The 3rd and the 4th

by KonstantineXIII

Summary

Hair wet and plastered to her breasts, Lexa turned to lather her hair with conditioner and speak.

“You are the vice-president. You cannot be seen running around, causing upsets, and starting a coups d'état. You will not only lose your position in the Student Government, but you will most likely lose your athletic scholarship. Is that what your goal is?”

You hated how she made perfect sense so much of the time. You leaned against the shower wall, crossing your arms.

As far as this shot goes, there is so much sex it’s ridiculous. Adapted from another fandom. Some OOC, and did I mention sex? Yeah. A lot of that. Plot is about as thick as water. Also, A WHOLE BUNCH OF SEX.

Read responsibly.

“Lazy.”

You frowned through your open mouth. Your lungs were burning almost as much as your legs, and the light lunch of a chicken salad was threatening to come back with a vengeance.
You staggered upright and placed your hands on your hips, glaring at your coach. He didn’t know shit – that was the best time you and your teammates had run all evening.

“How,” a pant, “How so?”

You nodded in Anya’s direction. As an answer, the short, bald-headed man turned his broad back on the four of you. And suddenly whipped around and hurled a flashing cylinder at the spoken girl.

“Jesus!” Ontari had barely caught the baton.

“How is it you can catch that, and yet not get a proper fucking grip during the hand off, huh??” He screamed, neck bulging.

“What the fuck, Titus!” You roared.

He waved a hand shortly, cutting you off.

“All of you, run it again. This time, Woods is on the blocks, Forrester’s anchor. And I swear to God, Winters, I know you’re a giver, but maybe Woods here will help you RECEIVE.”

You growled and jogged to your position around the 400m track obediently. You were 3rd. Always.

And Lexa was supposed to be 4th. Always. You watched with a growing sense of unease as Anya took the anchor position. Your head twisted and you watched as a Goddess of a girl with tied chestnut hair placed her feet against the starting blocks, baton in hand on the ground.

Titus cried, “Set!”

Lexa lifted her hips, head up.

“GO!”

She pushed off, sprinting as fast as she could. You shook your head, already seeing the disaster. Lexa was fast, maybe even faster than Anya on a good day, but she couldn’t run a curve for shit, and keeping her away from the finish line was a waste of her aggression.

Luckily, her hand off was flawless, and Ontari took off down the straightaway, her 100m time sure and swift. You bounced on your feet, watching the woman’s movements over your shoulder. Ontari hit the trigger box.

One, two, reach, three, clasp, four, take off.

Your foot hit the end triangle of the exchange box in perfect time. The curve threw you around, and you felt like you were flying. You muscles protested, demanded you stop, but the cool baton in your hand and the figure in front of you told those feelings to shut the fuck up.

You stepped on the trigger arrow.

One step, second foot lift, extend forward, release, three, put the brakes on.

Except this wasn’t Lexa. Anya’s reach was shorter, and had hesitated. As the starter, she had never received the baton. Fucking ever. Fucking Titus. He knew it, too. You were just shocked Lexa had managed a perfect handoff. An anchor wouldn’t have a reason to know how.

Your time was blown, and you knew it. Hands on your head, you sucked air into your lungs laboriously, watching Anya dash toward the finish. In a real competition, she’d choke. It’s happened
before. Anya had a quality about her that was volcanic. She erupted, snapped, exploded, whatever, but her time out of the blocks was unparalleled, even in last placement. She wasn’t meant for the iron will of a mechanized jaguar that an anchor needed like Lexa had.

A strong hand thumped your back, and you turned to find Ontari’s grim face. You shook your head, knowing and disgusted.

“Fucking Titus,” you growled out. The leggy 2nd gave a concurring nod. Joining your teammates, you saw the anger in Lexa’s haunting viridian eyes, and the rage in Anya’s, both pointed toward the smirking coach.

“Better.” was all he said, curled up roster papers in one hand, arms folded.

“You’re out of your mind,” Lexa accused coolly.

“Excuse me?” He replied, faux surprised.

You tightened your jaw, watching the mahogany-haired beauty closely. Thankfully, Anya saved Titus’ wrath from being focused directly.

“I can’t anchor. Every one of us knows that,” She clenched her fists, “Griffin was born to hand off to Woods, and we lost 4 whole seconds because she can’t run a damn curve!”

The asshole smiled, and turned to the beautiful anchor.

“Then it sounds like Woods is going to be running some damn curves,” a smirk. “Though if she’d rather I ran over her curves… well.” He grinned lecherously, eyes flitting over her track shorts and cropped shirt. You grit your teeth visibly, eyes narrowed. Ontari took a menacing step forward.

“But for the time being, practice is over, hit the showers.” The man turned and walked off, like he hadn’t just openly harassed a student.

You all stood together in silence with only the stadium lights buzzing.

“Sorry,” the dish-water blonde girl murmured.

“It’s fine,” Lexa said plainly, blankly. “There was nothing wrong with your hand off to start with.”

“That’s true,” Ontari spat acidly.

You growled. “This is the last fucking straw. I’m launching a formal complaint with Arkadia, that man is a fucking law suit waiting to happen, and I’ll gladly inform Dean Nia of it!”

“Not with the season about to start, you won’t.”

Your cerulean blue eyes swung to narrowed greens, and a battle of wills ensued.

“Fuck his shit, Lexa, I know you hate him too.”

“We need him.”

“The hell we do!”

“If you would listen to reason, you would know I’m right.” You inched closer to one another, tension crackling.
“You’re not the fucking Captain of the University, Commander, I’ll do whatever the hell I feel like,”
You snarled, frustration at Titus and Lexa’s stubbornness clouding your tongue and vision.

“You guys, stop!” Ontari intervened. Anya physically placed a hand on each of your chests and pushed,
frowning.

“Fuck, save it for the meet,” she sighed out, wiping sweat from a soaked brow.

Lexa nodded and stepped away, sweeping for the locker room. You watched her go and grimaced.
So goddamn obstinate.

“I’ll see you guys tomorrow,” you waved, heading for the locker room as well. Ontari and Anya
nodded, their individual concerns highlighting each face. That had been a tough practice.

Anya left to the freshmen dorms, and the freshman girlfriend she had inside them. Ontari said the
locker rooms at night gave her the creeps. Whatever, you thought.

You pushed the door open and heard the echo of water hitting the floor of a shower. Without
thinking, your feet headed toward the sound. The locker room’s far shower wall, and the second to
last stall was the only shower in use, a white towel hanging on the outside. You spared a glance
under every stall anyway.

You crossed to the steaming cubicle, and ripped the curtain open. Lexa didn’t even bother
screaming. She simply froze, hands rinsing suds from her wet curls. Then, green eyes rolled.

“Yes?” She asked caustically, her voice thick with irritation.

“We’re not finished,” You warned, voice low with sincerity. The beautifully naked woman glared at
you.

“Yes, I believe we are.”

“We have to do something about this,” You pressed, not letting your eyes stray below the woman’s
neck. Willpower, if you asked yourself, which was almost superhuman. “If what you care about is
the season – fine – Titus is going to ruin our season with his sadistic shuffling. JV is suffering just as
much as us.”

Hair wet and plastered to her breasts, Lexa turned to lather her hair with conditioner and speak.

“You are the vice-president. You cannot be seen running around, causing upsets, and starting a
coups d’état. You will not only lose your position in the Student Government, but you will most
likely lose your athletic scholarship. Is that what your goal is?”

You hated how she made perfect sense so much of the time. You leaned against the shower wall,
crossing your arms.

“You,” you accused. “Are the President, the mighty and beloved Lexa Woods,” she glared at you
even more sarcastically, rinsing her hair and tying it up. “Don’t you have the authority to at least tip
off the school paper?”

For the first time that night, Lexa smirked.

“Oh, the only authority I have extends to my immediate reach.” And then she’d grasped your
shirtfront tightly and drug you under the shower’s head. You sputtered and gasped.
“Lexa!”

She laughed, hands smoothly peeling the layer of your shirt off, already sopping wet. You glare at her, probably looking ridiculous in the process. Your shorts were next, followed by everything else. Soon, you were naked and you yanked your hair out of its tie.

“Ass,” you growled. You didn’t bring a change of clothes.

“Oh, I had no idea you were so adventurous,” she smirked.

“Shut the fuck up,” you demand, pushing her against a wall and covering her mouth with yours. Your kiss was bruising and demanding. You demanding her to be quiet, and her demanding you to do what you knew she wanted. You both were unusually irritated, and the tinge of aggression showed.

Her tongue split your lips, and the smooth wet of her tongue on yours contrasted beautifully with the steaming wet on your back. You bit down on her lip harshly.

“I’m only doing this because you looked too hot, all pissed off after practice.”

Dropping to your knees, you hook a muscle-coiled thigh over your shoulder and immediately latch your mouth onto Lexa’s pussy. The laugh she had breathed cut off into a strangled groan. You angle under her and she grabs ahold of your wet hair with one hand and scratched for purchase on the slick tile wall with the other.

“Fuck, Clarke, ah-!”

Lexa only swears when you fuck. It’s honestly endearing. You flick, lick, and suck on her swollen clit, and she grinds lewdly into your mouth, moaning. You observe her face, trying to tell what sort of treatment she wants today. You flatten your tongue and stroke broadly up her slit.

God, she tastes good.

You slip the tip of your tongue into her entrance, and she shakes, indelicacies and groans falling from her perfect lips like rain. Oh, you think to yourself, like that. A few more good, strong licks, and the twist of her mouth and lock of her toned leg tells you she wants to come.

So you stand up. Her eyes open, blazing and frustrated, but you know what you’re doing. You spin her around, and she braces on the wall. Two fingers enter her immediately, and her legs shake where they support her. Her knees buckle, and you circle her clit harshly to make her stand.

“Clarke – Mm! – Move, fuck, please!”

Her perfect tones echoes in the empty locker room, and the sounds of her pleading stroke your ego, and flame the heat between your legs.

You smirk and lean over her back to kiss along those powerful shoulders. And then you fuck her in earnest. A third finger is added, and she immediately clamps down on the fingers fitting tightly inside of her, her head flying backwards in ecstasy.

She screams, a muffled, lip bitten affair of the vocal chords. You instantly slow your ministrations, twisting your hand and crooking your fingers to slide against the front wall of her vagina. The angle is murder on your wrist, but Lexa moans like a pornstar and you know it’s worth it.

Her clit needs a break, so you reach around her to palm a heaving breast, toying her hardened nipple
to what felt like an almost painful point. You pull out of her and she flattens her back to the wall. It could have been a dance move, it was so precise.

She spun, and you caught the leg she threw around your trim waist, and you instantly re-entered her, her toned arms thrown around your neck. You thrust slowly, but hard enough to lift her on her toes. She buries her face in your neck, racing toward a second climax.

“Clar- ah! Shit. Mmm!”

Every breath she exhaled harshly started to escalade into a weak scream. Her eyes opened, and the lust hazed over the forest irises made you duck and capture those panting lips with yours.

She always managed to taste like honey. Thick and intoxicating. It made your chest rumble with satisfaction. Your tongue swept her unresponsive one, and you smiled. You supposed she was a little distracted.

“Tell me what you like,” you practically growled. Her head fell back to rest on the shower wall, her usually so sharp eyes lidded and muddled with pleasure. Still, she fought to stay snarky, even when she was putty in your hands.

“You’re _mm- shit at dirty talk,”_ She gasped.

You growled, hiding your smile in her modest cleavage.

“Just fucking come already. My wrist is killing me.”

Lexa had enough presence of mind to laugh, her forehead immediately frowning as you shifted your ring and forefinger forward, your middle backwards inside of her. She liked her front wall stimulated, and the position made her feel fuller than she actually was.

A shudder passed through her muscular body, her arms clenching around your neck, and you fluttered kisses under her jaw.

_One, twitch, two, flutter, clamp. There._

Lexa spasmed around your fingers, the pressure delicious, and she bit down on the join of your neck and shoulder. You hissed and she had sense enough to soothe you with her tongue over the wound. She shuddered once more, her leg buckling.

You caught her; hand clamping her thigh around your waist and leveraging her powerfully built body against the wall. You pulled out of her slowly - her shudders not quite subsided. Her supporting leg came up and wrapped around your waist, clutching to you with strength enough to hurt. You kissed her collarbones and supported her ass, liking the feel of her slippery front on your own.

With an elbow, you shut off the shower, and she recovered enough to lean away from smothering you with her boobs, massaging your temples with strong fingers.

She settled hands on your shoulders, and you set her on her feet. A smirk of yours later, and she rolled her eyes, smiling.

“Get that look off your face.”

You only grinned wider. She stepped out of the shower, and you grasped her wrist, an eyebrow raised.
“You do know it’s only proper to eat when your guests eat, right?”

Lexa threw you a look and stepped back in. She ran capable, clever fingers up your sides and bent to your face.

“Don’t worry,” she purred. “You’ll be well fucked tonight, if I get to have my way.” You almost came right then, but you arched to take her lips. Predictably, she pulled away just in time.

“Indra’s out of the apartment, and I’m not catching syphilis because you can’t keep it in your pants long enough to get your rocks off in an actual bed.” Her soothing voice rolled through your body and settled in between your legs.

She bent to kiss you long and deep, and you palmed her bare ass. You reared back and slapped it. Hard. And ran.

“Clarke!” Lexa shouted after you, your cackling echoing through the cavernous space. You grabbed a spare towel, and quickly dried yourself. Smirking, you rapidly dressed in the jeans and tshirt sitting in her open locker, jamming your feet into her slightly larger shoes. Jesus, she has high arches.

You were about to run out the door, and then took a second to run back to the locker and you pocketed the black satin thong. Another second, and you sprinted out the door, smiling.

Two hours later, you found yourself being fucked from behind, that same thong binding your wrists behind your back. Lexa was kind enough to put a pillow beneath your head and chest, but unkind enough to strap a dildo to her waist, pistoning in and out of your raised hips with a speed only the anchor of Arkadia University’s star track team could manage.

The wet slap of her hips meeting your ass was the hottest sound in the fucking word, and the quick ruts had you mewling like a kitten. Her breasts lifted off of your back, and strong hands steadied your hips. She pulled out, and ran the tip through your drenched folds, teasing.

You were panting more than you had at practice.

“Lexa,” you pleaded.

She simply hummed in askance. Your hip flexors shuddered, and threatened to collapse your raised hips to the bed.

“I want to fucking walk tomorrow, you sadist,” your voice had turned into a steely grate after the third orgasm.

“Nonsense,” She purred, stroking through you, putting pressure on your swollen clit. You gasped, your legs clamping closer together. She moved her legs to spread yours back apart, your ass lower than even before, and the strain on your buttocks and hips intensified exponentially.

But then, she re-entered you at full force, and the changed angle penetrated you so deeply you accidentally screamed. Lexa merely huffed in forceful exertion, sweat running down her body. She was pulling back hard on your hips every time she thrust forward, and the dick inside you was making the world burst black and white in front of your eyes with the drives.

You liked that. The deep fucking. At least tonight you do, and Lexa played you like a fiddle. Your muscles started failing and she changed her angle accordingly. You were aware that sounds were escaping your throat, but with no idea what they were.

She let you relax, forcing you onto your back, cock still buried to the hilt inside you. You threw a leg
over her shoulder, not even a hint of inflexible resistance, and the dick pulled deeper at the spread. Her soft hair was piled on her head, and sweat beaded on her breasts, running in pornographic rivulets down her flexing abdominals. You watched as a smirk danced on her beautiful lips, her eyes raking in the view of your own bare, sweat-slicked chest.

She leaned, wrapping her hands under your ass and arched upward, standing on her knees, your hips firm in her grip in the air. Lexa was just so fucking strong. You raised an eyebrow at the odd position. And then your vision exploded when she held you steady and thrust out, and back in.


Her abdominals flexing were one of your favorite sights in the entire fucking world. Everything about Lexa’s definite physique drove you crazy, and the toy lunging inside of you helped a lot.

The position was clearly strenuous for Lexa, but you could care less. She was fucking you like an animal and you barely had time to breathe in the air that you rushed out in a torrent of some strangled worship of her name as you came.

You collapsed to the bed, immediately rolling to your side to take the pressure off your bound arms. Your brain was fried, your body exhausted. You felt the heat rolling off of Lexa as she crumpled to the sheets next to you. You felt her take the bindings on your wrists off and flop onto her back. You mimicked the position, throwing an arm over your forehead.

“Fuck,” you breathed, trying to get your brain rebooted.

“I believe we were doing just that,” she said, smiling. Her head swiveled to catch your eyes, and the emerald depths twinkled.

“Can’t you just shut up? It seems like every time we fuck you have to begin and end it with one liners,” You gripe. Lexa laughed at that.

“It’s you, incapable of ending things properly, so I only make up for your losses.

“Oh?” You challenge, rolling to face her. She smirks at you, beautiful, covered in sweat, abs still glistening and tempting. Your eyes skate over her perfect body. Your training regimens allowed for no less than perfection. Part of you thinks Lexa might have surpassed it.

“Well, I always finish what I start,” You said dashingly. You scoot down the bed, and gather your hair in a tie so as not to block the view. The lack of response set a knowingly attractive smirk to your lips. You pull the condom off and hold the dildo for you to lap at.

