Lex."

"No need. You will be okay. I know it."

"Lexa, I...can I ask...", but before Anya could finish her question, the actresses phone went off. She picked it up and looked at her sister apologetically.

"Go ahead, answer her."

"You sure? I can just let it get to voicemail."

"Do it."

"Fine."

"Hey Baby. That's a nice surprise. What's up? You okay?" Lexa said, smiling brightly from one ear to the other as she got up from the couch, earning an eye roll and a gagging motion from Anya.

"Hey. I'm on a quick break and just wanted to hear your voice. How is your evening?"

"It's really nice. We are having a good time. Anya makes fun of me like always, but its fine. SHE CAN'T HURT ME!", She emphasized looking at her sister.

"I'm glad to hear that. It was way overdue I guess."

"You sound tired. Have a you eaten something?" The brunette asked.
"Yes?"

"So No. Can you please do that, before I'll get hangry texts at 2 am about some of your weird food cravings again?"

"It was once, Lexa."

"It was three times in the past week. You are just lucky I love you."

"I'm so done. I just wanna go home and pass out."

"I can hear that. When are you off tonight?"

"I have no idea. Every time I think we are finally done, something new pops up."

"I'm sorry, Baby. Is there anything I can do?"

"There's a lot of things I wanna do to YOU right now. But since I can't have that. No. Thank you tho. I appreciate it. I wish I wouldn't have to sleep alone. I hate being away from you."

"Soon that's not gonna be a problem anymore", Lexa grinned.

"We got this."

"We got this."

"Babe. I'm sorry, I have to run. Say Hi to Anya for me, yeah?"

"I will. And Clarke?"

"Yes?"

"I'm so proud of you!"

The line went silent for just a second too long and Lexa almost wondered if she had lost her girlfriend.

"Thank you so much, Baby. It means everything to me", Clarke answered in complete awe, before she really hung up.

Later that night Lexa was more than surprised when she was momentarily woken up by a cold hand finding its place under her oversized sleeping shirt, holding on to her right boob and soft lips pressing against her neck. She smiled and sighed contently before wiggling around to face her girlfriend in her dark bedroom.

"Hey. What are you doing here? What time is it?", she whispered and kissed Clarke's lips softly.

"I couldn't not wake up without you again. It's 2 am. Go back to sleep babe." The blonde carefully put some stray hair behind the actresses small ear who hummed in sheer gratefulness that Clarke
had been driving all the way up to her house in the middle of the night, just to be with her.

"You didn't have to come. You need sleep."

"But I wanna sleep with you next to me. The decision was not really hard to make."

"Mkay. I'm glad you are here. I will kick your ass for driving so tired later tho. Don't believe for a second I'll let it go."

"How do you feel about going house hunting later? Just you and me?" Clarke asked and couldn't stop from giggling by how cute Lexa was, when she was in between sleeping and being awake. She loved moments like this and she really really hoped, she would never get tired of it.

"Definitely", the brunette mumbled and buried her face the in crook of the doctors neck. "I love you, Clarke."

"I love you, too", she whispered before placing one last kiss on top of her girlfriends head and god was she ready to start their life together.

"I think my sister has a thing for Raven!" Lexa suddenly said after just a few peaceful minutes. Clarke was wide awake again.
It had been exactly two weeks, since Lexa had messed with Clarke's head about the idea that her best friend was screwing her GF's sister and no matter how hard she tried to focus on finally finding a house, she couldn't stop thinking about it and the actress was not better off when they were totally being honest. They DID go to look at some places tho, but nothing seemed to fit and they always seemed to find the needle in the haystack to justify NOT buying. It was exhausting. All of it.

So the pair did, what they did best and focused on the other issue first, before thinking about themselves. They needed a clear head for this and the weird behavior of both Raven and Anya for the past few days didn't help the matter, like at all. And we all know how it feels when you have something stuck in your head and then suddenly it's fucking everywhere. Like you wanna buy a certain car and that specific car haunts you 24/7 at every freaking corner.

"This is crazy", Lexa sighed as they walked out of a house one morning hand in hand towards Lexa's SUV.

"Oh my god, I KNOW, right? It's like they think we are stupid or something. Last night Raven came home and ...", but Clarke stopped talking when she realized her Girlfriend was not walking next to her anymore, but stood on the sidewalk, arms crossed, smirking.

"What?"

"I was talking about the house, Clarke. The price is crazy for what you get."

"Oh...", The tips of the blondes ears reddened a little as she carefully approached Lexa running her hands up and down her arms. "I'm sorry, Babe. I'm being ridiculous!", she apologized but it still earned her a quick peck to the lips.

"You are not wrong tho. Anya has been acting weird, too. More than usual and we both know what that means."

Clarke cackled at that. "Pff, yeah I do. But this should be about us finding a place before...before you have to go kicking everyone's asses in a country way too far away from me, but like I CAN'T STOP thinking about it, Lex! It's driving me nuts. I need to know."
"Listen. First of all, we can both agree that this one here-", Lexa pointed behind her, "Is not our home. Second of all, what are we gonna do about this...situation? Because I know that you know that I know that you have to get it out of your system and frankly, so do I."

Clarke smiled dreamily at the actress after her tiny rant. "That's why I love you, you know?"

"Because i'm logical? Damn, I thought my excellent lovemaking skills and my stunning personality were the winner, but..." The blonde let out a throaty laugh and smacked the brunettes shoulder.

"Cocky much?"

"Confident", Lexa shrugged and placed her hands on her Girlfriends neck. "But please, feel free to specify further."

"You are a dork", Clarke simply said, shook her head, forgot their entire surroundings and closed the distance between them with a kiss that was way too heated for a public sidewalk. Even in LA. And just as the familiar tingly feeling in her lower abdomen started to race through her veins, someone behind them cleared their throat, bursting their bubble.

"Uhm, I'm sorry to interrupt, Ms. Woods, but...I...I...would need your decision? Would you like to make...an offer on the property?" The young realtor tried to ask in a professional manner, but his red face and the light tremble in his voice betrayed him. Clarke smiled and quickly hid her face in the crook of Lexa's neck and was grateful that the actress took the initiative.

"Actually, no. We are very sorry, but it's unfortunately not what we are looking for at all."

"Oh." His face fell and Lexa could tell that he couldn't have been in the business for long. She gave him 3 month, max and felt a little sorry for him, making her next move easy. She was not an asshole afterall and she never wanted to become one in the first place.

"But, why don't we stay in contact and we'll see if we can figure out something more close to our needs? Maybe we should have been more specific in our proposal. How about my Agent will email you a list and set up a new appointment and we'll work something out?"

And this right there was another reason why Clarke Griffin was helplessly in love with Alexandria Woods. The way she talked to the young man, her voice soft but determined. Her poisture very confident but not overly intimidating. Her demeanor polite but not arrogant. It made the doctor proud all over again that she was the one who got to witness these changes in her whenever it happened. From giddy, playful Lexa to professional client Lexa and back within a blink of an eye. Admirable. She found it admirable. This woman never ceased to amaze her in everything that she did and how she handled herself.

"That sounds aweso...I mean that sounds perfect, Ms. Woods. I won't let you down", the man smiled and held out his hand which the brunette took, giving it a firm shake.

"We are looking forward to it, Mr. Bennett. Thank you for your time." Lexa nodded her goodbye and both her and Clarke turned around, before he stopped them from walking away.
"Miss Woods?"

"Yes?"

"I uhm...I know it's probably the most unprofessional thing and I should get fired for it, but...but would it be okay if we took a picture together? My sister and I are huge fans and...oh god. I'm making a fool of myself and I understand if you don't want to continue..."

"It's okay", Lexa smiled, looked at Clarke who silently gave her her approval and positioned herself next to the man who probably never dared to dream of this moment during the early stages of his career. He seemed harmless and like a good bean. Where was the harm.

"What's your and your sisters name?"

"Sarah. And I'm Tim."

"Alright, Tim. How about recording a short video message, so I can thank her for her support, too? How does that sound?"

"Wow...I. She's gonna die", He nervously cackled and gave his phone to Clarke who pressed the record button.

"Hey Sarah, I'm here with your wonderful brother Tim who told me that you are both watching my show. Thank you SO much for watching and all the best to both of you! You are both wonderful", the actress brightly smiled, gave him his phone back and took Clarkes hand.

"Thank you, Miss Woods! Thank you so much. I really really appreciate it and I will make sure to find you the best place."

"Don't mention it. And I'm sure you will. And thank YOU. Bye, Tim."

The three finally parted ways and while Lexa drove, she felt Clarkes fingers intertwine with her own. "Look at you making all your fan's dreams come true. Honestly, Babe. That was very very sweet of you. You are very open lately."

"He seemed nice. It's not a big deal. I'm just glad to make someone happy. And...I don't know. I guess you bring it out? I don't feel as closed off as I did before, if that makes sense? And I wouldn't be where I am now without people supporting me. Everything feels different and I'm not so...scared anymore?"

"You are way too humble, you know that? You are special, Lex. And do you know who else you are making incredibly happy?"

The actress let the short silence stretch between them until Clarke raised their connected hands to her lips and kissed it tenderly. "Me. You make me very very happy. And you know what else? I don't care where we end up living. You are my home."

By the way her Girlfriend said all those beautiful things to her, something greater than being
utterly in love with this woman bloomed in the brunettes chest and she had a hard time ignoring the lump in her throat. "You are my home, too", she managed to get out, eyes fixed on the road, her free, left hand grabbing the wheel even tighter.

Clarke knew by the sound of Lexa's voice that there was more to it. She felt it, deep in her bones, but she chose to not comment on it any further than necessary for the moment being.

"SO, before we become too mushy for our own good, how do you feel about an early lunch to come up with a plan to expose the two fuckers who made our lives a living hell for waay too long and turn the table for once?", Clarke devilishly grinned which Lexa returned with a glint in her eyes that had the blonde squeeze her thighs together immediately.

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"That's the plan?", Lexa blinked before she put another fork full of salad in her mouth a while later after they had decided to crash at "The Catch" since it wasn't really crowded that time of the day.

"It's perfect. I know. Thanks."

"Who's cocky now?"

"What do you mean? If I had a mic, I'd drop it right here, Baby!" Clarke again proudly said, earning a stare from her Girlfriend.

"Really? You are terrible at this."

"But why? You know, you should stop eating so much kale. It clouds your judgment."

"Clarke. When was the last time you took Raven to this place?"

_Dammit._

"Fine. _Never. BUT_ today is as good as any day to do so", she argued.

"Yes, BUT why now is what I would ask in Ravens position?" Lexa countered and jumped a little in her seat when Clarke snapped her fingers right in front of her face.

"BECAUSE, favorite woman of mine, we bought a house today and I want to celebrate with my best friend. Take her somewhere special", she answered with a smile and by the look on the brunettes face she knew she had her.

"Okay, fine. That actually sounds reasonable enough for Raven to believe we did."

"Actually? Are you questioning my brillance, person whom I will not share my bed with tonight if that was what you were implying."

Lexa's eyes widened at that and she pressed her full lips together, looking around before she leaned closer and said: "I would never do such a thing and even if you tried, I saw the look on your face earlier in the house and I saw how squirmed in the car. There is now way in hell that you won't at least come three times tonight, person of mine." The actress winked and casually leaned back into
her previous position leaving Clarke a gulping mess.

"I've created a monster."

"Are you complaining?"

"Not in a million years. I love when you do that. Command away."

"Good."

"So. Back to topic, otherwise I will have to take you right on that table and I actually like coming here. Is Anya free today?"

"She should be. I'll text her right now."

"Let's get this party started then. Oh my god, this is gonna be so good. Can you believe?"

"I just hope we are right about this", Lexa said while she was typing the message to her sister to meet her here in an hour.

"Babe, please. They called *us* useless gays? I'm calling bullshit. We may be smitten, but we sure as hell are not dumb."

"I love you", Lexa smiled, raising her coffee cup.

"And I love you. Cheers, Bonnie. Here's to victory."

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It was exactly one and a half hours later, when Raven stepped out of her car, Aviator glasses sitting deep on the bridge of her nose, eyes fixed on her phone not aware of the person blocking her way out of the parking lot.

"Excuse me? Can you look where...", the color drained from her face entirely when she was looking at no other than Anya Woods herself standing in front of her.

"What the..."

"...Fuck!", the Latina finished and tried to make sense of the situation she found herself in.

"Raven?"

"An...Anya. I...hey. What...what are you doing here?" She said, mentally slapping herself for sounding like a total moron.

"I...I'm meeting Lexa for lunch. What are you doing here?"

And then it dawned on them both. "Lunch with Clarke."

"They know", Anya said, running her hand through her wild hair and Raven wanted to die on the spot.

"Noo. Come on. How would they know?", she answered not really believing her own words which was confirmed by the look Anya gave her. This was bad. Really really bad. Underestimate your
"Okay. Lets assume this is one big fat, funny coincidence, how do you explain this?" The older Woods asked, gesturing between them, her free hand on her hip.

"Listen. Clarke and Lexa have been all over the place with their weird house hunting thingy lately. They didn't pay attention to anything. Oblivious to life is what I'm saying. Clarke wasn't even home most of the time when...you know."

Anya's gaze flew to the suddenly very interesting concrete after that, shifting from one foot to the other and Raven couldn't stop her stomach from falling a little after the older woman's reaction, but she tried to play it cool.

"We got this. I mean. Maybe this really is a coincidence and we are totally overthinking. Lets go in and see what happens. Pretend like everything is normal. I mean, let's be real. It's Clexa and we were careful. Nothing to worry about. Just four friends hanging out, celebrating."

"Yeah. Yeah. You are right. Let's do that. No big deal."

Before they entered the location, Raven couldn't stop herself from grabbing Anya's wrist tho, forcing the other woman to look her directly in the eye.

"No matter what happens in there. Do...do you regret...it? I need to know." Chocolate eyes focused on hazel ones and relief surged through the Latina when she heard:

"No. Not at all. We got this."

But all their hopes and common sense went to shit the second they saw Lexa and Clarke in the back end of the room, sitting next to each other, arms crossed over their chests, a shit eating grin on their faces and four Mimosas on the table.

Well, fuck.

Chapter End Notes

SO...THAT happened. You asked for it and I did it and I hope you are all happy with the outcome for NOW :D. *hides because of the Cliffhanger* I have never written Anya and Raven in a romantic way and since this is my first shot at writing a story in the first place---I have a lot of feelings :D. There will be more of course. I hope you can trust me with this. Please let me know, what you thought of it. I know there was not a lot of Clexa REALLY going househunting, but we will get to it next time. I promise. And also someone still has to meet the parents, right? Lexa is not off the hook! And Ranya still has some explaining to do ;D. Anyway, lets talk about it in the comments. I can't wait. Don't kill me! Big hug, XO, J
GUYS! It happened. I hope you like it. I'm so nervous, but was so much fun to write! :D I re-wrote this chapter like 3 times.

ANYWAY, go read and please let me know what you thought of it. xo J

“Are you guys are going to sit down anytime soon, or…?”, Clarke said gesturing to the empty chairs.

Anya and Raven chanced a quick side-glance at each other which of course didn’t go unnoticed by the counter parties, before they awkwardly bumped into each other while sitting down.

“Mimosa?” The doctor offered and slid the glasses in front of the two women. God, she had the time of her life and by the amused look on Lexa’s face, so did she. They deserved this and no one could tell her otherwise.

“Aren’t you two like disgustingly chipper today”, Raven observed, took the glass, downed it in one dramatic gulp and from that moment on it was only a matter of time until one of them would break...or drunk before 3 pm.

"You nervous or something?", Clarke asked, looking at both Anya and the brunette with raised eyebrows.

"Why would we...I be?”, Raven quickly corrected, clearing her throat making the older Woods roll her eyes next to her.

"I don't know. People get antsy for many reasons. Like when they are trying to hide things from their best friend / sister on purpose. But you two wouldn't know anything about that, would you?" Clarke pushed and by the pink tint of Anya's cheeks, she couldn't help but go even further, looking at Lexa. "Baby, what do you think? Am I exaggerating? You gotta tell me if I do. Don’t wanna be rude."
"Oh, no. Absolutely not. Hey, do you remember when we started dating and my sister wanted to rip you a second one every time she saw you for simply breathing?"

"YES. Good times", Clarke sighed over dramatically, leaned her head on her hand and directly looked Anya in the eye again and boy was that fire burning. "Oh and do YOU remember when they constantly mocked us and gosh, like all the moments we been Vagi-blocked by either of them. Purposely. Or another great example, me asking for privacy when you send me the DVD? Wasn't in the cards", Clarke went on, now totally ignoring Raven and Anya who just sat there, open mouthed, not really knowing what the hell was going on.

"Horrible. Truly. Oh god, I just had to think about that morning, after I stayed over at your place for the first time wearing just a shirt in the kitchen that morning and Raven started playing Heaven Is A Place on Earth? You remember that?" Lexa answered, shaking her head at the memory.

"So sorry you had to go through that, Babe", Clarke pouted and took the actresses hand in hers.

"Oh my god! Stop! Would you two shut up? And just FYI, you are terrible at roasting people. Both of you. Just saying. But please, keep on embarrassing yourselves further. I can’t wait where you are going with all of this", Raven interrupted, crossing her arms over her chest, a daring glint in her dark eyes. So close. Clarke knew that look. She had perfected detecting it many many moons ago and she almost felt a little bit disappointed how easy her Bestie made it for her today.

"Why are you getting so mad? Is there maybe something you wanna share with the class of 20gayteen? Something that is absolutely not our business, but we should know about anyways?" The blonde smiled, fluttering her eyelashes.

"So I take it, this chatty, wonderful get-together has nothing to do with a house, yeah?” Anya chimed in, temporarily taking Clarke's attention away from her friend.

"Not really. No."

"So what is this then? 20 questions on a sunny afternoon in LA or what? Did you lose bet? Is this Hidden Camera? Are you getting married? Wait. Hold on- Did one of you pull a Jane the Virgin and accidentally got preggos? THAT would be hilarious and totally worth my precious time”, Raven grinned at the mental image.
"Funny. But no. Lex, why don’t you go ahead and explain why we felt the need to have us all at one table today?"

"Sure. Anya. Let me start with this: Why was your cell phone turned off Tuesday, Wednesday and yes, Friday last week? It's never off and you always call me back, which you didn't."

"I...had a thing."

 Lexa blinked. "A thing? Since when do you have things? You don’t do vague?!"

"Since...pfff, always? People do have things sometimes. I have things. It's normal, Lexa. You and Clarke have things. I simply forgot to call, alright? I was busy. It happens", Anya tried to defend herself.

“And where have you been on the exact same days? And why was your phone turned off as well, huh? Why are you being so sneaky and closed off lately? BUT. The most important question of all is: Why did you delete the GPS history in my car?” The doctor said and leaned back. Game. Set. Match.

"We fucked, okay?! Are you happy now? God." Raven suddenly yelled and every person sitting in close proximity turned their heads towards them.

“Oh my god! Can someone please kill me?”, Anya sighed and buried her face in her hands.

“What are you people looking at?” Raven turned, facing the strangers who quickly went back to whatever they were doing.

Clarke chocked on her Mimosa, because assuming was definitely not the same thing as actually hearing it.

And Lexa? Lexa did what Lexa did best in situations like this. She was pure composure. At least on the outside. She pursed her lips, dubbed them with her napkin, folded the napkin, put it under her used cutlery and...stared at them. Looked at her sister, looked at the brunette, looked at Clarke, who suddenly seemed a little worried, but then the corners of her girlfriend’s mouth moved
upwards and she bursted into full fledged laugh-attack, causing the blonde to join in.

"Are you assholes done?" The Latina sighed and let her head fall back in annoyance.

“I KNEW IT!” Clarke squealed excitedly, wiping her eyes and pointed her finger at her friend. “I fucking knew it. You can’t hide anything from me, Reyes. When will you LEARN?”

