touch, make love, taste you.

by awkwardrainbow

Summary

Clarke and Lexa have been making out for seven years. That's it, that's all they've been doing, providing each other with a comfort that they miss when their own romantic lives aren't working out so well. But when Raven walks in on one of their heavier make out sessions and confronts them both about why and the possibilities of how it's gone on so long, it may stir up something deeper in the both of them, leading to a (sexy) string of events that could lead them to be much more than just friends by the end.

Or

That short modern AU with lots of sex and some feelings about two best friends falling in love with each other.

Notes

Tbh I've never written a fic specifically designed around the couple for smut purposes so if there's like tags that need to be added or something, I'd appreciate it if you guys let me know.

I got bored reading smut, so I wrote some instead.

Hope you like it. ;)

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Archive Warning: No Archive Warnings Apply
Category: F/F
Fandom: The 100 (TV)
Relationship: Clarke Griffin/Lexa
Character: Clarke Griffin, Lexa (The 100), Raven Reyes
Additional Tags: Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Friends to Lovers, Best Friends, Friends With Benefits, Smut, Fluff, Fluff and Smut, Explicit Sexual Content, Explicit Language, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Okay maybe a small tiny plot but not really, Multiple Orgasms, Praise Kink, Face-Sitting, Face-Fucking, Vaginal Fingering, Oral Sex, Dirty Talk
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Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/9193106.
“If you feed me that bullshit about it “just being what we do” I’m actually going to hit you Clarke.” Raven is feeding her baby cousin as she says it, which makes it nearly impossible for Clarke to actually take the girl seriously, since she has to make a ridiculously childish face every time to get the baby to actually open his mouth and eat it. Not that she would take Raven seriously if she actually looked menacing, but the point is still there.

She rolled blue eyes at her friend while she swept blonde locks out of her face. She didn’t have plans for anyone to find out, but here she was, having this conversation now because Raven had honestly forgotten that knocking was a necessary thing. She had, had no idea as well. Clarke was very good about that, and so was Lexa, until she decided to obnoxiously burst into the blonde’s apartment, though she is twenty-three almost twenty-four and she should very much be knocking by now. Just because you grow up with somebody doesn’t mean you don’t knock, Clarke couldn’t even understand that logic.

“What do you want me to say Raven? I’ve tried explaining it to you, you won’t listen.”

“I won’t listen?” Raven scoffs, dropping the plastic spoon between her fingertips as dramatically as she can. She has the audacity to actually look offended, like it was Clarke that had just randomly walked in on her during a heated make-out session with another dear friend that they’ve had for a long time. “You don’t make out with someone for seven fucking years and insist that it’s not “deep” you lunatic.” Raven is looking at her with very wide eyes, wider then Clarke has ever seen them and the blonde just can’t quite understand why in the world she is so shocked by this.

“We didn’t make out for seven years; we obviously had to stop kissing to breathe.” Clarke points out sarcastically, resting her chin in the palm of her hand as she rests her elbow on the table. The bemused gaze her friend gives her tells her that she’s not escaping this conversation, not for anything, and that is what inevitably makes the blonde begin her pout, leaning back in her chair and folding her arms across her chest like Raven was the bane of her existence.

“I never thought you and Lexa…” Raven begins but the blonde is quick to cut her off with a roll to beautiful blue eyes.

“There is no me and Lexa.” She snaps. “We kiss sometimes when we both feel lonely or just need that kind of contact. We don’t do anything else, just make out sometimes, it’s really not that weird.” Clarke tries to explain, but by the disbelieving expression she’s receiving she knows it useless. She knew it would be if any one of their friends had found out, and it wasn’t like anyone really needed to know.

Sure they’ve almost been caught with tongues down each other’s throats and shirts half off before, but that’s because they were actually in public places or a spare bedroom in one of their other friends’ apartments or something. Being caught there makes sense, not in her own apartment, on her own couch, at eight a fucking clock at night.

“I can’t believe you’re trying to convince me that you and Lexa are just funning around like normal friends. You’ve been making out with her since junior year of high school, that’s not funning Clarke, or normal platonic friend behavior. Fuck, was it after that party that you guys started making out regularly?” Raven has abandoned staring at Clarke like she’s growing another head on her shoulder and had gone back to making faces at her little cousin why she spoon feeds him. He’s unusually quiet, but he had just woken up from a nap so he could eat, so perhaps he hadn’t fully awoken yet.
“Yes,” Clarke answers tersely, clenching her jaw as Raven lets out another unbelieving scoff. “Why is this so hard for you to grasp? I don’t understand…”

“We were just fucking joking Clarke, when we dared Lexa and you to make out at that party. We didn’t mean keep doing it for seven years and dance around your feelings like a fucking idiot Griffin.” Raven looks like she wants to hit her when she finally glances at her again, but Clarke just rolls her eyes.

“I’m not dancing around my feelings Raven, that’s literally all we do. We make out, that’s absolutely it. It’s not even all the time, it’s just sometimes, every once in a while when we’re both lonely and single.”

“Really, that’s not what Lexa said.” Raven’s back straightened as the words came out. She almost looked smug, but she was too annoyed at the same time to properly pull a grin off, so instead she just look as if she knew far more than Clarke did because she knew how much that always annoyed the blonde.

“You seriously talked to Lexa about this?” Clarke doesn’t know why her blood boils at that. She isn’t completely sure what about the idea of Raven storming into Lexa’s apartment without knocking and screaming at her over this pisses her off so much. It’s just unbelievably annoying how Raven and any of their other friends have to stick their nose in her or Lexa’s business. She especially knows how private Lexa is, and how much she rather prefers to keep affairs (or lack thereof) to herself. It pisses her off to know that Raven, who also is aware of this fact about Lexa, would invade her personal space and grumble on and on about how she knows best.

“Lexa talked to me about this Clarke, because though she’s just as stupid as you apparently, she does have more sense.” Raven corks and eyebrows up, still looking highly smug even without that grin unable to flitter across her face.

“Lexa is not stupid.” Clarke snaps, voice rising slightly as she huffs in her seat. Lexa is very smart and of course she has more sense than Clarke, Lexa has more sense than most people. Lexa is the definition of a god, she’s absolutely perfect. You’d have to be stupid as to not see that.

“Oh my god Clarke, this is ridiculous. You used to make out all the time when you were dating Finn, she told me.” Raven has abandoned the spoon again as her baby cousin sputters happily in his chair. He won’t eat anymore and he suddenly looks happily awake, making gurgling noises and reaching his arms up to silently be asked to be taken from the chair. Clarke is too distracted by her own thoughts to find it cute.