Lexa moans deep in her chest, biting her lip, her eyes locked on your movements. It wasn’t weird. You’d both given the other head with the strap on. It had absolutely nothing to do with the dick, and everything to do with the power trip. While you didn’t mind it, it was still easily among your least favored things to do, given the choice.

But a fucking like that had earned Lexa some ego boosting, you’d say.

So you took the cock in your mouth after lubing it with saliva and locked eyes on the awed green ones. Then never looking away from her face, you inhale through your nose, and take the dick as far down your throat as you can manage. Her mouth drops open and her whole body shivers, rocking inside your throat involuntarily.

You gag, and your eyes instantly water. You try not to panic, but you can’t breathe and come back up for air. Her sweet hands come down to hold your face, lots of lust, and a little concern in her eyes.
“Clarke?” she asks. You ignore her and take the dildo down your throat again, bobbing your head. The powerful thighs under your hands tighten to prevent another shiver. Her hands are still on your head and you pause movement, waiting. She gets it.

And pushes you down to the base, clearly greatly pleased with the view. Lexa guides you back up and then holds your head in place on the downstroke. A wanton tightness steals her eyes, and she flexes her hips up. Unprepared, you gag, a wet, choking sound, and Lexa moans.

You quickly unbuckle her harness and tug it up your legs, retightening it in a flash.

“Wash this later,” you throw to her.

She rolls her eyes at you.

“No, Clarke. I never clean my sex toys because I’m a moron,” she bites back, turned on and impatient. You stop your movement, glaring at her seriously.

“I swear to God, if I have to tell you to shut the fuck up one more time, I’m going to keep your mouth busy for so long your jaw will be too sore to bitch tomorrow.”

Lexa didn’t like it (she loved it), but she shut her mouth, ruby lips hardening. You smirked.

“Spread your legs.”

People shouldn’t underestimate missionary position. It gets the job done. When she finished, you found strength enough to throw yourself in her shower for an actual cleaning. You dressed in her borrowed jeans and tshirt again, frowning when you realize her shirt said, “Arkadia Honors College”. Well, you guessed that people would know it wasn’t yours now. Whatever.

You towel dried your hair and threw it in her apartment’s hamper. Arriving back in her room, you saw her watch you from the bed keenly, head tilted.

“Come,” she beckoned.

“I already did,” you whip, smiling, but cross to the bed. She laughed prettily, knowing you’re all bark and no bite. Hair sexed up, the orgasm flush of her face not quite gone, and the soft corners of her eyes made for one beautiful, relaxed, Lexa. You kind of hated that the post-fucking bliss was always so short lived.

But you leaned over and kiss her like you wanted, and she kisses you back. You couldn’t have gone another round if you tried. But you kissed once, twice, three times more, told her goodnight, and showed yourself out.

The walk back to your apartment was uneventful, even if you took the way long way, just walking and thinking. You considered going for a drink but quickly 86’d the idea. You just wanted to sleep. Octavia was either out or asleep already by the time you got home, and you didn’t bother investigating, simply collapsing on your bed fully clothed. Just before you fell asleep, you caught Lexa’s scent from her clothes and smiled.

You woke up at 7, and practically fell out of bed. When you went to stand, your hip flexors were so sore you nearly crumpled to the ground. Fucking Lexa and her fantastic sex positions.
You stripped down and pulled on your own clothes. Track shorts, a sports bra and tank top. You threw your hair in a ponytail and went through your morning cleansing routine. You grab an apple and walk into Octavia’s room, just off the living room, without knocking.

The dark-haired senior was covered in blankets and pillows and it took you no time to flip the covers up, grasp her ankle, and bodily yank her out of bed. Funny enough, when she fell to the floor screaming at you, you unknowingly had unwrapped a naked girl.

You leaned on her doorframe, eying the surprised couple. Octavia was beet red from anger, and her… friend.. was red because in her fall, Octavia had taken the covers with her.

“Get up,” you said, a grin smeared on your face, “We’ve got weight training,” Flicking your eyes to the girl still in bed, you winked. “Hi,”

The girl blushed to the roots of her hair.

“Hi,” she murmured.

“I’m Clarke,” you grinned, taking a bite of apple leisurely. She smiled at you tentatively while Octavia got up and ripped her dresser apart trying to find clothes to put on.

“I, uh,” the girl cleared her throat. “I know who you are,” her pale eyes drank you in, head to foot. You sort of preened. You worked your ass off for your body, why the fuck not?

“Oh yeah?” You smile through your next bite, cocky as hell.

The girl nodded, her flush calming.

“You’re the vice-president. And on the track team,” She said.

You nod, like it wasn’t the hardest balance of your fucking life.

“So you know who I am. Who exactly, are you?” You turn to Octavia, who had stilled her hands while tying her trainers. The eyes flickered up to you with a look of confusion mixed with pure loathing and she looked back to her hands.

The girl missed the entire exchange and you wanted to laugh. You had accidentally just saved Blake’s ass.

“I’m Zoe Monroe,” she said, getting more comfortable by the second, not a scrap of clothing on her. Octavia elbowed you on her way to the bathroom, hissing, “Get your own, asshole,”

You smirked, glancing back inside at Zoe. She did absolutely nothing to hide her nudity, or her interest in you, and you quickly weighed options in your head. Being a track athlete had many perks. A surprising downside was that normal girls just couldn’t keep up with your libido’s stamina.

You decided to pass, still thinking with your vagina.

Octavia finished getting ready, and you threw clothes in your athletics bag. A wicked smirk made it’s way onto your face as you packed, and you gather some extra things to take to school. You both clambered in Octavia’s car to go to training. You shuffled through the songs on your phone to play and distractedly asked her how her night went.

Her fingers splayed over the wheel in nonchalance.

“Alright,” she shrugged indifferently. “Nothing I would do again though. I wound up hornier when
she was done than when we started. Kind of a limp fish, really. And I can’t stand the screamers.”

You chuckled, thinking of Lexa’s habit to give a short, lovely scream when she comes from reverse cowgirl. She wasn’t a true screamer, and you liked her that way.

“You know you’re a fucking dick, right?”

Octavia grinned,

“That’s the whole point, Griffin, I don’t fuck dicks.” She raised her hand for a fist bump and you obliged her.

Your mind flew back to last night, and you absently acknowledged that you’re a partial hypocrite.

“You get laid last night?” Octavia asked, turning into the rec center parking lot.

“Yeah,” you replied. “Oh, there’s a spot!”

“Front row!” Octavia crowed.

Throwing your shit in your locker, you found Anya and Ontari with the relay girls while Octavia joined the other jumpers. Lexa was missing, and it put a frown on you and your teammates’ faces. You all checked the work out roster to find it unchanged from two days ago and collectively shrugged.

Fucking Titus.

You wondered where Lexa was as you hit the squat machine. Once, when you were drunk in high school, you had left her an 8 minute long voicemail, ranting about your mixed feelings about her and the rowing machine. Basically, you were a horny, jealous jerkoff, and Lexa has never let you forget it, rowing every time you were in the gym together.

So after 30 minutes, you plugged headphones in and focused on perfecting your clean and jerk form. The world washed out as you sweated and got into your zone. You did rotations with some girls, and some chick kept asking if you would spot her. Which you did, because you’re not a jerk.

And you looked down her shirt the entire time, because you’re mortal.

You had classes at 10 and 11, so you took a quick rinse and pulled on black skinny jeans, which always takes 10 entire minutes thanks to your quads and calves, an extra trip to the bathroom with another 10 minutes of extra special uncomfortable arranging, and donned a grey vneck. Black boots finished it off, and you were set to your customary level of sexy.

At noon, you entered the student council office and noticed you were the last to arrive. You slid into your chair on the right side of the room and shot Lexa a glance. The furrow between her brows, and set of her shoulders shouldn’t have been there. After the sex you just had, she wasn’t supposed to be this tense for another four or five days.

Something was undoubtedly wrong.

“The student government being represented in its entirety,” Indra Wright began loudly, glaring at you, “we may commence the meeting. First order of business, an emergency issue. President?”

You frowned.

Lexa spoke from her position at the head of the room,
“It has very recently come to my attention that an anonymous formal complaint has been filed with the University from a student. It’s a very serious matter, and it is the Student Government’s responsibility to handle it with the respect and sensitivity it deserves.”

She was controlling her intonation the way she did when she wanted to speak clearly and be taken seriously. A slim hand held a piece of paper up.

“This is the official copy of the complaint, and I will summarize it now,” she looked over the paper; flirtatious and charming face unusually serious. “A female student has accused Maxwell Titus, the women’s track and field coach, of sexual harassment.”

The room stilled, and your heart pounds. Immediately, you want to jump up and tell Lexa that it wasn’t you. It wasn’t.

“Now,” she continued. “I have been in meetings with the Dean all morning, and have another with the Board of 12 Directors this afternoon.” Her green eyes slid to focus on your roommate.

“Octavia, as the Captain of the Women’s Track and Field team, I need to ask you if this complaint is unfounded or not. The Women’s Activism and Rights Chairperson is here, as is the entirety of the Disciplinary Committee.”

You watched nervously as Octavia glanced at you and back to Lexa. You three were the only student government members who interacted with the man. She rightened in her seat.

“The complaint is not ungrounded. I would recommend investigation,” She said clearly.

Lexa nodded, unsurprised. You practically saw her headache worsen. She didn’t even look at you and it made you want to scream.

“I will need a written statement from you saying so, if you don’t mind, Octavia,” The Captain nodded, getting up and walking to the Student Government Secretary. Indra stood.

“Given the serious matter, all other topics will be on hold until next week’s meeting. Any urgent matters will be directed to the vice-president. Meeting adjourned.”

The committee members all filed out, stunned into quiet, while the supporting members of the council followed them. Octavia, the Secretary, you, and Lexa stayed behind. Indra had excused herself, throwing a glare at you on her way out. Bitch could bite you, Lexa’s roommate or not.

The Secretary left, and Octavia was gathering her shit. You turned to Lexa.

“It wasn’t me,”

She looked up at you, and the stress around her eyes only accentuated the focus she was aiming at you.

“Lexa, it wasn’t fucking me, I swear to God.” You intoned.

“Really?” She asked. You nodded your head emphatically, drilling your eyes into her, not willing to let her look away until she believed you.

“It wasn’t,” you say finally.

She looks like she wants to believe you, and she nods reluctantly and sighs.

“If it helps, Commander, I don’t think it was her,” Octavia added.
“Indeed?” Lexa asked her, exasperation flickering in her eyes at the unwanted nickname.

Octavia nodded.

“First, since when is Griffin known to go through such bureaucratic bullshit to get something she wants? And second, she was fucking some girl last night to the wee hours,” She grinned wolfishly at me. “And somehow she still managed to put a naked girl in her arms just this morning. The bitch doesn’t have time to file a complaint.”

Lexa’s face didn’t change. Too slowly, she gave Octavia a smile. You know your roommate has been jonesing after Lexa for years now, and the answering smile on her face was idiotic.

“Really now,” her voice was pitched to be seductive and charming. “Those are actually fair points, thank you, Octavia.”

Your roommate scratched her neck and nodded, trying and failing to hide a blush. She handed the written statement over and left the room. The door shut and you immediately crossed to lean over Lexa’s desk, your eyes imploring her.

“I didn’t launch the complaint, Lexa,” You say. You never wanted her to think that last night had been a cover up for dodging her thoughts or opinions, and going over her head.

Luckily, after a second, she nodded.

“I believe you,” She stated simply.

“You do?” You asked, slightly confused, straightening up. She gave you an amused smile.

“Yes,”

“Why?”

She tilted her head, mahogany curls spilling around her shoulders.

“You would never knowingly ruin a man’s life. Which, essentially, is what is about to happen,” She steepled her fingers, leading forward on the desk. “As much as you hate him, you wouldn’t try to get rid of him this way,”

You nod your head, agreeing. She was right, you wouldn’t. Titus was a perverted, lecherous, asshole, and he deserved to be fired. But a sexual harassment lawsuit would stay on his file forever.

“Wright can just take care of this, you know,” You wave off.

“Indra only takes over during track season.”

You scoff, folding your arms.

“She’d jump at the chance to extend her time in office, I’m sure.”

Lexa smiled lightly, shaking her head.

“And, uh,” you cleared your throat, looking out the window. “I was just out walking last night,” you glance at Lexa significantly. “That’s why Octavia heard me come in late. Though I’m surprised she even heard me,” you scoff. “The naked girl in her bed should have been keeping her busy.”

You throw a dismissive hand.
“Her problem for having bad sex though.”

Lexa was smiling, though trying not to smile too wide.

“Hmm, maybe I should indulge a long time fantasy of hers then, ne?”

You roll your eyes at her.

“Be my guest. Although bad sex takes two, you know.”

Lexa laughed, some of the stress from her posture set free.

It makes you smile.

You and Lexa had been sleeping together since your junior year in high school. That was four years ago now, and there had been sexual tension for two years prior to that. You weren’t technically exclusive or monogamous. You both had toyed with the idea of dating when you first hooked up, but it was quickly shot to hell. Neither of you had liked the idea of commitment with such busy and frankly - popular- lives, and you both went through periods of fighting to the death over stupid things. But over the course of four years, no one else had caught your attention as a worthy bed partner or otherwise. Anyone you looked at twice still wasn’t as good as Lexa, and you never gave them a third look.

To the best of your knowledge, it was the same for her.

So you leaned over the desk and claimed her lips in a kiss she gave you with ease, no hard feelings present. Something in your chest unknotted at the soothe of her lips against yours, and you swiped her bottom lip with your tongue just because you could.

She smiled, but sat back in her chair with a sigh, her fingers rubbing her temples gingerly.

“I almost wish you had filed it,” She said, the closest Lexa Woods ever got to a whine. “Then I could beat you black and blue and make you rescind the complaint.”

You laughed.

“It’s probably too harsh, yeah,” You shrug. “But come on, Lexa, he’s had this coming for a long time now.”

She tilted her beautiful head in thought, mostly agreeing.

“At least we won with Titus,” she sighed. “But I’m going to have to create strings to pull for a replacement in time for the season to start.”

You murmured your sympathies, and glanced at the clock.

“What time is your next meeting?”

She flipped a paper over and scanned.

“I’ve got another sit down with the Dean in 30 minutes, and then we’re joining the Board to make a final decision. Why? Did you want to pretend to be the vice-president?” She smirked and mocked.

You huffed a laugh and slipped around the desk. It was your lucky fucking day. Lexa was nice enough to wear a skirt and heels. You loved it when she wore heels, and the skirt was just plain accommodating. She raised an eyebrow at you blatantly checking out her legs. You smiled, turning
to the door and locking it.

“Of course, Lexa,” You grin. “I’ll be the vice-president. I’ll assist you in anyway you need. Even in needs you don’t know you need help in.” The last part found its way into her ear, your voice a purr.

She chuckled lowly, accepting the hand you offered her to guide her to her feet.

“Is this the part where I’m supposed to let you help me relieve stress so I can focus? This isn’t a meet, Clarke.”

You smirk, pushing her hand in yours over your flat stomach, and down to cup your crotch. Her eyes blew wide, looking back up at you, then immediately glancing at the clock.

“You smirk, pushing her hand in yours over your flat stomach, and down to cup your crotch. Her eyes blew wide, looking back up at you, then immediately glancing at the clock.

“You smirk, pushing her hand in yours over your flat stomach, and down to cup your crotch. Her eyes blew wide, looking back up at you, then immediately glancing at the clock.

“You smirk, pushing her hand in yours over your flat stomach, and down to cup your crotch. Her eyes blew wide, looking back up at you, then immediately glancing at the clock.

“You smirk, pushing her hand in yours over your flat stomach, and down to cup your crotch. Her eyes blew wide, looking back up at you, then immediately glancing at the clock.

“You smirk, pushing her hand in yours over your flat stomach, and down to cup your crotch. Her eyes blew wide, looking back up at you, then immediately glancing at the clock.

“You smirk, pushing her hand in yours over your flat stomach, and down to cup your crotch. Her eyes blew wide, looking back up at you, then immediately glancing at the clock.

“You smirk, pushing her hand in yours over your flat stomach, and down to cup your crotch. Her eyes blew wide, looking back up at you, then immediately glancing at the clock.

“You smirk, pushing her hand in yours over your flat stomach, and down to cup your crotch. Her eyes blew wide, looking back up at you, then immediately glancing at the clock.

“You smirk, pushing her hand in yours over your flat stomach, and down to cup your crotch. Her eyes blew wide, looking back up at you, then immediately glancing at the clock.

“You smirk, pushing her hand in yours over your flat stomach, and down to cup your crotch. Her eyes blew wide, looking back up at you, then immediately glancing at the clock.

“You smirk, pushing her hand in yours over your flat stomach, and down to cup your crotch. Her eyes blew wide, looking back up at you, then immediately glancing at the clock.

“You smirk, pushing her hand in yours over your flat stomach, and down to cup your crotch. Her eyes blew wide, looking back up at you, then immediately glancing at the clock.

“You smirk, pushing her hand in yours over your flat stomach, and down to cup your crotch. Her eyes blew wide, looking back up at you, then immediately glancing at the clock.

“You smirk, pushing her hand in yours over your flat stomach, and down to cup your crotch. Her eyes blew wide, looking back up at you, then immediately glancing at the clock.