“I must admit and I will only say this once: Underestimated you two nuts. But seriously. What was it? Like for real”, Raven asked to everyone’s surprise. Anya’s eyes only widened.

“Lex, you did hear what she said, right?”

“Positive!” The actress affirmed.

“Thanks. Now to you! First of all, you are both glowing like a fucking Christmas tree. My gay senses are not like the best, but I KNOW, okay? And I SEE. Second of all, I’ve known you my entire life, Raven. Did you really think you could do something behind my back? Also it was only a matter of time, lets be real. But deleting the GPS data? Dude. Total Rookie mistake. Or that weird ass story you tried to sell me, when you wanted to borrow my car?”

“Dammit. Fine. I do get your argumentation”, the Latina begrudgingly admitted between gritted teeth and chanced a quick glance at Anya who shifted around on her chair uncomfortably.

“So…are you like exclusive now? As in dating?” Lexa curiously asked.

“Maybe.” “Yes.” Anya and Raven said at the same time looking at each other immediately. Hazel searching brown.

“’Scuse me. What do you mean, maybe?”

“Could you lower your voice for Gods sake?” The older Woods whispered and shot the waiter who
was passing by an artificial smile.

“Last time I checked, that maybe awfully sounded like a yes.”

“Raven. Can we not do this…now, please?” Anya whispered again and pointed at Clarke and Lexa who couldn’t fully grasp what was unfolding right in front of their eyes.

“You do know we can hear and see you, right? You are literally inches away”, Clarke said, earning a death glare from both of them. “Just sayin! Someone’s got their panties in a wrinkle.” She added, raising her hands in the air.

What nobody saw tho was Lexa quickly typing out a message to her sister:

“I’m here for you. Let’s talk when you are ready? I love you.”

1 week earlier:

She knew those motherfuckers of feelings had hit her unexpectedly during their stupid rescue mission in Thailand and the more time she spent with the dirty-blonde woman back home, the clearer it became. She had developed a massive crush on Anya-resting bitch face-Woods and she couldn’t stop thinking about it.

Just fantastic. Couldn’t it be a nice, sweet, funny girl who was actually available and interested in Women? NO. It had to be her best friends Girlfriends straight sister, and she had no idea how to get her out of her system. She had tried and tried and tried, but it was useless and it pissed her off to no end. She didn’t do well with entire butterfly shit. She had done it once, failed and it still stung sometimes.

But then her thoughts betrayed her, as their bickering, their banter, their ridiculous discussions, her smile, her dry sense of humor (She was actually hilarious), her impossible attitude, the way she always twirled a strand of hair between her fingers every time she was focused on something and thought nobody was looking invaded her mind again.

“Fuck!”, Raven exclaimed, pacing up and down in the living room. “Think, Reyes, think.” She
grabbed her phone then, thumb hovering over Clarke’s number, but she quickly dismissed the initial urge to call her. Too soon. Too much. Too many emotions. Too confusing. She knew she was close to a gay panic attack and when her phone suddenly announced a new text from said Crush, she almost tripped over her own feet cursing her inability to function like an actual human being every time Anya Woods was involved.

“Yo. Wine and Indian food at my place tonight? I’m bored af and I need someone to annoy. –A”

Raven dreamily smiled at the short message, but quickly snapped out of it, shaking her head at her own silliness. She couldn’t allow herself to go there because this had heartbreak, sad music and unhealthy amounts of ice cream written all over it. Her hands cam to rest on her hips.

The entire situation completely messed with her brain and she had to do something about it. Tonight. This was not who she was and no matter how much she liked her, she wouldn’t change for anyone. Not even for Anya Woods. Okay, maybe a little bit…

She took a deep breath, picked up her phone and typed her reply with unfamiliar, shaky hands.

“Sure. You are buying tho. See your stupid face later. –xx R

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“Clarke! Can I have your car?” Raven yelled into the hallway and rolled her eyes when she heard the shower being turned on. “Geez.”

“Clarke! I’m coming in. Hide your tits.”
“What the…Raven! I’m naked!”, the blonde squealed when the door flew open, causing her to hastily cover her most private parts with her hands in the poorest attempt known to mankind.

“I know, but Dude, I have seen your cookoo so many times in my life, it evokes the same feeling as if I’d look at…Toast”, the Latina shrugged and leaned against the doorframe.

“Excuse me? Did you just call me unattractive?”

“As if. You know you are hot. Now shut the fuck up, I need your car.”

And then the doctor got curious and really took her her best friend in. (Covering herself long forgotten)

“Why are you so dolled up? Do you have a daaaaaate?” Clarke smirked and pinched Ravens cheek.

“Stahhp. No, I don’t have a daaaaaate. I’m…I’m just hanging with someone from work. Gonna go checking out that new bar over in WeHo.”

“Right. What’s the name of the bar?”

“Sorry, what?”

“What’s the bar called? Haven’t heard anything about a new one.”

“Well, maybe Lexa and you should actually leave the house sometimes and try socializing for once.”

“We love staying in and it’s a little different for us in case you’ve suffered from memory loss.”

“It’s weird.”
“It’s not. And stop trying to lure me away from the actual topic. So. What’s his/her name?”

“Who’s what now?”

“Oh my god. What is going on with you? The mysterious Co-Worker you are hanging with? You just told me about it. And since when do you hang out with people from work anyway? You hate it!”

“Socializing, Clarke. You can’t relate. Can I borrow your car now? I’m already late. And for fucks sake cover your boobs, they are like right in my face. I can’t deal”, Raven said waving her hand in front of the blonde’s chest.

“Keys are in my purse. But I need it back by tomorrow morning. Lexa’s getting new tires and we have a house showing pretty early.”

“No, probs. Thanks, bye, love you!” Raven quickly said, pressed a kiss to Clarke’s forehead and left the apartment in a hurry leaving the blonde a bit confused, but she shrugged it away for the time being and finally washed a stressful day off of her tense body.

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This was it. Tonight or never. She could feel her nerves everywhere. They burned and tingled and all her senses went into overdrive, as the door finally opened revealing a smiling Anya.

She felt her mouth go dry immediately, as she fully took in the woman in front of her. Head to toe. Unashamed. Yes, she had seen her in casual clothes before, but this was different. (Probably because she didn’t have a massive crush before or whatever) Her hair was tight up in a messy bun (New and hot), her black Yoga pants hugged her lithe frame in ALL the right places and the striped shirt showed way too much cleavage for anyone with eyes to handle.

“Hey”, Anya nonchalantly said and Raven wanted to kiss that smile off her face like yesterday. The pull towards her was embarrassingly strong that moment and she was so weak and she
couldn’t handle it any longer, so she pushed the other woman inside her house, pinned her against the door, looked her deep in the eyes and finally closed the distance between them without saying a single word. So much for the brilliant speech she had come up with during the ride here.

But boy, it was more than she ever imagined it to be. It was magical, it was like from every sappy movie she hated so much and it was simply everything. She felt the initial shock of the older woman against her own body, but since she wasn’t hit on the head yet, she took it as a good sign for now? She slowly changed the angle of the kiss and a relieved sigh escaped her throat when Anya relaxed against her and finally reciprocated the movement of lips pressed against her own.

“Wwww-ait. What…what are you doing?”, the older Woods suddenly said, cheeks flushed, chest raising and falling rapidly, her left hand resting on the brunettes shoulder as if she couldn’t trust herself standing on her own.

“Kissing you?”

“But…I…Raven. I can’t…”

Ravens face fell and she could already feel the cracks in her heart, but she decided she would take this like a freaking Champion. She could break together later in the safety of her home in the arms of her best friend.

“Look. I get it. It’s okay. I just really wanted to do that for a while, cause life is damn short and I don’t know if you know, but you are damn kissable, likeable and annoyingly attractive, Woods. Can ya blame a girl?” She tried to joke and shrugged her shoulders. “And now I probably totally ruined dinner and if you don’t wanna see me again, I get it. We can just forget about it, like never ever talk about it again and I can give you space, you know? Oh, thanks for not killing me, I guess. I really tried to stop…feeling these things for you, but…yeah. Here we are. I can’t stop, failed. Obviously. Maybe we can be friends someday, or…”

“Raven?”

“Yes?”

“Could you please shut the fuck up?”

“Uhm, but don’t you think we should tal…”, but she couldn’t finish her sentence as Anya grabbed her face and kissed her again, more aggressive, more deep this time, her tongue slowly seeking entrance into unknown territory, but shit it felt good. Raven was pretty sure she had died, because
how the hell was that happening?

“What…are you doing? Not that I’m complaining or anything”, Raven dreamily smiled, pecking Anya’s lips again, just for good measure and science of course.

“Kissing you back?”, She winked, but her face went all serious so quickly, the brunette almost thought she had imagined it. “Raven, I…don’t know how to do this?” She diverted her gaze to the floor, chewing on her lips nervously.

“Hey. Look at me. We don’t have to do anything or anything you are not comfortable with for that matter, alright? But I’d love to show you how to? I got you.”

“But can you make it easy for me please? Cause I really am clueless” Anya answered in a low, briskly voice which send chills down Ravens spine all the way down to her toes.

“How easy are we talking?” The Latina whispered, taking in every tiny detail of the beautiful woman's face in front of her.

“Lets find ou, I guess!”, was the last thing the brunette perceived before her mind went totally blank as she was pulled into another kiss that made sure that she had officially reached peak gay.
GUYS! How is everyone doing?? Please don't hate me for the long break again. :D 
Forgive me and I hope you'll enjoy the new installment of these nerds.

Thank you for reading and can't wait to see what you think! xo-J

“Holy shit. That was…”, the dirty-blonde woman tried to say, covering her sweaty forehead with her right arm, trying to fill her burning lungs with oxygen, not aware of the grinning Latina next to her who leaned over to peck kiss-bruised lips. The taste of herself still lingering which immediately sent a whole new spark of arousal down her spine. She was in heaven and she never wanted to leave this bubble ever again.

“Right? Wow. I think I won’t be able to walk for a while. How are we alive? Can you believe?”

“Raven?”

“Yes. Me goddess of a Woman?”

“Why didn’t we do this before? Like A LOT sooner ”, Anya half-smiled, finally turning towards her girlfriend, scanning her face. (Yep, they had finally made it officially official after that horrendous lunch date with Clarke and Lexa and it was the best decision she had ever made).

“Let’s see. You hated me—like you had a really special place of hate only reserved for my bubbly self“, Raven began, but was shushed by Anya who held up one hand.

“For the record, I hate everyone, so that is not really a valid argument.”

“You so cute, you know that? Your misanthropic tendencies are adorable, babe.”

“I’m not…”, Raven kissed her then with a big smile on her face. “See? Adorbs”, the brunette said, poking her girlfriend in the chest. “But in all seriousness”, she continued, “You were in a very heterosexual relationship of many years and I honestly never thought, we would end up here. Let
alone that I would ever have a shot with someone like you”, the Latina admitted, while interlacing their fingers, every hint of cockiness or sarcasm gone.

And if this moment wasn’t disgustingly cute as it was, Anya cupped Ravens face, her thumb tracing prominent cheekbones.

“I’m glad we did. End up here. And I’m the lucky one, Raven. I’ve…I’ve never felt like…this”, the older Woods exhaled, gesturing between them. “You make me really happy and as long as you’ll have me, I’ll be here on this crazy journey. Maybe sometimes you have to be patient with me. I’m learning.” Anya grabbed her by the neck then, cause she couldn’t stand the Puppy look the brunette was given her and kissed her fiercely, her hand trailing down until it rested on firm cheeks, squeezing.

“You DO like my carefully sculpted behind.”

“Oh, I like much more than just that”, Anya quipped, lips connecting with a racing pulse point.

“Do tell, Woods.”

“How about I show you?”

“I’ve created a monster!”, Raven said, pretending to be shocked as she lifted the blanket leaving her girlfriend a little confused.

“She’s gonna break us. We ready for this? - Thanks for your input. Yup. Thought so.”

“Did you just talk to your Vagina?”

“I totally did. Now get back here.”
“I feel like we are never going to find a place before you have to leave”, Clarke pouted as she and Lexa were walking through another house but again nothing felt right and nothing felt good enough for their standards. First it was fun, then it got annoying and now Clarke even dragged going to these appointments at all, since she felt like she had seen every empty house in Silverlake.

“Are you okay?”, the actress said, squeezing her girlfriend’s hand, when they reached the staircase of the upper floor.

“I, yeah… I don’t know. I’m sorry, Lex. We’ve looked at approximately 15 houses in the past few weeks and nothing feels quite right. Or maybe it’s just me, being overworked and tired. It’s not clicking.”, Clarke sighed and was immediately pulled into a tight embrace. She inhaled her girlfriend’s scent deeply and without any reason tears suddenly stung in the corner of her eyes by the way Lexa held her. Strong, yet tender and in that moment the doctor wasn’t sure if she could manage not seeing, feeling her for so long way too soon.

“Do you want to stop? We have like all the time in the world and what are 6 more months, right? Once I get back home, we’ll try again. No rushing necessary. You’ll be done with the first round of the test-phase at work, I’ll be done with the movie and we can dive into this with fresh eyes and a clear mind”, Lexa smiled and caressed the blonde’s cheek with her thumb, hoping to she’d be able to calm her down.

“That does sound really appealing to be honest. But I don’t want you to think that I want to actively postpone moving in with you. I only want it to be perfect.”

“I know, Babe. But there is nothing you have to worry about. Trust me. I agree. Stop worrying, alright? Now, come on. I’ll tell Tim we are pushing the pause button on this and we go grab something to eat. How do you feel about that?”

“What am I going to do without you?”, Clarke said, half whispering, looking into her favorite set of green gems, before she pressed a soft kiss to plump lips.

“I mean, you could look into that movie club you found on Facebook? Or that puppy rescue group from two days ago, OR…”

“Are you making fun of my feelings?” Clarke stepped away a bit, pretending to be offended, but was
immediately pulled back.

“I would never. I don’t know what I’ll do without you, too. But we got this, remember? We’ll facetime every day, be super disgusting, do what we always do, we’ll figure it out. Can’t wait for that bill, tho”, Lexa winked and nudged her girlfriends shoulder.

“Yes. Totally. Gosh, you are so smart. We got this”, the doctor dreamingly smiled, while cupping her girlfriend’s face. “I love you.”

“I love you, too. Now come on. I’m starving and I really wanna leave this place.”

“Right? Have you seen that creepy painting in the hall?”

“Ugh. Horrible!”

Once outside they were so caught up in their playful banter, that Clarke had almost missed it, but for whatever reason and between playful kisses, she took a last glance up the long street one more time, before opening the door to Lexa’s car.

The brunette was still cackling over something the doctor had said that she only realized she was alone in the vehicle.

“Clarke, are you alright?”, She asked, stepping out again.

“What is THAT?” The blonde just said and pointed to an old, kinda unsound house right at the end of the road.

“I can’t really tell from down here, but it looks pretty brittle to me, Clarke.”
“I know, but there’s just something about it. Look at the two side wings. It’s like a tiny castle.”

And Lexa had to admit, it definitely gave off a very charming vibe from what she could make out from the distance, without her glasses on.

“Let’s check it out, come on!” Clarke hurriedly said and jumped into the SUV.

“Oh my god, it’s beautiful. Lex, look at this! What the hell is this place?” The blonde said, excitedly jumping around.

“Agreed. But please watch out? It seems like no one has entered that house for ages, let alone took care of it.”

“Imagine what we could do with this. We could literally rebuild it from scratch and it would be ours. How EPIC would that be?”, Clarke beamed grapping Lexa’s hand, eyes shiny with excitement.

“I…yeah. Totally. I love the idea!”

“I can hear the big But already…”

“But we don’t even know if it’s for sale, Babe. We’d need to find the owner, would need permits and that all takes likes weeks and it’s time I don’t have anymore. Sorry, I don’t wanna be a buzzkill. There’s nothing I want more than to finally starting our lives together in one place.”

“No, no. Oh my god. You are right. I just got excited, because it hit me so unexpectedly.”

“I would die to buy this right now. Not even kidding. You have no idea”, Lexa sighed and looked back to the house, which had obviously managed to magically made them fall in love with it at first sight. What the actress did not see was how intently Clarke watched her in that moment.
“Come on, movie star. Let’s go eat and close the house hunting chapter for today. I’m sure this place is not going anywhere any time soon, so.”

“Yeah, you are right. But kudos for even seeing that place, babe. Impressive.”, Lexa agreed and looked at the building one last time before getting into the car with a sigh, driving them Downtown.

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It was two weeks later when Clarke almost kicked the apartment door in yelling for her best friend.

“RAVEN! You better be home, alone, or not otherwise occupied, cause I think I did something.”

“Oh my god, chill your tits, Dude. Can you breathe for a second?”, The Latina said, as she casually walked out of her room with a bag of skittles in her hand. “Also, when are you not in some kind of trouble? Cause I’ve known you long enough to know, this expression on your face means trouble. Come sit, my friend”, Raven said, patting the spot next to her on the couch.

“Why are you so calm?” The blonde asked a little caught off guard.

“Clarke, plah-eease. Also the 23 texts from earlier were kind of an indicator, too. But that’s probably just me.”

“Right. Shit. Sorry about that.”

“Nah. Now tell me what kind of catastrophe we are about to tackle. I’m all ears. Wait. Is this a popcorn or skittle situation? I need the right snack for this.”

“Are you serious?”

“Is that a trick question? Of course I’m serious.”
“Skittles will do.”

“You are just saying that so I won’t go making popcorn.”

“Can I speak now?”

“Totally. GO.”

“Wait. Is Anya here?”

“ANYAHH?!”, Raven yelled turning her head towards the hallway. “Nope. Not here.”

“Why can’t you answer a question like a normal human being?”

“Start talking, I’m running out here already”, Raven winked, shaking the bag in front of Clarke’s.

“I bought a house.”

Raven choked on a skittle, looking at her friend, frowning. “What do you mean, you bought a house? When?”

“Like an hour ago?”

“Weren’t at the hospital an hour ago? I mean at least your find my phone said so.”

“Wh—Getting back to that later. I put down an offer and they took it and now it’s mine.”

“But…didn’t you and Lexa…Hold on. You didn’t tell her, did you?”
“No?” Clarke said, pressing her lips together.

“Are…are you…wow. Have you lost your mind? Dude.”

“I KNOW. But I couldn’t resist. It was perfect and she loved it and she has to focus on the movie now and I just…wanted to do something nice for her. For us.”

“Take her out to dinner, fuck her into oblivion, give her a massage, buy her flowers…”

“I get your point, thanks”, Clarke sighed, running her hand through her hair.

“Is it that old ruin you wouldn’t shut up about?”

“Yes?”

“So, when are you gonna tell her?”

“I…I’m not sure.”

“What is that even mean?”

“I thought now that I have it, I could like…have it rebuild and ready when she comes back. As a surprise.”

“But wasn’t the whole idea of potentially buying that thing for you guys so you could do that together?”

“Totally. Why am I like this, Ray?”

“Clearly, you are more stupid than you look. I’m kidding. Lets think about this. Like really. What are the pros? It really is a grant gesture and actually super cute of you, like damn. Skittle?” Raven
“Offered.”

“No, thanks.”

“Kay. Your loss. Where was I? Right. Also, you guys both loved it and she said she would buy it, too. It was kind of the universe telling you to do it. An idea tho: Maybe leave it as it is and wait with the whole Bob the Builder shit until she’s back home.”

“Thank you! *See? I’m good. Everything is fine. Wait. What are the cons?”* Clarke’s smile dropped again.

“Glad you asked.”

“She’s gonna fucking murder you!”, Anya all of a sudden said and closed the door behind leaving the blonde with the heart-attack of her lifetime.

“Where the HELL did you just come from?” Clarke squealed, holding onto her chest.