“We were in college okay, we shouldn’t have done that, I agree but…”

“And you and Niylah broke up because of it.”

“Okay we did not make-out once while I was dating Niylah, she just found out that we used to kiss because Lexa told her and she started to assume the same thing you are.” Clarke was leaning against the table as she protested though Raven didn’t seem to be listening to her, and really what could the blonde expect? Once Raven got something in her head there really wasn’t anyone that could change it.

“Do you want to know what Lexa told me Clarke?” Raven grumbled unhappily as she lifted her baby cousin from his chair. He squealed happily and tugged on Raven’s hair, but Raven must have gotten used to it by now because she didn’t even wince as she met Clarke’s blue eyed stare. “She said she’s dancing around feelings because you don’t want her like that but she likes you too much to stop, so unless you’re dancing too, you need to stop messing with her. You know how Lexa is about
this stuff and frankly I don’t find it fair of you to use her whenever you need warm lips.” And with that Raven stomped her way out of the kitchen with a squealing baby on her hip, tugging on her hair the whole way out.

Clarke could hear her heart beating in her ears, pounding with each step Raven takes until she is out of sight and Clarke is left to sit on the stool against the counter with her thoughts. Of course Raven would leave a bomb to go off in her head. Of course Raven would go about this as rudely as she can with Clarke because that’s how they communicate when it comes to feelings like this because Clarke is an idiot and Raven knows that.

She feels a heavy sigh escape her as she pulls herself from the stool. She leaves without saying anything, letting the slam of the door be signal enough, and grumbles under her breathe the whole way to her car parked out by the curb. She fumbles with her keys a few times as thoughts race through her head, but she doesn’t spend too long thinking about one thing, letting thought after thought flit pass until she’s breathing heavily in the driver’s seat of her car that she still hasn’t started and staring at the beginning of raindrops as they slowly start to fall on the window shield.

She grips the steering wheel tightly, though the vehicle remains still as her keys dangle on her pinky finger, only not falling to the floor due to her tight grip on the wheel. When the rain starts to pour a little heavier she breaks her grip, curling the cold keys into the palm of her hand and grabbing her phone from her front pocket. Her jeans are tight, and it leaves the pocket tight because for some reasons, women’s pants can’t have really fucking pockets and she’s too shaky to get a proper grip so eventually the phone slips from her pocket and her hands and down the crack between her chair and the console.

“For fucks sake.” She snaps, reaching her hand painfully down the middle and pulling the phone from its tight space, where it was almost locked, and she had to actually yank, even though that was hard to manage, to get it out. She tangles her fingers through her hair as nerves rack through her chest and makes her heart pound aggressively in her ears.

She visibly swallows and is silently thankful that she’s the only one in her car right now. Her composure is breaking and she can’t keep it up, she can’t pretend it's not. She can’t pretend that Raven’s words aren’t circling in her head over and over and over until her grip on her phone is almost deathly as she stares at her screensaver.

If she had known that Lexa liked her like that she certainly wouldn’t be messing with her… she’s not messing with her, she’s never been messing with her and she can feel her heart ache in her chest to think that maybe that’s what Lexa thinks after their lips part. She hopes not, but she can’t be certain, and because of that final thought she makes up her mind about what she’s going to do while staring at a smiling green eyed girl on her phone.

She taps on her screen until Lexa’s contact is coming up, her hands shaking as she types out a quick message:

**Clarke (4:32 P.M.): can I come over?**

She stares at her phone, not even bothering to pretend that she’s at all busy with anything else as the “read” message appeared under her text. She watched gray dots for what felt like years, though she knows logically that it wasn’t that long at all and even sucked in a deep breath and held it until a response finally came through.

**Lexa (4:44 P.M.): u okay?**

She releases a frustrated breathe, slamming her head against the seat because of course Lexa would
be concerned like she was immediately in Clarke’s head, like she could somehow just sense even through a simple text message, that Clarke is in slight distress. The blonde was thankful that the brunette couldn’t actually read her thoughts because that surely would create some impossible problems for them both.

After a minute she pulled herself from her thoughts and decided she’d be mainly honest, because she had no idea how to go about what she was going to do and the best thing that she could do was probably to start off simply and honest, the things that Clarke is good at.

**Clarke (4:45 P.M.): I need you**

And maybe it’s too forward, but not really for them since Clarke has always been blunt most of the time, though she often doesn’t know how to put her feelings into words and Lexa can be the same way. It’s like booty calls without the actual booty in it because it’s never gotten that far, not really. The furthest they had ever gotten to getting even close to that was New Year’s Eve three years ago when Clarke had cum on accident against her thigh with her shimmering silver dress bunched at the waist and Lexa’s shirt flung across the room hanging off Lexa’s floor lamp.

They had stopped after that, aware of the line they had blurred and she broke up with Finn the next day. That was kind of a struggling year, and Clarke had gotten close so many times to telling Lexa she wanted more, but Lexa had started seeing another girl and seemed happy and Clarke was never one to push her luck, it wasn’t simple, which was about the only thing the two had ever been good at.

Though Clarke has cum a few more times against that very thigh and before Raven had interrupted she had been working on returning the favor, maybe even taking it much further, but of course fate had stepped in. It always seemed to when her and Lexa were about to completely forget the line at all.

Kissing on a couch or pushing the other against a wall was easy and simple. They didn’t have to think about it, they craved the touch so they did it. Kissing, brushing fingertips along skin under shirts, biting lips, marking skin, it was simple. If they wanted it, they did it. It’s just the way Clarke and Lexa have always been… but things are different suddenly.

Raven’s words run through her head until her knee is bobbing and her jaw has clenched entirely too tight for the past few minutes and she knows that if Lexa turns her down right now she won’t listen. She knows she’ll still drive to her house and wait outside her apartment door until Lexa is ready to speak with her because this has to be done now, whatever it is that she’s going to do, it has to be done now.

**Lexa (4:47 P.M.): come**

And the simple word makes Clarke’s heart pound viciously against her ribcage. She tosses her phone to the passenger seat and shoves the key into the ignition so fast she thinks she almost breaks it. Her vehicle roars to life and she’s skidding away from the curb before she has the chance to over think much, though she does spend plenty of time on her drive thinking about Lexa.

Lexa’s lips and how nice they are to look at, to feel against her own, to touch and taste. She can’t wait to feel them again, to take that plumpy bottom lip between her own teeth, to mark her skin in the way that always makes Lexa make that little noise in the back of her throat, the one she can’t hold back. It’s quiet but Clarke can always feel it travel through her entire body until she is shaking on top of the green eyed girl.