“You smirk, pushing her hand in yours over your flat stomach, and down to cup your crotch. Her eyes blew wide, looking back up at you, then immediately glancing at the clock.

“You smirk, pushing her hand in yours over your flat stomach, and down to cup your crotch. Her eyes blew wide, looking back up at you, then immediately glancing at the clock.

“You smirk, pushing her hand in yours over your flat stomach, and down to cup your crotch. Her eyes blew wide, looking back up at you, then immediately glancing at the clock.

“You smirk, pushing her hand in yours over your flat stomach, and down to cup your crotch. Her eyes blew wide, looking back up at you, then immediately glancing at the clock.

“You smirk, pushing her hand in yours over your flat stomach, and down to cup your crotch. Her eyes blew wide, looking back up at you, then immediately glancing at the clock.

“You smirk, pushing her hand in yours over your flat stomach, and down to cup your crotch. Her eyes blew wide, looking back up at you, then immediately glancing at the clock.
“Not being a nymphomaniac like someone I know, no, I do not regularly carry condoms with me.”

You rolled your eyes,

“That was once, and I was coming from the store,” You dropped to a mutter, “Jesus, let it go.” And pitched the empty lube packet in the trash.

“Alright, Commander, I’m gonna need you to relax for me. A lot.”

Lexa stiffened when your hand came down on her upper back, keeping her chest down, and ass up. You kicked her feet apart.

“That’s the opposite of what I said to do.” You smiled wickedly.

“Clarke, what are you- shit!” She had jumped at the smallest start of pressure against the tightest hole on her body, but reflexively forced herself to relax dramatically. It was her deepest, darkest secret.

Lexa Woods, innocence with an edge of danger, aloof wildness and everything unattainable, personified. Honor student, political genius, star track athlete, and most beautiful woman on campus. Lexa was the Angel of Arkadia University, and that angel went absolutely crazy with a little bit of ass play.

You grinned. Only you knew Lexa like this. You removed your hand from her back, and she thankfully stayed down. You moved it to reach around and massage her clit, her body relaxing fully on top of the desk.

You heard her begin to chant your name, and you focused on reading her body as you continued to push the toy inside the tight sphincter. The butt plug was practically drenched in lube, and Lexa was taking it like a champ.

You tried everything you could to ease her muscles around the toy, but you finally hit a point where she whined in something other than pleasure. You immediately stopped, toying with her clit in rhythmic earnest. She was panting hard.

“Lexa,” you called calmly.

“I’m fine,” she gave you, her syllables thick as honey. “Fuck, Clarke. It’s big.”

You knew it really wasn’t, but the muscles of her asshole were tight, and it most likely felt that way.

“Almost done, I promise,” You say instead, keeping the circles on her clit at the perfect amount of feather pressure and gentle timing.

Her dark hair was fanned over the desk, and she nodded.

“Last push, okay Lex?” you asked soothingly. “One big push and we’re done, alright?”

Lexa groaned and let herself wiggle her ass in the air. You wished you were in a position to kiss her, because you smiled. You positioned to drip your own spit into her tight asshole, trying to help slip the plug in anyway you can.

She came softly, suddenly, the sensations in her ass and on her clit finally getting to her, and you used it to guide the butt plug in over the largest end. She cried out with a sexy moan, and you loved the sight of her tight sphincter gripping the thin neck of the plug, the “C” at the base curving along her ass to keep it from entering fully into her.
You felt yourself get insanely wet at knowing that four inches of plastic were currently filling Lexa, and she could feel it. Simply imagining the muscles rippling and clamping the sex toy inside of her was intoxicating.

And now the real fun begins, you think, positioning your strap on at her dripping entrance.

Except three sharp knocks rapped on the door to the Student Government Office and Lexa hissed, straightening immediately, her skirt sliding down. She gasped loudly at the foreign object literally shoved up her ass, and she sat down hard, muting a rebel scream at the jarring inside of her.

“President Woods?”

Holy fuck, it was the Dean. You glance at the clock and hastily shove your cock back in your pants, zipping frantically, and glancing at Lexa’s fully flushed face, and you briefly wonder if she would be coming if she released the bite on her lip.

You ran to the door and unlocked it, opening it to find the stern-faced Dean. Your bow to her is genuine, and you think someone should give you a fucking acting award.

“I apologize, Dean Nia,” you start. “That door’s lock has been faulty all week, but given our sensitive topic, it did not seem prudent to prop the door open.”

You can be eloquent when you want to.

She simply nodded at you, and swept to in front of Lexa, who seemed to have pieced her mask back together.

“President,” the old woman said seriously. “Will the vice-president be joining our deliberations?”

Lexa glanced at you, and then down to the bulge in your pants.

“She will, Dean, once she had been informed of the situation, she made herself available to assist me at any need.”

The Dean nodded, nothing even remotely suspicious about that statement to her. The two women continued their conversation, eventually moving onto the serious matter at hand. For the most part, you sat at Lexa’s right hand and listened intently. When the two had settled on the same page, the Dean suggested they depart for the Board of Directors’ chamber.

The Lord God above shone down on Lexa then, for the Dean requested to arrive separately as she needed to fetch a file from her desk. Of course, Lexa had agreed.

You watched with anticipation and excitement coating your heart as Lexa stood, bent to the floor, and pulled her underwear back up her long legs. You grinned broadly, highly impressed.

Only Lexa.

Her first steps were shaky, and her face had fluctuated with twists of intense pleasure and delight. Her green eyes opened and stared straight through you. You winked.

“This is for fucking me until I couldn’t walk this morning.”

Lexa apparently had nothing to say to that, as she turned, and left the office. You thought that her posture had never been more rigid with a snicker. The Board was a waste of time, with Lexa responsible for roughly 3% of the input. In the end, it was just all of them arguing over Titus’s fate,
and just how to position his head on the chopping block.

Your attentions instead, went to Lexa. The woman would move any certain way and grip her pen tightly. You smirked every time. Your thoughts drifted as the Board members deliberated. Who would the school get to coach the team now? Candidates rifled through your head, and a face flashed over your mind.

Maybe.

You glance at Lexa, sitting perfectly still, the very picture of poise and intellectual grace. Her beautiful green eyes flickered between speakers interestedly, but the slope of her head, and occasional toying of her bottom lip told you her thoughts were entrenched in the gutter.

You smiled.

“Something to add, Ms. Griffin?” The Dean’s voice cut into your hazy clairvoyance of dirty, dirty sex, and you smoothed your face.

“Actually,” you clear your throat, the timbre coming out as incredibly sensual on accident. You thank God only Lexa would recognize the contralto’s meaning. “I do. Thought I was waiting for the proper time.”

“Please, share your thoughts.” The Dean allowed, more like commanded.

“It’s about Titus’s replacement. I think I would nominate Luna Rivera.”

“Rivera?” The Dean frowned. “The Olympic pole vaulter?”

You nod.

“I happen to hear from a close friend that since her career slowed down after the Olympics, she’s been looking for a coaching position along side our mutual friend.”

“What friend?” A Board member says, excited.

“Allie Lightenbach.”

The boardroom broke out into agreeable murmurs, the German sprinter’s name easily recognizable.

“Thank you for your input, vice-president,” Nia tells you reluctantly. You nod, trying not to smirk. You and Allie had met a few years ago at a gay bar. After she had spilled an entire pitcher of beer on Lexa. Her girlfriend Luna had been the one to fetch napkins. It was a good story.

The meeting progressed, and the issue of a replacement coach was resolved. Titus was going to be fired, as the prestigious Arkadia University couldn’t stand to have even a smudge on the pristine ivy of the school. None of the members of the Board fought very hard to keep him, anyway.

The meeting adjourned, and you let Lexa have small chats with various people until she excused herself, her stride smooth and unwavering, even in three-inch heels, and a four-inch butt plug.

You followed her to the first empty classroom she could find, locked the door behind you, and snapped the viewing window blinds closed. The eyes she turned to you would have set you on fire with lust if you hadn’t already been smoldering.

Smirking, you ripped a chair into an open space, sat, and crooked a finger at the woman patronizingly. Lexa glared, but with a cocky quirk of her own lips. The expression was not
unfamiliar, but it sent a rush of blood to your nether regions. You vaguely took note that if it hadn’t have just been a toy, you would have gotten hard.

She crossed to you, and straddled your lap, arms around your neck, toying in your hair. You stretched up and kissed her gently. You felt her smile briefly against your lips, and it faded as she parted your mouth slowly. The two of you kissed languidly, your hands creeping up her muscled thighs, rolling her skirt up and around her waist.

Her tongue invaded the recesses of your mouth, swirling deep and welcome. Simultaneously, she unbuttoned your jeans and unzipped them all the way. She bit your bottom lip gently as she extracted the length of the dildo and pushed it against your stomach. You debated on whether or not to ask her to remove her panties before just pushing them aside.

She placed her hands back on your shoulders and braced her feet on the ground, her long legs and high heels giving her enough height to plant down. When you broke apart, you both were panting wildly, and her green eyes were clear and blissful.

“Clarke,” she whispered, kissing you once more.

“How- Lex, you’re so wet,” you groan, running an errant couple of fingers through her folds. When you pull away, there’s an impossible amount of sheen to them.

She angles over the dick, and you feed your fingers into her pretty mouth. Her tongue instantly curls over them, sucking. At the same time, she drops carefully onto the cock. Instantly, she’s whimpering in pleasure.

Sinking flush to the base, you pepper kisses everywhere you can reach, massaging her buttocks and thighs.

“Clarke.” Lexa gasps, “Clarke,” Her thighs flex to bring herself back up. You shiver at the way she says your name. Her front is pressed into you and she’s breathing so heavily.

“How’s it feel?” You ask.

“Amazing,” she whimpers.


She does, lifting herself from the dick by about two or three inches. You steady her thighs over you, and slowly push your strapped on cock into her. Her head falls to your shoulder, a strangled cry of your name on her lips.

You begin to pump slowly inside of the full woman, imagining the objects inside of her rubbing together, her most sensitive spots being stimulated at the same time.

Lexa gasps, whimpers and cries out, muffling herself by biting down on your shirt. You were in the middle of a school, after all. When she comes, she comes hard. Holding her on your lap to the hilt, you wrap your arms around her middle and try to contain the earthquake of her body while continuing the rhythm.

Almost a full minute later and she’s completely still, panting against you. She kisses you deeply, no tongue. It’s thankful and affectionate. You smile into it.

“Can you stand?”
“Yes,” she smiles. “Although, I do have a request.”

You quirk an eyebrow.

“What?”

“I need to be done with the revenge sex,” you laugh at her, amused, but still with an askance expression.

“I don’t know if I can take anymore, and the way my mind works, Clarke, you won’t be able to either.”

You agree, still laughing, kissing her. She gives you a ride home and you wave her off, saying you’ll see her at practice. All in all, this had been a highly successful venture. You and Lexa haven’t butted heads for a whole 24 hours and the thought puts a smile on your face.

That statistic doesn’t change until the night of Arkadia’s first meet a month later. Evening meets always managed to put your blood on simmer. Something about the still air, being cut through by the energy of the track was intoxicating. Sprinting through the cool evening was just so much better than trudging on in the day. Maybe it was just the lonesomeness of nighttime, and that appealed to you greatly.

Allie and Luna, as they requested you call them, were a dream team of a coaching staff. Allie was mechanical and cut and dry in her techniques. You trained like fucking machines. Luna, on the other hand, was more about earning it. They had completely dismantled the teams and held competitive tryouts to build them back up again.

Titus wasn’t idiot enough to not realize who his best runners were as you, Lexa, Ontari and Anya all earned your spots on Varsity team back. And thanks to your new coaches, you all managed to improve your times. This particular meet had six schools invited, Arkadia included, and your number one threat came from the University of Azgeda.

Still, the first meet of the season was exciting. As always, the relays were held at the end of the meet, and the other track and field athletes went first, multiple events being held at once. You’d convinced Lexa to come watch Octavia’s high jump, and the two of you had enjoyed watching her zone out and poking fun at the psychotic gleam in her eyes. Anya’s girlfriend Raven had popped up and asked you where the woman was, and you’d shrugged. Lexa had spared an exasperated glance at you, offering to guide Raven to the sprinter.

Ontari found you later and the pair of you sat and observed the races currently going on from the inside of the track, keeping loose and only slightly focused. You chatted about Azgeda and what their records were like last year, and how this year could possibly be dangerous, as all their fastest athletes were seniors. Their last year to win. A team was bound to get desperate.

“Where are they, anyway?” You ask, interested. Ontari craned her taller head and pointed to the outside of the track, about mid-field.

“See there, they’re all standing with Lexa.”

You frown, looking. Your frown deepens exponentially, and you clear your face, gritting your teeth instead. Lexa’s pressed against the wall to the stands, relaxedly laughing and chatting animatedly. Which isn’t a problem. Lexa flirted with anything that had a pulse and a vagina. But she was
currently flirting with Lorelei Tsing.

“Yo, Ontari,” You call. The taller woman answers in askance. “Isn’t that Lorelei Tsing?”

She squints at the girls in black and red track jackets, surrounding the one girl in Arkadia white and light blue.

“Oh, yeah it is,” She frowns with you.

“I hate that bitch,” You growl, watching as the black-haired anchor reached out to smooth Lexa’s already perfectly pulled back hair.

“I can’t say I like her either,” Ontari adds bitterly. “But I seriously hate that Emori Jaha.”

You snort, seeing the tall, handsome brunette.

“Feeling threatened, Ontari?” You tease. She throws you a playful glare.

“Hardly,” she preens. “But I’ve been running against her in second slot every year I’ve been here.”

You nod, understanding. That didn’t happen often, and it would get under your skin too. But you just observed from a distance Emori Jaha. Word on the track was she had some sort of long time girlfriend that she constantly cheated on. Relationships with people not on the team in some capacity typically didn’t work out. Everyone prayed nothing happened to Raven and Anya- they were a cute couple.

“I was neck and neck with Maya Vie all last year,” you add. Ontari tsks.

“They’re all so good looking,” she complains. You grin and pat her back.

“No need to work on an inferiority complex,” you console condescendingly. She pushes your hand off her with a disgusted laugh.

“Alright, lets start forming up. 4x100 relay is in 10 minutes,” Luna jogged up to you and Ontari, and you both nodded. You unzip your track jacket and take off your pants, leaving you in the incredibly fluid yet revealing track bottoms and half top.

“I’ll get Lexa,” you offer.

“I’ll find Anya,” Ontari responds, undressing as well.

Luna nods gratefully. “Meet back here and we’ll warm up.” She takes off again, presumably to find Allie. You feel your veins sizzle in a sort of distain as you approach the Azgeda relay team. Lexa notices your movements instantly, but looks back to her conversation with Tsing.

Noticing her eye movement, the taller woman pushes off from her sidling position braced next to Lexa and turns around. A smirk settles on her face as her freaky eyes land on you.

“Griffin,” she says easily, her voice high and clear. “You want your anchor back, hm?”

You resist the urge to roll your eyes, as Lexa straightens up and prepares to depart with you.

“If you’ll allow it, Tsing,” you reply sarcastically. The woman’s eyes flicker, and her arm slides around Lexa’s waist.

“I don’t know about that one, Griffin.” She smirked. “Only an idiot wouldn’t fight for this one here,”
she winked.

Lexa laughed.

“Flattery will get you everywhere, Lorelei.”

The girl’s smile grew.

“Except across the finish line first.” You cut in, a challenge quirking your lips. Her eyes shimmered once more, locking with yours. You didn’t look away. You wouldn’t have, even if someone threw a handful of bees at you. Like you’d ever concede submission to this bitch.

You only did that to Lexa. And even then, you fought tooth and nail for it. Sometimes.

“You raise an eyebrow.

“If Azgeda wins the 4x100, then I take your sparkling gem of an anchor here on a date to DC’s Bar afterward,” she said, citing Arkadia’s traditional post-meet bar.

“And,” she continues. “I earn myself a kiss.”

Lexa tilted her head, her face unreadable.

“And if we win?” she asks interestedly.

“The same,” you challenge, eyes narrowing at Tsing. Her narrowed ones copy your look immediately, “It’s only fair,” you add bruisingly.

“Fine.” She spits, the air crackling between your competitive stares.

“Well,” Lexa interrupts. Her voice carries a hair’s breadth of an edge and you know she isn’t pleased. “As complimentary as being a bargaining chip is, I do have to say, Lorelei, your chances don’t look very good.” She extracts herself from the girl’s hold, and bids the team farewell and good luck. You merely grunt and glare.

You like to live the simple life.

Once out of earshot of Azgeda, she sends a venomous glare at you and you roll your eyes.

“What?” you start.

“I do not appreciate being treated like some cheap prize to be won.” She says quietly but powerfully. “I have never understood why you and Lorelei have some competitive obsession with proving the other lesser, but this is over the line.”

You growl.

“It was Tsing’s fucking idea, Lexa! I didn’t hear you protesting or saying no.”

“Because I never thought you would agree to it.”

“Well I did, and I’m sorry you feel… whatever you’re feeling, but the way you were selling yourself to that black-haired bitch, I don’t know if you’re really upset right now!”
She stopped short.

“Selling myself?”

“For fuck’s sake, you know what you were doing.”

