**True Defender**

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**True Defender**

by [Veronica Lake](http://archiveofourown.org/users/Veronica_Lake)

**Summary**

Summer 2010 is coming. After her first season in German Bundesliga, Lexa is eager to lead England U-20 team to victory in World Cup. No victory is without a price. How much is she ready to sacrifice?

OR

After they finally have met each other, two soulmates discover how amazing love could be, overcome a couple of minor or major obstacles through the way and eat breakfast in the bed like it’s nobody’s business.

AND

Some bonus chapters after the main story arc ends. Pure fluff and smut.

**Notes**

The story is inspired by real football events and football players, two amazing fictional characters, who weren’t created by me and my undying love for football. For those who are not very familiar with European football Lexa plays for Turbine Potsdam.

This is my first fic in English. Currently I have no beta and I have to admit editing requires tremendous effort. So if you fancy football a bit and are interested in beta stuff, your participation will be more than welcome.
Enjoy!
Chapter 1

Friday, May 21st, 2010

8:23 pm., Berlin, Germany

She didn't want to attend this party. She didn't want to attend any party. Cold blooded warrior, though only freshly eighteen, she possessed the strength of understanding and coolness of judgment, which qualified her to win the battles on the field, not to attend some frivolous parties. But was she really, cold-blooded and reasonable? If so, why did it still bother her that much? Why couldn’t she stop thinking about how the coach didn't allow her to go for that last penalty? He sent the freaking goalkeeper instead. Anya told her to drop it and even explained why, and still Lexa couldn't leave it behind, even with the champion’s league title, with the Bundesliga title and with a new contract with her dream team. She should focus on the incoming U-20 championship, she should… But those thoughts had to be banished for the moment. Lingering at the front entrance of the famous Waldorf Astoria Berlin hotel was most unwise. Lexa peeked towards the parking area and saw that Anya’s Volkswagen was still there, the determined person inside, waiting for the right moment to step in and drag her to the party herself.

“Fuck it. I will go ahead and let myself to be disappointed,” she muttered and finally entered the lair of preposterous amusement and luxury.

The entrance hall was scarcely crowded but strangely vivid. Chinese speaking old ladies were obviously admiring the inner fountain. A couple of businessmen were standing next to the reception desk discussing lively. One of them shamelessly ogled the passing young women, dressed in scandalously indulgent cocktail dresses. They must be from the team, or at least from the Sports Club, Lexa thought. She only caught their backs, but they were athletes without a doubt. Before she decided to follow them, she became painfully aware of her own outfit. Scuffed, black skinny jeans and the same coloured sports hoodie had seemed like the best choice when she was planning how to avoid the party. Of course, she could have chosen that extremely fitting black dress with the deepest slit or hell even a suit, and she would have looked astonishing in both. But she didn't want to, she didn't need that kind of attention, even if she was aware of the assets she had. So yeah, so much for the plan Anya would not allow her near the party in sports clothes. Lexa thought Anya would be resigned, but she was not.

“May I help you? Miss...” She had no wish to talk to the man, but he was obviously anxious to be better acquainted with her or her presence in Waldorf Astoria, and his attitude suggested his requests should not be opposed.

“I don't know. May you?” Lexa wasn't sure if he was hired security or just regular staff. What she was sure about, was that she would take him down in no time, if he would continue to piss her. Roan Voigt, former kickboxer champion, and Anya’s current husband taught her everything about fighting. Even if not that eager as in the past, she was still ready to use it, to her own advantage or amusement.

“I am going to the Sports Club event.” She added and showed him an invitation. A bit overwhelmed by her unexpected reply or maybe her deterrent glare, his attitude suddenly changed to warm and welcoming. Lexa wondered if that crumbled piece of paper in her hand miraculously transfigured her to a completely different person.

“So if you kindly excuse me and go bother someone else, Mr. I smell my own farts.” She gave him the widest and most charming smile and put the hood on ostentatiously. Then headed to the stairs to
the first floor where young women in scandalously indulgent dresses disappeared. Maybe it wouldn’t be as dull and unbearable as Lexa had thought after all. On her way she met slightly tipsy guys from a volleyball team, she knew from Roan´s gym, and finally figured out where the big party took place. Music, lively chats, luscious laughs, everything indicated the festivities were around the corner. And that smell. She fantasised about what she would have. A roast beef, or wiener schnitzel or both. Her hungry thoughts were abruptly interrupted, when someone turned around the corner crashed into her.

“Hey!” You crippled drunken disappointment or you infinite wanker, or plenty more angry statements popped in Lexa´s head, but she said none.