The way Lexa always holds her when they kiss is something else entirely. Tight and right up against
her like she’s afraid Clarke will disappear even if it’s only for a moment. It’s the kind of hold that makes Clarke’s stomach twist and her heart race. The kind of hold that makes Clarke deepen the kisses until they are panting against each other’s mouth, unwilling to separate from each other even for a second, even to breathe.

Of course they’ve been dancing around feelings.

Feelings aren’t simple, they aren’t easy, which is all Clarke and Lexa’s relationship has ever been. It will change everything that they have come to know. Of course Clarke would dance around something so scary and complicated. Of course Lexa would dance around it too but she can’t possibly think that Clarke doesn’t actually care about her?

“Just messing with her,” Clarke manages to scoff to herself as she turns down Lexa’s road. She can feel the adrenaline coursing through her veins as she thinks of Lexa waiting anxiously on her couch, probably with her knees to her chest since she often sits like that when she worries about things she really doesn’t need to be worrying about. She always puts her hair up as well, like somehow tying back her curly brown locks would help ease the anxiety.

It was a cute habit.

Clarke found herself smiling just thinking about it as she pulled the key out of the ignition and practically hopped out of her car. She had to remind herself not to run toward the glass doors that lead into the building and actually take her time, like any normal person would. But she found that the will to take things slow had vanished once she pulled the glass doors open and she found herself practically jogging to the elevator, past the receptionist who smiles widely at her and offers a wave that Clarke doesn’t feel like she has the time to return.

The receptionist has seen her plenty of times… Clarke nearly lives here, almost every day, coming and going from this very building. But that knowledge still doesn’t help her nerves as the elevator escalates upward toward level three. The ding and the sliding of the metal doors takes forever, but once it happens Clarke can’t stop herself from bolting out of the metal box so fast she almost trips over her own feet, almost.

She stops outside of the third door and stares at the dark wood of it for a long period of time. Her thoughts run rampant at all the possibilities of what could after she does what she’s about to do and it makes her hesitate further. She almost over thinks this current decision to come here and shed this level of vulnerability she knows she’s inevitably about to reveal. She almost loses it and turns around. Almost.

Finally, she raises her hand up and knocks on the door. Her stomach knots as she sees the doorknob turn.

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Lena’s knees are pulled to her chest as she gnaws at her lower lip, keeping it firmly latched between
her teeth. Her eyes won’t leave her phone, screen dark and sitting on the coffee table and she doesn’t remember when she had pulled her hair into a ponytail, but she knows it’s nice to have it out of her face as plenty of thoughts run through her head.

She can’t stop thinking about Clarke and her lips and her needs and she is desperate for her to get here but at the same time she’s almost afraid of it. They hadn’t seen each other since Raven walked in on them with Clarke’s shirt and bra somewhere in her apartment that wasn’t on the blonde’s body and the blue eyed girl’s thigh firmly pressed between her legs that had created a warmth and desperation in Lexa that she was only used to feeling when she was with Clarke.

She remembers not being upset about being caught, but being upset about being interrupted because this time had felt different than most. They had even spent that night cuddling and mumbling things to each other about feelings that they may or may not have and Lexa had actually thought: this is it. But then Raven appeared out of nowhere for some reason that was still unknown to the brunette and ruined everything, absolutely destroyed it.

She remembers awkwardly leaving the blonde’s apartment afterward, with her head down and lips still bruised to remind her where things had almost, and were most definitely going to go that time. Though she can’t blame it not happening all on Raven, even though it was most definitely her fault, because she had seen Clarke advance into her shell and pulling Clarke out of her shell was like pulling out someone’s teeth.

She probably sat like that, staring at her cellphone and chewing on her bottom lip for twenty maybe thirty minutes before she heard the knock on her door. She was immediately put into action as the sound echoes through her apartment and bounces off the walls. She shot up from the couch entirely too fast and sped down the small hallway to the door until her hand was on the knob. She didn’t even think about her nerves until she was pulling the door open.

She hadn’t expected the body of the girl to crash into her own, almost knocking her down, as desperate lips sought out her own and wrapped her up in a kiss that was deep and sloppy and warm. She has been kissed like this by Clarke before, but every time she it has never failed to take the breath straight from her lungs.

The door is still wide open, the blonde pressing her body against the hallway wall as teeth latch onto her bottom lip and tug until Lexa’s hands are gripping tightly in her hair, letting strands twist around her fingertips. They’re so soft and silky and nice around her fingers and Lexa loves how Clarke’s hair feels like this. She loves how the scent of Clarke’s shampoo seems to invade her senses when the blonde is this close to her, with her mouth bruising against her own.

Clarke mumbles something against her mouth but Lexa can’t understand her as the blonde’s tongue brushes against her bitten lip. There are hands squeezing at her hips, but they slide under Lexa’s shirt as the blonde brushes her warm tongue along her teeth until Lexa is opening her mouth and shivering to the touch of the wet muscle entering the heat of her mouth and brushing against her own tongue.

It isn’t until Clarke mumbles something incomprehensible into her mouth again that Lexa finds herself actually tugging Clarke’s mouth away from her own, checking over wide blue eyes that look so pretty as they stare at her, glittering and light and with something hidden inside of them that Lexa can’t read. They watch her so softly and Lexa is unaware of what it means as one of Clarke’s hand slides from the skin under her shirt to lift and touch her cheek, gentle and sweet until Lexa is leaning into the touch and nearly melting.

“You’re so pretty.” Clarke whispers over her lips, voice lost and easy as she breathes in heavy deep breathes until Lexa feels her eyes water because Clarke is capable of making her heart expand and
burst inside of her until she is sure she’ll die because of it. It’s simple words, but somehow the look in Clarke’s eyes just makes it seem like she has worn her soul on her sleeve for Lexa,

The statement is so simple but it feels like everything.

“Kiss me Clarke.” Slips out of her mouth before she can stop it, and it doesn’t take long for the blonde to respond, pressing impossibly closer as she brushes her nose against Lexa’s before her lips press against hers again in a deep and sweet kiss that makes Lexa’s heart jump and flutter in her chest. Her thoughts are wrapped up in long blonde hair and the scent of rain that lingers on her skin probably from the weather outside.

She kisses her slow and soft with a gentle tongue brushing across the roof of her mouth and those hands are gripping the skin under her shirt again and it fogs Lexa’s logical brain, the one that usually tells her to pull back and see what is wrong with Clarke before she loses herself against that perfect mouth of hers, that caresses and bruises her own desperate and beautiful. Clarke’s body is flush against her own, and she can practically feel the girl’s heart beating against her chest, almost aggressively. Clarke whines when Lexa parts from her, only for a second to breathe, and moans when Lexa has turned her head and sought out her mouth again, tugging on Clarke’s hair the way she knows the blonde likes.