Her eyes narrowed dangerously.

“And what would that be?”

“You were flirting your ass off, Lexa! You play that pandering, sexy as hell but you can’t touch me game, and act like it’s some sort of surprise when they want to fuck you.”

“Disregarding the fact that what you just said was not only incredibly insulting, let alone untrue, I’ll let you know that Lorelei is a dear friend. *Friend*, Clarke!”

“She’s a manipulative bitch!”

“She’s not! She may be flirtatious, but she’s smart and nice to me.”

Not what you wanted to hear.

“Well how many *friends* want a kiss??” You roar.

She straightens up, back ramrod straight. Her green eyes burn into you, and you realize just how hypocritical what you just said was. She doesn’t even deign to reply, your unspoken relationship flashing through both of your minds.

“Whatever,” you scoff, a twist in your heart threatening to make its way to your throat. “Go on your date, I don’t give a shit.” You turn away to join your team, and her hand catches your wrist tightly, spinning you back toward her.

Her face is inside your personal space when she speaks slowly and with meaning, her eyes piercing and clouded.

“You,” she whispers, “are an *idiot*.” Her arm jerks you until your hand is placed on the small of her back. It looks like any other hug between teammates, but when her soft voice whispers in your ear, it jolts down your spine.

“My lips are too used to yours, Clarke,” a small kiss of those lips press against your ear, and electricity fires to your toes. “Don’t let me lose.” And then she stalks off to your team.

Fucking Lexa and being so fucking addicting. You looked to see if Tsing was still watching you. Your eyes glint as she locks eyes with you. You can only imagine what she took away from watching the exchange, and you find you don’t really care. Something in your heart is tattooing wildly, but you can only focus on how much you want to win this meet. You see Tsing wave Vie over, and start speaking quickly and quietly.

You turn away and join your teammates in warming up, but you think this is the most heated you’ve been in a long time. You interact casually, distractedly, with your team, and Anya asks if you’re all right. You just nod, saying you’re focusing. But when you disband to take your positions for the 4x100, you can’t help but think.

This is the first time you’d ever felt threatened. The first time you’d had to entertain the thought that someone might truly catch Lexa’s interest. Even with her hint that she wanted you instead of Tsing,
what if you lost? What if you lost, and she went on her date, and had a great time?

Earlier, she had looked like she was having fun with the dark-headed cunt rocket. And yeah, Tsing was hot, god damn it. What if Lexa actually started to feel something? What if they started dating?

What would you do if she told you she couldn’t see you again?

The thought pulled you up short, suddenly aware of the line up of girls around you. Maya Vie’s eyes found you and looked away suddenly, a strange look on her face. You frowned, confused, and shook it off.

Across the curve, you saw Lexa take her place. What if you never got to hear her uncontrolled laughter as you whispered teasing banter to each other before, during, and after sex? What if you never again got to feel the wonderful soothe of her stroking hands calming you as you came down from the rush of orgasm? Watch her mahogany, sun bleached hair, remembering how it caressed your shoulders? It wasn’t even about the sex. It was something else, something bigger.

What if that something went to Lorelei Tsing?

If you lost, you could lose so much more than the race.

“READY!”

Your head snapped to Anya, crouched on the ground, feet in the blocks, baton in hand.

“SET!”

Her ass lifts, her head aligned with her spine. An interesting strategy Anya employed; she didn’t look up. She said it slowed her feet. She liked to dig into the track as much as possible, imagining she was churning the very earth with her accelerant footfalls.

Whatever worked for her.

BANG

The starting shot echoed, and Anya dug, streaking out of the blocks. She ran the curve well, and the baton glinted in her hand. She was the first to reach the trigger box, and her hand off to Ontari in the exchange zone was flawless. Ontari darted out, Emori trailing her by almost a full meter. Ontari’s long legs whipped out, covering ground like mad, streaking over the straight away track like a greyhound. You bounced on your feet, a more comforting movement than anything.

She stepped on the trigger triangle, and you started running, eyes watching the exchange box triangle. When Ontari’s foot covered it, you looked forward, arm extended back.

One, two, reach, three, clasp, four, take off.

You loved running the curve. It accelerated like nothing else, and you fixed your eyes on Lexa, not noticing anything else in the world. That was your mistake. Because Maya Vie had caught up by a meter, moved inside your lane, and stepped on your heel. It was instinctive. If something is about to trip you, you stop moving. But you couldn’t stop, you had to run. The stutter in your step had Vie bolting out in front of you, and you instantly saw red.

You couldn’t let Lexa lose.

Her forehead was wrinkled in focus, concern, and anger when you reached the trigger box. You dug
in, hitting the exchange zone. Lexa turned back around, and a perfect arm went backwards.

*One step, second foot lift, extend forward, release, three. Slow.*

Perfection.

Lexa was a bullet, and you saw the hitch in her stride that told you she was throwing herself into the sprint, movement pure mechanics, physics, and force of will. She covered up to Tsing, and you noticed her jolt forward to break the ribbon on the finish line.

She did it.

You didn’t even spare a ‘fuck you’ to Tsing, though you probably should have. But you were too happy, too satisfied. There wouldn’t be a ‘what if’. You smiled and ran to the end of the track, where the rest of the teams had started merging. The times were displayed, but you could only see Lexa, panting, but pleased.

Next to her was Lorelei Tsing, and you crossed to the pair, intent on cussing the bitch out. Sweating, you reached the two, and she was glaring at you fiercely. Suddenly, you felt a hand behind your head, the cold and warm touch of a held baton on your bare lower back, and your lips being covered by Lexa’s.

You eyes reflexively slid shut, and you stepped to hold her around her jaw, a hand at her hip. Her tongue and yours met in synchronization, the familiarity of four years of kissing shining through. Lexa knew just how to blow your mind. She released you and it took a second before you recovered.

“A kiss to the victor, as promised.” She smiled, and turned to the pink-haired woman. “Right, Lorelei?”

The girl managed a furious smile, more of a grimace, her eyes alight with jealousy.

“Right,” she grit out.

“Azgeda is welcome to observe our date,” Lexa extends graciously. You know that this is her way of gloating, the most polite ‘fuck you’ you’ve ever witnessed, and you’re content to let her do her thing. You’re nothing but pleased right now.

Her arm stayed around your waist, and she guided you away before Tsing could formulate a response. You both walked towards your team on the inside of the field slowly, her hand still on your hip. You didn’t mind enough to mention it. In fact, you smiled when her thumb stroked the skin.

“You know,” you start. You can practically hear her smile at your cocky tone, “Tsing looked good with that expression. The jealous, got her ass handed to her even though she tried to cheat, type of look. She’s a bitch.” You simplify.

Lexa laughs.

“She’s just love struck. I can’t help my fans,”

You huff at her airy tone.

“You sure? Because it seemed like you weren’t able to help looking like a Goddess before the relay.”
She stroked your hip once more, placating.

“‘I meant to do that, you know. But it was supposed to distract Lorelei,”’ she giggled. “‘Not you.”

“What?” You say, looking at her incredulously.

She raised an eyebrow and a smirk at you.

“I thought it would have been a nice mental warfare if she had been staring at my ass, while I crossed the finish line in front of her.”

You chortle at the mental picture.

“Oh,”

“Indeed,” she says, relaxed and smug.

“I still hate her.”

“I know.”

Allie was waiting and smiling for you both, Ontari, Anya and Raven already there. Lexa released you and was the first to speak.

“What are the referees doing to penalize Azgeda for interference?”

Anya grinned wickedly.

“They landed themselves a fat ass fine,” Her purring voice made you laugh with the maliciousness of it. “Serves the fuckers right, blatantly cheating in the first meet of the season.”

Ontari nodded, smiling.

“Not to mention, they got disqualified for that little stunt.”

You smirk.

“The best part though,” Lexa added, “Is that we would have won anyway,”

“Precisely,” Allie told you all in her biting German accent. The team immediately focused back up. “Disregarding the disgraceful sportsmanship, you girls ran a clean race. But not as clean as it could have been.”

You nodded.

“The times are only a hair faster than the height of last year’s season. Our goal is to superiorly overtake that time.”

She smiled.

“But we’ll start that next Monday. For now, enjoy your weekend, girls.”

You all smile and nod, cheering over your win as she walks away to find Luna. The meet is officially over, and Octavia finds you to celebrate Arkadia winning it all. The whole track team practically comes with her, and everyone cheers when Octavia screams for everyone to meet up at Gomer’s.
Before the dark-haired Captain can drag you away, you find Lexa and pull her to get her ear on your level. Your favorite thing in the world is making Lexa blush in public, and you’re rewarded when you tell her not to forget your date tonight.

“To the victor go the spoils, right?”

She had let the pretty pink spread over her tanned cheeks, her beautiful green eyes widened at you.

“But, Clarke…”

You smiled, not quite sure what you were doing yourself.

“Oh, you’ll date Tsing but not me?”

She smiled and bit her lip, glancing at your eyes and mouth. Your lips quirk.

“I suppose I could consider it,” she said, eyes twinkling. “But I just hope you know what you’re getting into.”

You laugh.

“Other than into your pants, I have no idea,” you promise languidly.

She rolls her eyes at your crassness.

“Try to look hot, at least?” She smiles. “The Commander can’t be seen with just anyone on her arm.”

Your smartass reply was cut short as Octavia literally dragged you away, throwing you in the car. You both returned to your shared apartment and took turns showering. You don a pair of dark wash skinny jeans, black heels, and a blue crop top number. Black eyeliner and mascara and you’re good to go. Octavia throws on a gold sequin dress and you’re out the door.

“Hey, what the fuck is going on with you and Lexa?” Octavia asks you pointedly on the way to DC’s.

You fix her with a look. You and Octavia are good friends, but neither of you knew shit about being anything but promiscuous. She just didn’t know you’ve only slept with the same girl.

“I have a date with her tonight.”

“Fuck you, Griffin.”

“What?”

She grimaces at you, no real malice behind it.

“Knew you’d get there first.”

You laughed. She really had no idea. But she did have enough wisdom to grace you with the golden advice of,

“Don’t fuck it up.”

The place is filling up nicely when you both arrive. Immediately, Octavia and you head to the bar and order drinks. She immediately buys a shot for the girl next to her, and you smile. Looks like Octavia wants to fuck at not-your-apartment tonight. That’s fine by you.
You lean over the bar and catch the bartender’s attention.

“Hey, the hottest girl you’ve ever seen in your life is going to walk in here, and I’ll need a vodka tonic with an olive, and a glass of Jameson on the rocks.” You reach across the bar and had him a twenty and your credit card.

He smiles and nods, walking away. You glance at the door every so often, keeping up a conversation with a couple girls from the team. You wipe your hands on your jeans, resisting the urge to check your phone.

Finally, Lexa arrives. You know because the entire bar shouts a welcome, and you can’t think because Lexa Woods is wearing leather pants and high emerald heels. Her tank top is a classy show of matching deep green, her eyes dark, make up smoky, hair arranged to perfection.

You’re content to watch her, and you smile as she tries to maneuver through the bar cleanly, her viridian eyes searching. They land on you and she smiles a broad hello. By the time she reaches the bar, your heart had relaxed from the knot you didn’t realize had formed.

Before she says anything, a short glass of amber liquid and a highball full of clear alcohol topped with a bamboo pick of olives appears in front of you. You smirk and she looks over the bar and your body with a thirst you knew had nothing to do with the drinks.

You pick up both the glasses and hand her the vodka tonic.

“So?” you ask, “Did I pull off ‘hot enough for the Commander?”

She gives you another once over, this time slow and smug, taking a long swallow of her drink. You copy her.

“I think you should give lessons on the topic,” she said eventually.

“Nah,” you float out, leaning on the bar. “I wouldn’t want anyone else deserving you.”

She laughs, and you’ve never seen her more beautiful. Funny, how you think that a lot. You take her by the hand and watch the throwers play a rousing game of quarters. By the time it dies down, you’d gotten her another drink, and she challenged you to a pairs game of darts against Anya and Raven.

It was honestly the most fun you’d ever had after a meet.

You didn’t take it seriously, and you weren’t even drunk. Anya and Raven were fun to play with, and they were cute and couple-y while it was you and Lexa’s turn to throw. Every fiber of your being wanted to do and be like them.

Anya was sitting sidesaddle on Raven’s lap, watching you throw from behind the line. You drew back, and let it fly. A satisfying thunk placed it in the second inner circle, and Anya cried out,

“That’s not even fair! Her glass is empty!”

Raven cheered her agreement, arms around the cawing blonde.

“Oh!” Lexa said, faux-scandalized. She stood from her stood. “I’ll have to rectify this immediately.”

“Oh my tab?” you ask.

“Oh course,” she winks at you and disappears into the cajoling mix of people, towards the bar. You laugh after her, taking the seat she vacated.
“You know, I’m happy for you, Clarke.” Raven calls to you. “You make a good match for each other.”

“Oh, we’re not-“

“Shut it, Griffin, don’t even try!” Anya cheers good-naturedly, her 4th shot of tequila coloring her tone. “You guys are fucking cute. Get over it. It’s about time too.”

You smile to yourself softly. Would it be so bad if people thought you were together? Dating, even? Thinking of dating Lexa…

“Aww! Look at that smile!” Anya catcalled, “Griffin loves Woods, and Lexa loves her back!”

“Anya,” Raven laughed. “Don’t tease them.” She reached up and whispered in her girlfriend’s ear, and Anya laughed girlishly. You smiled at them. Maybe you did…

“Ah!”

You jump as an icy glass touches your uncovered lower back, and Lexa laughs lightly. You glare at her even as you accept the drink, sip, and swallow. Your eyebrow climbs at the Long Island Iced Tea.

“You trying to get me drunk?”

“I’m trying to get us drunk.” She counters, a 3rd vodka tonic in her hand. You laugh, knowing Raven and Anya were watching. You slide your free hand around her neck, and her eyes widen before glimmering.

“What, you think you’re gonna get lucky, Woods?”

She caresses your hip lightly, eyes bright and playful.

“Well, I’ll bet make a bet with you.”

You laugh.

“Quit fucking hanging out with Tsing.”

“Don’t you want to hear the bet?”

“Fine.”

“I’ll bet you that if we win this game, I wind up naked in your bed tonight.”

Her body feels so good against yours. Her lips lower to you, and in front of the entire bar, she kisses you. You smile as Anya, Raven, and everyone in your immediate proximity bursts into drunken cheers.

“You’re on.” You tell her.

The four of you laugh and flirt and generally have a great fucking time. Why hadn’t you spent this much time with Lexa before? Oh yeah, because you both thought it was fun to chase other women (you) and be chased (her) around the bar before eventually winding up making out in the bathroom (you and her).

Lexa was right. You’re a fucking idiot.
“Lexa,” you call to the laughing woman, her green eyes observing as Raven tries to take Anya’s keys away. Not because she’s trying to drive, but because she just lost and she’s trying to throw them at the dartboard.

“Hmm?” she responds lightly.

“Lexa.” You stress, doing your damnedest not to slur any words. You were drunk, and she was so fucking beautiful. Her full attention is on you now, and you take a second to remember what you needed to say.

“Lexa, what have we been doing?” you ask her.

She laughs, her cheeks colored by the alcohol. She’s drunk too, but not too far gone. You hope.

“Playing darts!”

You catch her hips, your expression serious.

“No, Lexa,” she frowns, confused as to what might be wrong. “What have we been doing? You and me?” you clarify clumsily. Her body stiffens, and her eyes lock on yours.

“Wasting time,” she says, her silken voice svelte and blanketing.


She gives you a strange look, and giggles.

“You mean you don’t know?”

“Know what?”

And then her hands pull you to her and she kisses you for the third time that night. The third time you’ve ever kissed in public. But this kiss should have been in private.

It electrocuted you to your toes, and your heart tattooed like a storming colt. She meant for you to feel something, and you definitely did. Her lips smoothed over yours, and there was something about the way she traced your jaw with her fingertips, while the sharp taste of vodka still didn’t hide the honey of her mouth, that made you feel like you were flying faster than any curve had ever whipped you.

She pulled away from you gently, her liquid green eyes calling to you.

“I’ve been in love with you for six years, Clarke.”

What?

Your head reeled – your body too, apparently – and she was there to steady you.

“Lexa…” you start, disbelieving. You honestly couldn’t understand what she had just said. She… loved you? But you were just… Clarke. Just Clarke. Foul-mouthed, cynical, slacker, cocky as hell, Clarke.

“Shhh,” she smiled at you. “Don’t think about it,” she laughed. You were still in her arms, and you looked at her perfect face. She rested her forehead on yours.
“Don’t think about it, just take me home.” She giggled. “I think you have a bet to cash in on.”


Take her home, from a bar, and fuck. That you knew. That, you could do. Your mind was a shaking whirl and you wished you weren’t so drunk. But for now, you’d do as she says. She always knows better than you anyway.

A cab ride later, and you’re stumbling into your apartment, into your room, and you’re finally peeling those leather pants off of her long, long, legs. She helps get rid of her shirt as you strip yourself, and then you’re both naked, falling in bed together.

The alcohol suddenly slows you down when her perfect body presses to yours so completely, and you can’t help what you do next. It wasn’t on purpose, but it happens anyway. You make love to her. She’s confused, and you can tell. Lexa’s used to the hard and fast coupling both of you usually enjoy. Then you sleep off a hangover and go separate ways.