“Store. No more eggs”, The older Woods shrugged and walked to the fridge.

“She has a key now?”, Clarke whispered.

“I’m a Lesbian. If you think I’m gonna Uhaule the shit of this, you are damn right. Have you seen her?”

“How much did you hear?”, the doctor said instead, looking at Anya intently, totally ignoring her friend.

“Enough to know that you ARE in trouble. And I low-key love it.”

“Okay. But like, how much trouble are we talking?”
“You have tried to make her not pay for anything, right?”

“Dammit.”

“She’s so gonna sell it again, just to re-buy it so she can split the costs with you. That’s actually hilarious. Congrats Clarke. You have outdone yourself. That’s just awesome”, Anya giggled.

“Did you just…giggle?”

“You amuse me. Why wouldn’t I?”

“Guys. I need your help here. Seriously. Do I tell her? Am I’m not gonna tell her? WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?”

Clarke looked so lost in that moment that Anya rolled her eyes and took pity on the poor woman.

“I’m totally messing with you. Well, okay. Not entirely, but actually…It’s a super big gesture and I’m 89% sure she’ll love it.”

"89%? What kind of number is that? That's not even a 50/50 situation!"

“Awwww, Babe. That’s what I said. So Uhauling later. Get it?”, Raven said, clapping her hands.

“Great minds. Listen, Blondie. If you have a good feeling about it, go for it. Lexa is a sucker for stuff like this. I’d only worry about the fact that she is incapable of not paying for shit.”

“Raven?” Clarke, turned her to her friend who put a hand on her shoulder.

“Make it a surprise. But don’t rip her off the opportunity to do the rest WITH you. Cause I'm pretty sure that's when the problem gets real.”
“Thanks, guys. That was actually good advise...I think!” Clarke nodded, smiling at her friends.

“I have no idea why you act all surprised. We are always right”, Anya shrugged and went back to the kitchen. “Got another question for you tho. How exactly are you going to hide this from her since you idiots are basically attached to the hip?”

The blondes face fell. “Fuck.”
Clarke was stressed. Clarke had a million things on her mind and keeping this big ass secret from her Girlfriend was turning out to be fucking harder than any surgery she had ever performed. Of course, she was exaggerating, but at least that's how she felt, every time she snuck out to talk to the bank, the owner of the house or her lawyer OR her financial guy and every time Lexa happened to be around. The whole thing had turned into a constant hide and seek, apologies for being on the phone so much and one evening, the entire thing almost blew up in the doctors face, when she went to the bathroom leaving the actress alone for a minute too long with said phone. And being THAT stressed on the day Lexa would finally meet her parents after what felt like ages, didn't quite sit well with her right now. what the hell was she thinking? Unfortunately, after days and days after not telling her, there was no way she could do go back. It would be alright and she would have to trust the universe to be kind and give her all the strength. What could go wrong?

Lexa knew something was up. There had to be. For days Clarke hadn't been herself at all. She was being on edge, she seemed nervous and sometimes she couldn't even look her in the eye and it started to seriously freak her out. Australia was SO close now and in all honesty, thousands of possible scenarios went through her head every time the blonde was like this. She even left the room taking phone calls, which she never did and the brunette tried to push the scary thought of Clarke breaking up with her, right before she left to the last, dark corner of her brain. Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't. Like today. They had been going through her schedule for the movie at her house, killing the hours until they were driving over to the Griffin house, but ever so often she caught her Girlfriend sneaking a look at her phone, not really there with her and when Clarke excused herself for a minute and said phone lit up with a name she had never heard before, her stomach sank to her feet. She wouldn't---No. There was no way. Right?

There had to be another logical explanation for all of this. She caught her fingers itching to take the call, but restrained herself for invading Clarke's privacy like that. She blamed it on maybe Clarke being super nervous about her meeting her parents for the first time, but then a woman named MADISON seemed to smile at her wickedly from the illuminated screen adding to her growing mini crisis and Lexa had to bite her lip to give into the urge to pick up. But thank to god the decision was taken from her, when the blonde re-emerged from the bathroom, kissing the top of her head.

"You okay, Babe? You look like you've seen a ghost or something", the doctor giggled and plopped down to her previous position next to Lexa who managed to smile weakly, before she inhaled for one last breath of courage.
"Madison called."

Clarkes smile vanished immediately, her face a little pale all of a sudden. "Oh", was all she managed.

"A friend of yours?"

"Nah, not really, no. We uhm, we work together. She...she probably just called because we are having this super boring meeting tomorrow. No big deal", the blonde smiled and squeezed her hand.

"You never mentioned her being on your team is all and you told me about it", Lexa answered more accusatory than she intented, fidgeting with the hem of her shirt, which caused Clarke to lock eyes with her.

"There are like 10 more people I haven't talked about, so", Clarke tried to joke, but the way the brunette broke contact with her, told her that this had definitely been the wrong answer. Fuck. Why was she so bad at this.

"I don't expect you to, you know."

"Lex, what's going on? Are you jealous? Cause there is no way in hell..."

"Should I be? Jealous?", the actress interrupted.

"What? No. God, no. Are you crazy? What has gotten into you?"

"I don't know, Clarke. Am I? Cause honestly? I'm not the one who has been pulling away lately, being all weird and secretive. We spent almost every day together, did you think I wouldn't notice? If this is about Australia, or moving in together...", Lexa said, her voice breaking a little.

"Babe. Look at me. We got this, remember? I want this. Us. Always. I love you, you dork. There is absolutely no reason for you to be jealous, or freak out because of Australia. I promise you."

"You would tell me, wouldn't you?", Green was locking with blue then and Clarke was taken aback by the intensity of her stare a bit.

"Of course. Now, come on, or we'll be late to dinner and my Mom is kinda keen on punctuality", the blonde tried to defuse, but she also knew that there was no way she could keep this up any longer without actually risking Lexas trust in her. She did suck at keeping secrets. Big fucking time.

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"Lexa, it is SO nice to finally meet you. We already thought Clarke had made you up", Jake greeted the actress later with a toothy grin on his face, pulling her into a hug, which she gladly reciprocated.
"You, too, Mr. Griffin. Thank you for having us tonight. It's a pleasure. Yeah, she can be pretty all over the place, can't she?", Lexa said, chancing a side glance at her Girlfriend who handed her mother a bottle of wine.

"And funny. How great, isn't it, Abby?", Jake smiled.

"Very. Welcome, my dear. We've heard so much about you!", Abby chimed in, took Lexa's coat and pointed the couple to the dining room.

"I hope only good things. You have a beautiful home, Mr. and Mrs. Griffin."

"Aw thank you, I really appreciate that. Sit, sit. Would you like some wine? Red, White, or a Rosé?"

"White, please", Lexa smiled a little shy, but relaxed when she felt Clark's hand on hers under the table.

"So, Lexa. How is your career going? You have made an impressive name for yourself at such a young age. Isn't that a little...overwhelming sometimes? with all the pressure, attention, money...” Abby asked a while later, wathing the actress intently.

"It's...Well, yeah. I mean sometimes it really is. My schedules are very demanding, but it's my passion and also I have a wonderful support system behind me."

"And a wonderful Girlfriend", Abby added, which gained Clarke's attention immediately and she silently send a "Are you serious" look her mother's way.

"And a very, very wonderful Girlfriend, yes. I'm the luckiest", Lexa agreed, locking eyes with the blonde who smiled brightly and if she was not mistaken, her ears turned a little red.

"Clarke tells us you are leaving soon for Australia, was it? That's fairly far away and a long time to be separated".

"Mom can I talk to you for a second?", Clarke said gesturing towards the kitchen, pressing a kiss to Lexa's cheek before she got up, leaving her with Jake who simply raised his glass and shrugged. "Cheers?"

"What the hell are you doing?", the doctor said, the second she was sure that they were out of hearing range.

"I'm not doing anything. I'm getting to know your very famous, but lovely Girlfriend."

"No. You are interrogating her and making her fucking uncomfortable!"

"Language, young Lady!"
"Mom. What is your problem?"

"I don't want you to get hurt, Clarke. You seem very serious about her and I don't want you to get your heart broken."

"And I appreciate that, but I'm an Adult now. I can handle things on my own. You don't have to worry, yeah? No one is breaking anyone's heart anytime soon. Geez."

"I'll always worry about you. You are my daughter. And I now you are more than capable, but imagine all the people she meets there and what if one day she doesn't get as much attention and can't deal with it..."

"Can you stop? You make her sound like as if she's the biggest player and attention seeker in the world. She's a huge dork, yes, but you'd know that, if you'd actually give her a chance? I trust her and I love her very much, Mom. Seriously, please. Can you not be like this to her? This evening is very important for me. I want her feeling as welcomed as I did at her parents house."

Abby smiled then and pulled her daughter into a tight embrace. "I'm sorry, Honey. She is amazing and I'm very happy for you. I'll make it up to her, okay? I just...you'll always be my little girl."

"Thank you! I love you, Mom. And I get it, but you have to trust that I'm making the right decisions for me and she is the best thing that ever happened to me."

"I know, sweetheart. And I love you, too. So have you told her by now about the---" And just before Abby finished her sentence, Lexa and Jake entered the kitchen, plates in hands.

"We thought, we'd check on you two and start the dishes. Right, Lexa?"

"Right. By the way, told me about what?" The brunette asked curiously, looking between the Griffin women who both had a hard time deciding how not act all awkward. Failing miserably of course.

"I...what? Nothing. Like I literally have no idea", Clarke babbled.

"The, the...the baking course!", Abby chimed in, looking at her daughter who rolled eyes, shaking her head.

"But you hate baking", Lexa said, a little confused and the blonde took it as her cue to flee the scene.

"Be back in one minute, okay? I just remembered something. Mom, why don't you guys take care of dessert together."

"What about me?"

"You'll figure it out, Dad."
"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck fuck!", Clarke whispered to herself locked in the guest bathroom waiting for Raven to pick up her god damn phone.

"Lesbian Jesus speaking?"

"Raven! FINALLY. Where were you?"

"Doing the gods work in the sheets?"

"Hi Claire!" Anya called.

"Seriously? Okay, I don't even wanna know. I'm in a crisis situation!"

"Wait. Let me put this on speaker. Clarke is in another crisis, babe. We need to save her ass again."

"Do I have time to get something to eat?", Anya asked.

"Did you hear my Girlfriend, Clarkey? I'm so proud."

"GUYS!"

"Is your Mom killing Lexa?"

"No. It was okayish until she said something that musta kind of sounded to her along the lines of: "Oh. I was right. My girl IS hiding something from me and her Mother just confirmed it". I'm fucked. I can't do this anymore."

"This is hilarious. Dude. Why don't you just tell her already? Put yourself out of your self-inflicted misery and stop being a dramatic bitch." Anya cackled into the phone.

"BECAUSE it was supposed to be that big ass surprise when she comes back and now its ruined. I'm not being overly dramatic. Leave me alone."

"Nothing is ruined. It's just a change of plans. She'll be just as thrilled", Raven said taking pity on her friend.

"I suck at keeping secrets", Clarke sighed.

"You do. You good now? Cause I have things to do..." "To me. she has things to do to me", Raven interrupted and finished Anyas sentence.

"You gus are disgusting. Thanks for the talk tho. Bye." Clarke rolled her eyes, took a deep breath, exhaled and went back downstairs to find her three favorite people laughing and talking together and for a second she just watched the scene in front of her and this was all she ever wanted and would want forever. With the brunette and her distinctive, beautiful smile, her sense of humor...who was she kidding? Everything about her. She could fill pages with all the things she loved about her and could go on and on how she still managed to take her breath away every day.
"Hey, you guys seem to have a good time. Can I join?" She finally said and was immediately pulled down next to her Girlfriend.

"Your Mom is telling me all of your embarrassing stories", Lexa grinned, her pupils blown and so full of life that Clarke couldn't help but press a quick kiss to her lips.

"Oh, fantastic. So I guess you guys are good then?", She asked, looking at her Mother.

"We are. I apologized to Lexa for my tendency to overstep and making assumptions. I also told her that I think that she is amazing", Abby winked and nudged the actresses shoulder.

"That she is!"

"So, the story. Clarke was 5 and went Rollerskating? Naked?"

"Oh god. MOM!"

I had a really great time tonight, Babe. Thank you for introducing me to your parents!", Lexa later said as they were driving back to her place.

"I'm sorry about my Mother though. She is overprotective."

"I get it. As she should be. I don't blame her. Everything is great."

Clarke didn't say anything for a second before she made her decision and took the next exit from the Highway.

"Where are we going? Isn't this the wrong one?"

"No. It's not actually."

Lexa furrowed her brows and turned in the passenger seat so she could look at her Girlfriend.

"Clarke?"

"Can I take you somewhere?"

"Is this the point where I find out that you've been a Serialkiller all along?"

"Funny. But no. You are way too important and beautiful to be killed like that."

"Charming."

"I know. Seriously tho. I wanna show you something and I really hope you'll like it."
"Okay? Yes. Yes, of course" Lexa answered, grabbing Clarke's hand, kissing the warm Skin softly.

It was 30 minutes later when the blonde knew that her Girlfriend knew, where they were when they drove up the hill to the old house.

"This is the place we went to see a while ago. What are we doing here at Midnight, Clarke?"

"Look", the doctor started, grabbing both of Lexa's hands, cause she couldn't do this without having any kind of physical contact. "We both know that I have been a little absent lately, as we also talked about earlier. There is a reason for that."

"Oh god. I'm not sure if I'm ready."

"Wait. Listen, Lex. I love you. I'm so in love with you that sometimes I don't understand how I could ever get so lucky and when you asked me to move in with you, I could see it all. Our life. Together. It was all there, right in front of me. And then we went looking and looking and one day we ended right here, where we stand now and I saw the look in your eyes and how much you loved it, too. And then we agreed to get back to it after the movie. The thing is, I couldn't wait that long and I actually wanted to surprise you, for you'd return home, but obviously, I suck at this and it was getting in the way of our last days together and I really hope you are not mad, cause I kinda...bought it?"

Lexa was speechless to put it mildly. She was pretty sure she had a tiny seizure just then and there as watery blue eyes looked up to her, expectantly, a little scared even. So she didn't even feel the first tear falling, as she silently grabbed Clarke's face and kissed her as soft as she could, her thumb tracing familiar cheeks.

"I take it you are not mad?" The blonde said, after having to catch her breath after a few passing moments.

"No. God, no. How...how the hell did you manage that? I mean we are together like all the time." "Magic, I guess?" Clarke shrugged.

"Wow. I'm...I love you so much. This is...I honestly don't know what to say, Baby." Lexa said, covering her mouth with her hand, letting her eyes roam over the building. Their home. Surreal. Simply surreal.

"Are you happy?"

"Happy? Clarke, you bought us a house. Also, I wish I wouldn't have to be going and start working on it like immediately. Holy shit. You bought this."

"Ha, I did. But hey, where would the fun be? You go, be amazing and come back knowing this is waiting for you. How epic is that?"
"Definitely better when you say it. So, can I drive you home now and show you, just how much I like this?" Lexa said, her voice lower, capturing Clarke's bottom lip and sucked. *(Immediate Griffin Pantie ruining initiated)*

"Uhm, LIKE NOW? Come on, Woods!"

"You do you realize that I'm gonna pay at least half of the price, right?" Lexa said she climbed out of the car and opened the door for Clarke who jumped into her arms, holding her like a Koala.

"Shut up and take me inside. You can pay me with your tongue later" the blonde whispered against a very sensitive spot she knew drove her Girlfriend crazy.

"Oh god", was the last thing the actress was able to say before clothes seemed to be flying everywhere and she felt her head hit the soft fabric of the pillows on her bed.
One month. Oh god! But I'm back and guys, it's happening. We are saying goodbye to Lexa and it honestly pained me to have her leave her peeps behind to begin this adventure.

Writing this chapter has felt really good and different which is weird, but...I'll take it. I know it's not the longest, but I hope you will like how I parted our favorite couple. Let me know what you think! And thank you for all your continuos, amazing support and feedback. Love you all! XO-J.

Lexa was in a haze. She had been for four days in a row now and that haze was called Clarke Griffin and she never wanted to be anywhere else. The world could crumble outside the magical bubble they were currently living in and she wouldn't have cared for even a second.

Between managing to get some actual packing done, they had locked themselves in her house, spending time together, milking the their last few days the best they knew how to. They laughed, they cried, they made plans and promises, they talked, they fucked, they made love, they held each others hands and stored every look, every touch, every single moment away for the times when being separated for so long would inevitably become too overwhelming. She wasn't sure if she could ever let go, cause she had never felt more connected to Clark on every level of their relationship than in the past few weeks and every time she was sure she couldn’t be more happy, she was disabused all over again.

It was not that she wasn’t excited to film this movie, she really really was, but she wished she just could take Clarke with her, let her stay at a super fancy apartment and just come home to her every day after long hours of filming, like she was used to and let her embrace her. She could provide her a nice, proper vacation this way, one where their lives weren’t in danger, or crazy old women drugged them, but of course she knew she couldn’t do any of that and she felt the familiar lump built in her throat thinking about the months they were going to be spending apart, after working so hard to mending every aspects of their lives together and the sudden realness of that separation hit the brunette like a rock.

“Babe, come back to me”, Clarke whispered beneath her, cupping her cheek forcing her to snap out of her reeling mind and the actress wanted to scream at how much she felt, when she looked down into dark blue eyes. The blonde’s words brought her back to the present and suddenly Lexa wanted to be everywhere at once. She wanted to kiss every inch of her Girlfriends skin. She wanted to map and treasure every freckle, every mark, every tiny detail she might have missed during the other millions of times they had done this. But tonight, everything was different. They were different. Life was going to be different.
Clarke’s nipples grazed her own, hot, sweaty chest and it took Lexa every ounce of self control to not hurry this, but stay present, bottling the taste of the doctors skin, her smell and the way her golden tresses felt between her fingertips.

She leaned down and kissed the blonde as if it was their last. It was kind of. How bittersweet.

It was messy, with the way her favorite body moved beneath her, but she didn’t care. All she cared for was the way Clarke’s hips were bucking when she buried two fingers in slick warmth and how she looked up at her, a tiny crease of utter pleasure between her eyes.

Lexa studied the beautifully changing expressions on Clarke’s face religiously with each movement between creamy, strong thighs, working them both into a frenzy and when they came by each others hands, she let the tears fall. Finally. And it was the most intense, intimate moment the young actress had ever experienced. She couldn’t not cry and the fact that Clarke didn’t ask her what was wrong, she knew that she felt the same. In synch. They were in total synch.

She was proven right, when Clarke pulled the thin sheets up, covering their naked, sated bodies, wrapping her in a tight embrace and kissed the crown of her head.

“I’m gonna miss you so much”, Lexa whispered, capturing her girlfriends already kiss bruised lips all over again.

“I’m gonna miss you, too”, Clarke said and wiped away the tears running down the brunettes face with her thumbs. “We got this”, she added letting Lexa rest her head in the crook of her neck.

“You are going to be having an amazing time and you’ll make movie magic and I’m gonna be over here bragging about how proud I am. And when you come home, we can start our life together. I can't fucking wait, Babe”, Clarke chuckled, trying to lighten the mood a bit.

“I wish I could take you with me. That would make everything so much easier”, Lexa sighed and let her finger run over Clarkes left boob. “I’m gonna miss those”.

“It’s your lucky day. I’m planning on keeping them until you are back.”

“Thank goodness. I love them so much.”
“I know you do. They kinda love you, too.”

“Kinda?”

“They just feel like, you are favoring them over other pretty awesome qualities”, Clarke winked, her hand wandering down to Lexa’s perfectly sculpted ass and squeezed. (Sidenote: She was pretty damn sure that Lexa was actually made by the gods. There was no other explanation).

And when Clarke’s head disappeared between her legs moments later, Lexa was flying.