“Hi.” That was all she mastered. The girl in front of her was beyond beautiful. They were standing there, as if frozen for a brief moment, saying nothing. Lexa enjoyed every second of it, of that mysterious creature in a simple but stunning blue dress with perfectly sleek blonde hair. But there was something oddly saddening about her, about her eyes. Was she on the verge of tears? She didn't even look at Lexa, but somewhere beyond.

“Sorry. I am just… leaving.” And she did. Lexa fought the urge to fuck off the party and follow the blue dress, but that would be stupid and definitely stalkerish. But she allowed herself one more glance. She turned around and boom. Another collision.

“Aren't you just… leaving?” Lexa smiled a little and felt a bit dizzy. Definitely not from that pleasurable encounter.

“I forgot my purse in there.” So there still was a chance pretty in the blue dress would stay. But the girl was not moving, just standing there with faraway a look.

“Let’s go get it then.” It definitely sounded more eager, than Lexa intended.

“I can’t.” The struggle was real.

“But you just said…” Lexa was confused.

“I've realised I cannot go back.” The determination behind those words was strong.

“Ok Princess. There are only two options. Go back or leave. Surely, it cannot be that hard to pick one, can it?” But it seemed it was the hardest decision for the girl in blue dress. Lexa wasn't sure why but she just couldn't leave the confused and sad Cinderella look alike alone and go for the roast beef. Then again, did she even want any company at the moment?

“Did you just call me Princess?” It wasn't an accusation, and she didn’t sound offended.

“You are leaving the ball in a rush before midnight. Soon you will lose your slipper on the stairway I bet, and I have no doubt that you were the most beautiful lady in that lounge. So if you don't want me to assume you are indeed a princess, maybe you should tell me your real name.” Cinderella didn't say anything, but Lexa could swear she saw a spark of joy in her sad eyes, the hint of a diffident smile even.

“Come on, let’s get out of here. Don’t worry about your purse. Certainly, no purse could go lost in the famous Waldorf Astoria hotel. It will find its way back to you.” Was it an eclectic fantasy or crazy coincidence, Lexa wasn't sure, but it felt good to run down the stairs hand in hand and leaving the party behind.

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“Two best meatball sandwiches for the best footballer.” The old man from food stand smiled warmly
serving his favourite customer.

“Thank you ever so much.” Lexa liked it here. This place was always so lively. Skaters and bikers doing their crazy stunts, sports enthusiasts jogging, working out or doing yoga in the nearby park or just random folks walking along the lake or enjoying the panorama. It could be around nine pm., but the sun still wasn't completely down. Lexa spent lots of Fridays evenings in here, mostly playing football and enjoying meatball sandwiches after. Some of the fellow footballers were here just now, but for this time she didn’t come to join them. She passed the urban pitch and headed to table bench occupied by pretty in the blue dress. They took one of the cabs standing in front of Waldorf Astoria. Lexa didn't have any plan, but when the only answer to her questions about driving home or somewhere else was silent staring outside the window, she decided this place will do. 30 minutes long ride from Berlin to Potsdam could be a bit extended, but it seemed like an appropriate time for sorting the thoughts for her silent companion. Besides, it was a quite pleasant trip for Lexa, because she was chatting with taxi driver of Italian descent about how to make proper lasagna.

“You didn't have to.” Pretty in blue was reluctant to accept the sandwich.

“You look sad and hungry. And even if you are not hungry, you need this. Think about it. Have you ever seen someone sad eating meatball sandwich? No. You know why? Because meatball sandwich is pure joy.” True to her nature, mysterious girl didn't say anything, but that beautiful smile appeared on her face made Lexa feel all warm and fuzzy.

The magic power of meatball sandwich was proven by two complete strangers enjoying it in comfortable silence. But even the best sandwich couldn't calm Lexa’s thoughts. Why is she so smitten by this girl? Who is she? What happened at the party? Why she stays? And how the hell is possible to look so hot eating meatball sandwich? Pretty in blue offered to throw away paper trays and used napkins. Even a small walk to the trash can look like the bonfire of attractiveness when accomplished by her. Lexa felt enormous desire to stand up, put her hands on those beautiful swinging hips, pull her close and... A jolt of heat spread across her body.

“Are you ok?” The inner conflict between nice Lexa and greedy Lexa had to be really eye-catching.

“I am. I just. I was thinking. You must be cold. That beautiful dress of yours definitely doesn't provide you much protection.” Absolutely not. “Here take my hoodie.” Lexa unzipped it and transform herself from street thug to casual hottie. She called it hood mode off.