But now, you’re slow and deliberate.

Her ears first. You lavish the scrape of your teeth, and the curl of your tongue over the perfect pink shells, and you sort of hate yourself that she’s so still underneath you, not quite sure what’s going on.

But you worship her body. Not in a way to exploit her, but just to give her pleasure. And it makes you happy to give her that. You’re kissing her taut stomach, nuzzling the soft, soft skin. Her hands stroke your hair, and you finally know what to call the actions of those soothing, wonderful hands.

Loving.

She loves you.

And you try to give her an answer in the only language you’ve been speaking for the past four years. When you finish nipping, skimming, licking, her inner thighs, you take a slow, broad lap up her pussy.

She tastes so fucking good, this girl who loves you.

You don’t touch her clit, instead tracing elongated figure eights around the top of the bud, and under the weeping entrance to her vagina. You don’t know how long you’re down there, but you know she’s never made those sounds before.

When Lexa comes, it’s slow and deep. It ripples every muscle in her body, lingers in her heart and vagina, and takes a full three minutes from start to finish. It leaves her panting in exhaustion, and you gratefully lap up the delicious effect it had on her body. She comes again without warning or prompting, and you softly suckle her clitoris to draw it out.

You pull back, detaching your mouth from her lower lips. She’s panting, overwhelmed on many levels, and you lie next to her, feeling her cover you with an arm.

Your eyes close while she draws breath, and you stroke the arm she has around you. You’re turned into her front, her closest arm under your head. When her breathing levels out, you lick your lips, her taste still there.

“Lexa,” you croon, and her hold on you tightens minutely, “Lexa, I think I love-“

“Don’t,” her voice breaks over the word. You try to pull your head back and she keeps you locked
close to her chest. You’re confused, and then you feel a shiver pass through her. You hear a choking type of sound, her lungs expand sharply, and you realize she’s crying.

You wrap your entire body around her, and maybe it’s the alcohol, but your head is spinning. To be honest, it’s probably the alcohol. And somewhere in your mind, you realize that the alcohol might be the reason she’s crying, too. For a lot of reasons.

So you hold her until she stops, and you nuzzle into her chest, kissing her soft, soft skin. You’re relaxed in her arms, and you faintly recognize that you’d never slept in her arms through the morning.

The last thing you say before you succumb to sleep is a murmured plea.

“Don’t leave.”

When you wake up, your head throbs and you’re cold. Thankfully, you don’t have the spins, but you know you need grease and water. And Lexa. You sit up in bed, the sheet you don’t remember pulling over you falling to your waist. You put your head in your hands.

Lexa told you she loved you. And then pretended like nothing happened. She wasn’t lying – you didn’t lie to each other. That’s not a delusion, either. You never lied to each other; it’s what’s kept your relationship going so long. She was drunk enough to tell you that, but sobered up enough eventually to realize that she did it.

She cried. Why did she cry?

Because you made love to her. You didn’t know what else to call it, as creepy as it sounded. You know in your heart that you’ve been in love with her for a while. You never knew what to call it, but that was why Lexa had always been more intelligent than you. Once she had labeled it for you, you knew.

You’ve never wanted anyone else. She makes your every interaction better. She understands you, and you get her too. You know every facet of her personality; what made her happy, sad, angry, excited, bored, interested, content, irritated. Every shade of emotion, you knew how to elicit it in her, and you knew how to deal with it when it came from others.

She made you smile and laugh, and forget the ridiculousness that pissed you off to no end. She called you on your bullshit, just because she was smart enough to do it. Lexa was like your shadow. You knew she was there, couldn’t imagine a life without her, but you never really realized how much you would do to keep her.

It wasn’t normal, you knew, to sleep with the same person for four years, but you had. It was easy to brush off a girl with a quick, ‘Lexa’s better’, and you’d never looked further. But now you knew Lexa had.

She loved you, and you made love to her, and she had cried.

Because she thought you didn’t mean it. Or didn’t know. Or was drunk. Whatever. But you realized that she only cried because she thought you were giving her something you were going to take away later.

And it wasn’t true.
You lifted your head, propping it on your fingers. You rubbed a temple and looked at the rumpled sheets next to you. You faintly wondered if they smelled like her. You inhaled halfheartedly, and the smell of coffee reached you.

Coffee? Octavia was too much of an inconsiderate asshole to brew an entire pot of coffee. You gingerly slunk out of bed and into a tshirt that barely covered your ass. You crept to the bathroom and stealthily brushed your teeth, trying to resemble a human being again. After that, you tip toed out and into the kitchen.

She had heard you last night. Wearing your sweats and a tank top, Lexa stood with her back to you at the stove, something frying in front of her. Something greasy. God, she knew you too well.

Without a second thought, you came up behind her and wrapped your arms around her toned stomach, resting your chin on her shoulder. It was bacon. She had hummed a good morning, a confusion altering her voice.

She had never stayed to cook you breakfast, and you had never been so affectionate. But you hated yourself for the complications.

“I’m not drunk,” you tell her. “I’m not drunk, and I’m not lying. I don’t know shit about being in a relationship, but I’m willing to learn.” You nuzzle her trapezius and lay a small kiss on her stilled figure.

“I love you, Lexa,” you grunt. “I think it’s been a long time coming, and I’m sorry I never knew what to call it but. I don’t know. I’m shit at this kind of stuff.”

Her hand strokes over yours, and it encourages you.

“I don’t want to be petty about it, or complicated. I just want us to be together, you know? How we always have been just… more. Lexa, I-I love you, ya know? and, and-“

“-and?” her throat smooths out, like she had been speaking from far away.

“And you’re burning the bacon.”

She jerked, taking the pan off the burner and you step away from her whirlwind of movement, smirking. Her hair was up in a messy bun, and the escaped curling locks were almost artful.

It honestly just wasn’t fair that she looked so good after a night of drinking. Seriously, it just wasn’t right. But she turned to look at you, the sizzling grease growing quiet, her green eyes fixed on you, her ruby lips set in a hard line.

Thinking.

You simply wait. Whatever. Ball’s in her court.

“If this is some kind of joke, your humor is awful,” She said dryly. You grin.

“As funny as I would undoubtedly find that,” you deliver, “I’m actually completely serious.”

You stay where you are, but shrug, like you don’t give a damn. But you do. You really do. And you think the faux-nonchalance was so transparent to her, she finally had her answer, because she took the necessary step to enter your personal space.

“Tell me again,” she challenges you softly, her eyes infernos.
You stare back at her, and take her hips into your hands gently. You pull until both your foreheads and hips are rested against each other.

“I love you,” your voice is a rusk, and you know the low husk drives her crazy.

“You love me?”

You smirk.

“Pretty sure.”

“Kiss me.”

You do.

And then you’re fucking right there on the kitchen floor. Except it’s not fucking. It’s the same speed, yeah, it’s still hard and fast and fucking wonderful and you’re racing towards an orgasm. But you can’t get enough of the way you both are ruining your kisses with smiles, and how she’s stroking your hair as she fingers you and you’d rather be set on fire than look away from her eyes.

It sort of feels like being set on fire.

You come in a rush, and you’re sure you’ve never felt the bodily shudder that passes over you when you finish and remember that you’re in love. You tell her you love her, and come all over again just looking at the affection in her lips, and the joy in her eyes.

“Fuck,” you pant, grinning wickedly at her. “Have you always been that good?”

“Mhm,” she hums at you. “I’ve just been waiting for you to earn it.”

“Oh god, if you’re about to say something about me making an honest woman of you, I’m going to take it back.”

She laughs, and you’ve never been more sure. You’re a fucking idiot.

“Too late,” she gloats, a hand keeping her head propped up. “Octavia walked in five minutes ago and listened to you tell me you loved me,” a pandering look. “Quite vigorously, too.”

You give a short guffaw and then groan, your head dropping to the linoleum floor.

“She’s never going to let me live this down.”

“She won’t?” Lexa smiled. “You should be more worried about me, Clarke. I’ve been waiting for you for years, and this is how you tell me? Slobbering drunk after sex?”

You grumble.

“Hey, you started it. At DC’s!”

She tsks you chidingly.

“Oh, I believe it was you, who ‘started it’. The first day of my sophomore year, when you walked into the student council reeking of cigarettes and with a backpack full of hardcore gay porn.”

You shot up and tackled her onto her back, her giggles in full swing as you growl at her.
“That was Aden's fault, and you know it.”

“So you tell me,” she laughs.

“Seriously, can’t you shut the fuck up?”

And you shut her up. She comes with pride, and a rippling joy. Like a gasket finally blown open from pressure. Hm. Maybe you’re a little overdue. Better late than never, you suppose.

Your eyes don’t leave hers, and your first two fingers are curving over the front of her vagina, bottoming out as deeply as you can. You’re so fucking lucky. Lexa Woods is truly the hottest girl alive, and she says she loves you.

You’re sure a meteor will crash into you, and the universe will be balanced once again.

But for now, Lexa’s fingers are curled in your hair, her eyes are shining, and you think you’ll die happy if you can somehow manage to keep that beautiful blush on her face, for any reason.

When she’s sated, and your knees and elbow hurts, you lead each other back to your bed, bacon forgotten. Jesus, it feels good to want her to hold you, and have her actually do it.

“So this is it, huh?” you murmur.

Lexa hums, her hands skimming over your skin, and if her body weren’t so warm, you’d shiver.

“I guess this isn’t so bad,” you concede. She laughs.

“Hm, you’re aware that half the school would wait in line to take your place, yes?”

You crack a smile.

“You’re a narcissist, you know that, right?”

“I’m not nearly as bad as you are, Ms. Watch As I Try to Make Lexa Jealous Because I Can.”

“And it worked, didn’t it?” you back up and grin at her rakishly.

An unamused eyebrow lifted.

“Not particularly, to be honest.”

You pout.

“What?”

“It only really managed to backfire, Clarke. Every time you actively sought to make me jealous, I found someone to return the favor to you.” Her eyes were wicked. “And nine times out of ten, you cracked first.”

“I did not!” you gruff, knowing with every fiber of your being that she was right.

“Oh? Was it someone else who quite literally cracked Jasper Jordan's cheekbone?”

You smile, reminiscing and unapologetic.

“Oh yeah,”
Lexa laughs at you, just so, so attractive in your sheets and nothing else.

“But that was his fault,” you continue languidly. “He had hands in places that belong to me and no one fucking else.”

“Is that so?” she asks you, apparently highly amused.

You glare at her.

“Yeah.”

The light that flickers into her eyes sets an expectant quirk to your lips, and she doesn’t let you down. Lexa rolls to lay her body half way on top of yours, her already hardened nipples pressing into your chest.

“If I belong to you, you’d better show me. Or else I might wander off, and then who knows what hands might go where?”

You grin and growl, and grab her by the hips. She utters a sound that mixes a yelp with a laugh, and it breaks into a choked sort of moaning sigh of satisfaction as your tongue swipes all the way through her folds. Your heart purrs. Only you can elicit these emotions from her.

She’s straddling your face, and you hold her ass steady, not letting her ground down on you.

“You’re going to be the one to tell people who you belong to, Lexa. Starting with Octavia, and the rest of this apartment complex.”

Another slow pull over her wetness, and she grips your headboard, a smile flickering over her face and a low moan echoing through her chest. She’s feeling vocal. That’s a good sign.

And it was. You didn’t see Octavia the next day, though Lexa handed you a note from her, left on the outside of your door that simply read,

‘I fucking hate you.’

You had laughed yourself silly and kissed Lexa soundly, just because you could and Octavia couldn’t. For the next week, she stayed clear of your apartment. A good decision.

Not because of the sex (which was amazing) but because when you and Lexa weren’t fucking like Catholic rabbits, you were almost insufferably cute together. Once, you had been on the phone for an hour, listening to some outraged collection of students who wanted a change in toilet paper, and your patience was running on a dangerous low. She had crossed the room, straddled you, and you didn’t think twice about wrapping your arms around her.

The rest of the phone conversation had been spoken into her breasts.

She washed fruit.

Who the fucking hell washed fruit? You made fun of her for it, and she had only rolled her eyes at you and petulantly told you she didn’t want you to get sick.

By the end of the week, the sex steeply tapered off. As in, stopped. And you didn’t even care. Honestly, you didn’t even notice. When Lexa had just about studied herself into blindness, you nagged at her until she folded and crawled into bed next to you.

Her arms went around you, and you felt her body immediately relax into sleep. It was 10 at night,
and you weren’t the least bit tired, but she had been studying for 7 straight hours and you just wanted her to relax.

You vaguely took note that fucking her into calm hadn’t even entered your mind. Although, you considered, if she had thought of it first, you wouldn’t have said no.

She had woken up at midnight, told you to turn the TV down, and rolled over. Then, she jerked back awake and started pummeling you for watching Orange Is the New Black without her.

It was the first fight you had had since you told her you loved her and it didn’t even count. She left on Sunday and told you Indra was threatening to come find her if she didn’t go back to her own apartment.

Your bed was a little bigger that night.

On Monday, Octavia burst into your room at 6:30, and you jolted into awareness.

“What the fuck, Octavia?!” you yelled, pissed beyond decibel control. She only frowned.

“Damn. I was trying to see Lexa naked one more time.” And walked away.

You feel like screaming into your pillow, but settle for leaping out of bed and tackling the bitch jumper to the ground. When you waste 30 minutes trying to grapple the other into submission, you’re still on time to get to weight training.

Driving in, you shuffle through songs like normal, and Octavia starts talking about what she finds most interesting.

“So, you and the Commander,” she starts with a sort of grimace.

“Yeah.” You grunt disinterestedly. You have zero interest in her usually amusing crude discussion. At least, not where Lexa is involved.

“So?” Octavia shoots you a small smirk.

“So, what?” you ask, glancing at her growing smile.

“So, how is she?”

You study her for a second, then glance down to your phone. A hundred pictures of Lexa flash through your mind. Dominant, submissive, cocky, trusting, laughing, loving.

And you don’t say a word, you only meet Octavia’s look once more with a wicked sort of gleam in your eyes, and her smile melts and she curses.

“Fuck,” she whispers. Then slams her palm on the steering wheel. “Fuck, Clarke! I fucking knew she’d be amazing in bed! Fuck!”

She’s fuming, and you’re laughing at her silently.

“Damn it! I knew I should have asked her out at New Year’s last year!”

You try not to laugh harder at her; you just wind up doing it anyway. She just didn’t get it.

“Dude, wasn’t that the year she kissed you for the ball drop?” You smirk as Octavia kicks herself all over again.
“Fuck, Jesus – yes!” She rants.

You let her smolder, and played a different song as you faintly recall that last New Year’s, Lexa had taken you to a motel, tied you to the bed, and made up for kissing someone else.

With interest.

“So how long are you gonna do this thing?” she asks, indelicately.

“Not sure,” you blunt out.

“Well you’ve got, ya know, what- less than a year?”

You shift in your seat. You hate this topic. You, yourself avoid it like the plague. And that was even before this past week. Lexa was a year older than you. She was going to graduate, and you’d still be here. She was going to graduate and move somewhere to take over her family’s company. Who the hell knew what was happening to you in the interim?

“I guess so,” you shrug. “I dunno. We’ll see what happens.”


You get to the gym and continue talking with Octavia about whatever, and Allie is already there. The entire track and field teams have a five minute meeting before and after every practice, and it’s done wonders for team unity.

You all disband and divide into whatever groups you want to start your routines. Luna and Allie were pretty lax, setting only muscle group focuses for every weight day.

“Yo, Clarke!” Ontari hails you as you’re re-tying your hair up, and you smile and greet her.

“What’s up, Ontari?” you reply. Ontari’s cool as fuck, and it’s been too long since you’ve properly hung put together. She makes her way over to you, and you notice a blonde girl trailing behind her.

“Hey, I didn’t know if anyone had introduced the two of you yet,” she said smoothly. She gestured to the blonde. “This is Harper McIntyre, she’s a freshman. Luna’s trying to get her to be the next you.”

You smile a little, and hold your hand out to the girl.

“Hey, I’m Clarke,” you intone. “Did you just join the team?”

Harper was a petite girl, with pretty, light eyes, thin blonde hair, and thinner almost everywhere else. But something in her eyes made you look at her a little harder. She met your hand and interrupted your thoughts.

“Yeah,” she laughed lightly. “I know who you are. But yeah, I just transferred from Polis U.”

Her hand fell from yours, and you realized what was weird about her. She looked at you like you were an 8 oz filet mignon. You smirk a little, and you watch the pupils of her eyes flicker toward the quirk of your lips.

“Well, welcome to the team,” you float out.

“Thanks,” she says, just a hair quieter than she probably intended. You watch Ontari roll her eyes and you shrug lightly.
“Clarke, I was actually hoping you could show her the ropes with our routine. Allie wants me for something, Anya’s a freshman, and Lexa is, well…” she glances to where Lexa is surrounded by underclassmen trying to place themselves in her rotation.

You resist the urge to scoff and simply nod your head with a ‘sure’. Harper stays when Ontari walks off, and you start explaining the Monday, Wednesday, Friday regimen. Harper’s cute, and once she gets over being star struck, manages to gain enough confidence to hold an actual conversation with you, jokes and all.