Clarke’s fingertips slide along the skin on her sides, earning a shiver from the brunette girl and a small puff of air against Clarke’s lips. She can feel the corners of Clarke’s lips turn up as if she’s trying not to smile at the action and it makes Lexa’s belly flip and twist as Clarke quickens their pace, kissing Lexa much harder than she had before. Clarke was always confident in these kinds of movements. Not so much when it came to feelings but very much so when it came to capturing Lexa’s mouth and making her squirm. She always knew just what to do because she paid attention to what Lexa liked. It was a thought that often consumed Lexa’s thoughts in the middle of the night, as she’d brush her fingers through her soaking wet folds and think about how Clarke could probably find every last spot that could produce pleasure in Lexa’s body because Clarke would be that kind of attentive lover.

The thought makes her wet.

Clarke’s hands glide across her skin, pulling up Lexa’s shirt until their lips have to part so Clarke can lift it over her head. Lexa pants against the wall, leaning against it as Clarke eyes hurriedly run across smooth skin, drinking in the sight and the small bite she does to her bottom lip nearly drives Lexa insane. She brushes her fingertips across the top of Lexa’s right breast and the brunette tries to hold back the shiver that runs through her body at the soft touch, but she tingles the way she always does under Clarke’s fingertips. She tingles and the breath she was fighting for already seemed even harder to get into her lungs.

“I love your skin.” Clarke mumbles into the quiet, not quite a whisper but not exactly loud either. She seemed to almost be talking to herself as she presses forward as if to prove her point by placing gentle kisses along the top of Lexa’s breast where her fingertips had been.

A gasp leaves Lexa as the tip of Clarke’s tongue greets her skin, and she finds her fingers tugging into blonde hair as teeth mark the soft flesh, turning it red. She sucks on the spot until Lexa is squirming against her and the brunette is sure there will be a mark there. She loves the thought of having a mark there put by Clarke’s mouth. She revels in Clarke’s marks, sometimes traces over them when she’s alone. She knows it won’t go much further then Clarke’s mouth caressing her skin. She kind of hopes the blonde will peel her bra off and take breast into her mouth the way she had done only a few times before because she was desperate for more touches. The wetness between her thighs was becoming impossible to ignore and she was almost afraid Clarke would be able to smell it.
since Lexa had only been wearing a large shirt, and had no pants as a barrier.

She can feel Clarke’s kisses travel up, across her collarbone, nipping with her teeth until Lexa is making the quiet noises she’s sure Clarke loves to hear from her. She’s always persistent about coaxing them out of her, staying in a place for a long time just to keep the noises coming. Clarke was always a brilliant kisser, her mouth so perfect and beautiful and Lexa squirmed against the girl as she thought about what it would be like to have that mouth against the drenched center between the apex of her thighs.

Her knees feel shaky, like she’s some wonderstruck teenage girl being kissed and marked for the first time and she nearly whines when Clarke finds that spot she likes right where neck and shoulder meet. She marks her there too, and Lexa’s hips press against Clarke on their own accord because that spot just always feels so nice when Clarke’s mouth is on it. It turns her belly and lights fire in her body that Lexa knows can only be tamed by the blonde.

She kind of hopes that this will be the time the blonde will tame it, even though the timeline of their history provides plenty of evidence that she most likely won’t. She still hopes that they’re going to take that step because Lexa is desperate for it. Then the brunette girl thinks, maybe if she asks… she can hope that maybe if she offers that maybe this time Clarke won’t run into her shell and hide. If she makes the offer convincing and easy like making out is, maybe Clarke will agree, maybe Clarke will finally touch her the way that Lexa has been craving of her for so, so long.

“Clarke,” Her voice is scratchy and hoarse as the blonde’s lips leave that spot, but Lexa is unsure if that’s actually what she wants as she immediately misses the touch and tugs on blonde hair until the skin is being covered by warm lips again. Lexa moans as Clarke drags her teeth and tongue up the side of her neck, nipping and marking lightly until Lexa is shivering and panting under her touches. The brunette has always found it amazing how Clarke can work her up so easily. Lexa could be completely dry and all it would take to get her to soak her underwear would be for Clarke to grin at her and bite that bottom lip. She isn’t sure if that even makes sense, perhaps it’s just because Lexa has wanted her for so long and has never really gotten to have her in the way that she wants her. Perhaps it’s just all the time that they have waited that has Lexa’s underwear in a constant state of ruin around the blonde.

She can smell herself, so she is nearly sure that the blonde can too. It’s almost embarrassing, but instead of getting embarrassed she tries to focus on the feel of Clarke’s mouth against her skin and the desperate hands running across her belly. Someone doesn’t make out with you for seven years, cum against your leg every once in a while and not want to fuck you too. She doesn’t need to be embarrassed because the fact that she is soaked would turn Clarke on impossibly so. She knows it would because she had learned this a while ago, how much Clarke likes to know that she is the cause of such arousal in the brunette.

She can feel it now, dripping against the material between her legs, soaking it through and making it quite uncomfortable for her to wear. She can feel it grow worse the longer Clarke sucks at the different spots on her neck and presses her fingertips to different pieces of Lexa’s skin. She knows this time there will be no interruptions and if she just asks Clarke, Clarke will probably happily touch her. She knows they have time because people don’t barge into Lexa’s house without knocking. She knows that if she just urges it in the right direction, like she had done on Clarke’s couch, that this time could be it, and that thought makes wetness gush between her thighs even more so until she is tugging on Clarke’s hair to pull the blonde’s mouth to her own again.

This time she kisses her dirty and deep and hard, swallowing Clarke’s moans as her tongue tangles with hers. She shivers as Clarke’s fingernails dig into her skin and moans as Clarke kisses her back
with just as much pressure, shoving the girl as much into the wall as she can get her until Lexa can feel nothing but Clarke and the hard surface behind her. Clarke seems so desperate, even though Lexa is the one dripping between her thighs. She almost wants to pull away and ask, but is more consumed by each passing kiss that she can’t seem to manage the words.

Lexa lets her hands slip from Clarke’s hair, nearly grinning at the whine she gets from Clarke as they abandon her beautiful long blonde locks and slip along her back, covered by a flimsy button up that feels nice against Lexa’s skin. She decides that for now they can leave it on, because it’s cool against her hot skin and she needs the contrast to keep her brain from completely losing sight of its goal. She can feel Clarke’s bra through the material, and shivers at the thought of getting it off, sucking on Clarke’s tongue as the blonde girl digs her fingernails into her flesh. She’s popping the button on Clarke’s jeans and pulling the zipper down until she feels a hand stop her, covering her own and lips are being removed from hers and she feels her body flush and a sound of protest leave her throat.