“Well thank you. I admit I am a bit cold.” Pretty in blue smiled, but frowned in confusion when she was putting on the hoodie. “Are you Lexa? Lexa, the football player?”

“Depends. Is it Are you, Lexa the football player, that's freaking amazing, hell yes or is it Are you Lexa the football player, spoiled rich bitch and don’t know how to play at all, so go fuck your selfie?” Lexa definitely wasn't new Alex Morgan or Ramona Bachman, maybe she could if she chose to be a striker instead of a defender, but she was becoming recognised slowly by football fans or users of one special brand of shampoo or readers of teen vogue.

“None of it silly.” Pretty in blue smiled slightly and Lexa felt relieved. “I just didn't recognise you at all with the hood on.”

“So you know a bit about football, then?” How much could it be?

“No, not really. I just know that whenever you try to grow out your hair, strands always break off.” She tried to look very serious, but Lexa knew she was teasing. “But now, the new Pro-V formula makes them almost unbreakable.” Now she was laughing. They were both laughing. It was a bit ridiculous, Lexa had to admit. At least she refused the tampons company.
Their happy banter was suddenly interrupted by scream full of pain. Pretty in blue obviously saw what happened, because she run towards the scream without a hesitation. Lexa turned around and instinctively followed. She didn't think about it for a second, she just knew she has to be there for her Princess to support and to protect. Her Princess. Funny how easy Lexa got used to that thought and she didn't even know the girl’s name. It turned out her Princess didn't need any support nor protection.

“Stop what you're doing immediately! Calm down!” Pretty in blue kneel down to the biker boy in agony, his side pierced through and through by broken selfie stick, his clothes soaked with blood. “You call the ambulance, and you take your shirt off!” She ordered to bystander boys.

“My shirt?” One of them dared to doubt her request.

“Take it off!” But not for a long.

“Listen to me, if you pull that stick out, you will probably bleed to death, but if you will follow my orders everything is going to be ok. Understand?” Her voice was firm and steady, but calming at the same time. Biker nodded.

“Rip that shirt! Quickly!” The shirtless guy was still a bit confused, so Lexa grabbed the shirt and followed unusual request. “Come, help me with this, we can reduce the bleeding.” They made a makeshift bandage from the ripped shirt, and pretty in blue took care of the wound never stop talking to the poor biker. After the ambulance arrived, she spoke with the doc briefly and used the words that didn't make much sense to Lexa. What appeared as difficult task, to transport the guy with a stick in his core to the car, was easily done by experienced paramedics. After the ambulance was gone, Lexa wanted to compliment heroic act, but calmness and determination were quickly replaced by anger and disappointment. No one from bystander bikers and skaters was safe from pretty in blue preaches how reckless they all were, and if the stick would hit a bit further, the poor guy could easily not see another morning. Neither of them dared to move nor to say anything, including Lexa. After her companion turned back, she almost wished to not meet her eyes. But the rage was suddenly gone. Her approach was affectionate and warm when she thanked Lexa for help. Young athlete suggested they should wash their hands in a nearby drinking fountain. Her mind was clouded with confusing thoughts about how easily fragile princess transformed to determined saviour. And so it was, 10 minutes ago, Lexa thought she could not be more smitten by this girl. Oh how wrong she was, she realised, when her cheeks blushed after unexpected praise. Her struggles for composure didn't go unnoticed.  But before pretty in blue could say anything, she proposed drinks in sport’s bar not far away from the park. It seemed good spirit was restored after they both agreed to hold that thought.

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Two hours and two beers later Lexa still didn't know girl's name, but for the moment she definitely did not mind. Silence and sadness were gone for good. They were sitting at the bar because the place was packed. She found out that pretty in blue, surprisingly still in Lexa’s hoodie, was a second-year medicine student on Humboldt University and is half American, but consider herself more German as she lived in here all her life. Her dad is a former football player, who fell in love with the team doctor and stayed in Germany even after his career ended. The caring football dad, it seemed amazing to Lexa. The name of the club or clubs where he played was tactfully concealed. Lexa knew a lot about football, knowing the club she could figure out who he was, so maybe that was the intention behind secrecy. But she didn't mind this little game. It was something very appealing about the whole situation. Lexa didn’t know anything about the girl, but she must know a lot about Lexa because pretty in blue confessed her dad is a big fan of Turbine, her club, and attends every game. It wasn't unusual she accompanied him as she reluctantly admitted. Tables were turning slowly. Lots of
the times pleasure to watch meant horror to listen. But not with this girl, listening to her stories about studies or about dad young years was as much pleasurable as watching her swinging hips in the beautiful blue dress.