Harper’s an attractive girl, sure. But she’s just that – a girl. Where Lexa is a woman. Lexa’s *all* woman. Hips, abs, ass, thighs. The woman was a walking wet dream. Not to mention you’re stupid in love with her, but that’s a side note.

So when the work out hour is over, and you’re watching Lexa’s back flex and pull the rowing machine, it gets awkward when Harper asks what you’re doing later.

“Uh, not much,” you mutter. “Homework, probably.”

Your eyes watch girls file out to the locker rooms, and you look for Lexa’s gaggle of fangirls. Harper mistakes your graceless tone for clumsy invitation to continue, and she stands a little taller.

“Well, if you wanted to, you could take me for dinner or something?” She watched you closely, but fucking Lexa for four years wasn’t for nothing – your poker face was almost as good as hers by now.

“And if you think you want to,” she steps forward boldly, and picks your hand up in hers, tickling your palm suggestively. You simply raise an eyebrow. “you could take me back to yours?”

“And… study?” your voice is low and flat, and anyone who knew you would tell the girl to back the hell off because you were getting irritated.

But Harper didn’t know you, so she laughed an annoying little giggle and shook her head.

“Well, maybe if you’re studying human anatomy?” And giggled again.

Huh. She thought she was clever. Lexa wouldn’t sleep with you for a week if you had even jokingly pulled such a corny line.

“How,” you study her, trying to gauge how high your temper was versus what this girl’s self esteem could handle. Probably not much.

“Listen, Harper,” you gently extricate your hand from her grasp. “You seem like a nice girl, and I’m flattered, but I’m seeing someone right now.”

The freshman deflated slightly, but her eyes glanced once more at your lips, and you felt all sympathy fly out of your head and she straightened back up with a smirk.

“Who?”

“That would be me,” a delicate voice caressed your ear, and you felt like laughing aloud. Fucking Lexa. You turned to allow Harper to see her, and you hoped the girl took a good look. Lexa was wearing one of your shirts and short shorts, post work out and perfect.
See? All woman.

You smother a smirk as Harper's face sort of draws, and she tucks her lips into her mouth.

“Harper, this is my girlfriend, Lexa Woods. She’s the varsity 4x100 anchor.” You glance at Lexa and wave to the girl. “Lexa, this is Harper McIntyre. She just joined the team.”

You feel like running out of the room as Lexa’s green eyes stay on you for a millisecond too long, and you realize just how you had introduced her. Well that’s new. But Lexa smiles and steps forward to take Harper's hand in hers, a ‘nice to meet you’ on her lips.

She doesn’t even have to condescend the naïve girl. Lexa had won the battle before it had even begun. Despite the situation, you try not to laugh. Because come on, it was laughable. Some freshman sorority girl trying to hit on the favorite pastime of Lexa ‘Let’s Finish the Lesbian Kama Sutra’ Woods?

Laughable.

Lexa and Harper speak for a moment, before she makes a lame excuse and escapes. By now you and Lexa are practically alone in the gym, and she turns to you with a gleam in her eyes, and a smirk on her face.

“You’re insufferably pretty, you know that?” you grumble. Her smile widens into real affection, and your jaw twitches. “So, just- just answer.”

“Why, Clarke, what ever are you talking about?”

You glare at her, “I called you my girlfriend.”

“I noticed,” she responded, her weight shifting to one leg relaxedly. “Am I going to be your wife tomorrow? I really am behind the times, aren’t I? Perhaps I missed the memo?”

You scoff.

“Lexa.” You ground out.

“Clarke?” She says playfully.

“You-“ you break off, sending a look around the gym. You step closer to her and glance quickly up at her amused face. “I mean, I-“ why are the words so fucking difficult? You thought this was a real thing, but maybe not?

“I am your girlfriend,” you assume quietly to her toned legs. “Right?”

When you look up, her eyes are soft and she’s smiling like she does when you wake up after her. Apparently not giving a damn that you were in public, she takes you in her arms and gives you a velvet soft kiss. You hold your own wrist as you put your arms around her neck to kiss her back.

“I love you,” She murmurs with affection. “Of course we’re dating, you idiot.”

You laugh and tuck your head into the crook of her shoulder as your face flushes. Your heart is lighter than air and you’re honestly a fucking idiot. Lexa kisses your cheek, and you follow her lips to claim a kiss.

You’re happy.
And horny.

You kiss for a bit, then lean on your toes to whisper perfectly into your girlfriend’s ear.

“I love you too. But I need to go to class, or I’m going to bend you over the bench press and fuck you. Okay?”

Another kiss to her ear, and you slide back down her body. Her forest eyes are blown in lust, and her vision flicks to the mentioned machine, a contemplative look to her face.

You snort and push her away from you, and she laughs at your bluff. You both keep your hands to yourself in the locker room and you head off to class. The entire lecture goes over your head and you can’t stop thinking about how almost nothing in your life has changed, except you feel more… settled.

And for once, not in a bad way.

You feel like the wood grain of your life has been sanded over with a finer grit, and the rough patches you kept snagging on are smooth. It’s a good feeling. Know what else is a good feeling?

Riding 11 hours on a team bus to a hotel at five in the morning.

Arkadia’s next meet came the next Saturday, which happened to be your birthday. So at four in the afternoon on Friday, you found yourself stretching stiff legs, trying to un-numb your ass and re-boot your brain. You had spent six of those last hours watching some anime about a heaven or hell afterlife bar called Quindecim or something.

It was Anya’s laptop, and you didn’t have much choice. It was either this or watching that other one about the perverted sailor super-thong. Again. Besides, you had walked in on a thrower going down on a long-distance runner in the bathroom and you just wanted off the bus.

You didn’t travel well.

Lexa had been held up at school with some ‘emergency’ issue that Indra couldn’t handle herself, and was flying in a little later. But your feet were on the ground again, and Ayla was handing out room assignments.

“Clarke! Who’re you with?” Octavia asked roguishly. She had caught up to you after grabbing your shit and you both were waiting to check into the hotel. You grimaced at the question.

“I’m with Fox, Anya, and Harper.”

She laughed.

“Shit, don’t let McIntyre sneak into your bed.”

You send her a droll look.

“I’m sleeping here. I’d have to be roofied and passed out for that to fucking happen.”

Octavia laughed.

“Persistent?”

“Oh yeah,” you sigh. Your mouth turns downward. “She seems to think if Lexa doesn’t see her pull that shit, that she’ll score points with me or something. It’s fucking ridiculous.”
Octavia’s grinning widely.

“Christ,” she shakes her head. “You’d think she’d just give up once she hears she’s competing with Lexa fucking Woods. The goddamn Commander of Arkadia.”

You grunt. The day after you and Lexa became official, the Arkadia Guardian had come out with a front page picture of the two of you embracing and smiling at each other like a bride and groom in the gym.

“ARKADIA’S MOST ELUSIVE ELIGIBLES OFF THE MARKET”

That issue was like a fucking tabloid, and you’d never felt more stalked in your entire life. You personally dumped every issue you could find in the garbage. Lexa had disapproved strongly of your actions.

“Clarke,” she had chided. “You are the vice-president. You need to think about your actions. At least throw them in the recycling.”

But after that, the entire school knew you and Lexa were dating.

“But,” Octavia shrugged. “You’ve got to admire her spirit.”

You glared at her, murder in your green eyes.

“No, I don’t.”

Octavia laughed.

“Who are you with?” you wonder.

Her eyes sharpen gloatingly.

“Niylah, Diana, and… Lexa.”

“God damn it,” you growl. Great. Now Octavia’s going to perpetually remind you that she slept with your girlfriend. You turn your full attention on your roommate.

“Touch her, look at her, even breathe on her, and you’re fucking dead.”

Octavia’s eyes enjoy the reaction before she waves a hand dismissively, “Relax, will ya? I wouldn’t. Besides,” she sends you a slightly wary glance. “Even if I did, she’d kill me herself.”

You laugh aloud.

She’s right.

Once you find your room and pick one side of a queen bed, you throw your bag on it and set off to find Ontari. You all had the evening and morning to yourselves, the meet being at 3:00 the next day.

You find her with a couple other girls across the hall, and you all screw around and relax for a bit. The whole hallway is Arkadia’s, and the doors are all open. Anya’s considerably less cheery, and you care for all of 5 minutes until she tells you she misses Raven.

The blonde pouts at you and Ontari’s outburst of laughter.

“I’m serious!” she argues hotly. “She’s never missed a meet!”
Ontari comes down from her bout of chuckles before you, and she lays a hand on the starter’s shoulder.

“Relax, okay?” she tries and fails to hide a grin. “Get yourself off right before and it’s basically the same.”

You fall into hysterics with her and some other girls, and Anya’s flushed and angry, not sure if she’s being made fun of. You gather yourself together.

“She’s totally serious, Anya.” You throw in. “We’re not picking on you.” You glance around the relaxed circle you’re in. “Seriously, how many of you guys have an orgasm to relieve the stress?”

Ontari raises her hand, unashamed, and three of the four other girls copy her, all smiles. Anya laughs, relaxing. She turns to you with a raised eyebrow.

“How about you?”

You laugh shortly and take a drink of water. You’re lying propped on your side in Ontari’s bed, and you know your sunshine blonde hair is spilling on the covers, probably giving more than a couple girls some nice mental spank bank material.

“Of course,” you grin, cocky as ever.

Anya laughs.

“And Lexa?”

You send her and your audience a critically teasing eye. You smirk.

“Who do you think taught me that trick?”

The whole bed dissolves in light laughter, and you all continue talking about different things. Until you’re hungry enough to search for food. You go back to your room to fetch some money, and run into Lexa on the way out.

“Hey!” you say, surprised and delighted. She smiles widely at you, apparently not expecting to see you.

“Oh,” she said, happy. “Is this your room?”

“Yeah. I’m sharing with Fox, Harper, and Anya.”

Her eyebrow raises, unimpressed, and you chuckle at her outward dislike of the blonde freshman.

“No.”

You shoot her an amused glance, and her eyes are mischievous.

“What?” you ask.

“Grab your things.” She says, a non-answer.

“Lexa.” You say, unimpressed. “What are you doing?”

She flashes a smile and bites her lip, glancing down the hall. Your eyes follow hers in askance, and you almost jump when you feel something cool being slipped into the front of your jeans.
“Giving you a birthday present,” she whispers. Her full lips press an innocent kiss to your cheek, and 
she stalks away.

It’s a key card.

You glance at the ceiling and thank God you’re not a dude. You life would be so much harder if you 
were.

Literally.

“Yo, Clarke, you coming?”

No, but with any luck, you will be soon.

“Nah, I’m just gonna chill and catch room service.” You tell Ontari offhandedly. She frowns, slightly 
confused, and her expression clears as she hears a welcoming screech of ‘Commander!’ from down 
the hall.

Caught.

But Ontari just laughs, eyes twinkling, and walks away, winking. You laugh at her back. You dive 
into your room, steal your bag, and take the stairs to the next floor up.

417.

A swipe and a green light later, you have Lexa pinned to the single king-sized bed, and she’s 
laughing uncontrollably as you call her a scheming, meddling girl.

You make out for a bit, and she informs you that she’s taking you to dinner and that you should wear 
something nice.

You raise an eyebrow at her.

“Babe, I’m here for a meet and you want me to have a party dress handy? What’s next, breakfast at 
Tiffany’s?”

She absolutely loves it when you call her pet names and you both know it, but she’d never tell you. 
She pretends to sigh and crosses the room to her suitcase, flips it open, and throws you a garment 
bag.

You laugh out loud.

It’s seven by the time you’re ready, and to Lexa’s credit, you’re looking pretty good. You’re not 
usually one for dresses, but the little black number and accent green heels are right up your ally. 
Interestingly enough, Lexa goes for a more dapper look.

It’s the most feminine suit you’ve ever seen, but still. Lexa rarely enjoys slacks. You might have to 
talk to her about getting some more mileage out of these. Her shirt matches your heels, and you feel 
all sorts of proud that she loves you.

Her hair is in a stylish ponytail, and you let her clip your bangs back. The restaurant she takes you to 
specialized in small portions and wine. You both have been on a handful of dates, and counting the 
years you weren’t technically dating, a thousand non-dates. You preferred grabbing take out and 
being with each other over really anything else.

But you know this is Lexa’s way of telling you that this birthday won’t just be her paying your rent
for the month and giving you a birthday blow job. This year, she’s taking you to dinner and paying for a hotel room.

This year, she loves you, and she refuses to do it by half.

You’re both so relaxed with each other, that you know the you that was sleeping with Lexa even a month ago wouldn’t know it could be like this. Because Lexa was beautiful and smart, and you finally knew what to call the ache in your chest when she smiled at you from under her eyes.

“You know, I might have to cause a scene if you keep that up,” you remark offhandedly after your server sets your wine down.

Lexa sends you a puzzled look.

“Keep what up?”

“Looking so freaking gorgeous in that jacket,” you smile. “You’re distracting our waitress.”

You normally wouldn’t care about censoring your language, but it was a nice restaurant, and you knew Lexa liked it when you kept it below ‘sailor’ level.

She only smirked at you and sipped her wine. Your eyes follow the glass, and the perfect imprint of her red lipstick is a faint stain on the crystal.

“Oh, if you’re bothered by that, I’ll happily admit that I wanted to put a parka on you at the way the hostess checked you out.”

You chortle lightly. You actually had noticed that, but rolled your eyes for your girlfriend’s sake.

“I’m serious, Lexa,” you threaten good-naturedly. “I might ‘have words’ with the manager if she can’t differentiate your eyes from your cleavage.”

She narrows her beautiful eyes and tries not to smile as she figures out if you’re mocking her speech pattern or not. You blink at her innocently, and your waitress comes back to see if you’re ready to order.

Lexa is leaned back in her seat relaxedly, and her viridian eyes leave the server’s for a millisecond to slip to you, and back to the rapt attention of the waitress.

You know what’s about to happen and you bite your lip, trying not to choke on a laugh and ruin it. Lexa slowly slips forward, and reaches for your hand. The table is small, intimate, meant for two. She brings your hand to her lips and kisses the knuckles gently.

“I’m not quite sure what I’d like,” she tells the slightly frowning waitress. Her eyes are layered in love too thick for real life, and you resist from rolling your own. “Why don’t you order for me, hm, darling?”

Her voice is drenched in honey and chocolate syrup and you’re a second away from laughing at your ridiculous lover. You quickly rattle off the first two things you see on the menu, and your waitress is nothing but professional. Even after making her escape, Lexa continues to tease you and you can’t stop laughing.

She’s out of her mind.

Some people glare at your table for disturbing the atmosphere, but more people smile at you both.
You absolutely love Lexa. You’ve never felt like this with anyone. Never even come close.

After your dinner and dessert, you both hail a taxi and ride back to the hotel. It’s a little after ten and no one has come looking for either of you, and you tell Lexa you both owe Ontari a large, large drink.

You explain it to her as you enter 417, start undressing, and begin your respective nightly cleaning rituals. She laughs from where she’s washing her face and adds that if Ontari does this tomorrow morning, too, you both should just start a tab for her.

It’s 10:15 by the time you’re slipping under the sheets, and 10:25 when you’re slipping inside each other. At 11:13, you’re breathing in her air and though you have zero inclination to start another round, you can’t stop kissing her.

There’s a tightness in your heart, and you slow the rhythm of your lips. Instantly, she’s asking you what’s wrong. You pause, and look over her face. The moonlight is only so strong, and you reach over her to turn the lamp on. Her brows are drawn and worried.

You consider her, and choose your words carefully.

“Lexa,” you start, and your voice is a rasp. She sits up in bed, and her expression is thunderous.

“I swear to God and Heaven above, Clarke Griffin, if you’re about to break up with me-“

Her lips tremble against yours, and you smile hugely from where you just cut her off with a kiss.

“Fuck, Lexa, no,” you laugh, and she has enough grace to look lightly embarrassed.

“What is it then?” She says, placing some strands of blonde hair behind your ear.

“I just-“ you start, and looking at her open, caring expression makes the words spill out of you. “I never knew it could be this good. And I’m so pissed off at myself for being such an asshole. I was so self-absorbed, Lexa.”

You lean against the pillows and run a hand through your hair.

“I mean, Jesus. Why did you even let me be like that all this time?”

You turn your head to her and she smiles as she leans back as well.

“It wasn’t just you, darling,” her green eyes are borderline apologetic. “I think we both had some growing up to do.”

You smile weakly and nod.

“But Clarke,” she continues, “I will tell you one thing about it,” her voice is soft, smiling and sincere. “I wouldn’t have it any other way. You were just as stubborn as I was, and you were an animal in bed,” you grinned, and she scrunched her nose affectionately. “But I don’t regret a single day of it. Not one. Because I get to be here, now, just like this.”

You’re smiling uncontrollably, and you kiss her. You reflect that you’d die happy if you could kiss her just like that, every single day. A picture enters your mind, and you won’t be able to sleep unless you tell Lexa about it.

“Lexa,” you say carefully. Your hands play with her left absently, and you had never believed hands could be beautiful until you met Lexa. “You know, it could be like this. Always. We could make it
so it’s just like this. Every day. For… for a long time."

You meet her eyes meaningfully, and her lips part, focus flickering from your eyes, to the deliberate stroke you deliver to her ring finger.