“No Clarke,” She pants urging forward trying to capture the blonde’s lips but Clarke leans back further, parting herself entirely too far from the brunette. Clarke’s pupils are blown wide, swallowing blue irises until all she can see any of the blue in a small outline around the black. It’s sexy, her gaze is filled with a silent plea of her own and Lexa knows Clarke wants her too, she can see it in the way her gaze sweeps across her and she licks her lips. She can see it in the flush along Clarke’s body, and it looks warm and Lexa wants to touch her and kiss her and taste her. Lexa wants and wants but Clarke is still pulling herself away until she’s leaning against the wall across from her with a wrinkled shirt, mussed hair, puffy pink lips that make Lexa’s mouth water, and slightly undone jeans.

The sight of Clarke like this makes Lexa want to pull those jeans completely down and off slender legs so she can part thick thighs and wrap them around her shoulders. She wants to taste Clarke and feel her body squirm against her mouth. She wants to hear Clarke whine desperate and in need for release by Lexa’s tongue. Lexa doesn’t care about blurring lines and complications; she wants to fuck Clarke Griffin. She wants fuck her until the sun is coming up for the next day, until Clarke can’t even remember her own name, until she’s a puddle of exhaustion, glowing from each orgasm that Lexa can coax from her.

She wants Clarke to know that, so she pushes off the wall and walks toward a panting girl leaning against the wall on the other side of the hallway. She doesn’t invade her space quite yet, not until Clarke has given permission for her to do so, and she speaks quiet and low in the voice she knows Clarke can’t get enough off. “I want to fuck you Clarke.” It seems so crude and Lexa barely talks like that but it rips a sound, low and sexy, from the girl against the wall and then the space between them is being closed again and that hot mouth is back on her own, tugging and pulling on lips until Lexa’s hands can get back to their mission.

Clarke parts from her briefly, protesting in the same way Lexa is as she reached to slam the door shut and lock it swiftly. She grabs Lexa’s face after she is done and stares at her eyes for a long time before she speaks, and when she does speak, her voice is low and husky and thick and fucking beautiful to Lexa. She whispers over her mouth. “Are you sure about this Lexa?” and she can feel her heart pounding in her own ears as she thinks this over.

She is sure, she’s never been surer about anything in her entire life, so she captures Clarke’s lips in another dirty hard kiss before mumbling. “I am so wet for you.” Knowing what the statement will do to Clarke. She shivers and tingles as a growl releases from Clarke’s throat and she grips Lexa’s long curly brown hair tightly, tugging it out of the ponytail and throwing the band somewhere Lexa doesn’t even bother to follow with her eyes.

This time Clarke doesn’t stop her as her hands tug jeans down. They are tight, obnoxiously so and
Lexa has to part lips from the girl to pull them down, until Clarke is kicking them off and Lexa can throw them across the room away from them both. The garment is almost offensive in this moment as she seats creamy thighs revealed to her eyes and she makes a small noise of appreciation before she is capturing Clarke in a desperate kiss again.

She forces the beautiful blonde girl against the wall and parts their lips again so she can drop to her knees in front of the girl. In this position she can smell her and encourages thick thighs to lift up around her shoulders. Lexa holds her up against the wall as those beautiful legs listen and are wrapped around her so Lexa can see soaked silk underwear, wetness clearly visible through the middle of the garment. She can smell Clarke like this, the same way that she could sort of smell her when she makes Clarke Griffin cum against her thigh. She had wanted to taste her then, throw her down on the couch and dive in deep until the blonde could take no more, but she hadn’t had the courage before.

“Not like she does now.” Lexa breathes against her center making the girl squirm against her and grab her hair. Her fingertips come up around the straps of the thin undergarment around Clarke’s waist and the blonde is biting her lip so hard when Lexa lets her eyes travel up as if to make sure that this is okay. She’s sure it’s drawing blonde and Lexa can’t help but feel slightly jealous that she’s not the one biting it that hard… But she’s on another mission that requires her mouth to be in other places.

“I hope you don’t like these.” Lexa breathes against her center making the girl squirm against her and grab her hair. Her fingertips come up around the straps of the thin undergarment around Clarke’s waist and the blonde is biting her lip so hard when Lexa lets her eyes travel up as if to make sure that this is okay. She’s sure it’s drawing blonde and Lexa can’t help but feel slightly jealous that she’s not the one biting it that hard… But she’s on another mission that requires her mouth to be in other places.

“I don’t care Lex, please.” Clarke whimpered as Lexa pulled apart the silk and threw it somewhere behind her, greeted with a beautiful view of Clarke. She felt her mouth go dry as she examined her, lips swollen and begging for attention. She could see Clarke’s clit, peeking out from under its hood and she was just… so wet and beautiful and Lexa had been waiting for this moment for what felt like ever… literally years.

“You are so beautiful.” Lexa whispers over her center, leaning in to press her nose against scratchy curls and breathing her in. Clarke’s hands were in her hair, gripping tightly as she sucked in a deep breathe, still watching Lexa like she couldn’t actually believe what was happening. Lexa hardly could either; she hadn’t expected it to be this simple, though of course it was. She and Clarke just did things they wanted to do, they should have been doing this a long time ago because they both want to do this.

Of course this was easy, because it was Clarke that she was with.

Lexa ran the tip of her nose across a throbbing clit and sucked in a breath at the way the girl’s hips jumped against her. A whimper escaped the blonde and the grip in her hair grew tighter, “Lexa please.” She muttered breathlessly, and because Lexa could hardly wait, she listened.

She dived in with her tongue, tracing it over dripping folds and reveling in the taste that exploded over her tongue. Clarke was so, so wet, and the thump of her head against the wall and the deep moan she released while Lexa ran her tongue through her center was enough to let Lexa know that she has thought about this before as well. Lexa could feel her confidence grow further as Clarke’s hips pushed up to meet each stroke of her tongue, as her grip grew tight and unrelenting.

Clarke was so beautiful, and she tasted so good.

She nibbled at her inner lips, drinking in Clarke’s taste, musky and sweet but salty at the same time and ran her tongue up and up and around the bud of nerves, straining and pounding to be touched. She didn’t though, just brushed around it and that earned her a desperate whine and tug of her hair from Clarke.
The girl was so, so perfect like this. She was desperate for Lexa’s touch, panting against her apartment wall. Lexa will never, ever be able to forget what this looks like. To have Clarke, the girl she has dreamed of and adored for so long panting because of Lexa’s mouth, hips pressing into her face because of how Lexa can make her feel. Clarke was her angel, Clarke was her queen, and she was going to worship her the way that she deserves to always be worshipped.