It was hours later, in the early morning, her favorite time of the day, when Lexa couldn’t seem to bring herself to wake up the love her life snoring peacefully next to her. Blonde, messy hair sprawled all over the pillows, the sun danced on her perfect face, her chest rose and fell in a steady rhythm. She had to suppress a giggle tho, when Clarkes rubbed her nose, the crinkle too cute to handle, but she had to eventually disrupt this last moment of normality and peace, cause her plane would be leaving in 4 hours and they had to be ready to meet Raven, Anya and Octavia at the airport. Her heart felt heavy, when she thought about all the mornings she would be alone thousands of miles away from home.

Lexa took a last shaky breath, before she leaned down and pressed a soft kiss to Clarke’s temple. “Baby”, she whispered a few times, but of course she chose to sleep like a stone when they were on a schedule. It was painful, but she had to do it, knowing how slow her girlfriend was in the morning. She placed soft kisses all over her face and when the blonde finally started to move, her lips found hers and she could feel the sleepy smile against her skin. She loved this particular moment, when Clarke would come to life, her eyelids heavy, her voice even raspier than usual, her hair wild and seemingly untameable.

“Hi”, she croaked and Lexa couldn’t help but snap a quick picture of her Girlfriend smiling and trying to hide her face behind her hair.

“Hi, Beautiful. Come here”, Clarke demanded and without any hesitation, Lexa leaned in, burying her hands in blonde hair.

“I have to get up, don’t I?”, the blonde pouted.
“Unfortunately. We all know how much time you need and we have to leave for the airport soon”, Lexa tried to smile, but failed.

“I can’t believe today is the day,” Clarke sighed, biting her lower lip trying not to cry already.

“Me neither. This went by way too fast.”

“Are you excited?”

“I am, but…phew. Right now all I can think about is not falling apart and missing you already. It’s stupid…I know and I know we can Facetime and all, but…”

“Hey. Babe. Look at me. We talked about this. You are going to have the time of your life and so help me god, I will not hinder you from doing this. This is yours. You deserve this. You will enjoy this, you will find new friends there and you’ll see, we are back to our disgustingly adorable normal couple routine before you know it”, Clarke smiled and squeezed Lexa’s hand.

“How do you always do that?” The brunette asked.

“Do what, Babe?”

“Ground me.”

“Hmm, I guess I know you better than you know yourself sometimes and I love you very much, Superstar. And now leave me alone so I can get ready to drop my gorgeous Girl off like the picture perfect Girlfriend that I am.”

Lexa chuckled and pressed a kiss right above Clarke’s heart. “I love you.”

“So. Are you ready for this?”
“I am”, Lexa answered and watched Clarke waltz into the bathroom in her birthsuit. “I think”, the actress mumbled to herself, sighed and started loading the car with her luggage.

“Well, well well, look what the cat dragged in. Oh my god you guys are REAKING! EW”, Raven yelled, after Clarke and Lexa parked the SUV on the secluded VIP parking lot, walking towards their friends.

“Reaking of what?”

“Still useless. Never mind. I’m actually surprised you guys made it time all on your own, since we haven’t seen you two bitches for an entire week. I feel robbed of my last quality hanging out time with sexy-Lexy here.”

“You are barely hang out alone, Raven.”

“Yes, because you are like glued to her side all the time. So tragic. Guess we have to do that, when you get back then”, the Latina winked and wrapped her arms around her friend. “I’m gonna miss you, Bish”, she then said, more serious.

“I’m gonna miss you, too. Please take care of my sister for me, yeah?”, Lexa tried to respond, but her voice was betraying her hard and she quickly turned and buried her wet face in the crook of her sister’s neck.

“I’m so proud of you. Gonna miss you, kid. I love you. Go get ‘em”, Anya whispered, pushing some hair behind Lexa’s ear, smiling a sad smile.

“I’m gonna call you, once I landed.”

“You better.”
Lexa squeezed her sisters hands one last time before she said her goodbyes with Octavia and Raven again until a tall guy in a suit informed her that her Jet was ready to go and when her eyes found Clarkes again, she was in her arms within seconds, breathing her in, kissing her, not caring that they had an audience.

“I love you so much, Clarke. We got this, right?”

“We got this. I love you, too. Now go or I won’t be able to walk away from you. Call me when you can.”

The brunette nodded, kissed her one last time for good measure and finally turned around and walked away from the people she valued most into a 6 months adventure far out of her comfort zone. She didn’t look back before the door closed behind her and when she took her seat, her heart was beating so fast that she feared it would jump out of her chest. She got this.

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“Clarke. We have to go, come on!”, Raven said, resting her hand on her friend`s shoulder long after Lexa had taken off.

“You can go if you want. I have to take her car back anyways. Oh god.”

“What?”

“She`s really gone. For 6 month. How am I going to function? I can't do this.”

“Uhm, a lot of Skype sexy times, can’t wait for those stories by the way and super much qualitytime with your bestie?”

“I’m doomed.”

It was going to be fine, right?
Guys! I'm back. I'm so sorry for the delay, again. I'm the absolute worst and you are all the absolute best. Thank you for sticking around and leaving all your wonderful comments. I hope I can make it up to you a bit with this chapter. Let me know what you think. I'm not sure if it's any good to be honest :D. But i will let you decide.

We are also heading into the last few chapters of this story and can't tell you how much I'm dreading it. I think it's gonna be 2-3 more until the end, but enjoy this chapter first and let's cry together when it's time to say goodbye. Much love, J

"She's a mess", Raven sighed, struggling to hold her phone as she was simultaneously making sandwiches in the kitchen.

"Who is?", Anya asked on the other end while she quickly scanned through the hundreds of Emails she had received over the weekend, already prioritizing them with her schooled eye.

"Are you even listening to me? The Queen of England."

"Oh really? Why? Aren't they like supposed to be super unproblematic? But I always had a feeling about her to be honest."

"An, seriously?"

The darkblonde haired woman could practically hear her girlfriend rolling her eyes and she decided today was not the day for her sarcastic commentary.

"I'm sorry, Babe. I'm just messing with you. What did Clarke do now?"

"Nothing. That's the problem. She's acting like a freaking cave person lately. Hiding in her room, scheduling her day just so she can talk to Lexa. She barely speaks with us, which I have to admit, is kind of a blessing sometimes, but I'm getting a little worried and I'm honestly running out of ideas here. Help your GF out? I promise I will pay you back well."

"This sounded so wrong on SO many levels, but I'll take it anyway. But seriously: It's been a month, give her some time. She'll be alright. Clarke and I have never been like super close or anything, but I know her well enough to say that she is just being a dramatic shit at the moment. And you know that, too. Hell, even better than her own Mother, I reckon. Let her be a cave girl for a minute and once she runs out of Conditioner, she'll come back."
"Fuck, when did you become even wiser than I am?"

"I have many yet to be discovered talents, my love!" And immediately after the word had left her mouth, Anya's eyes widened in sheer terror of what she had just dropped. Judging from the silence on the other end of the phone, Raven was just as surprised, but thankfully didn't comment on it. It had taken her long enough to even consider using pet names without vomiting, let alone a pet name that stood in any relation to the word "Love".

"I-ugh", Raven tactfully cleared her throat and balled her hand into a fist, before she continued. "I...I should let you get back to work. Thanks for the peptalk, Hotstuff. See you tonight?"

"Absolutely. If I'm going to survive this day that is. Tell the dramaqueen I said hi."

"Ha, will do! Let me know if I should punch a bitch."

"Bye, Babe." Anya shook her head when she disconnected the call and blankly starred at her phone for another 5 minutes before she resumed the task at hand: Delete every single Email. (She did not, but she was close)

********************************************************************************

"Yo, Clarkey. Can I come in? I'm bearing gifts!"

"What kind of gifts?"

The Latina grinned. "Like your super favorite Sandwich?"

"What's my super favorite Sandwich?"

"The one that is really disgusting to the normal person, because of the ridiculous amount of pickles, pulled pork, hot BBQ sauce and black olives?"

"You may enter!"

"Oh my god. What is this smell, Dude?" Raven said as she placed down the plate on her friends nighttable, opening a window.

"The smell of my rotting heart?"
"Really? Anya was right. You ARE being dramatic."

"You've talked to Anya?"

"Of course I did. She is my girlfriend and like the only other person who is not biased when it comes to your sorry ass. What are you even doing? Did you stalk her social media again?"

"For one: Ouch. My ass is not a sorry ass, thank you very much and second of all: I'm not stalking her social media. I'm... you know? Following along. Have you seen how active she is lately? Like these post alerts are THE best."

"That's semi stalking Clarke and since when do you care about shit like that? Also we both know she does it, because she has to."

"I... Oh my god. I have become that person, right? I just... I miss her so much."

"I know. And she misses you, too."

"How is it only like a month? How am I supposed to survive another 5 of these motherfuckers?"

"Are you even sleeping?"

"Of course I'm sleeping. Stop treating me like a crazy person."

"Maybe I would, if you wouldn't act like one. I get that you miss her, but I'm pretty sure sexy Lexy would jump on the next freaking plane if she would see you like this. I mean, look at your hair."

"What about my hair?"

"There is candy wrapper in it and I'm pretty sure if you look close enough, even your car keys."

"You are an ass."

"I know."

"I'm sorry. Can you hug me now?" Clarke whined, her lower lip quivering while she opened her arms.

"Shower first, hugs later. Have you talked to her?"
"Yeah. We try as much as we can, but the time difference is really a bitch- But she seems really happy and that makes me happy. It's just...yeah, different."

"I know the solution to all your problems and yes, I AM the best friend in the entire world!"

"A time machine? Please tell me its's a time machine", Clarke grinned and took a big bite out her sandwich.

"No. It's not a time machine, sorry. But how about you go shower, Alley Oop and then I'll tell you all about it."

***************************************************************************

"Are you serious?" Clarke said, 30 minutes later, sitting crosslegged on her bed, leaning against the headboard, eyeing her friend curiously.

"Who do you think you are talking to? Of course I'm serious."

"I'm not gonna do this with you."

"Clarke, please. You know I'm right."

"How is this going to fix me missing her and vise versa?"

"Because, you idiot, intimacy is a very important factor. Feeling close and connected and all that jazz."

"But I'm literally talking to a screen."

"Than make the most of it. Listen. I promise you, once the phone sex elephant is out of the room, it will get better. Trust me".

"But how? Also I haven't done this before and I'm pretty sure Lexa has not, too. I don't wanna freak her out."

"Just ask her then."
"I still don't see how this is going to help us. It's not like you can masturbate time away".

"Try it, thank me later. Gotta run. You'll be fine, Griff. It's a good thing. You guys have been practically glued to the hips ever since you started dating."

"I love her. Of course I wanna be with her as much as possible."

"I get it, but maybe see it as something you can both grow from as individuals in this relationship instead of making your daily life a living hell for yourself. You are perfectly capable of doing that, even without Lexa which goes both ways, my friend. You can both miss each other, but thank fucking goodness we are living in a dnage where you can like still see each other every day and don't have to go through complete radiosilence. Alrighty, really gotta go get laid now. Hang in there!", Raven winked and kissed Clarke on the forehead, before she left the room.

"Raven?!

"Yes?"

"Love you!", Clarke said, winking back.

"I love you, too. Don't spare me any dirty details, please. Thanks. Bye."

*********************************************************************

"Aaaaaaand, CUT!", the Director announced through his meg. "Fantastic job today, everyone. That's a wrap for the week. Enjoy your weekend and I'll see you all Monday morning, you'll be picked up from your apartments by the time scheduled for each of you."

Lexa clapped along with the crew and the other actors, hugging a few of the Extras goodbye before her PA escorted her to the make up trailer.

"What a day, huh?" Aden said, his smile beaming, as he proudly strode alongside the actress.

"Totally. Exhausting, but a good one for sure. You've been wonderful today!", She complimentated the 20 year old and she had to admit, in the short amount of time she had known the guy with his wild blonde hair and greenish eyes, he had grown on her. Always polite, always reliable, never too forward and super loyal. Lexa liked him. She liked talking to him and after the first few long night shoots on set, he had been the perfect company with his witty sense of humor and his ability to
always know exactly what to say. So of course it hadn't taken her long to form a friendship with him.

"Nah, stop. You are doing all the amazing work here, Lex."

"Keep telling that to yourself. Anyway. Any fun plans for the weekend?", the actress asked as they entered the trailer and boy, couldn't she wait to have all that stuff removed from her face.

"Not really. My Girlfriend actually wanted to fly in from Adelaide for a few days, but you know, life is a bitch sometimes and now she is stuck with college stuff and won't be able to make it."

"Aw, sorry, Buddy. That sucks."

"Yeah well, now it's just me. How about you? I think a few of the guys want to head out later to grab a drink in town. Do you wanna come...maybe?"

"I'm sorry. I can't. But maybe next time. I promise", Lexa smiled and nudged his shoulder.

"Fine. I guess no one can compete with the hot girlfriend back at home", he winked.

"That my friend, is very true. How about dinner tomorrow? Sally from the production office swears on this little Italian place down by the Marina. We could go and check that out if you are up for it?", Lexa suggested and could see the big smile forming on his freckled face.

"Yeah. Sure. I mean, that sounds cool. Let's do it. Do you need anything else, or...?"

"No, no. I'm good. Just getting cleaned up and heading out. Thanks, Aden. Tell the guys I said hi".

"Kay, will do. Bye, Lex. See ya later".

********************************************************************

It took exactly 2 rings before Lexa looked into her favorite set of blue eyes and her whole body immediately started tingling by the way Clarke was sleepily smiling at her.

"Hi, Baby! That was quick", She cackled and leaned against her headboard, iPad on her bare thighs.
"Can't see your pretty face quick enough. Don't blame a girl in need."

"Never. You look beautiful."

"I don't. My face is all wrinkly and I'm pretty sure I have pillow marks on my cheek."

"You always look beautiful to me."

"Oah, you ol' smooth-talker. You look beautiful, too. How was your day?", the doctor asked, as she moved to lay on her stomach, curious eyes watching her.

"Great. Amazing actually. Everyone was really delivering their best game today, so we were done earlier than planned and I headed straight home."

"That instagram story you posted earlier with the ice cream cone you put in Aden's face was hilarious. Did he smack you?"

"Literally no one believes me that I tripped."

"Sure, Jan. Whatever you say. I'm glad you are doing so well over there."

"It would be better, if I had you here with me. I miss you so much, Clarke. How was your day?"

"I miss you, too. Oh you know. The usual. Some work, some whining, some drama..."

"What drama?"

"Nothing major. Just Raven calling me out for being a sap."

"Do you want me to kick her ass? I've learned some bad ass moves already."

"Sure you could- GOD. I wanna touch you so hard right now. I did say, how much I miss you, right?"

Lexa gulped at the way Clarke was looking at her now and the sudden warmth that was brewing in her lower belly wasn't really helping either.

"How-how much exactly?", She started, not really sure where this was coming from, but she didn't have to. She felt it and she felt it even more, by the way her girlfriends eyes darkened.
The blonde couldn't believe what was happening. It was happening, right? Like she wasn't imagining this? Boy, she had been spending a ridiculous amount of time figuring out a way to present Lexa the idea of this, but in no lifetime had she ever thought the actress would start it. She low key loved it tho, no lies detected here. Especially because it spared her her embarrassing rambling she knew she would have put them both through.

"So much that I'd literally book a flight now, just to run my fingers and lips all over your body?"

Lena watched in awe as the camera shifted and Clarke was now in a sitting position, too, braizing pulling her tank top over her head which left her with only a sports bra.

"Are...are you sure about this? I...I have never done something even remotely close to it and..."

"Lex?"

"Yes?"

"I haven't done it either, so would you...would you like to have awkward first time Facetime Sex with me?", Clarke smiled and hoped that she could make this all a little less weird.

"Absolutely. Oh god, I don't even know how to start", Lexa grinned, her eyes roaming over the doctors beautiful, curves and she would have given everything in that moment to run her tongue over Clarke's hardened nipples.

"Just...lets just not think about too much. What would you do to me right now? And please tell it involves me having to imagine your head between my legs immediately".

"First of all? Take that bra off. Now!"

As it turned out, Clarke had a massive thing for Lexa talking dirty to her and Lexa had a thing for watching Clarke do ungodly things to her body. Watching her girlfriend getting off on her own fingers and the words she used made the brunettes head spin. She came so hard during that phone call, surprised she could even do that without Clarikes tongue or her fingers physically buried inside of her. Also, they found out that Lexa fell even more in love with the blondes boobs, if that was even possible.

"Wow."
"Wow, indeed. Are you okay?", Clarke asked after her breathing and her heartrate had returned to a normal pace again.

"More than. That was something else. God, you are so hot. Facetime Sex is hot".

"Says you who made me come like 3 times with your voice alone."

"I love watching you like this," Lexa said while she turned to her side, her naked boobs on full display.

"I love you", Clarke whispered. "I wish I could kiss you now."

"Me, too.
"Were you uncomfortable with anything, cause like we don't--"

"Clarke!"

"Yeah?"

"The only thing that's uncomfortable is how wet I still am."

Clarke blinked rapidly, her throat dry. "So you are saying, we should do it again?"

"I think we should, ya. I mean I'm pretty sure there are plenty of things we could do and..."

"God, I miss you, you hot nerd."

"I miss you, too. Is it weird that I was thinking about this, but didn't know how to ask?", Lexa grinned and Clarke almost died. How was this woman even real? Like for real.

"Let's just say, I can relate. A lot actually". Clarke rested her head on her arm and simply watched the rise and fall of her girlfriends chest on the screen.

"Am I loosing you for a stupid thing called sleep?", the actress asked, dangerously close to doze off herself.

"You might. I'm sorry, Babe. Sleep with me?"
And before Lexa could answer, they both drifted off with a big ass smile on their faces, iPads in hands, bodies sated and fucking Raven Reyes was right. Again. Of course she was.
“Lex! Hey, Lexa. Wait up!” Aiden yelled trying to keep up with the actress after she had said her goodbyes to the cast and crew after a long and excruciating 17 hour day.

“Sorry, Aid. I didn’t hear you”, the brunette smiled, pointing to her headphones.

“All good. You forgot your call sheet for later and I-I just wanted to make sure you have it”, he exclaimed a little out of breath.

“Aw thanks. You are absolute Angel. What would I ever do without you?” She pulled the young man into a hug and could feel him smiling against her shoulder.

“Not much. Obviously. Are you heading home, or can I talk you into getting a late night milkshake with me?”

“Usually I would totally die for this, but I think I’m just gonna call it a night, get the makeup off and head to my place. Rain check?”

“Absolutely. You heading to makeup now?”

“Yeah, why?”

“Sarah has been shooting heart eyes at you all day and the day before that and the day before and the week before THAT. Just wanted to give you a heads up, cause you know…I’m not sure you were really aware of it”, Aiden winked.
“What? No. No way. She’s just friendly.”

“Yeah, right. She touched your arm and face like 35 times while redoing some of your braids. I don’t know about you, but for me that’s a bit too much friendly touchy touchy.”

“Even if you were not seeing things, which clearly you ARE, I’m very very happily taken and so is Sarah if I recall correctly. Nothing to worry about”.

“Okay. Fine. I was just saying. It was kinda much and I-“

“Thank you for looking out for me Aid. I appreciate it.”

“Anytime. I know Sarah and she can be…something else. Just be a little careful around her is all I’m saying.”

“GOT it. See you later, Sherlock?”, Lexa answered and nudged his shoulder which made him cackle.

“You’d be the most useless Watson tho. Good thing I like you regardless. Night, Lex”, he said, hugged her once more before he disappeared into the direction of the parking lot.

The brunette only shook her head in amusement, stored the call sheet in her bag and continued her way down to the hair and makeup trailer, but now that Aiden had planted that seed in her head she didn’t really know how to NOT look for any clues that Sarah indeed had a tiny crush on her?