“Clarke?” she breathes.

You’re serious. You’d rather never run again than never kiss Lexa.

“I don’t mean let’s run away and get married,” her throat flexes as you pronounce the word ‘married’, “But you’re going to graduate. You’re going to graduate, and I’ll still be in love with you. So I’d like to at least be engaged.”

“You’re serious?” she says wondrously.

You nod. She’s been a constant presence in your life for six years now. You’d say that was enough time, right?

Her eyes are focused on you, now, and a small flicker of her mouth twitches her ruby lips.

“What?” you ask lightly.

She smiles, whole and unrepressed, and you copy the expression.

“Oh, I was only thinking I should take you to dinner more often.”

You laugh and she pushes you onto the bed playfully. You kiss, once, twice, and three more times.

“Yes,” she whispers in your ear. “Yes, Clarke. Let’s get engaged.”

You nod, and you’re only mildly embarrassed as your eyes water, and she kisses the happy tears away. You know you’ve got a lot of maturing to do. But you know that there’s nowhere you’d rather do it than beside Lexa.

She turns, clicks the lamp off, and you instantly curl into her body. You lift your head and she gathers your hair to lay it under you so that she doesn’t have to eat it.

You settle. Your body, your heart, your head. You feel… peaceful. Her lips caress your ear, and her voice follows suit.

“And Happy Birthday, my love.”

You open your eyes to the bedside clock.

12:02.

The alarm clock reads 9:37 when you both wake up, and the first thing you do is groan and remind Lexa that you had to start a tab for Ontari. She rumbles sleepy laughter as you kiss her bare shoulder and head for the shower.

You had left the bathroom door open in invitation for Lexa to join you, but you frown as she doesn’t follow.
“Lexa!” you call. You rinse off and call her name again. You don’t bother wrapping a towel around you as you stalk into the bedroom.

“Lexa what the hell are – oh.”

Her lips are pursed in withheld laughter, a towel wrapped around her, and you all of a sudden find yourself standing naked and wet in plain view of Luna Rivera. You sprint to the bathroom and hear your coach sigh.

“Don’t let her be late.”

And then the door shuts heavily, and Lexa appears, naked and shaking in laughter. You glare at her, and the look rolls off her shoulders.


Lexa smiled, delighted, and spanks you as she passes to the shower.

“Wouldn’t dream of it, darling.” The shower starts and she’s humming a melody you recognize as ‘Fuck You’.

You lean your head against the wall of the sink area and shut your eyes.

“I want a divorce!” you shout.

Lexa laughs loudly, her song breaking up and you smile at how her laugh sounds even better than the notes.

“I want a pre-nup!” she calls over the water at you, and you laugh in turn. You start dressing in your track shorts and top, pulling the white and blue jacket and pants over them. Your track shoes go in a drawstring bag you carry with you.

You cross to Lexa’s suitcase to fish her clothes out for her, and your eyebrow lifts as your hand touches a rough mesh bag. It’s almost Pavlovian. You’re instantly wet.

You know exactly what that bag is. Slowly, you withdraw your hand and set her clothes on the bed. Your foot jiggles as you wait for Lexa impatiently. By the time she’s dried off and starting to dress, your entire leg is shaking.

She lifts an amused eyebrow at you as she pulls on a sports bra and spandex.

“Do you need to pee?”

“You brought the Goody Bag.” You accuse her harshly.

She glances at her suitcase and her eyes narrow.

“Since when is it your habit to go snooping in other people’s things?”

“Since always.”

She rolls her eyes and continues dressing.

“You brought the Bag,” your smile is lecherous and she finally fixes you with a look.

“Yes,” she snaps at you. “I did.”
“But the bus leaves tonight.” You say, smiling.

She’s sending you warning looks, and you ignore them.

“Yes. The bus is. We are not.”

You just grin and grin at her and her green eyes flash dangerously.

“I swear, Clarke, if you don’t stop bother me about it, you won’t get to find out what’s inside, okay?”

You instantly drop your smile.

“But baby,” you pull her by the drawstrings of her track pants so she’ll stand between your legs, and your fingers dance to trace into the v of her hipbones. “It’s my birthday.”

Her expression flickers, and your smile is just a little too wide because she pushes away from you disgustedly and you laugh.

“It is, darling, but keep it up, and you won’t be around to celebrate another one.”

She finishes getting ready, and you push her against the door before you leave the room. Lexa’s hands go around your waist as she realizes this is goodbye to intimacy for the rest of the day.

“I love you, Lexa,” you say gently, all playfulness and parody aside.

She smiles, her irritation forgotten.

“I love you too, Clarke.”

You kiss once more, and you’re out the door.

You both find some girls to eat breakfast with, and you find Ontari in the mix. You sidle up to her and lowly murmur,

“When we get back to DC’s we’re starting you a tab.”

The handsome woman grins widely and throws her arm around your shoulders and you grunt at her until she releases you. Octavia’s sitting with some other jumpers, and she raises an eyebrow and her glass of grapefruit juice to you. You scoff and send her a sly smile and a knowing wink. She scowls and rejoins her conversation.

Sore fucking loser.

The bus feels bigger with Lexa on it, you think as you ride to the meet. You make a point to sit next to Anya and ask her if she’s spoken to Raven today. The blonde studies you, her eyes sliding to Lexa, and she smiles slightly.

“Yeah,” she said. Her cheeks flame uncharacteristically and she looks around for eavesdroppers. “We were actually on the phone last night, and instead of uh—” you smile hugely and nod.

“Once, when Lexa was a freshman,” you watch her eyes widen at the piece of chronologic information. No one had known you two had been together back then. “She was really nervous about her first meet without me there, and I talked her through an orgasm 20 minutes before her race.”

Anya’s eyes were wide, her smile grateful. You give her an understanding wink.
“She won by a full two seconds.”

Anya laughed so loudly, even Lexa noticed at the front of the bus. You sent her a wink, too. She smiled prettily and turned back around.

The next time you see her turning around, you’re handing her a baton and she’s streaking to the finish line. You stop sprinting, but keep running. You look up to watch the beautiful aggression on her face displayed on the jumbotron.

You had earned a full stride’s lead on the girl next to you, Ontari and Anya having kept neck and neck with the girl’s predecessors, and Lexa gained another stride’s distance. You reached the finish as the ribbon was still falling to her feet from wrapping around her waist and you hug her, spinning her around in a victorious cheer.

Ontari and Anya are on you both in an instant, and your team’s hug is crushing and ferocious. Winning was so sweet. You reached a hand out and ruffled Anya’s hair.

“I fucking told you it would work!” you shout.

She laughed, Ontari still sweating on Lexa in glee.

You all found Allie and she congratulated you with the warmest smile you’d ever seen her wear. Octavia and the rest of the team eventually found you all, and the announcement that Arkadia University placing 1st in the meet sent up screaming cheers, and Octavia crowned the meet concluded, expecting everyone to go to the bar next to the hotel for drinking.

You’re praying with everything you’ve got that she forgets it’s your birthday. The bus back to the hotel is fucking insane, and everyone is losing their mind. Away meets are like that.

Stepping off the bus, Octavia’s dark hair finds you and she grins at you wickedly.

“Happy Birthday,” she says lowly. You raise an eyebrow, and she rolls her eyes. “Go on, have fun with the Commander.”

You grin broadly.

“I’m gonna marry her, you know,” you warn your roommate, backwards walking away from her. Octavia only laughs.

“I know,” she snarks back, “Lucky bitch. Just remember, if you fuck up, she’s all mine!”

You laugh and jog off to room 417. When you get there, two black garment bags are hanging and the shower is running. You figure it’s your mother fucking birthday and unzip the bags.

Your smile is probably both affectionate and excited, and you strip out of your clothes, yanking your hair from its tie. Lexa is humming softly and the pause between notes lets you know you won’t scare her.

Lexa’s chestnut hair is wet and darkened to black, and she doesn’t turn around when you hug her from behind. Her boobs are slick and wonderfully aerodynamic in your hands, and her nipples harden under your ministrations. Her hands cover yours and guide you to her hips. She turns around and holds your head to kiss you.

You grin into it, and she smiles back.
“Where are we going?” you ask her. She steps away, and you release her. You trade positions under
the water, as she’s completely clean.

She smirks at you eyes twinkling.

“Dinner,” is all she says. You eye her luscious naked body hungrily.

“Does the birthday girl get an appetizer?”

Lexa laughs and taps your chin to bring your eyes up. She drops a kiss to your lips.

“No.”

You smirk and let her leave the shower. It was worth a shot, right? Now you have to actually clean
yourself. You hear a blow dryer switch on for a little bit. Lexa even brought your personal soaps
with her. She really did love you. Huh.

You take your time in the shower, letting the water relax your muscles, since apparently an orgasm
wasn’t going to do it for you. Lexa calls your name a while later, and adds some muffled syllables.

“What?” you shout back, the water much louder than she was.

Her voice reaches your ears again, but you have no idea what she’s saying. You shut the shower off.
You were done anyway.

“Lexa, one more time?” you ask her.

Her voice is much clearer this time.

“I’m going to run to the store, darling. I’ll be right back, okay?”

You frown. You had really wanted to fool around before dinner. You try not to whine.

“What for?”

“Don’t worry about it.”

Your frown deepens.

“Lexa!”

You hear your girlfriend mumble to herself and you smile, not even needing to actually hear her to
talk to herself. She’s calling you stubborn and impossible.

“Clarke,” she annunciates clearly like she does when addressing the student council. You smirk. “I
am going to the store to buy condoms. Would you like anything else?”

Your smile deepens and you’re aware she knows you’re smirking because you don’t bother to hide it
in your tone.

“Babe, there are condoms in my bag.”

Lexa’s quiet for a split second.

“They’re the wrong size.”

“What?” you frown, “Honey, that’s impossible. Those condoms fit both of our dildos.”
Your hair drips, and you think you hear Lexa mutter something like ‘oh, for Christssake’ and her voice amplifies.

“Clarke, my love, those condoms fit those toys. I’m getting different ones to fit different toys.”

Your jaw drops, and a smile stupidly steals over your face slowly.

“I’m leaving now.”

Your voice is about to crack and you clear your throat.

“Bye.”

You hear her laugh shortly, and the sound of the door opens and shuts. You hustle out of the shower, and all you want to do is rifle through her suitcase but she’d positively murder you if you dared.

Instead, you very, very seriously consider getting yourself off just to relieve the pressure. Eventually, you decide against it. Lexa would know. You focus on getting ready. It’s early for dinner, but you’re hoping the earlier you eat, the earlier you can get back here and have kinky, strap on, birthday sex.

You eye the clothes Lexa picked out for you and do your make up accordingly. You emphasize your vivid blue eyes and your feminine cheekbones, eyebrows and lips.

You smile at the sheer white thong and balconette cup bra set. Your girlfriend definitely scored points for taste. You pull on a black women’s shirt that you button all the way to the top and tuck it into tight white dress pants. The white skinny tie you tie tight, and your white suit jacket felt tailored to your feminine figure. You don the matte white heels and observe yourself in the mirror.

Lexa definitely knew how to dress you.

Right on time, she walked back through the door, and your tie all of a sudden felt too tight.

You loved Lexa in green. Not just green, deep green. The dress she wore would have caused a faint in a lesser woman. It was mid-thigh, and clung to every curve of her body like a kiss. The dress itself wasn’t terribly skimpy, but the cut loved her form like nothing you’d ever seen. It was a rougher material, but it kept everything held in place.

High, black stilettos matched a black clutch, and the black of her smoky eye shadow pulled it all together. Her lips were meticulously painted scarlet, and all you could think of was smearing it.

“Wow,” she breathed.

You smile and nod, realizing too late that she was talking about you.

“Clarke,” she smiled, “You look…”

You smile and cross to her, knowing she would tolerate a lipstick-ruining kiss, but you kindly opt for kissing her cheek.

“Yeah, I know what you mean.”

Her eyes clear and she swipes a loose strand of hair from her eyes, tucking it back into the chignon she styled her chestnut hair into. You take the plastic bag she’s carrying and dump the contents onto the bed.

She smirks, and you frown at her.
“You did this on purpose.”

Lexa laughs lightly, taking your hand and trying to lead you away.

“I knew you would look.”

You pout and let yourself be led from the pile of every sized condom. Fucking Lexa and her clever fucking games. You let her direct the taxi to the more city-like district, and think that it sort of feels like her birthday instead of yours.

You arrive at a skyscraper 30 minutes later, and you hold hands after you help her out of the taxi. You didn’t mean to be a jerk, but you shut the doors on a couple behind you because you wanted to hold Lexa in the elevator. You kiss her temple and murmur your love as she smiles beautifully.

You’re once again in that perfect world where it’s just you and Lexa, and even if it’s not true, you’re fine ignoring the fuck out of everyone else to make it so. The top of this building is apparently some kind of intimate restaurant/club, and you and Lexa are instantly seated at a cozy table against the wall sized window, giving you a look over the city. The music is an interesting string quartet that a couple people are slow dancing to.

Lexa’s providing wonderful conversation and you both can’t stop smiling at each other. Your server this time is male, and you’re not sure if the detail makes the leering better or worse. Lexa sparkles. It’s not her fault.

“And what would you ladies like to drink tonight?”

Lexa opens her mouth but you cut her off.

“It happens to be my birthday today,” you inform the man. Your eyes slide to Lexa, and you pick up her hand, letting your green eyes smolder. You watch as she swallows a giggle when you kiss her knuckles softly. “And I’ll only allow us to drink champagne on the occasion.”

The man’s slightly confused face turns to Lexa, and she smiles and nods gently, her eyes never leaving yours. He bows lightly and excuses himself with a polite ‘right away’. She clears her throat.

“Clarke,” she strokes your hand with a slightly stuttering expression, and you smile at her calmly, “Clarke, I need you to know, I love you… Very much. And I meant what I said last night.”

You soothe her fingers, drilling your eyes into hers. She was really, so, so beautiful.

“I did too,” you tell her simply.

She smiles widely for a brief moment, breathing out in an oddly relieved fashion very quickly. Her eyes catch the waiter heading your way with the flutes of champagne, and you both order something quickly. He asks questions about how you’d like things prepared, and leaves you in peace.

You pick up your glass, and hold it at chest level, your eyes never leaving Lexa’s. A smirk works its way to your face, and your mind takes a picture of her, just like this.

She copies your movement, her fingers covering the basin of the glass as she raises it, her eyes lighting excitedly.

“Lexa,” you say lowly. “I love you, and I can’t wait until we get married,” you clear your throat and swallow, “But I’ll wait anyway.”
She laughed.

“So, in the mean time, Happy Birthday to me,” you raise your glass to tap the rim to hers delicately, and your whole body freezes. Because just as the peal of crystal sounds, your eyes notice the white-golden band of metal at the bottom of your bubbling glass.

You stare, and you hear Lexa laugh lightly.

“Happy Birthday to you,” she repeats, and you recognize that she sounds a little… smug?

Your smile almost breaks your face and you start laughing when you notice an identically plain band of gold at the bottom of hers. You stare at her smirking face incredulously, and she sets her glass down gently.

“Clarke Griffin,” she says evenly, her eye trained on you patiently. “We’re going to spend a very long time with each other. Because to be honest, at this point, you owe me.”

You laugh aloud, and she smiles, her face full of unadulterated affection.

“Marry me?” she asks simply.

You just keep smiling, and you manage to purse your lips to stare at this crazy, beautiful, hurricane of a woman.

“Of course, you idiot,” you whisper her words back to her, and she smiles.

“No drink!” she commands, and you do. You’re glad years of partying has prepared you for this moment, because you think you just chugged a $40 flute of champagne and you don’t give a fuck. The cold ring drops into your hand, and you breathe deeply.

Lexa’s watching you closely, and you look her right in the eyes as you slide the ring on your left ring finger. You reach over to steal her glass and drain that, too. Your heart thumps as her hand slides into yours, and you place that perfect gold circle on her.

Still holding her hand, you stand and ask her to dance. She laughs and nods. You lead her to the dance floor. Every head in the joint turns to stare at your fiancée, and you don’t give a damn. It’s your birthday and you just got engaged. You kiss her right there on the damn floor.

You both rock back and forth, speaking quietly to each other.

“When I graduate and have more control of the company, I’ll buy us diamonds for our wedding rings,” she promises softly and you chuckle. She knows you don’t care.

“I like it this way,” you argue softly.

“When do you want to get married?” she asks easily.

“Tomorrow,” you reply immediately. She laughs and swats your shoulder so lightly it’s more of a pat.

“A year? Two?”

You scrunch your nose.

“Two years is way too long,” you answer thoughtfully. “In a year, I’ll still be in school. We could have the wedding at DC’s.”
She looks appalled, and you tease her for it.

“Clarke, I don’t care how spoiled you think I am. I refuse to be married in a bar.”

“But it’s where you first told me you loved me.”

She laughed.

“Fine then. Our honeymoon will be in your apartment’s kitchen.”

You shrug.

“Fine by me.”

She hums, “I’ll be sure to invite Octavia for authenticity,” and then you’re scowling playfully, and she kisses you reassuringly. Your hand starts to wander, and she suggests you go back to your table. As soon as you sit, two dishes covered by metal domes are presented and uncovered.