She urged her tongue back down, through her entire center until she was circling her tongue around a soaked entrance and drinking in further as a gush of wetness greeted her tongue and made her eyes roll to the back of her head. Clarke tasted like heaven and smelled like it too. Lexa was sure that she could live in this place between the blonde’s legs for the rest of her life, drinking her up and swallowing all of her arousal forever. She wanted too, she hoped that maybe Clarke did too.

Lexa was much too excited to properly take her time at this moment, to string out Clarke’s release until she was teetering and desperate and begging the way that Lexa has only dreamed of her being and the way the blonde was tugging at her hair and pushing her hips into Lexa’s face told her that she really wasn’t patient either and she couldn’t fault her for that. If Lexa’s plan went right, she had all night to explore every last area of Clarke, drowning in her until Lexa couldn’t breathe anymore. They had waited far too long for this.

So that being decided, Lexa gripped thighs with both hands and pushed her tongue inside of Clarke, moaning as Clarke’s walls pulsed around her and clenched tightly in need. Clarke’s moan was everything as her hips jutted forward again powerfully, nearly knocking Lexa down on the floor. A gush of wetness again, spilling across her tongue and it was much better than any of Lexa’s daydreams ever could make it be. Her taste was powerful like this, spilling over all her taste buds and effectively ruining her for anyone else. Lexa could feel her heart pounding and the lust coursing through her but she could feel the admiration as well, her own desperate need to please and please Clarke in every way that she can possibly manage.

Lexa’s hold on Clarke was shaky against the wall and with the thought of only wanting Clarke to have the best orgasm of her life she thought up an idea, parting her tongue from the desperate girl against the wall and looking up at her from her position. She will never get tired of seeing Clarke like this, nor will she ever grow tired of being between the blonde’s legs, looking up at her like she is her god and Lexa is just merely a peasant.

“Clarke, come.” And to signal what she means she moved Clarke’s thick beautiful thighs from her shoulders and had the girl set her shaky legs on the ground. She lay down in front of her and urged Clarke to crawl up along her body though she looks apprehensive at first. She hovers over Lexa, and the brunette is distracted by the line of arousal dripping from Clarke’s center down toward her mouth slowly.

“Are you sure about this?” Clarke breathes heavily, looking down at Lexa with blown pupils and eyes wide. She looks more beautiful with every passing second, flushed with a wrinkled shirt and mussed long blonde hair everywhere around her. Lexa is urged forward by the desire to finally see her coming so she opens her mouth to take in the line of arousal that was dripping slowly toward her mouth and followed the line all the way back to her center, never taking her eyes from the lustful ones on her.

The moment is primal and hot. Clarke’s breathe catching in her throat as Lexa slowly advances forward. Her lips are parted as she watches her so closely, lust and desire easily readable in her blown pupils. This was Lexa’s queen and she was going to worship her.

Clarke’s moan was loud and dirty as Lexa’s mouth met her again, her tongue pushing inside of Clarke’s pulsing desperate entrance, clenching around her and earning more wetness on her tongue
that tasted so, so fucking good that Lexa couldn’t help but close her eyes and enjoy it. Lexa’s head was back against the floor as Clarke’s hips pushed and grinded against her mouth, moans and whimpers loud and desperate into the quiet of the hallway. She was drowning in Clarke and she could think of no better place to be as her tongue pushed further and deeper inside of Clarke, as far as she could manage. The pace was becoming fast and Clarke was grinding against her face hard. She had urged her eyes back open to watch the creature above her, with her head thrown back and her mouth hanging open to release those god like noises to Lexa’s ear.

How could anyone look at Clarke and not be just mesmerized by her beauty. How could anyone pass Clarke by and not want to spend every second in her presence, basking in her warmth and humor. How could anyone ever pass Clarke by when she was the most beautiful thing that the world had ever created. She was a blessing to Lexa’s eyes and heart, and Lexa couldn’t deny that the feeling circling inside of her chest and filling her veins was that, that could be described with four little letters.

Love.

She curved her tongue against Clarke’s clenching walls, savoring their texture and falling in love with the feeling of being inside the blonde like this. It wasn’t until she had hit a spongier spot on the front of Clarke’s walls that the blonde had ever actually let out a noise that was in the tangle of expletive words, grinding hard against Lexa’s face and gripping her hair desperately. She was close, so, so close

“Lex,” Her voice broke along the name as Lexa reached for the spot with her tongue again, and she felt the wetness dripping down her chin to each touch. Clarke whined high in her throat, and Lexa could feel how much closer she got at each press of her tongue, so she reached for that spot over and over, creating a swirling rhythm against it until Clarke could do nothing but whimper above her and grind fast and sloppily against her face.

Lexa was in love with this. She had never thought she would be tasting Clarke on her mouth like this, a throbbing clit brushing against her nose with each grind of Clarke’s hips, her own hands gripping onto creamy thighs parted along each side of her head, Clarke’s wetness coating her face and dripping down her chin and neck and onto the floor below her. It took one more desperate grind and Lexa’s tongue swirling against the spongy spot for Clarke’s body to go ridged and her back to straighten as her walls clench around the muscle of Lexa’s tired tongue, pulsing and pulsing as wetness gushed out of her and into her mouth and down her chin. She kept her tongue moving, coaxing out Clarke’s orgasm for as long as she can until the body is grinding into her again desperately and soaking up the feeling flushing her skin and running through her veins until the girl manages to part from Lexa so she can flop down on the floor next to the brunette and suck in deep breathes with her own hands in her hair. She is slightly sweaty and glowing in the soft light of the hallway and Lexa is in love with the way that she looks.

Lexa is in love with her.

She licks her lips, Clarke still covering her face and urges her body up to hover over the blonde’s. She starts parting buttons from the flimsy wrinkled top on her body until they are all undone and she can see the creamy skin of Clarke’s belly, urging for attention. She kisses her gently, her lips tracing skin, aware of Clarke’s wetness smearing along her own skin and sighing deeply as Clarke’s skin goose-bumps and shivers to her.

Her queen.

“We should have done that a long time ago.” Clarke’s low husky voice croaks out into the quiet that had remained mostly undisturbed while Clarke caught her breathe and Lexa finds herself grinning
against soft skin, pulling back to meet the blonde’s eye line. Her face was still flushed and pretty from her orgasm and Lexa can’t name anything that ever looked nicer.

“You look beautiful when you cum.” Lexa mutters quietly, tracing Clarke’s jaw with her fingertips as the blonde tries to catch her breath. Clarke is smiling at her beautifully, all soft and wonderstruck and with that hidden message in her eyes and then she sitting up and tugging on Lexa’s face until their lips meet and the blonde moans to the taste of herself on Lexa’s lips and it makes Lexa’s belly twist and her heart beat and pound and ache with this feeling in her chest to always be here, to always please Clarke, to always make her happy, to always worship her.