Of course she had noticed how affectionate the redhead was towards her, she wasn’t stupid. But Lexa, in her innocent mind always categorized it as just who Sarah was. She was a very outgoing, bubbly, touchy and funny person in general and the actress had honestly not been thinking much of it. Until now. Great.

She glanced at her phone and considered calling Clarke, because for whatever fucked up reason she felt the urge to explain herself and the situation.

*Explain what exactly? There is no situation. Stop stirring up drama, you idiot!* Her brain screamed inside her skull and Lexa almost laughed at herself. How old was she? 12? And how arrogant was it of her to assume that it was true, because of what Aiden THOUGHT he saw or didn’t see?

She needed sleep. ASAP.
It was well after 1 am in the morning when she took a seat inside the make up trailer, deciding against calling Clarke, so instead she opted for a quick text.

“Hi Baby. Just off work. I hope your meetings will go well. Tell me all about it tomorrow. I love and miss you very much. X L-“

Lexa heart constricted heavily in her chest for a second after she hit the send button and a deep sigh escaped her tired body, just as the door opened and Sarah stepped in, wearing her typically bright, toothy smile. The actress felt nervous all of a sudden- So much for not obsessing about it.

“Wow. That sigh came from a dark place”, the redhead joked, put down her supplies and placed both of her hands on the brunettes shoulder. Lexa gulped and she could feel the hairs on her neck standing up.

“You okay there, gorgeous?” Sarah asked and started to undo the tight braids on Lexas head with such tenderness and delicacy as if she had done this all her life.

“F-Fine. I’m fine. Tired tho. Super tired. How are you?” The actress stuttered, nervously crossing her legs. The Fuck?

Sarah in response furrowed her brows at Lexas unusual behavior, but chose not to comment on it.

“I’m good. Long day, am I right”. She took the brunette in for a long beat, looking at her curiously, winking at her.

“Very long day indeed.”

“You were amazing today. Well. You are always amazing, but today was…something else”.

“Well thanks. That’s very sweet of you”.
Sarah pressed her lips together, before she continued her task, looking at the brunette curiously in the large mirror every few moments.

“I’m going out with someone later”, she said after the silence between them stretched.

“Oh really? That’s nice. Who is the lucky person? Someone I know from set?”

“You.”

Lexa eyes widened. “Me? What…what do you mean?”

“I can see that you could definitely need a drink and some dancing tonight, so we are going out. No discussion”.

“Sarah, I…I can’t. I’m sorry. It’s almost 1:30 in the morning and…”

“And? You will lock yourself in your apartment, waiting for your girl to call, go to sleep, go to work…”

“Pretty much?”

“Lex. Come on. You have been here for two and a half months and you’ve been out 3 times, tops”.

“I’m a priv-“

“Private person. Trust me, I know. But do you think some fun with some friends would actually kill you? Just for one night? You need to let lose a bit, clear your head. Break your circle”.

“I’m fine, but thanks.”

“Do you think Clarke would be mad at you?”

“No, of course not…Why would she be mad?”

“See? Nothing to be afraid of then”, she almost whispered into Lexa’s ear. “One drink?”, the redhead pouted.

“I don’t know if that’s such a good idea. I need to be on set by 4pm.”

“I promise you, I will personally see that your pretty ass will be there on time.”

Lexa could feel her resolve crumble...

“One drink?”

“One drink. Pinky promise”, Sarah winked, offering her finger and the actress took it hesitantly.

Little did she know that this night would be the worst decision EVER.

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One drink of course turned into 7 drinks, cause never in the history of just one drink, people actually had one drink.
Lexa was buzzing. She had been dancing for two hours straight, moving to the rhythm of the music suggestively in the tiny packed club. Well, as much as her intoxicated body allowed her to have any sense of rhythm left, but she couldn’t care less. She had a good time and that was all that mattered.

She had to admit, Sarah had been right. This was what she needed. She had socialized with some crew members, made some fans very happy and genuinely enjoyed tonight's company. She smiled as she remembered freaking out about nothing just 3 hours ago, since the redhead had literally kept her distance, not making any advances at her, or making her uncomfortable at all.

The fresh and most importantly, ice cold gin and tonic in her hand felt like Christmas, as she took a generous swig from her glass, leaning against a bar stool, wiping some sticky hair out of her face. She could feel her cheeks burning from her dance floor action and for the first time she really felt how drunk she actually was, as she had to squeeze her eyes shut for a second to not see double.

With heavy eye lids, she pulled out her phone to check the time and when the screen illuminated, showing a picture of herself and Clarke smiling into the camera, while Lexa was kissing her cheek, it felt like a hammer had suddenly hit her head and her earlier carefreeness quickly turned into something else entirely.

“Yo, Woods. You okay there?”, Jeffrey, one of the cable guys asked.

“Fine. All good. Cheery, ey”, she slurred and forced a smile which seemed to be enough reassurance for the guy as he turned back to the person he was talking to.

She looked at the picture again and wished Clarke was there to take her home, hold her hand while they’d fall asleep like they always did, but it wasn’t possible, cause Clarke was a million miles away from her and here she was, in a smelly club, turning into sad drunk person. Lexa closed her eyes, inhaling deeply and when she suddenly felt a pair of arms wrap around her midsection she was sure that all her prayers had been heard and she was actually home and the entire thing here had been a weird dream.

She smiled, turned around with her eyes still closed, placing her hands on the back of Clarke's neck, pulling her close until their foreheads were touching. Home. Clarke was home. She was home.
Lexa slowly opened her eyes then, but of course, not Clarke stood in front of her, but Sarah who was staring at her with an intense look, she couldn’t decipher in that moment and before the brunette could even realize or react in any way, she felt an unfamiliar pair of lips pressed against her own.

She quickly pulled back, her fingers on her tingling lips, her heart beating erratically in her chest. She couldn’t even look up.

“I-Sarah. What…what are you doing?”

“Oh my god, Lexa. I’m SO sorry. I thought…I thought you wanted this. I’m so embarrassed. Fuck”.

“I-I have to go”. She felt sick. She wanted to cry. She wanted to run as far away from this place as possible and never come back.

“Wait. No. Don’t go. Let’s forget that this ever happened. Lexa- I didn't mean-I'm so so sorry”, Sarah pleaded, her hand around Lexa’s wrist.

“Don’t touch me, please?” The actress said, her voice firm with no room for any discussion whatsoever.

Defeated Sarah finally stepped away from her, holding up her hands, letting the brunette go.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck”, Lexa exclaimed while tears were streaming down her face. With shaky hands she pulled out her phone.

“Lex? What’s going on?” A sleepy Aiden answered after the fourth ring.

“Can…can you come pick me up, please? Something really terrible happened and I don’t know what to do or how to get home and I’m so sorry I called you, but…”
“Hey, hey. Slow down. Where are you?”

“The-the old Crab”.

“Go stand by the entrance. I’ll be there in 15, aright?”

“Th-thank you, Aiden.”

“Lexa?”

“Yes?”

“It’s gonna be fine, okay? See you in a bit”, with that he disconnected the call and the actress let her tears fall freely, grateful that no one was outside witnessing her meltdown.

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“Are you sure you are okay with this?”

“Stop saying that, or I will kick your ass. Here. Some water and some painkillers. You will need those”.

“Thank you, Aiden. You have no idea. God, I’m such an idiot”.

“You are drunk and smell like a distillery, but you are no idiot, yeah? Now tell me. What happened?”

He sat down next to the crying woman, rubbing soothing circles on her back.

“Long or short version?”
“Giving the state you are in, short will do for now I guess”, he winked and Lexa was grateful for him at least trying to make the situation look less awful.

“I let Sarah talk me into going out for a drink and all was fine. I danced, like a lot. Can you believe? ME, dancing. In public, pff”, the brunette snorted. She made a mental note to never drink alcohol again (Right).

“Anyway, I don’t know. I took a minute, after the buzz wore off a bit and like had a terrible moment of missing Clarke and someone, someone, gosh. SOMEONE hugged me from behind, I turned around, honestly expecting it to be Clarke, but it was Sarah and then she kissed me and I—”

“HOLD ON. She WHAT?”

“Shit, Aiden. She kissed me. Like on the lips. Full on. I didn’t reciprocate of course and pulled away immediately, but still. She kissed me and now I’m gonna lose everything”, Lexa sobbed and let her head fall back on the couch.

“You will not lose everything, okay? She is the one to blame here, Lex. She used you while drunk and this is…God, this is so wrong and I’m so sorry that happened to you. This bitch. I swear—”

“Clarke will leave me and my whole life will go to shit, because I let go for once”.

“Lexa. Listen to me. You are the most loyal, kind hearted and hard working person I have ever met and you didn’t go out with the thought of like: Oh, maybe someone I’m not dating will kiss me without my consent while I go out with my friends. But whatevs. Right?”

“I-I guess? And do people even do that?”, the actress quietly agreed.

“Talk to Clarke. Tell her what happened and it’s gonna be fine”.

“What if she leaves me, Aiden? I can’t lose her. I just can’t”.

“You are not going to lose her. I promise you”.

“How can you be so sure?”

“Because, this woman loves you to death. I’ve seen it, I’ve heard it and I think she knows you well enough to see what really happened here”.

Lexa bottom lip quivered, as she wrapped her arms around her young friend.
“Thank you. Thank you for taking care of me”, she whispered, pressing a soft kiss on his clothed shoulder.

“Hey. This is what the best assistants and friends are for”, he smiled, grabbed Lexa’s face and wiped away her tears with his thumbs. “You’ll be okay, Champ.”

And just in that moment a notification popped up on her phone which immediately left her pale like a ghost.

It was a text from Anya with a picture attached of Sarah kissing her in the club.

**WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK, LEXA? Stay away from social media for now. Don’t do anything. Call me when you get this. IMMEDIATELY.**

“NO. No, no no no no”.

“What?”

Without saying anything she turned her phone and showed Aiden the message.

*********************************************************************************************************************

The call reached Clarke, as she was exiting the conference room to grab lunch after her second meeting with the hospital board. She furrowed her brows as she read Ravens name on the display, since she never called when Clarke was on duty unless it was absolute emergency.

“Ray. Is everything okay?”

“Hey. I’m sorry to call you. I know you have your meetings today. Are you okay?”

Clarke giggled. “Let’s see. I haven’t had lunch yet, I still don’t have the funds I need I spilled coffee all over myself this morning, but my headphones are magically working again. So, could be
better, could be worse.”

“Have you been on social media at all?”

“No. No time. Raven, you are starting to scare me a little here? What’s going on?”

“Okay, good. Clarke, listen to me. Are you on your break now?”

“Yes. Why?”

“Go to your office and I’ll be there in like a few. Don’t open any of your social apps”, the Latina said in a hurry before the line went dead.

“Raven? Hello?”, Clarke looked at her phone confused and of course, she wouldn’t be Clarke if she hadn’t done the exact opposite of what she was told to do.

She quickly opened Twitter and Instagram and there it was. There she was. All over her feeds. Her chest tightened.

The blonde felt like vomiting, as she scrolled through the headlines and pictures of Lexa kissing another woman with shaky hands.

“Wha-“, she mumbled and just then she couldn’t stand anymore and glided down the wall behind her.

Her blood was hammering in her ears, she felt dizzy and didn’t even hear the person standing in front of her trying to talk to her.

Chapter End Notes

Oh god, RIGHT?! I don't want to cause angst, but i think we needed a bit of angst at this point. I needed it to be honest. okayiwillseemyselfoutnow.
"Come in!", Clarke said, sitting in her office chair 15 minutes after her tiny (HUGE) meltdown in the hall. A little color was finally back on her face after Harper had found her and literally thought her boss had a corinory. Not too far fetched tho.

"Hey, Griffy. You okay? Dammit. Scratch that. It's legit the dumbest question ever. I'm sorry. Let me rephrase. How are you holding up? Because I know that you know", Raven asked her best friend and carefully scanned the scene in front of her.

"Harper gave me water and my favorite chocolate bar. My heart rate is back to normal. I think", the blonde quickly averted her gaze, wiping her swollen eyes.

"Clarke?"

"Yes?"

"What did I tell you not to do?" The Latina asked and crossed her arms in front of her chest, nodding towards the iPad, iPhone and open Laptop on her friends desk.

"To not check Social Media until you got here?"

"Correct. And what did you do?"

"Checked Social Media before you got here? I mean come on, Raven. What did you expect? That I'm just sitting around here, not looking after your call?" The blonde sighed, covering her face with her hands. "I-I cannot believe this. And have you seen the headlines, tweets, comments...It's so nasty."

"Of course I get it. I'm sorry. Have you talked to her yet?"

"No?"

"Has she tried to reach you?"

"No?"

"Oh my god. Seriously. You two will be the death of me someday. "Why tho?"

"I don't even know what to say, Raven. I'm...I'm so confused and hurt and...confused".

"But wouldn't Lexa be like the one who could clarify what's happening best?"

"I guess?"

"Let me tell you this. She is a MESS and Anya could barely made sense from all the sobbing that went down".
"Wait. Anya talked to her?"

"Of course she did. She is her Manager and also her sister. Duh."

"How do you...never mind. Don't answer that question."

"She is flying to Australia."

"What? Who?"

"Anya, dumbass. She is all over the place making arrangements and driving me fucking nuts in the process."

"I need to call her."

"Who?"

"Geez, Lexa of course. I honestly can't believe that this is happening. I mean we had plans. We...we had a house. What if she decided that dating a boring, overworked doctor is not what she wants anymore."

"Okay. First of all? Take a deeeeeeep breath. Second of all, you have plans and you have a house. Present Tense, Dude. Third of all, Lexa loves you, Clarke. If she didn't want to date a boring doctor, we wouldn't even have this conversation. Stop it. Talk to her and I'm sure everything will be gay-y peachy, disgustingly cute in no time, alright? God. Someone should write a freaking story about the two of you. That's some shit I'd read for sure."

"What if she..."


"Okay."

"Okay?"

"Yes."

"That's my lady. Everything will be fine, alright? I promise you", Raven said as she pulled the blonde into a tight hug.

"Thank you!" Clarke whispered.

"Please. Who doesn't live for some A+ Clexa drama? Now. You take care of your Woods, I will take care of mine. Call me later", the brunette said, kissed her friend on the forehead and left the blonde alone with her confused mind. And her cellphone.

"Alright. You got this, you got this, you got this", Clarke said, trying to encourage herself after she pressed the call button. Lexa picked up after the second ring.

"Clarke", her voice was shaky, her eyes were swollen and the blonde had never seen her like this,
which scared her a bit.

"Hey".

"I-I don't even know how to begin. I'm SO sorry I haven't called you yet. God, I'm so so sorry!" That's when another flood of tears streamed down her face which caused Clarke to cry again, too.

"Hey, hey. Lex. Stop. Can you please look at me?"

Hesitantly the actress complied and she looked so broken in that moment, that all Clarke wanted to do was teleport herself over there to just hug her.

"Please don't leave me? I-"

"Lexa. I'm not going to leave you, okay? No one is leaving anyone, unless...unless it's what you want".

"NO! No. I wanna be with you. Have you seen everything?"

"Yes".

"The things they write...It's not true. None of it is true. I swear to you!"

Clarke sighed and closed her eyes for a second to compose herself. Or more like brace herself of what was coming.

"What...what happened? Tell me everything".

And so Lexa did. Every detail, not leaving anything out, not trying to sugar coat it and when she was done, she nervously tried to read the expression on her Girlfriends face.

"Clarke. Please say something? I-"

"I'm gonna rip that Bitch a second one, I swear to god."

"I'm so sorry that this is happening, just because I..."

"Lexa, stop. Just stop!", the blonde exclaimed which immediately shut the brunnette up. "I believe you".

"Wait, what?"

"Let me finish".

"Okay. Sorry".

"Stop saying sorry. What I wanna say is that I love you. I love you so much that sometimes it hurts. And I'm not saying that this didn't hurt me, but non of this is your fault and I truly believe that. Also I can't blame the girl for trying. You are the hottest person walking this planet, so...But I-god. In all seriousness. I'm in this, Lexa. With you and we both knew it would be hard and we
both knew that this project would literally test our relationship. Here we are, I guess. Being tested. Yes, I was confused, still am, but not because I don't trust you, but because my own insecurities got the best of me, which needs to stop. We need to stop being insecure. We need to be a team and as a team, we will get through this. Fuck the media. Fuck your so called fans. Fuck everyone. All that really matters, is us trusting each other. If you are telling me, that she did this without your consent, I believe you. Does any of this make any sense?"

"More than you probably know right now!"

"Good. That's good, cause Lex? You are my homestead and I'm realizing, even if you had kissed her back, I would have fought for you. For us. Because we are good together. You are not only my partner in crime, you are also my best friend and I believe that, especially after this, we can conquer everything. I want that future with you. I want it all. Wow, I-that was a lot. Fuck. I'm really trying", Clarke giggled nervously.

"I don't deserve you", Lexa sobbed, wiping her eyes.

"You know what? You do. You deserve me as much as I deserve you. We deserve each other. It's so perfectly clear right now. No more of this. Do you think we can do that?" the blonde smiled and melted when the actress finally smiled, too.

"Yes. Yes, we absolutely can. Clarke?"

"Ya?"

"I love you".

"I love you, too. And it's not going to change. We got this, remember?"

"Ha, yeah. I do".

"Good. Cause we do".

"But please don't go to jail. Orange looks horrible on you".

"And THAT is my cue to tell you that I have to break up with you after all, cause orange is great for me".

"No, it's not, cause you are pale and it makes you look sick".

"What? Oh wow, thank you Miss fashion police. I'm officially offended", Clarke joked, but when the lightness wore off, they both looked at each other intensely.

"Are we really okay?", Lexa asked, her voice small again.

"We are. Now. Try to get some sleep and I'll call you later, after I came up with a plan to murder that person".

"Okay. I'll try, I promise".

"Good. Bye, Baby. We got this".

"I love you. Bye!"
And with that the call got disconnected and Clarke let out the breath, she didn't know sat so deep in her chest. She glanced at the now black screen of her phone and started dialing again.

"Clarke. Hey!" Anya said, a little surprised, seeing the blonde standing in front of her door a while later and was even more surprised when the doctor stormed passed her without waiting for an invite whatsoever.

"I figure you've talked to Lexa?" The older Woods concluded, offering her a cup of coffee, which she quickly declined.

"Is Raven here?"

"Yeah. She-she is in the bathroom. What's going on? You look like freaking Chuck Norris on a mission and it honestly freaks me out".

"RAVEN!", Clarke yelled and when she didn't get any reply she stormed into the bathroom without thinking twice, grabbed herhalf-clothed friend by the wrist and pulled her into the living room.

"Okay, Griffin. Can you take a chill pill? What the heck is going on with you?" Anya asked, brows furrowed.

"Have you booked your flight yet?"

"My flight?"

Clarke rolled her eyes. "To Australia. Raven told me you were going".

"No, not yet. I-"

"I'm coming with you. Well, both Raven and I".

"What? No. No way. Absolutely not".

"Absolutely yes".

"Clarke. As much as I get that this is fucked up, there is no way you will come along. It's a movie set, her work place. There is no room for enraged girlfriends. I'm sorry, but-"
"Book.Me.A.Ticket. She needs me, Anya. You haven't seen her like I did. I NEED to go".

"Griffin, this is not Love Island. This is a million dollar production and I can't have you raging all over the make up girl. This could have serious repercussions for Lexa. She is under a contract. This is real life, not some fiction. I get it, okay? I know you want to be there and I appreciate your enthusiasm, but I can't do that. There's no room for relationship drama. There's enough shit going on without you stomping all over the place like a bulldozer".

Clarke immediately teared up at that and looked at her friends with pleading eyes, helplessly. "Anya, please. I promise you, I won't cause any trouble. I swear it. I just-I just need to see her and I know she needs to see me, too. I know that this is not some stupid romcom, but right now I need to see the love of my life, because she is at a loss".