You start eating and she laughs as you pretend to be freaked out by the sheer number of forks present. You almost drop one of those forks when she casually mentions that this means you can’t duck out of meeting her parents face to face now.

Well, fuck.

She’s already met your mother through a story she found hilarious, and you considered mortifying. Let’s just say your little brother is a tattling brat. But Abigail Griffin absolutely adored Lexa, and never went a phone call without asking about her.

They met four goddamn years ago.

“Lexa,” you whined lowly. “Your father is an asshat, your mother gives me the creeps, and your sisters are airheaded morons.”

Not even Skype can soften the Woods family. She simply smiled and raised an expectant eyebrow. You sigh.

“And I will play nicely with all of them at Christmas and birthdays,” you narrow your eyes at her. “But only if we split Christmas at my mom’s house, or we may actually have to get a divorce.”

Lexa laughs and agrees.

“Besides,” she allows, a fork halfway to her mouth, “If we don’t split Christmas, Mother might try to invite Aden and Abby to share the holiday.”

You laugh loudly when she shudders.

“My brother would eat all three of your sisters alive,” you laugh. Lexa nods emphatically, a smile playing at her mouth.

You both continue to talk and laugh until a shared crème tart is finished, and you guide her to the exit. Your waiter bows you out and offers you a mild congratulations. However half-heartedly he had delivered it, you accepted it like you had won the fucking lottery. Because to you, you really had.

You let her get in the elevator first, and she slapped your shoulder when she realized it was only so you could get an amazing view of her ass. Because seriously, her ass in that dress was phenomenal,
and you knew from experience it was even better without the dress.

The taxi ride back was almost painful. Now that there wasn’t food to get to, or a table to separate you, there was so little to distract you from that fact that Lexa was wearing tights and a skintight dress. She was drawing small circles on your knee, her gold ring glinting, and you swear the cab of the car ratcheted up ten degrees in heat as your eyes locked.

It had been a long time since the two of you had done anything other than have meaningful, passionate sex. A small part of you missed that furious fucking of the old days.

That part of you was called your vagina, you reflect lightly.

You reach the hotel, and when the elevator shuts to take you to the fourth floor, Lexa practically stiff arms you from connecting your lips.

“Lexa!” you growl. You want your birthday sex. And you want it now.

“No,” your fiancée purrs, and the controlled sultry look in her eyes make you freeze. She steps closer to you, and ghosts her lips over yours. Your brain short circuits, and your best and worst nights always occurred when that calm, powerful glint entered Lexa’s eyes.

“No, my darling. Because tonight is your birthday, and your fiancée has plans for you,” she touches you nowhere, and your pulse is already in your vagina. You think you know what this is, but it’s been so long ago since you brought it up, and neither of you have ever really had the energy to revisit it.

The elevator dings, and you follow her to 417.

The door shuts behind you, and you know you’re soaking wet. Lexa smiles at you in the most controlled way you’ve ever seen, and leads you to sit on the edge of the bed. You can only watch as she takes your tie off and places it back over your eyes.

The world goes dark, and she kisses you lightly, telling you not to move. You wouldn’t dream of it. You hear the rustle of clothes, the zip of bags, rustling, the opening and closing of doors, some soft metallic clinking. Sounds you don’t even recognize. Still, you don’t move a muscle. Not even when something brushes your hand and you can hear Lexa moving right next to you.

“Oh, she says after a while. “Stand.”

It’s a command, and you move to follow her instruction.

“Take your jacket off,”

You do, and drop it on the floor.

“Unbutton your shirt,”

Lexa guides you through stripping yourself of your clothes, even your white underwear, and you’re standing naked and barefoot, blind. You can hear her purr. A warm hand sidles around your jaw, and she pushed you until your shoulder blades touch the cold wood of the bathroom door.

“Hold still,” she says, authority in every syllable. The next sensation you feel is her hands fitting a wide-strapped harness around your thighs and waist, and you’re slightly confused. She’s giving you the strap on?
“Now, my love, raise your hands.”

You follow her wishes slowly, and something silky and soft touches your wrists, but a moment later, your heart leaps. After several sharp clicks, you realize Lexa had just handcuffed you. When you go to bring your arms down, you can’t.

You yank more forcefully, and whimper. Lexa hums, clearly pleased.

“Spread your feet apart.”

The same set of cold clicking captures each of your ankles, but you find you can still move them.

“Okay, Clarke,” her accented voice is warm and calm, and it makes you relax. “I want you to trust me, darling. Do you?”

You breathe deeply, but there isn’t a doubt in your mind.

“Yes.”

“Good.”

You’re surprised when she kisses you tenderly, and you think that this probably was something she was letting herself indulge in. But you’re a moron. Never, ever, underestimate Lexa.

She broke the kiss and you suddenly found your feet being pulled out from under you, and you yelp, expecting to fall on your ass. But you don’t. Instead, you find that the strap-on harness isn’t one.

“Sh—Lexa!”

The blindfold comes off unexpectedly, and you’re tied up by your wrists, with your ankles in the air, hoisted three feet off the ground. Lexa had bound you into a sex swing.

But the swing was nothing compared to Lexa herself. Her hair was still in that chignon, and she still wore her tights. Only they weren’t. They were stockings. Black stockings held up by a black garter belt that was attached to a beautiful black corset. Her breasts were practically spilling out of the top, and she was standing in her high black stiletto heels. Did you mention the crotchless panties? And in her hands?

Yeah, that was a goddamn ball gag.

You’re sure there’s a puddle of cum on the floor underneath you. Lexa liked anal and sadism. You? You liked bondage and light masochism.

Everyone’s got their kinks.

Your fiancée crossed to you easily, and her control over her own movements have never been more apparent. She kisses you once, long and hard, and you strain forward to make it last.

She caressed your cheek sweetly.

“I love you, Clarke.” She whispers, clearly breaking character. You clear the lust from your eyes long enough to smile.

“I trust you, Lexa.” Her smile matches yours, and you kiss again. When she detaches her lips from yours, she smirks wickedly and slips the gag between your teeth and behind your head, buckling it in place.
“Darling, you’ve been such a good girl for me tonight,” she smiles sickeningly sweetly, and you shudder. “But you threw your clothes all over my floor, baby. And I can’t let that go, now can I? We’re going to get married, and I can’t have my wife be a slob. Hm?”

Her green eyes don’t care if you answer or not, because she’s turning away from you to the bed, and your eyes blow wide at the toys you’d never seen before. She picks up a small bullet shaped vibrator and even the touch of it being taped to your clit sends pleasure rushing through you.

Lexa’s holding the control to it in one hand, and a black leather strap in the other.

“Here’s what’s going to happen, my love. I’m going to turn this vibrator on. Then, I’m going to spank you. Twice for every piece of clothing on the floor,” she rubs the leather under your splayed ass, “And you’re not going to come until I finish with your punishment.”

You count the clothes frantically. Shirt, jacket, shoes, pants, bra, underwear. Six.

“That’s right, darling. 12 times,” Lexa lifts your chin with the leather, and your eyes lock on her controlling green eyes. “Understand?”

You nod, not sure you’ll be able to make it.

And then she switches the vibrator on. Jesus fuck, you almost come right then. But Lexa smiles and tells you you’re a good girl again. And spanks you. You jerk, more surprise than anything else, and she’s watching your face so closely.

The next is harder, and it isn’t painful yet. Your third is the hardest yet, and you feel the slap with stinging satisfaction. The pain distracts you from your clit, and the slow burn after is bliss.

Four and five follow in quick succession, and your bite the gag, squirming. The intensity of the spanks are starting to reverberate to your clitoris, and the grip of your teeth is to stave off coming.

Six and seven are hard enough to make you scream weakly, and your body forces a full shudder, but you’re near tears trying not to come. It’s a really good vibrator.

Just when the sting starts to be too good to resist, Lexa switches the vibrator off and you breathe in a choke in frustrated relief. She merely watches you coolly.

“Darling, you honestly don’t want to know what happens if you can’t do this correctly,”

And you don’t doubt it. Lexa is absolutely loving every minute of this. There’s a lazy satisfaction in her green eyes, and it only drives you more crazy. Just as you’re catching your breath, eight, nine, and ten steal it away. She knows your body so well.

You moan deep in your chest, and the pain feels so, so good. Your vagina is absolutely aching for something to fill you, but your clitoris feels ready to burst. Lexa switches the vibrator back on and spanks you once, twice, and three more times.

Lucky thirteen is the green light, and you practically lift yourself up into the air, your body coils so tightly in orgasm. Lexa doesn’t even watch. Her focus is back on the bed.

Your eyes roll and when you open them again, Lexa is unwrapping a condom, her front facing you. The sight of her teeth tearing the foil open makes you shiver. A below average and slim dildo is in her hand, and the rubber fits over it snugly. You’re almost disappointed. You were hoping for something just a little larger.
She smirks at you and brings the lube and the sex toy over to your bound form. She turns the vibrator off.

“Oh. That look on your face is a little hurtful, Clarke. You were hoping for something else?”

You shake your head frantically, the gag preventing any sort of articulation.

“That’s good,” her beautifully vindictive face lowers to yours, and she pinches one of your nipples.

“Because you are going to take exactly what I give you,”

When she straightens, she uncaps the lube and slowly tips it. On the carpet, on your thighs, over your stomach, up to your tits. The liquid is cold and the goosebumps trail down to where you want her to pour it. Eventually, she does. You feel the cool lube slip through your heated folds and drip off your ass and thighs.

Laxa’s still smirking, and she drops the bottle of lube. The dildo is being pushed through your vagina now, and you want to beg her to push it inside you. Until, that is, she dips the tip down, lower than you’re used to, and pushes decisively. Your body gives a shudder and you whine through your gag.

Anal.

Your fiancée wants to fuck you in the ass, and it looks like she had every intention of following through. After four years with the unrivaled queen of kink, you’d absolutely taken a couple fingers up the ass. But it had never gotten you off quite like this. Lexa rubbed the tip of the dick harder and harder against the tight rosebud of your asshole, and her eyes devoured you.

Finally, the slim tip pushes through the flexed sphincter, and you give a yelp of shock and pain. Her other hand is tinkering with the lube, spreading and soothing, but her confidant look never waivers. Relaxed, Lexa slides the dick inside you, and your butt immediately locks up, the foreign invader welcome and lovely. Her wrist rotates the dildo, and you suddenly spasm, your orgasm electrocuting you.

“My, my,” she spoke, apparently having stepped away from you while you came. “I had no idea my fiancée was such a slut,” she was musing, and you tried your hardest to glare at her with a dildo up your ass, tied to a door.

Lexa is rolling a condom onto a strapped on dildo you’d never seen before. The harness is complicated and you don’t care to figure it out. You’re panting hard, and Lexa is far from caring. Her hand glistens with lube. Another click is heard, but you don’t feel anything.

She doesn’t say a word as she pulls on a cord near your head, and you’re lowered to her perfect waist level, still in her heels. Her dick is probably eight inches long and an inch and a half in diameter.

Fucking huge.

But she just smirks at you, stepping between your aerially spread legs, and positioning the wrapped member at your entrance. Remember how you had only been having loving sex for about three weeks? This was going to be interesting.

But the first five inches parted your folds and slid into you with relief. You felt your inner muscles clench and relax at finally having something sizable enter you. The head bumped the dildo in your ass, and you feel so full you come again.

The other three inches were less welcome.
But Lexa held your hips and didn’t give a fuck. The opposite, really. She started thrusting and tears sprang to your eyes. God, it felt amazing. Lexa seemed to think so too, because she bites her lip and keeps pounding into your vagina. The dildo must be double sided.

The slapping of your ass and squelching of your cum coating her dick is intoxicating. Her tits are barely being contained in her corset, and you’re only thinking of how the massive cock inside you is rocking your fucking world.

Lexa leans back slightly, and your exhaled breathes turn into light high-pitched screams without your consent at the angle change. She smirks. She’s sweating now, the furious, thundering pace of her fucking taking its toll. But Lexa’s stamina was amazing, and her pride even more so. The swing was letting her unleash her full strength into the rhythm of her hips, and you were so all right with that.

“Clarke,” she panted. “I’m going to come,”

You whined your agreement.

She pulls out of you, and frantically takes the condom off. Some inherently female part of you short circuited your logical mind, and you panic as she shoves her dick as deeply inside of you as she can find. She pumps hard once, twice, three times, and you’re crying out as she gives a strangled scream, and you feel something hot and strange fill you from the inside out, and you feel as it spills from your vagina when Lexa pulls out.

Your eyes are wide and confused when she takes the harness off, groaning unevenly as the appendage inside of her slides out. She holds in one hand and stalks back to you to remove the gag from your head.

You flex your jaw, and she smiles at you as her hand lowers slightly to swipe through your folds, collecting the hot liquid. She feeds you her fingertips, and your eyes light up as you curl your tongue over every line of her delicate fingers. You nip the nails as she pulls them away.

It was her cum.

She had ejaculated inside of you.

God, you were in love with this woman.

She reaches up and pulls your hands, still cuffed, until you had free reign of where they went. Her tits are even with your face and you give in as you bury your nose into the warm, soft place. Lexa laughs and pulls you back by the hair. She fixes many things, removing the vibrator and dildo from your clit and ass, respectively. The next thing you know, you’re slightly sitted with none of the pressure. Your ass is seated in the swing, and your feet are in straps slightly off the ground.

Your eyebrow only lifts when she starts fastening the strap on harness on you. Then it hits you. Your birthday blow job.

“Oh, fuck yes,” you moan excitedly. Lexa smiles at you in affectionate exasperation. Every year on one of your birthdays, the other agrees to go down until the birthday girl calls it quits. It was a particularly delightful treat for you. Since your lesbian fiancée who, to your extensive knowledge, has never been with anyone else, has no gag reflex. She lost it somewhere last year, and you were perfectly content with her never finding it again.

The birthday blow job. Lexa seemed to be a woman of tradition, you think.

You hum in gratuitous approval as one end of the toy is slipped inside of you, a strange sort of
hollow dildo, and she finishes buckling it. With a meaningful look in her burning green eyes, she
guides your hand to a small discrete button on the belt.

“Push this to come,” she whispers.

And gets on her knees.

*Happy Birthday to me.*

She licks the tip and sucks on it softly, her perfectly painted lips wrapping around the head. And then
she stroked all the way down. Her pulled back hair gave you a fantastic view as she bobbed gently,
her red, red lipstick smearing all over your dick.

Jesus Christ.

Lexa pulled back and gasped, saliva trailing from her bottom lip to the tip, and you shivered. It really
wasn’t going to be long until just the visual made you come. She planted her hands on your thighs
and started going to town. Your fiancé was deep throating you like there was no tomorrow, and her
viridian eyes were hooded in lust.

Your wrists clinked in their cuffs as you rested one on her head and gently guided her down the
shaft. And back up. And again. Then, you held her down, and rocked your hips into her perfect
mouth. Immediately, her hands fell from your strong thighs, and she locked eyes with you as she let
you fuck her face.

You have no idea how much time passed, but you were going to come. Your abdomen tightened,
and you pulled out of her mouth. She breathed hard, oxygen in her mouth instead of dick.

“Open your mouth,” you grunt, cresting the edge. The sight of her grabbed and messed up hair was
pretty, her tits spilling out of an all black corset on her knees, sexy. But the lust mixed with pure and
unadulterated trust in her eyes sent you over the edge, and you pressed the button on your hip.

You came, and a soft whir you felt but didn’t hear, shot collected cum onto Lexa’s face, mouth, and
hair. You reeled. You honestly hadn’t meant to do that, but Jesus shit, you wished you could do it
again.

You were panting hard, and watching Lexa closely. She seemed shocked at finding herself the
victim of a cumshot. But her tongue darted out, and she swallowed everything she could collect. A
tired smile flickered over your face, and she grinned at you broadly.

She rose and helped you out of the cuffs, taking the harness off. After not using your legs for so
long, you nearly collapsed, but Lexa was so strong, she caught you and lifted. You smile as you
wrap your legs around her corset covered waist, wiping your own cum from her face.

Lexa smiles when you kiss her, and she walks both of you to the shower. You’re leaned against the
wall, and you make out lovingly for a bit. You come up for air and smirk at her.

“I can’t believe you called me a slut,” you say incredulously. Lexa dissolves into laughter, and the
spell is broken. You help her out of her dominatrix-y gear, and she’s laughing like a girl as you both
shower and rehash the night.

“And you came inside me!” you accuse, soaping her chest thoroughly. She shrugs at you, smiling.

“Oh, I figure someone will eventually, darling,” her smile smirks, “and if anyone is going to, it’s
going to be me.”
“I could be pregnant, you know,” you whine. She wraps her arms around you and nips a wet ear.

“Pregnant would be fun,”

You laugh.

You feel lucky.

When you both are clean and dry, you climb into bed and instantly curl into one another. Lexa’s sweet smelling soft and warm skin is satin, and you admire how your golden strands twine with her chestnut locks on the bed. You fall asleep in her arms, your ringed hands interlocked, and with a smile on your face.

Maybe, a long way down the road, pregnant would be fun.

This is as smutty as I get. Hopefully you pervs like it.

My next one-shot is set in the Renaissance, and it's unfortunately mostly plot.

With Love,

K

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!