“I got you all messy, I should clean you up.” The blonde mutters against her lips, parting from her mouth to urge her tongue along her own juices, moaning softly at her own taste as she takes it from Lexa’s face and chin and jawline and her neck. Lexa moans as she finds that spot at her shoulder again and begin to suck, making Lexa’s eyes roll to the back of her head as the feeling of her mouth shoots through her entire body to her core, completely soaked as is. “You and I make a very good taste.” Clarke breathes against her skin, pulling away from her to meet her eyes. “Let’s go to your bed Lex.” She says softly and Lexa nods once before pulling Clarke up from the ground with her.

Her own legs are shaky and heavy, she can’t imagine how Clarke’s legs are feeling having just had a powerful orgasm. Lexa can’t help the small smile tugging at her lips as she thinks about her being the cause of it, and the fresh memories of Clarke grinding on her face and falling apart are going to haunt her for the rest of her entire life, even now as they circle through her head.

Before she can get very far toward her room, Clarke is lifting her up from the ground and mumbling “Never mind the couch will do.” And it makes Lexa giggle as she deposits the girl on the sofa, even pushing the coffee table to the side slightly as if they’ll need the room. She collapses on Lexa quickly and her lips find her neck, sucking and nipping and biting the way that makes Lexa squirm against her, and she wraps her legs around the blonde girl’s waist as Clarke grips her thighs with her palms. Her center is pressing into Clarke’s belly and she sees the look on the blonde’s face as she feels Lexa against her stomach, drenched and sticky. She slides her hands up along her smooth skin and Clarke grumbles “love your skin,” into her mouth before one palm is pushing between her legs and brushing along her clit that was straining for attention.

She could feel the touch all over her body, swirling through her belly and twisting it deliciously before traveling up and forcing a small sound from her throat that made Clarke grin. “You don’t know how long I’ve thought about this.” Clarke whispers against her jawline, making Lexa squirm against her fingertip as her lips slide down toward her small ear and she can’t think about anything but Clarke and how she too has thought about this for so, so long, and is almost thanking god that its finally happening. “You don’t know how long I’ve thought about fucking you Lexa,” she whispers in her ear, nipping at the shell and then tugging on the earlobe.

Lexa whines in her throat, body pushing into Clarke’s touch as the blonde’s fingers brush down form her clit and through drenched folds. Clarke’s touch seems to falter a moment as she sucks in a deep breathe against Lexa’s ear. “You are so wet for me Lexa, what a good girl.” And Lexa can’t stop her hands from tugging into Clarke’s hair as her body melts to her words and touch. She can feel everything, and the way Clarke is speaking to her just brings her closer to the edge.

“Please Clarke,” Lexa whimpers as two of Clarke’s fingers swirl around her entrance before running back along her lips toward her small straining bud of nerves. She moves tight circles around it, brushing it every few turns and Lexa is turning into a puddle below her, whimper and moaning her name and cries for more.

Now her queen is worshipping her and she isn’t worthy of it but she hopes Clarke never stops.
Clarke’s lips stay against her ear, body pressed to hers so closely. “What do you want me to do Lexa?” Clarke bites the shell of her ear again, pulling her fingertips from Lexa’s clit and the brunette thought the extraction might actually kill her. She whines deep in her throat and tugs on Clarke’s hair desperately, words seeming to have lost her. “I’m just going to take your underwear off baby,” Clarke whispers, kissing under her ear slightly and pulling back from her enough to pull on the waist of Lexa’s underwear until the drenched cotton is slipping down her legs. Clarke throws them over the side of the couch and meets Lexa’s eyes and the brunette is sure Clarke can see everything inside of them.

She is sure that those lovely blue irises can read how in love she is, how much she wants to be with Clarke, in more ways than just this, how desperate and needy she is to be loved by her too. She is sure that it must scare Clarke to see that look on her face, but she can’t wipe it off. She is filled with admiration and longing as Clarke grips her thighs and brings them tightly back around her waist. Her breath catching as she feels Lexa’s wet stickiness coat her lower stomach.

Lexa can feel herself dripping down her thighs, desperate for Clarke to touch her, to fuck her finally after all this time. She knows it’s not going to take long for her to cum because she has thought about this so long and now it was happening and Clarke was far better than anything her dreams could ever conjure up. Having Clarke like this, smelling Clarke all over her skin, feeling Clarke touch her was far better than any of her dreams and wishes, far better than any of her imaginings as she urged herself to cum in her own bed after a long day.

She wanted to tell Clarke that but she couldn’t manage to form words.

Her mouth was back on Lexa’s as her hand found her again, her tongue diving inside the wet heat to greet her own tongue desperately. The kiss was dirty and hard and Lexa was lost in the feeling of it and the feeling of Clarke’s fingertips brushing tight fast circles over her throbbing clit. She could feel each touch twist her belly further and she was well aware that she was starting to clench around absolutely nothing as wetness leaked out of her to each brush of fingertips and hard kiss from Clarke.

The blonde swallowed all her moans as her circles picked up in pace around her clit, making her hips jump further, each twitch meeting Clarke’s rhythm making Lexa’s hands tighten impossibly so in Clarke’s hair. She could feel herself getting closer and almost thought how crazy that is because usually it takes more than this for her. Lexa found her body to be rather uncooperative most of the time, orgasms often taking too long to greet her when she needs them, but under Clarke’s expert touch she found that, that was not the case at all. She was going to cum fast and hard if Clarke kept touching her like this and she wasn’t even sure if she cared.

Clarke mouth barely parted from her own just so she could whisper “such a good girl,” against Lexa’s puffy bruised pink lips and Lexa knew there was no point in asking for anything else as her pussy clenched around nothing again and again and her hips rutted up sloppily against Clarke’s fingertips as they brushed against her clit over and over. She could feel her wetness dripping everywhere and all it took for her to cum was Clarke’s lip back on her ear and her whispering, “cum for me baby girl.” And Lexa was melting, moaning out Clarke’s name loud and desperate as her body strained into the touch and she could feel the warmth wash through her entire body, running through her veins and sending her higher and higher with each passing second. Clarke’s touches kept her suspended there for what felt like forever as wetness gushed from her center into the blonde’s palm and below her onto the couch. She could see white in her vision and could feel nothing else but the impossibly amazing high that she was in for several long seconds.