"I'm sorry. I really am. But it's not happening. No".

**************************************************************************************************************

" We are going to AUSTRALIA, bitches!", Raven said, as she raised her glass of wine, earning an eyeroll from Anya, who sat between the two best friends just 4 hours later on a plane.

"I hate you both and if you so much as even THINK about causing drama on that set, I will personally kill you! Trust me, no one will ever find your useless bodies".

"Best Girlfriend EVER!", the Latina grinned and pressed a sloppy kiss on Anya's cheek.

"I already regret this!"

Clarke instead looked out of the tiny window of the aircraft, deep in thoughts, already counting the seconds until she would see Lexa again who had no idea that they were coming.

Chapter End Notes

2CHAPTERS IN 2 DAYS. HOW PROUD ARE YOU GUYS :D.

I thought since you had to wait for like 25 years AND I left you with a cliffhanger again, I sit my ass down and give you the next one. I'm kinda nervous, cause I literally came up with it a few hours ago. This was not how it was supposed to go, but here we are. Welcome to my brain ;D. Before I stop talking, I just wanna say THANK YOU again, for your amazing comments and your commitment to this story. For someone who has never written anything, it keeps blowing my mind and thank you for being so patient with me. OKAY. Also, regarding the chapter: I didn't wanna stretch the "angst" too much. They don't deserve this and we don't as well :D In my world, this is how they function. Rant over, I love you guys, BAIIII XO-J
And I give you: THE ANTICIPATED CLEXA REUNION :D *insert dramatic music*

Ps.: Sarah is NOT off the hook. No worries. But this is only about Lexa and Clarke for now. OH MY GOD, I HOPE YOU WILL LIKE IT. I'M SO NERVOUS. Please let me know what you thought of it.

Enjoy and much love, my loves! :) XO-J

"Fuck! Wait a sec. Can we hold on for a minute", Clarke said and suddenly stopped walking in the middle of the busy airport, avoiding the angry gibberish from people who had bumped into her.

"What? Please tell me you haven't left your passport on the plane or some shit. You know, I won't hesitate to leave you behind", Anya replied accompanied by a dramatic eyeroll. Classic.

"No. No, that's not it".

Both Anya and Raven looked at their friend curiously, but nothing came.

"Aaaaand will you enlighten us anytime soon? Cause me is hungry and jet-lagged. Get it?" The older Woods asked, raising her eyebrows at the blonde while Raven rubbed soothing circles on her back to calm her down before she snapped.

"I'm nervous you guys. Like actually nervous. Do I look okay? Do I have bags under my eyes? Uh, do you think she will be okay with this? What if-"

"Dude. Are you high? Stahp. We are NOT doing this again. Lexa will probably pass out, cause of excitement and she would literally bang you, even you'd look like a potato. Which you don't, by the way".

"Raven!"

"What? It's true tho, babe"-

"She is still my little sister and I don't even wanna think about-"

"Them baaaanging?", Raven teased her girlfriend, who was to put it mildly: Not amused.

"You guys realize I'm still here, right? And this is absolutely not helping", Clarke said, crossing her arms.

"True. Grab your shit and lets go get the car. I don't want to be arrested for conspicuous behavior"
minutes after landing ", Anya said, walking ahead.

"Isn't she just so cute when she's hangry?"

"A true peach", Clarke cackled. "Also never reproach me for how whipped I am for Lexa, cause Dude? Hate to break it to you: You are in just as deep", she added.

"I literally have no idea what you are talking about!", Raven answered passing her friend, shaking her head.

Okay. How are we going to do this? What's the plan? Where is Lexa now? Is she working? Is she home? Oh god, I need to bu some flowers"- Clarke babbled, moving forward from the backseat looking from Raven to Anya and back expectantly. The older Woods only sighed in annoyance.

"Griffin. Stop breathing down my neck! You are driving me nuts!"

"Sorryyy. I get really antsy when I'm nervous".

"No shit. I couldn't tell. Do you think you can shut up for a second, so I can actually tell you the plan?" Anya said, looking at the doctor who pretended to lock her mouth, throwing an invisible key away. Another eyeroll.

"Okay. Listen up, kids. Lexa is on set right now, but should be off when I get there-"

"When you get the-", but Clarke didn't press on, realizing that she was close to being murdered on the spot. She nodded at Anya, encouraging her to continue.

"Like I said, she should be done, once I get there. I have scheduled a meeting with the Director, which shouldn't take too long. Before I go, I will drop you two off at her place. There's a spare key hidden in the backyard. Will tell you where later. I will get her and come straight back to the house. Got it?"

"Got it and thank you. For...all of it. You have no idea how much it means to me", Clarke said and in a moment of courage quickly pecked Anya's cheek.

"You are welcome, Clarke. I mean it. Now. Ready to go? We still have some miles ahead of us and I'm sure you wanna grab some stuff for later?" Anya said, finally starting the engine.
"See? Told you. THE cutest", Raven whispered to her friend, but Clarke was already in a completely different mindset, still not fully understanding that she truly would be seeing Lexa in just a few hours. The butterflies in her stomach were going crazy, her hands were sweaty and the blonde didn't even spare a glance at the fantastic city of Sydney as they drove. All she could see were green eyes, full lips and brown, wavy hair. She closed her eyes trying to calm her beating heart.

*********************************************************************************************************************************

"Uhm, excuse me? I'm looking for a girl who JUST looks like you, goes by the name of Lexa?", Anya said, smiling brightly when she approached her sister after an excruciating meeting with the director talking about solutions for the mess that the make up girl had caused. But that was for another day, cause right now all that mattered was the surprise written all over the actress's face.

"Oh my god! ANYA!" She screamed, dropped her bag and ran into her older sisters arms, almost knocking them both over.

"Hi, babygirl!", she laughed and pulled her even closer, only releasing her, when Lexa started to wipe her eyes. God, it felt good to have her back.

"ABOUT TIME", the actress laugh-sobbed and couldn't help but look for golden hair quickly, which of course would be ridiculous, but who could've blamed her? A pang of disappointment went through her and she hoped her sister hadn't noticed it. She had.

"I've missed you so much, Kiddo and I'm sorry, I couldn't bring her. I know that look, Lex".

"I have missed you more. It feels like years and I do know. Of course I know. I'm so glad you are here. How did the meeting go?" The brunette asked and leaned her head on her sisters shoulder as they started walking towards the parking lot.

Anya on the inside, was SCREAMING tho at how much she was looking forward to witness the look on Lexa's face later. GLORIOUS and just then she realized how right Raven had been when she almost begged her to take them with her on the trip. Thinking to how Lexa's eyes had lit up upon seeing her, was probably nothing compared to what would happen when she'd actually see Clarke later. She smiled and put her arm around the actress.
"You know what? Lets talk about this shit tomorrow. Today will be us, nice food, some drinks and just...hanging out".

Immediately Lexa's eyes shot up, looking at Anya as if she had spoken to her in another language.

"Who are you and what happened to my sister?", she joked.

"Can I not just be excited to be reunited with my useless favorite person?"

"Actually. When I think about it? No. Absolutely not!"

"Hey! Asshole?"

"I'm kidding. Jerk".

"Come on. I'm super hungry and let me tell you all about how much I despise being trapped in confined spaces with smelly strangers for too many hours".

Lexa's laugh echoed through the big SUV, as Anya started driving them back. "I cannot wait to hear all about it!"

**********************************************************************************

"...And then I told her like-", but Lexa immediately stopped telling her sister a story from what had happened on set earlier when the smell of her favorite dish hit her olfactory system as she opened the door to her house.

No. There was no way and yet she felt her before she even saw her walking out of the kitchen, one of her hands stuck in a big cooking glove. She didn't even realize that tears were running down her face, her body still rooted in the same spot, not moving a muscle, too scared that if she'd blink, this pretty damn real looking hallucination would be gone.

"Hi?", Clarke more like whispered, her voice totally betraying her. It sounded like as if someone had just lifted the entire planet off her chest and she could finally breathe again.

And Lexa? Lexa didn't say a single word as she suddenly dropped all the groceries and was right in front of the blonde in two long strides, grabbing her girlfriends face with shaky hands and kissed her so deeply and tenderly that Clarke almost lost her balance. A sob escaped her throat against the lips that she had missed so dearly and she was pretty sure she was completely in shock. What they obviously didn't see was Raven highfiving Anya before they quietly left to give them some privacy, not wanting to ruin their moment.
When the necessity of air became an issue after a while Lexa rested her forehead against Clarke's, smiling like an idiot. "I can't believe you are really here", kiss. "How...", kiss. "God, I cannot believe this", kiss. Clarke carefully wiped her girlfriend's tears away with her thumbs, not caring that she must looked like a raccoon. She couldn't even verbalize how it was to finally being able to touch Lexa's skin again, breath her in, get lost in those eyes, hold her hand. Too much at once. Her senses were in complete overdrive.

"Surprise?" The blonde smiled innocently, pulling their bodies as close together as physically possible.

"I-I missed you SO much! I can't even find the right words right now".

"Then don't. Kiss me, Lex!"

And boy, did she kiss Clarke and the blonde didn't even realize that her hands suddenly had a mind of their own, as she put them on Lexa's ass and squeezed, earning a moan. God had she missed this and she simply couldn't help herself. She hadn't seen her girlfriend in 3 month and here she was looking more beautiful than ever, if that was even possible. And then "just" kissing her wasn't enough. Clarke wanted to be everywhere at once, as Lexa guided them to her bedroom, never once losing contact to the blonde's body and it was literally a miracle they made it to the bed without any severe injuries as they were shedding their clothes on the way.

The satisfaction having skin on skin contact again was almost too much to bare and as Clarke hit the soft mattress beneath her, she actually felt like flying. Dark green eyes bored directly into her soul, as Lexa leaned in for another kiss. It was long, deep and desperate at the same time and soon the blonde heard the shallow breathing of her girlfriend, knowing roaming hands were not enough anymore. She could have done this until the end of time, but frankly, she had waited too long for this. So she quickly took initiative and flipped them over, lowering her weight onto Lexa and by the way she looked up at her, mouth slightly open, Clarke wanted to cry.

It was natural. It was natural and as familiar as breathing when she entered the actress, closing her eyes at the feeling of being surrounded by Lexa again. Warmth. Safety. Home. They both moaned and Lexa inhaled like as if she hadn't tasted oxygen ever since they parted ways at the airport.

"Clarke", she breathed, her hand gliding between their bodies until she felt her adjusting above to give her better access and when her thumb pressed against her clit, Clarke released a gutural grunt, her lips finding the weak spot on her neck, sucking, licking. Lexa was on fire. She could feel the familiar tide approaching quickly, but with all the penned up sexual energy, she couldn't care less and so she sank her fingers into Clarke and started pumping.

"Fuck. I-I'm close, Lex", the blonde said before twirling her tongue around a hard, pink nipple.

"Look at me", the brunette demanded, her voice nothing more than a whisper. Her wrist burned from exertion, but when blue eyes locked with her own, all she felt was the first soul crushing orgasm that had her entire body shaking. Clarke's lips were on hers immediately to muffle her cry.
as they remained inside of each other until the last tiny waves subsided, leaving their bodies flushed and sated.

"I guess the chicken is cold now", Lexa concluded a while later, carefully putting some of Clarkes hair behind her ear, spooning her from behind.

"Totally worth it", the doctor said, kissing the hand that was holding her right boob. "You always do that after we have sex", the blonde giggled.

"Do what?"

"Hold my boobs".

"They are amazing and I haven't touched them in like 3 month. That's, wait", Lexa explained, pretending to count. "That's WAY too long".

Clarke laughed as she turned to face her girlfriend. "Right. They missed you, too. Trust me. Also, how am I dating the biggest dork?"

"Are you questioning my math skills?"

"Never", she said pressing a kiss between Lexas breasts.

"Good, cause otherwise you'd have to pay for it".

"Really? How?", Clarke grinned devilishly, straddling the brunette, slowly kissing her way down until she reached her navel admiring how Lexas abs tensed and danced under her lips.

"I-uhm...fuck".

"Yes? Oh, sorry. Am I distracting you or..."

Lexa had to surpress a moan as she watched golden hair disappear under the thin sheets and when she felt the first swipe of Clarkes tongue going through her drenched folds, she almost passed out.

"Have I mentioned that this is the best surprise I've ever gotten in my entire life?", Lexa said after she was positive she could form a coherent sentence again.

"Is that so?", Clarke smiled, intertwining their fingers.
"A 100 percent. I still can't believe you are here with me".

"You better and I also have the orgasms to prove it".

"Pff, cocky much?"

"Confident. But jokes aside, I-I'm glad it worked out".

"You literally flew to the end of the world for me", Lexa said, cupping her girlfriend's cheek.

"I guess I did", the blonde shrugged, pecking kiss bruised lips, the taste of herself still lingering a bit. She didn't want to be anywhere else.

"How long are you staying and what about work? Shit, I'm totally ruining the romantic aspect of this", Lexa grinned, burying her face in the crook of Clarke's neck.

"Ha, you are not ruining anything. 2 weeks and don't worry about the hospital. I'm pretty sure they are glad I'm gone for a while not bugging them".

"I don't wanna go to sleep", Lexa whispered, trying to keep her eyes open.

"Why, babe?"

"Because I wanna keep talking to you and eat cold chicken and I have missed you so much and I-", she sighed as Clarke pressed her lips against hers to silence her.

"I happen to know that you don't have to be on set tomorrow. So my love, we have all day to talk then. As much as you want. We can even have cold chicken in bed without any clothes on. In fact, let's do a no cloths allowed all day challenge".

"Okay. That sounds amazing. You and no clothes happen to be my favorite things in life anyways", Lexa giggled, resting her head on her girlfriend's naked chest, adjusting her breathing to hers.

"Clarke?"

"Mmhh?"

"Please be here when I wake up?"

Clarke's sensitive heart skipped at least 15 beats and she felt her eyes water, so she quickly cleared her throat before she answered. "I promise. I'm not going anywhere".

Carefully she ran her fingers through silky brown hair, until she felt her own eyes grow heavy, falling into the best sleep she's had for weeks.
Wonders

Chapter Notes

Oh my god! You guys. It's been a freaking minute, hasn't it. :-O BUT I just got back from the states and now my brain is ready to focus on writing the last parts of this story. How's that? ;) Thank you so much for bearing with me.

So previously on Lagom: Clarke jumped on a plane to surprise Lexa in Australia after a nasty picture made rounds on the internet of the actress supposedly kissing another woman. We will pick up where we left off, which means fluffy Clexa goodness, some trouble and---You will see ;-).

I hope you'll like this chapter, since I'm not ENTIRELY happy with it :-) I promise the next update will come sooner tho and we will dive back into the whole Sarah storyline. Muchos love, J. (Mistakes as always are mine and mine alone) xo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Slowly but steadily the rising sun announced a brand new day, tickling Lexa's nose as the light peaked through the tiny opening between the thin curtains in her bedroom. She could feel each part of her body slowly coming alive, the ache of her muscles a welcomed reminder that she hadn't been dreaming the marathon of last nights activities and most importantly the fact that Clarke was indeed still right next to her. She took a deep breath, filled her lungs with fresh air and stretched as she turned to her left, finally opening her eyes to see a mess of blonde hair covering the other pillow. What a sight to wake up to.

A bright smile made it's way on the actresses face, as she pressed her naked form against her girlfrien's warm body, burying her nose in the crook of Clarke's neck inhaling the familiar scent, holding her tightly.

"Hi", the doctor whispered in her raspy morning voice, eyes still closed as she searched for Lexa's hand under the sheets intertwining their fingers.

"Hi you", the brunette answered in a low voice against Clarke's skin before softly kissing the spot right under her right ear which immediately caused the reaction she wished for as she felt goosebumps erupt beneath her full lips and a buck of the blonde's hips against her own.

"Mmm", the blonde sighed as she turned around, opening her eyes to find dark green ones studying every move of her facial expression.

"You are still here," Lexa smiled as she closed the remaining distance between them, carefully running the tip of her tongue over Clarke's bottom lip.

"Should I go, or...," the doctor jokingly mumbled against the brunettes lips as her left hand found a
home on one of Lexa's boobs, admiring yet again just how perfectly they fit into her palm. She'd never get tired of it and hoped it would forever be like this.

The actress inhaled sharply as her hardened nipples send a lighting of arousal straight to her core. "Don't you dare," she breathed as she positioned herself on top of Clarke and kissed the devilish smirk away.

Lexa was in literal heaven, as she basked in the look of pure pleasure and anticipation on Clarke's face plus that tiny special crease between her brows that was only reserved for her whenever they got intimate with each other.

"God you are so beautiful," she whispered as her traveling fingers set an excruciatingly slow pace on the bundle of nerves between the blondes legs which got the doctor closer to begging more than ever as she started rolling her hips, providing her some of the pressure her girlfriend was currently denying her.

"Lex," Clarke managed to get out, as she could already feel the sweet release building in her spine and when the brunette abruptly stopped her teasing and buried her fingers deep in silky warmth massaging that sweet spot, her eyes snapped open and she let out a moan that must have echoed through the entire neighborhood. "Holy...oh god, yes! Right there. I'm-"

The sound alone sent Lexa into a moaning mess herself and she almost came right then and there as she felt Clarke tightening so hard around her that it was almost too much to handle, but she loved every damn second of it.

Suddenly Clarke relaxed, her entire body going limp as she was flooded with the blissful aftermath of her orgasm and Lexa? Lexa could only watch in complete wonder as the blonde grabbed her hand from between their sweaty bodies and wrapped her tongue around her fingers tasting herself in the process which sent the brunette into her own explosive release that had her knees weak.

What a fucking great way to start a day, she thought before she collapsed on Clarke's heaving chest seconds later.

"I'm really really glad you came here," Lexa whispered after a few quiet moments of trading lazy kisses and touches.

"Oh, we both did, Honey. Multiple times." Clarke laughed and winked at her girlfriend who could only roll her eyes.

"You know what I mean."

"I do and you have no idea just how glad I am. I missed this so much."

"I have a few ideas," the brunette said, wiggling her perfectly shaped eyebrows suggestively.
"Best morning EVER," Clarke beamed, pressing her lips against Lexa's pulse point when she noticed the grumbling noise unmistakably coming from the brunettes stomach. "Hungry? Did I break you?" she joked running her fingers over defined abs.

"SO hungry. Let me fix us something to eat and I'll be right back, okay?", the actress said, but was pulled back down before she could lift herself up and out of their tangled limps.

"Don't go. Stay with meeee."

"I missed how you turn into a total koala after we sleep together," Lexa giggled and kissed the pout on Clarke's bottom lip.

"Carry me to the kitchen? I know you can do it"!, she grinned, extending her arms towards her girlfriend.

"Naked? I'm not sure if I can handle this, since my downstairs body parts happen to be extremely attracted to yours".

"No clothes policy, remember? We can do this. I believe in us".

"Fine. Come on. Hop on", Lexa laughed as she sat down on the edge of the bed so she could give the blonde a piggyback ride to the kitchen.

Only dressed in their birth-suits, deep in silly conversation and giggles Lexa managed to carry Clarke to the counter and safely placed her down on the cold surface before she turned, looking through the contents of her fridge which was not really a lot to be honest.

"I like this," the blonde said as she hopped down, wrapping her arms around her girlfriends midsection and pressed tiny kisses between her shoulder blades.

"Me, too. A lot. Like a lot lot. I can't wait until we get to do this all the time. In our home," Lexa sighed, feeling herself getting worked up all over again just by the mere thought of having a naked Clarke in her kitchen every morning. But just as she planned on christening her kitchen by burying her face between her girlfriends thighs, her eyes comically widened in utter shock as she saw a sleeping figure on her couch.

"Oh my fucking god! Clarke. Get down!" She exclaimed pulling them both to the floor.

"What the-Lexa! What the hell are you doing?"

"Shhhh"!, the actress hissed, put her finger on the blondes lips to shut her up, carefully looking over the counter top.

"Lexa! Stop. What the fuck? You are scaring me!"

"Babe. Listen to me. Don't freak out, but there is someone sleeping in the living room."
"WHAT? Where?" Following Lexa's line of sight, the blonde peeked over the counter only to shoot back down in lightning speed, eyes wide in terror. "What the-What are we going to do?", she whispered, scooting closer to the brunette.

"I don't know. Fuck."

And then something dawned on the blonde. "Was that person...", Clarke started, watching the actress nod in confirmation. "The entire...", another nod. "I-wow", the doctor pressed her lips together, praying to whatever was out there that whoever was sleeping on their couch did not hear them. The chances were close to zero. She knew it, Lexa knew it and that creep probably knew it, too.

"Okay, let's focus. This person seems to be out real hard. We make a quick run back to the bedroom, get dressed, check for a pulse and call the cops", Lexa suggested, grabbing the blonde's hand before she could really think about how idiotic and stupid that plan probably was.

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"You have got to be fucking KIDDING me!", Clarke yelled as she pulled the three blankets back that revealed no other than Raven Reyes snoring, mouth open, smelling like a distillery.

"How did she even get in here"? the brunette asked but the question was quickly answered by the key that dangled from around her neck and a post-it that had made it's way to the side of her face.

"Sorry, but her drunk ass was driving me NUTS and I was literally close to killing her. Please just put her in a cab when she can be trusted with walking again. Did I mention how sorry I am? Dinner on me. -Anya," Clarke read out loud, the vein in her neck pumping like crazy.

"Are they serious? Like seriously serious? WHY?", the blonde sighed, letting the note fall to the ground, searching Lexa's eyes as if all the answers to her questions would be hidden in there. They were not.

"I honestly don't even know what to say right now. This is a lot. Even for them. Like the audacity? Let me call Anya and rip her a second one," Lexa said, her hands on her hips. "Why are you looking at me like this?" She asked a moment later when she caught the blonde staring at her as if she had personally decorated the sky with fairy lights.

"Gosh, that was hot."

"Oh, really? Thanks, Babe"! Lexa's previously angry features softened immediately and her tiny ears turned red, but unfortunately she wasn't given the chance to dwell in it since a certain Latina
chose that exact moment to pry one eye open to make her life even more miserable.

"You guys are more disgusting than the bloody Aussie shots i had last night. Where the heck am I? Where is Anya?" Raven rasped, quickly coming to the conclusion that trying to sit up was not the best idea so she laid back down, arm resting on her forehead.

"Wow. I-This is too much. Congrats. You guys really have outdone yourselves."

"Lex, go call your sister, I'll take care of this dipshit here and this nightmare will be over in no time," Clarke said, shoving her fuming girlfriend in the direction of the bedroom before she would explode.

"It better. We don't deserve this. I said what I said!"

"Nice butt, by the way, guys!" Raven cackled, earning a "SHUT UP" from both Lexa and Clarke.

"Lexy-Looooo!" Was the first thing that came from the other end of the line when the older Woods finally embraced the fact that she couldn't escape the conversation that lay before her. She braced for the worse and made peace with her impending downfall.

"Don't you dare Lexy-Loo me right now. What the actual fuck, Anya?"

"Sorry?"

"SORRY? Really?"

"I literally have no idea what else to say, except, yeah. I'm SO sorry, Lexa. I was drunk and she was even drunker and then-I snapped."

"YOU BROKE INTO MY APARTMENT TO DROP OFF YOUR WASTED GIRLFRIEND ON MY COUCH WHILE MY GIRLFRIEND AND I WERE NAKED IN THE OTHER ROOM. WHO DOES THAT? LITERALLY!"

(Both Clarke and Raven jumped and looked at each other wide eyed when Lexa's angry outburst echoed through the rooms)

"First of all: Eww. I did not need to know that. Second of all: TECHNICALLY I didn't break in."

"WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU GUYS?"

"Lexa, please stop yelling at me? Please? I honestly had no intention to interrupt your time with Clarke and honestly i didn't. None of ya'all even heard us. You should close your windows tho.
Even in my drunken state I heard you all the way down on the street."

"You are fucking unbelievable you know that? You will order a cab right now and get Raven out of here asap. And when I get back home you will wash my car for three month, do my laundry, give Clarke a ride to work and back every day and pay for lunch AND dinner. Plus drinks."

"You know we get food for free on set right?"

"Not for the foreseeable future we don't. Also you will send everyone who sends me fan mail a nicely handwritten thank you card with all the love you can summon."

"No. Not the fan mail. Lexa. Please. Let me--Let me clean your pool, or even wash Clarke's disgusting harem pants she digs so much for whatever reason. But not fan mail. I'm begging you. Don't put me in the same room as Karen."

"I'm going to hang up now. You brought this on yourself. I'll be expecting a cab in 20 minutes max." And with that she disconnected the call.

"Are-are you okay?" Clarke hesitantly asked when Lexa walked back into the living room area with a winning smile on her face.

"Me? Peachy."

"She is going to kill me now, isn't she?" Raven asked, grabbing her friends hand.

"Maybe?! I'm not going to stop her tho."

"Wait, what? I'm in pain. Can't you see? Speaking of. You guys wouldn't have any Advil at hand would you?" The Latina asked, but quickly leaned back into the softness of the couch by the way both Lexa and Clarke were looking at her.

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"Why can't we have nice things for once?", Clarke sighed, running her hands through Lexa's hair when they were finally alone and cuddled up in bed, both dressed in matching Onesies hours later.

"Well, I definitely pictured this day to go down entirely different, but this? Right now? Is all I need."

"I'm so sorry, Babe. This wasn't supposed to happen."

"Hey. No." Lexa said, sitting up to fully face her girlfriend. "Non of this is your fault. Or mine. We just happen to have insanely crazy people in our lives. I guess that's just how it is. And I wouldn't wanna have it any other way. Cause you are here with me. I'm fine as long as we go through this together."

Without answering, Clarke grabbed the brunettes face in both hands and kissed her deeply. "I love you, Lexa Woods."

"And I love you Clarke Griffin", the actress smiled, laying her head back down on the blondes lap.
"I was thinking we should sell our house and buy one far far away from these idiots in a place where no one will ever find us."

"I'm in. I'll go wherever you go. Always. And a lonely island doesn't sound too bad. Minus crazy drugged jungle people that is."

"Big on the smooth-talk tonight, are we?". Clarke beamed, pressing her lips to the brunettes forehead.

"Nope. Just speaking the truth. Hey, do you wanna head out to grab some food? Since we still haven't managed to eat anything really after this--ordeal?"

"Oh, fuck no. I want to have you all for myself and cuddle you to death until we fall asleep. We still have the chicken, right?"

Lexa laughed and nodded. "That we do. Let me just grab it. I'll be right back. Don't move." She quickly pecked Clarke's lips and disappeared into the kitchen while the blonde made herself comfortable going through all the boring documentaries she wouldn't watch with the brunette later.

"CLARKE!"

"What?"

"SHE TOOK THE CHICKEN!"

"Oh for fucks sake!"

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Chapter End Notes

Fun fact: That Raven story? True thing that legit happened to me :D. It was the craziest shit ever and it fit so perfectly, I had to include it.
GUYS! Are you as surprised as I am?? :D I'm not gonna say much, but be sure to check notes at the end as well! Love you and enjoy. (Hopefully)

“I swear to god! I WILL murder her and no one’s ever gonna find her body.”

Lexa couldn’t help but laugh at how dramatic Clarke was being after the chickenReyes gate. She was sitting on her couch watching her girlfriend wander up and down the apartment, swearing like a sailor, her hands flying up in the air occasionally to emphasise her point.

“Don’t you think you are exaggerating just a LITTLE bit, Babe?” The brunette asked, wiping her eyes.

“Are you serious? What side are you on? First her and your impossible sister pulled that couch stunt, then she asks us for painkillers, like for reals? And THEN she has the audacity to steal our food?”

“I-“, Lexa started, but was cut off by a rambling Clarke.

“Exactly!”

“I didn’t really say anything!”

“It doesn’t matter. My point being, who does things like that to the people you claim to love most?”

“Gosh Clarke! STOP. I can’t! My belly…Have mercy”, Lexa managed to get out before she had a renewed fit of laughter.

“It’s not fiuuuuunmny!” the blonde whined, her hands on her hips as she watched her unsupportive girlfriend crying, holding her stomach.

“It IS. Never in my life have I seen someone getting so emotional and extra over chicken breast.”

“That’s it. Unfortunately I’ll have to kill you, too. A shame tho. I deserve better”, Clarke said, trying to hide the smirk on her face, but failed miserably. With a huge pout she felt herself being pulled back on Lexas lap.

“Okay. Phew. Who needs a workout when I can have you to keep me in shape? But seriously. Clarke Griffin, love of my life, owner of my heart, queen of my castle-“

“This? This right there is extra. But go on”, Clarke grinned pointing her index finger at Lexa.
“Rude. Honestly, tho. What can I do to make you feel better?”

The blonde pretended to think about it real hard while wrapping her arms around the brunettes neck, placing a soft kiss on her warm, familiar skin.

“Clarke”, Lexa breathed, closing her eyes.

“When do we have to be on set tomorrow?”

“7.”

“PM?”

“I wish, but no.”

“Boo. Okay fine. Would you order us something?”

“Absolutely. Be right back.”

“You said that before and look where it got us.”

Lexa rolled her eyes and kissed the crown of Clarkes head. “Pretty positive that there aren’t any more food thieves in this apartment.”

“If you say so. Thank you, Babe.” The blonde sighed and pecked her girlfriends lips before letting her call the delivery service.

Later, when both their stomachs were finally full and they could barely keep their eyes open, Clarke laid her head on Lexas chest.

“Are you sure it’s okay to take me with you tomorrow?”

“Absolutely. Also Aden would kill me if I wouldn’t. He adores you and I’m pretty sure he has a tiny crush on you”, the actress said smiling, her eyes closed, her hand absentmindedly running through blonde hair.

“I can’t wait to meet him.”

“The feeling is mutual, trust me.”

“I’m glad I’m here”, Clarke whispered and looked up to her snoozing girl.

“I’m glad you are here, too. Still cannot fully believe it that you flew around the world for me.”

“I’d fly anywhere for you. Oh wow, that was sappy. Ew. But it’s true tho and soon when you get home we can start our life together.”

“And I’m looking forward to every single second of it”, Lexa sleepily answered, blindly kissing Clarke’s forehead.
“Did you ever think we would end up here?” The blonde said more to herself, tightening her grip around the brunettes middle.

“No, absolutely not. But I knew you’d change my life from the moment I saw you standing outside that convention center.”

“Lex-“

“It’s true. You are the best thing that ever happened to me.”

“We’ve come a long way, huh?”

“We have. So listen, I-“, Lexa started, totally stepping out of her zone and she had no idea where the sudden urge to do it now came from. She quickly sat up, turned on the light and looked into Clarkes azure eyes searching for that last bit of courage.

“I love you!” She began, her hand on the blondes cheek.

“And I love you. Are you okay, Babe? Your ears are burning up”, she cackled, covering Lexas sweaty hand with her own. This couldn’t be right? The second their eyes had locked a minute ago, Clarkes entire body tickled and she suddenly knew something big was about to go down.

“I’m-I’m fine. Sorry.” The actress took a deep breath and her girlfriends hands in hers.

“Wow, I honestly have no idea where this is coming from, but here goes nothing I guess.” The brunette took another deep breath before she continued. “I think I’ve loved you the second you stood in front of me that day in Sweden and even though we pretty much rushed through dating, I’ve never been more sure of anything in my entire life. Loving you is so easy, Clarke. Having you as my best friend is easy. Life is easy with you. You make sense to me and I couldn’t imagine not having you by my side anymore.”

“Lexa…”

“Let me finish? This right here? Now? Lying in bed, full of greasy chinese food, wearing ridiculous onesies with you, forcing you to watch Netflix documentaries I know you hate is what I want, Clarke. For as long as possible and for as long as you’ll have me.”

At this point, the blonde was a mess. Tears were streaming down her face and Lexa had given up trying to wipe them away, but neither cared.

I love you. Clarke mouthed and kissed her girlfriends knuckles.

“So I guess where I’m getting with this is…” The blonde looked at Lexa expectantly, her heart hammering against her ribcage.

“I know this is isn’t this huge, extraordinary gesture and all, but I hope…I hope-“

“YES!” Clarke exclaimed, covering her mouth quickly. “Sorry. Go on please. Sorry.” She grinned, as she watched Lexa quickly disappear into her dressing room, reemerging with a black velvety box in her hand.

“Clarke Griffin, I love you with all my heart and I believe in us and I can’t wait to conquer the
world together. And if you feel like this is too soon, it’s fine, okay? Don’t worry. This was absolutely spontaneous and like…”

“Lexa?”

“Yeah?”

“Ask me.”

A wide smile formed on the actresses face as she quickly kissed the blonde, straightening her back as she took her left hand into hers.

“Clarke Griffin, would you do me the absolute honor of spending the rest of your life beside me and marry me?” She breathed, tears forming in green eyes.

“In case that first yes wasn’t loud and clear enough already: Yes. Yes, yes, yes!” The young doctor mumbled against plump lips, as she pressed Lexa into the mattress.

“Babe. WAIT. The ring. I have a ring!”, the brunette laughed wiggling herself free a bit, getting a hold of Clarke’s ringfinger again.

“When the hell did you buy it and not give yourself away?”

“You have no idea how hard that was. I guess picturing myself as a super spy, carrying a precious ring with her at all times kinda helped.”

“Ugh hot!”

“Right?! I bought it after you surprised me with the house. I-I don’t know. I’ve thought about it for a while and tonight was kinda perfect?”

“You are perfect! Put it on?” Clarke said trying to control her cracking voice.

“Gladly. Give me that finger”, the brunette answered, slowly slipping the petite, simple silverband ring on.

“It’s so pretty”, the blonde sighed, curiously staring at her hand, testing how it felt, admiring the tiny pearl that adorned the top.

“Wow. I actually did that. Holy shit”, Lexa joked, wrapping her arms around Clarke from behind, kissing her temple.

“Well, I definitely did not see that coming when we went to bed earlier. Best surprise ever. But enough talking. Now kiss me Ms. Griffin-Woods”, the doctor said in a low voice, trying to capture her favorite pair of lips.


“Uhm, because it doesn’t sound good? Griffin-Woods is way easier. Smoother.”

“Right. Well…” Lexa said, kissing her way down Clarke’s neck, slowly pulling the zipper of her onesie down in the process. “I guess we’ll have to talk about that!”

“And what is your base of argumentation, Ms. Woods?”
“Let me spell it for you somewhere else”, the brunette winked, kissing down Clarke’s stomach until she felt two hands running through her wild, brown locks.

“Oh wow, that was bad, but I think I can take it.”

“You think?”

“I know. Show me whatcha got, champ”.

“Happy wife, happy life, right?” Lexa winked before her head disappeared between strong thighs sending Clarke into a whole new universe.

Both tired as hell, but happy as fuck, Lexa and Clarke entered the vehicle that had been hired to pick them up the next morning around 6:15am.

“Something is different!”, was the first thing Raven said, as she looked at her friends as they made themselves comfortable.

“I have no idea what you are talking about”, Clarke answered adjusting the sunglasses she was wearing to hide the bags under her eyes.

“Bullshit. I know you two and something is definitely going on. Anya?”

“Yup”, she agreed.

“You haven’t even turned around”, Lexa said, taking Clarkes hands in hers.

“No need. I can smell it. Spill it.”

“You guys don’t deserve anything. How was the chicken, Raven?” The blonde said, snapping her finegrs in front of her friend’s face. Unfortunately with the wrong hand.

“WAITwaitwaitwait. HOLD ON!” The Latina exclaimed, holding Clarke in place by her wrist.

“What the FUCK is this?”

Now that had finally gotten Anyas attention, too and she quickly gestured for the driver to wait.

“Babe?” The blonde defeatedly asked her fiance and Lexa could only nod.

“It’s a ring.”

“What kind of ring?” Raven pressed, squeezing her eyes together.

“It’s nothing.”
“Who raised you, Clarke? Has no one ever told you lying to your bestie is a big boo boo?”

“You ate my chicken!”

“FINE. I took it alright? I’m SORRY. Now tell meee!”

“No.”

“You never wore it before. It’s shiny, bright, you both glow like christmas trees…OH MY GOD. DID YOU PROPOSE, WOODS?” The Latina yelled.

“What?”, Anya chimed in, eyes fixing the blondes finger.

“I did.” Lexa couldn’t hide her smile anymore, as she lovingly looked at the blonde.

“Oh my god. I-I’m gonna have a gay cry attack!” Raven exclaimed fanning her face. “You GUYS! Fuck. Leave you alone for two minutes and you get fucking engaged.” Without any warning she pulled both Clarke and Lexa into her arms, squeezing them as hard as possible.

“Congratulations but Ladies, we have to go, or we are gonna be late!”, the driver said, smiling.

“Yeah, yeah sure”, Anya waved while looking at her younger sister in awe. “Welcome to the family, Claire. I’m really happy for you!” She winked.

“I imagine if we had bombed THAT evening tho! My timing is usually impeccable”, Raven laughed but immediately shut up when she saw the look on both Lexa’s and Clarke’s face.

They were greeted with a bride smiling Aden who opened the car door for them 30 minutes later.

“Clarke! You made it!”

“Sure did. It’s so nice to finally meet you. Come on, give me a hug!” the blonde said as she climbed out the car, Lexa and Raven right behind her.

“Thanks for taking care of my Lady and being such a great friend as well!”, she whispered into his ear.

“She’s the best. It’s easy. No need to thank me.”

“Hey. Can I ask you something?”


“Could you maybe point me in the direction of the make-up trailer?” She sweetly smiled.
Clarke took one last deep breath, before she knocked three times, taking a step back from the door, as she heard footsteps approaching. She was greeted with curious eyes and something resembling fear when the person in front of her recognized who she was.

“Sarah, right?” The doctor asked, hands in her jeans pockets.

“Y-yeah. How-how can I help you?”

“Do you have a moment? I promise it won’t take long. Lexa should be here soon.” She said, fake smiling and strolling past the stunned redhead.

“I had no idea you were here. Water?”, Sarah offered.

“Nah thanks. And sorry, I bet you are surprised.”

“A little? Look, Clarke—“

“How about you let me do the talking here, Sarah? Or should I call you Stefanie? I mean, it’s totally up to you”, the doctor nonchalantly revealed, eyes roaming over the mass of skin products, brushes and back to the pale woman next to her.

“How-wha-I-“

“Surprised? I guess. Let me make one thing perfectly clear. I know exactly who you are and just because you died your hair and had a nose job, a bad one by the way, doesn’t erase your past. And here’s where it gets interesting. If you so much as blink into her direction or try anything again, I promise you, I will gladly tell the press about your past as a stalker and the other times you pulled that exact same shit off. Are we on the same page?”

“How-how do you even know?”

“Oh, honey. Don’t worry about that. But be sure, I know enough to ruin your career forever. Trust me. Now”, she clapped her hands, before continuing. "Take care and I hope to never hear about you again. Cool? Cool.” And with that, Clarke left the trailer with a slight swing to her hips and a winning smile on her face.

The sweet sweet smell of victory!