She started to come down slowly, pushing against Clarke’s gentle hand as she sucked air into her lungs and eventually slumped into the couch below her, the afterglow of her orgasm coursing through her veins and exhausting her body. Clarke was staring at her, but she couldn’t manage to
analyze how with the way that she was feeling, so instead of trying she just tugged on the back of Clarke’s neck until their lips could meet in a sensual slow kiss that Lexa thought might actually destroy her. Clarke has destroyed her, literally ruined her for anyone else, maybe even herself.

All it took for her body to begin to start up again was Clarke mumbling against her lips. “Such a good girl, you came so hard for me.” And Clarke’s finger entering her didn’t feel intrusive but welcome, shooting her hips up from the couch to greet it. A moan ripped from her throat against Clarke’s mouth as that warm feeling surfaced through her body again, twisting her stomach and she couldn’t help but think how crazy this was, how much she wanted her even more just after coming hard as she had.

Clarke bit at her lip as she moaned against her mouth to the searching finger inside of her, earning shivers and a “another Clarke, please,” from her mouth until Clarke was pulling out of her to push two fingers as deep as they would go inside of her. They were thick and felt like heaven and Lexa threw her head back along the couch cushion as Clarke twisted them inside of her, lighting up her body and making her hips push against her hand desperately.

She needed to cum again, she had too. She couldn’t imagine stopping now, consumed by want and need as more wetness seemed to make its way out of her, gushing and clenching Clarke’s fingers with her desire.

Clarke nipped at her jawline whispering, “I won’t stop baby, not until after you’ve cum so hard you can’t keep your eyes open.” And Clarke’s touch goes from slow and searching and gentle to hard and fast and Lexa body responds desperately meeting each intrusion as Clarke fucks her deeply and hard against the sofa. It moves slightly with their movement but Lexa doesn’t care, too lost in the feeling of Clarke fucking her to be able to come out of it enough to actually care about where the sofa goes. For all she cares it can fall through the floor, as long as Clarke doesn’t stop.

It really doesn’t take that long for Clarke to find that spot inside of her that makes her body twist and makes it impossible for her to stop the noises desperate to come from her throat. It doesn’t take long for her pussy to clench around tense fingers and gush wetness along Clarke’s palm for the second time, jumping off the edge and into heaven as Clarke moves against her fast and hard before she softens her movements as Lexa comes again, for an entirely long time, exhausting her body against the sofa below her and laying limp as the blonde on top of her slowly descends down.

She is too exhausted to protest her descent but Clarke’s mouth on her again, though sensitive, sends her over another edge, and Clarke sucks on her clit with slow moving fingers as she tenses around her again, gripping her hair so tight she might actually pull it from the blonde’s skull. She can’t believe she has this much wetness to gush out of her, the couch thoroughly soaked under her backside as she grinds up into Clarke’s face, chasing the high inside of her body, almost never wanting it to leave.

Clarke coaxes her through it and back down and once her pussy relaxes around Clarke’s fingers she can feel the girl extract herself from her, whining slightly as the loss of being filled by thick fingers. She can feel her center pounding and sensitive and Clarke licks her very lightly, cleaning her up and it feels nice so Lexa leaves her there, until she brushes her sensitive clit and it makes her jump away from the mouth on her. She grumbles “stop,” and Clarke listens, kissing her way up an exhausted and spent body until she finds Lexa’s mouth again. She kisses her deep and hard as if to share Lexa’s taste and the brunette finds herself keeping her limp arms wrapped around the blonde moaning softly to her own taste, musky and salty on her own tongue as it mixes with Clarke and it tastes good, really good.

“Lexa,” Clarke parts from her mouth, licking her swollen glistening lips and the green eyed girl is
slightly distracted by the way she looks, like an angel fallen from heaven only for her. Love pounds through her veins and fills up her body in a way it never has before and she almost wants to gasp with the knowledge of it.

Clarke breathes against her mouth and Lexa can feel her heart fluttering in her chest as the girl caresses her cheek lightly and brushes strands of brown hair behind her ear gently and sweet. She loves it when Clarke is gentle with her, when Clarke lets the soft side of her show just for Lexa. She loves the way she looks right in this moment, the way she looks at her alone, she loves her.

She *loves* her.

“You know I care about you right,” The blonde whispers softly into the quiet that had only been consumed of their slow breathing before. Her voice is hoarse but soft and it makes Lexa shiver. She can feel Clarke’s slow caresses along her skin, her thumb brushing across her cheekbone and melting her heart. Her eyes are sincere and Lexa is consumed by her own love.

Lexa nods slowly even if she is unsure of why Clarke would ask her that but is well aware that it makes her heart ache and pound in her chest loudly with slight anticipation. She kisses her back as her lips find the blonde’s for a brief gentle moment.

She feels her heart racing in her chest as her lips are caressed gentle and slow. She wants Clarke to know how much she likes this, how much she wants more of this, but she doesn’t know how to word it, never being very good at voicing her feelings. She sucks in a breath and whispers. “Clarke I know that this, that what we’re doing can,” Lexa bites her lips because she know she’s failing at trying to explain but she continues anyway. “I know things can get complicated but I want to do this, I mean, I want to do this a lot, again, you know like…”

“Lexa, I got it.” Clarke chuckles as she interrupts her, kissing her again, gentle and brief. It’s enough to set her skin on fire and make her eyes water slightly, though she blinks away the tears. Clarke is moving her lips to say something else before Lexa can manage a reply. “Maybe we can,” She begins but Lexa is interrupting her before she can continue.

“It doesn’t have to be serious if you don’t want it. Just for fun.” Lexa says in a brief moment of weakness. She wants all of Clarke; she’s desperately in love with her. She wants to drown in Clarke for every last one of her seconds of life and to never know what life is like without Clarke. She loves her, she really truly does, but she doesn’t want her to hide in her shell so she wants to make her choices easy.

She watches nervously as blue eyes soften into her own. She can feel her heart pounding in her chest as the nerves rake through her body, even as gentle fingers brush against her cheek and through her hair. “Baby,” Clarke whispers as she brushes her thumb along Lexa’s cheek bone softly. “I want to be with you.” Clarke kisses her before Lexa can fully respond with her own words and then she’s sighing into her mouth and flipping them over on the couch. The words repeat in her head the longer she kisses Clarke and she fights back the smile stretching across her lips.

She knows she loses as she feels the corners of her mouth turn up in a grin and she nearly swoons for the look of adoration in blue eyes.

“I want to see you cum again.”

*End Notes*
I apologize for spelling mistakes and stuff. I'm not beta'd and kind of lazy.

Leave a comment and some kudos or don't, you do you bud. Thanks for reading and I hope to see you in the next fic. :D

Twitters @mislexalycia if you wanna say hi. :)

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