Chapter End Notes

ARE YOU ALL OKAY? Did you see that coming? :D Hate it? Love it? Let me know, please. I had honestly no intention to take that road, but here we are and I'm happy I did. It just came to me during my lunch break and it basically wrote itself. Sadly and I can't believe we have reached that point, it's also the first part of the ending of this
story. Trust me, I already cried since this is my baby :D. ANYWAY. Lets not talk about it now. XO J-
The End Part 2

Chapter Notes

It's here, it's longer than ever and it's very cute I think :D. The finale of Lagom. Have fun! <3 Mistakes are all mine and I was too emotional to edit it, so here goes nothing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I honestly don't understand why we can't just celebrate together!", Clarke whined as she smoothed down the black cocktail dress which was hugging her exceptional curves in all the right ways and places. She knew she looked breathtaking and she felt it in every fiber. She felt pretty, she felt powerful and she felt like she could take over the entire world with something as simple as a dress. There was just one thing missing, or better yet, one person in particular with lucid green eyes, brown hair and a smirk to die for. She smiled at her reflection.

"How many times do I have to tell you? It's a tradition. You are celebrating your last night of freedom with your best friends before you are tying the knot. Turn around and let me shamelessly check you out", the Latina countered as she took a long, scientific look at her best friend in the store's dressing room months after Clarke's impromptu visit to Australia and Lexa wrapping up the movie and FINALLY being back home.

At their home. Their shared home. Their shared home that was quite literally still a construction side mostly, but neither of them could care less. Since the brunette was on a long hiatus now, she had been dealing with everything around the house so that the blonde wouldn't have to deal with the annoying things and could focus on work and driving Lexa completely nuts every time they went on another Home Depot/Ikea crusade that almost always ended up in EPIC make up sex, either because:

1) They couldn't agree on a color scheme that would match the cushions Clarke hadn't even bought yet

2) Clarke had forgotten her wallet 3 times after insisting Lexa wouldn't need hers which resulted in a 4 hour trip since they had to go back and forth

3) Lexa promising the palm tree she had chosen for her office would DEFINITELY fit into Clarke's car. It did not.

4) Said palm tree wouldn't ruin the fabric of Lexa's car according to Clarke. It did. Or that one time Lexa hid in one of the Ikea bedrooms after stocking their card with a ridiculous amount of scented candles even tho they had a ton at home and initially came there to buy a kitchen isle. CLOSE.

BUT who were they kidding? They loved it, it was theirs and nothing, at least in Lexa's opinion, could beat the grumpy cat look Clarke sported whenever she was not fond of something or didn't
get what she wanted. Whereas the actress was passionate yet methodical, the blonde was impulsive and...impulsive.

Sometimes the doctor told herself at least 5 times a day that it was actually happening, cause it felt too good and she simply lived for driving to their place after a long day at work, opening the door, throwing her stuff down and finding her fiance in the half-done living room area, curled up with a book, listening to music through her massive headphones, or taking a nap with the tiny silver kitten Lexa had insisted to get. And who was she to say no even tho she wasn't really the biggest cat fan? Also, just the sight of the brunette and the little fur ball together had Clarke's heart swell to no end and earlier reservations long forgotten.

"Well. It's a stupid tradition. Why would I wanna have any more "freedom" when I'm getting married to the love of my life? Isn't the whole thing supposed to feel like you don't want that "freedom" anymore? Honestly? I don't want to party without her. Is my butt okay in this?" The blonde continued, looking over her shoulder catching Raven pinching the bridge of her nose in annoyance.

"Clarkey-Poo. Again. A bachelorette party is just an occasion to be with your favorite ladies, dress up and go a little crazy, share old stories while crying into our martinis proclaiming our undying love for one another as we send you off into the hands of someone else. Plus, there are presents involved and you love presents, remember?"

"But Lexa is one of my favorite Ladies, too. Like my favorite, favorite. It just doesn't make any sense to me."

"UGH. Dude. Can you at least try? For us and for my sanity? All you have to worry about is finding a dress and I'm a big fan of this one, by the way, and be ready at 5pm on Friday so we can spoil you rotten."

"But..."

"No buts. NO MORE BUTS in this house! There is literally no room for any big ass buts currently occupying your brain. You'll have an entire lifetime together so I'm pretty sure you can go one freaking night without her and spoiler alert, she's gonna have a blast, too. Anya really went above and beyond. No strippers, no weird Hangover shit. I promise. No, I swear." Raven tried to reason with her friend, holding up her pinky.

Big blue orbs were searching the Latina's face, before she grabbed another dress from the massive pile they had labeled as "Definitely gonna end Lexa" and disappeared behind the curtain again. "Fine", was the last thing the engineer heard, before she let out a puff of air, pulled out her phone and opened the wedding group chat.

Kween of fucking everything:

Bitches. We might have a problem.

Mama Bear:
Sharpy Harpy:

:-/.

Nathan:

?????????????????????????????!?

Kween of fucking everything:

Really you turds? That's all? Would anyone like to know what the actual emergency is, or...Hold on. Don't answer that. Ya'll better be available. Group call in 2 minutes. And Octavia, put the Baby down.

"Clarke?"

"Yeah?"

"How we doin´in there?"

"Good...I think. Can I send a picture to Lexa? I'd really love her opinion."

The Latina quickly weighed her options for a second and decided she had to bite into the sour apple this time. "Approved. But if I catch you with your hand down your panties again, because you guys are spiraling down a sexting sesh, I swear..."

"It was ONE time."

"Yes. One time too many. Before your freaking engagement dinner. Shame on you. It ruined my eyesight forever, thank you very much. Anyvaggies. I gotta make a quick call. You okay for a minute? Be back in a sec."

"Sure", Clarke absentmindedly said, snapping a few pictures of herself she could send with the absolute intention to drive Lexa mad.

"Come on, come on, come on", Raven mumbled to herself, pacing up and down the sidewalk outside the store in Beverly Hills, nodding at strangers who looked her up down as they passed by. Fucking L.A.

"Oh my god, finally! Octavia. What is that on your arm?"

"My...child?"
"And what did I tell you?"

"To put down the Baby?"

"Correct. As much as I love her, I can't have her smear the camera with her spit now. Harper. Stop eating. Nathan. Stop texting."

"How do you know I'm texting?" Clarke's colleague and close friend by now said, looking into the camera like a deer caught in the headlights.

"Magic? Also there is this super cute thing called: Keyboard clicks: Off. You should try that sometime."

"Oh...nice!"

"ANYWAY. Pickles! Listen up. I don't have much time and a fragile bride-to-be in an over-prized store probably sexting bride-to-be-2 as we speak."

"What's the emergency exactly?"

"I'm glad that you asked, Harper. That sandwich looks ah-mazing by the way. Seriously tho: Clarke is close to freak out about the fact that she has to go partying without Lexa and wouldn't even try to understand the concept of a bachelorette party."

Three pairs of eyes were looking at her expectantly.

"But---I don't get it", the young nurse said, taking a bite out of mentioned sandwich, happily munching on it, brows furrowed deeply.

The Latina sighed. "What happens when Clarke has more than 6 shots?"

"She turns into sad Amy from Brooklyn 99 times two?" Octavia answered, bad memories obviously going through her mind as she visibly cringed.

"Exactly. And I can't have that, nor do I want her to suddenly take off without a word. We all know how good she is at sneaking out. So what do we do? I need input folks. Give me ideas."

"Well. Maybe...I mean...If she wants to have Lexa there so badly..."

"NO. Absolutely not! Do you want them smooching literally all night like that one time we all went clubbing only to find them holed up in a corner after two hours of looking? Me thinks the fuck not."


"Not telling the other where we go?" Nathan suggested.

"Nice. Like that one. Anyone else?"

"How about a no phone policy? No phone, no location pinning, no running off, no...well, you get
my point." - "What?" Octavia asked, as everyone was suddenly looking at her.

Raven nodded rather impressed. “O, I can’t believe I’m gonna say this, but that is GENIUS. I think you just had a neuron fire off in your head somewhere. Hopefully it didn’t hurt. However,” she said, putting her hand. "She will fight it, but we have to stay strong, okay? No giving in. Looking at you specifically Harps."

"But she is my boss and the puppy face she can pull off is ridiculously good. Guys. You know how it is!"

"Are we sure we are not like...overreacting a bit here?" Nathan threw in, earning a death glare from the women. "Fine. Fine. Didn't say anything."

"Alrighty. So we all set? You know what to do. In no way let her get close to the phones, no matter how pouty and cute she gets. It's a trick. Gotta head back inside. See you bitches on Friday. Love and shit." Raven said, making a kissing face before she disconnected the call, heading back inside with a new sense of confidence.

***************************************************************************

"Clarkey, are you ready?!" Raven called from the kitchen the following Friday around 4:30 pm. Everything had been planned close to perfection and if she might have said so, she was quite proud of herself. Your best friend usually only gets married once and she wanted it to be unforgettable for her childhood buddy. The brunette checked the time again, before she knew the Limo would arrive that would take them to a beautiful, secluded 1920's styled bar in Downtown LA that had been suggested by one of the few coworkers she actually liked and respected. Noah, that was his name, used to bar-tend at the place before he had been hired by Ravens company and spoke so highly of it that when the Latina had set foot into it for the first time, fell in love with it and hadn't even considered another location for the party.

"Give me 5, Ray!"

"Limo's gonna be here in a sec. You look beautiful. Come on, move yo cute ass!"

In another room, Clarke carefully checked that Raven hadn't suddenly decided to come get her, before she pulled out the black burner phone she had strapped to her thigh feeling like a secret agent. She proudly smiled to herself as she started typing.

"The Wolves. 8:30."

Taking another last approving look into the mirror, the blonde grabbed her black, formfitting
blazer, her purse and enjoyed the feeling of the first sip of champagne of the night just moments later.

"Do you like it? Please tell me that you like it." Raven carefully asked, a few cocktails in. But she immediately relaxed when Clarke put an arm around her and pulled her close.

"It's perfect. Thank you. But even if we would have rented a Burger King...as long as I have you and these idiots over there around, I'm the happiest", the doctor said, pressing a soft kiss to the engineers temple while watching the rest of the gang joking, laughing and drinking together. And it was true. She was at her happiest. There was literally no place she'd rather be and this was only the beginning of her new life. A life she hadn't dared dreaming of until her best friend had dragged her a million miles away to a different country where she ran into the love her life all because of the crazy person next to her and her weird obsession with TV shows. The universe was really THAT extra, but she wouldn't have traded a second of it for anything.

"You wound me, Griffin. Burger King. Pfft. You are at least worth a fancy McDonalds meal", Raven winked and leaned her head on her besties shoulder. "I can't believe you are going to get married to Lexa fucking Woods. You, the biggest turtle of all turtles."

"Hey! But I can't believe it sometimes, too. I'm very very lucky and you are responsible for all of it. So thank you."

"I know right? I am truly the best. Joke's aside. She is lucky to have you. Never forget that."

"We are lucky." Clarke said, laughing when Raven made a gagging sound next to her.

"Okay, now it's getting really out of control."

"You are absolutely right and it will get even better. I'll be right back."

"Waaait. Where are you going? I was joking. Drown me in sap. I'm living for it. We totally had a moment here", Raven whined.

"Keep that thought, cause..." Clarke started and as if on cue, the front door to the bar opened and now other than Lexa, Anya, Lincoln and two other friends of the actress strolled in, majestically like the coven of the American Horror Story witches in slow motion.

The blonde beamed as she crossed the room in two grand strides, wrapping her arms around her fiance and kissing her shortly, but intently, leaving EVERYONE in the room completely flabbergasted.
"Wha-How-I-WHAT? There is-HOW" Raven exclaimed, not able to grasped what was happening and her shocked eyes went straight to her girlfriend who looked just like her. And Clarke and Lexa? They were having the time of their lives witnessing the stunned faces of everyone.

"Guys! Since we now have your undivided attention", Clarke started, grabbing Lexas hand, trying to hide her amused smile- "We would like to say: Thank you. Babe. Do you want to do us all the honor?"

"Gladly", the actress lovingly smiled, pecking the blondes lips for good measure again before she addressed the group in front of them. She cleared her throat so she wouldn't get emotional before she had even gotten anything she wanted to say out. Lexa could feel Clarke squeeze her hand in encouragement and it was all she needed to proceed.

"I know you are all surprised probably, but like Clarke already said, we'd like to take this opportunity to not celebrate separately, but together. Together with the people closest to us. People who we love, call friends as well as family. We had no idea how to pull it off at first, but thanks to Raven, we knew how to do it", Lexa started, her focus now on the still rooted on the spot woman.

"Remember when you asked Clarke how she would feel about doing a non-phone thingy after you guys went dress shopping and you disappeared to call someone? Well. My brilliant fiance here, got suspicious, called me and we came up with the idea to use burner phones to bring everyone together."

"You...Oh my god. A plot against a plot. My...honestly? Mind blown. But how did you know where we'd go?

"Well...we all know you are not exactly subtle when it comes to social media. Especially when you are passionate about something."

"But you literally NEVER use Twitter. And I know Clarke only used it to low-key stalk you when she refused to admit having a massive crush on you. Which was ages ago."

"You are not the only one with connections. I have eyes and ears everywhere, Reyes", Lexa winked, the pride that they managed to outsmart Raven and Anya visible on their faces.

"Fuck, Woods. Well played, well played. Gotta admit it."

"But we are not here to solve mysteries right? We are here to celebrate our engagement and we cannot begin to tell you all how much we appreciate all of you. You have been with us on the craziest, yet most magical journey of both our lives and we feel so incredibly lucky", Lexa continued, but her voice started to break, as emotions finally took over and Clarke couldn't keep it together any longer as well. She carefully wiped the brunettes tears away with her thumbs, kissing her before she grabbed one of the champagne glasses, urging everyone to follow along.

"We are indeed lucky and we could probably go on for hours, but for now: Lets drink! Lets dance! Lets CELEBRATE! We love you!" Clarke took over, clinking her glass with Lexa, her free hand on her cheek as she pulled her in, the cheering of their loved ones a muffled sound outside their bubble.
"I can't do this. I'm gonna fuck it up!" Lexa said in high pitched voice 6 months later, pacing up and down in the room of the hotel, located in the beautiful center of Stockholm, Sweden where Clarke had been taken care of her this long time ago.

"Oh my god. You are driving me CRAZY. Stop!" Anya exclaimed, grabbing her younger, shaking sister by the shoulders making her look at her. "You? You are walking out of this room, let our wonderful dad walk you down the isle and then you are going to marry the love of your life. Got it?" The older Woods smiled as she pulled Lexa into her arms, blinking away her own tears.

"G-got it", the actress stuttered, overwhelmed. "But what if I mess it up, An?"

"Listen to me carefully. There is NO way in hell you could mess anything up. You know why? Because you have it all right here." Anya continued, pointing at Lexa's heart.

"I'm getting married."

"You are, Babygirl and I'm so incredibly proud of you. Now. Let's get out of here, before my make-up is ruined completely. You got this."

And as Lexa slowly walked towards the altar in her beautiful vintage white dress, her father by her side, surrounded by everyone they loved, every last piece of nerves fell off of her especially when she saw her. Her beautiful Clarke. Tears were streaming down her face without any control and with shaky hands, she intertwined their fingers, trying to take everything in at once.

"Hi, the blonde whispered, giggling nervously. "You look so beautiful, Baby." And Lexa couldn't help but grab Clarke's face and kiss her like her life depended on it putting everything she couldn't vocalize right now into it.

"Let's get married!" The doctor continued nodding towards the independent marriage celebrant they had hired, Raven and Anya standing next to them in matching dresses, not only acting as their moral support, but also as their legal witnesses.

"May we begin", the lady started, urging everyone, including the two brides to take a seat.

"Today, on this wonderful day, We gather here to unite these beautiful women, Clarke Griffin and Alexandria Woods in marriage. We gather here today to publicly declare their private devotion to each other in front of family and friends. The essence of this commitment is the acceptance of each other in entirety, as lovers, companions, and as best friends. A good, healthy and balanced relationship is one in which neither person is overpowered nor absorbed by the other, one in which neither person is possessive of the other, one in which both give all their love freely and without restraint. Marriage, ideally, is a sharing of responsibilities, hopes, wishes and dreams. It takes a special effort to grow together, survive hard times, and be loving and unselfish. So I'm asking you, Clarke and Lexa, do you both pledge to share your lives openly with one another, and to speak the truth in love? Do you promise to honor and tenderly care for one another, cherish and encourage each other, stand together, through sorrows and joys, hardships and triumphs for all the days of your lives?"
"We do", they both said in unison, looking lovingly at each other.

"And do you pledge to share your love and the joys of your marriage with all those around you, so that they may learn from your love and be encouraged to grow in their own lives?"

"We do", they said again, hearing a whispered fucking onions from Raven, who was crying more by now then both of the brides moms combined, making everyone laugh before they both prepared for their personal vows.

"Wonderful. Now. Ladies and Gentleman, I encourage you to stand up for the personal vows. Who wishes to start?"

"Can I?" Lexa asked, holding the blondes hands even tighter as she took a last breath before she started.

"Clarke. Standing here, in front of you and our families is something I never thought possible. I also wrote this entire speech, but someone-", she looked at her sister briefly, "Told me, all I need is in my heart. So, right now I'm speaking from the bottom of my heart when I tell you, that all the words in the world could not even begin to describe how deeply I am in love with you. From the first moment I saw you until now you have been a never ending heartbeat, a ray of light and you are not only my love, but you are my best friend. My soulmate and being with you is the greatest gift i could have ever been given. I cannot wait to go through life with you, laugh with you, cry with you, even fight with you. I want it all. I promise you to always take care of you until we are old and grey, still staggeringly good looking breaking Instagram." The actress paused for a minute to gather her thoughts and let everyone cackle with them. "I just really really love you, Clarke Griffin!" She ended and was met with tear stained lips and a look that would forever be engraved in her mind.

"Lex", the doctor started, trying to get herself under control. "As you said, no words could ever be enough to express how lucky I am that I found you and that you love me back. And right now, I promise you to love you back just as equally, trying every day to make you the happiest woman, cause that is what you deserve. You never cease to amaze me, Alexandria Woods. Your drive, your big big heart, your ambition and your ability to make me laugh like no one else can. You are my home and I just really really love you, too", Clarke finished, too overwhelmed to even form any more sentences, but she knew that Lexa knew and that was enough for now.

Sniffing and clapping could be heard as they stared into each others eyes waiting for the speaker to continue as Anya handed her the rings.

"May these rings be blessed as a symbol of your union. As often as either of you look upon these rings, may you not only be reminded of this very moment, but also of the vows you have made and the strength of your commitment to each other. And with the exchange of these rings, it is my honor and pleasure in the power given to me, to pronounce you wife and wife. You may kiss the bride for the 5th time now!" The woman joked, hugging them both before they finally sealed their their marriage with definitely not the last kiss of the day.
Later, as their bellies were full, champagne ran through their veins, party in full swing, Clarke and Lexa sat next to each other looking over the amazing crowd of people, holding hands tightly while reliving the past few eventful hours. From all the wonderful speeches, embarrassing childhood/teen video edits and dances to right now.

"Where do we go from here?", Clarke whispered, resting her head on her wife's shoulder.

"Anywhere you want, Mrs. Woods", Lexa smiled, kissing the blondes head.

"How about Thailand?" Clarke joked.

THE END.

Lagom - Not too little, not too much. Just right.

Chapter End Notes

This is it, guys. The final chapter of Lagom and I'm literally tearing up saying it out loud. I started this story 2!!!! years ago and it was the first thing i had ever written and published and seeing how happy it made so many of you is everything. I cannot tell you how much i appreciated every single comment, idea and every one of you who took the time to go on this journey with me. THANK YOU. This story is my heart and I hope i could give you a proper conclusion. Thank you for being patient with me as well ;). I loved writing Lexa and Clarke and everyone in this story and I'm honestly struggling to find words. I love you and I hope we will meet again should I decide to come up with somethign new, if that's something you guys would enjoy. LET ME KNOW. Okay. I'm gonna go cry and pray you will be happy. GROUHPUG, XO Julia :').

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