“Another beer?” Lexa asked when she realised their glasses were almost empty. Even if not sure, another beer was a good idea, she wasn't used to drinking. But she didn't want this evening to end yet and suggesting another glass of water sounded odd.

“Are you sure….” Oh my, maybe she wants to leave. But everything seemed so good, so far. A spark of panic erupted in Lexa’s chest. “…you are ok with paying for me?” All panic was forgotten.

“Of course I am.” Pretty in blue was clearly uncomfortable with someone paying for her “I told you, I kind of got you into this, so for tonight I am responsible for all expenses.” Lexa smiled warmly and should end this line of thoughts, but she didn’t. “Besides trust me, I have much more money than I should, thanks to my hair.” Her original intention wasn't to flaunt. Not at all. “At least I am not a male player. I would probably have so much that my only concern would be chasing hookers and choosing between Porsche and Lamborghini.” She sounded like a total jerk. She just wanted to say, it is no trouble for her at all, she just wanted to say her football skills should grant her daily income not stupid hair commercial. She just…. …screwed it all.

“So would you…” It definitely did not sound excited. “…chase the hookers?” This was Lexa’s chance for redemption.

“It came out wrong, didn’t it?” Lexa smiled shyly. “In any universe, in any form, I would only chase the ball, because football means everything to me. But if I would cross path with someone who takes my breath away, who would make me dizzy by a simple smile, off-season, of course, I would definitely not try to catch this person’s attention by money.” Effect of Lexa’s words was imminent. Pretty in blue blushed and clumsily looked down.

“So have you ever...” She gained back her composure but suddenly trailed off. “I think I am vibrating. Or your hoodie I guess.” Without a second thought, she reached into the pocket and pull out the phone, but regretted the action immediately. The screen showed a picture of beautiful woman probably called Anya and that little emoji heart <3 next to her name. Lexa took the phone reluctantly and frowned.

“I have to…” Anya must know she never arrived at the party.

“It’s ok, I need to pee anyway.” Lexa would notice the sudden sadness in girl’s face if the concern about what to expect from that phone call weren't painfully present. Once her lovely companion left, she finally dared to pick the phone. Anya was furious. Lexa knew, she meant well, only wanted her to socialise a bit, that’s why she accepted all the anger. But after that, she tried to explain, without much success initially. Anya finally agreed to accept the story, if Lexa will send her a pic of the Princess. But Princess was nowhere to be found for so long. After an eternity she finally showed up, heading towards Lexa unzipping the hoodie.

“Here, your hoodie. It seems like your girlfriend needs you.” Pretty in blue was losing it, no doubt. Oblivious Lexa didn't get it still a bit lost in thoughts about a phone call.

“My girlfriend?” It didn't make much sense. Didn’t make any, actually. “You mean Anya?” Then she realised how ridiculous the whole situation was, still not accepting the hoodie. “Anya is my mom silly.”

“Your mom? But she… …she looks so young. And why are you calling her by a name?” Pretty in blue was bit confused, but definitely relieved.
“Long story. Bit anxious. You don’t want to hear it now.” It seemed like pretty in blue was satisfied with the answer for a moment. Maybe Lexa will tell her one day, but definitely not now. “You know what. Maybe we should get all that alcohol out of our system. Look. That table football is finally free. This is our chance.” Lexa winked and the beautiful stranger was happy to follow. Just before they reach the table, she unexpectedly grabbed Lexa’s hand and turned her softly, so they faced each other. She made a tiny step further even, closing the already short distance between them.

“Wait a bit.” Pretty in blue bit her bottom lip gently and gave Lexa intense look. She felt the heat spreading through her body. This girl intrigued her, there was no doubt, and she already admitted the physical attraction, but even the most optimistic herself knew the odds are not exactly in Lexa’s favour. But the recent turn of events was quite peculiar. “I wondered. Do you ever think about anything else than football?”

“The smell of the fresh grass, when I step on the field. The raw passion for touching the ball. The satisfaction when I steal it from an attacker when I kick it from the goal line. The respect for every opponent who outmatched me. Utter exhaustion after I gave it everything. It is pure love. I wish I could show you.” Then she licked her lips and turn back to the football table because if she lingered one more moment, nothing would stop her from kissing the Princess in the blue dress.

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It was 3 am. Lexa felt intoxicated. By the mysterious girl, by alcohol, by every match, they won together in table football. They were standing outside the bar in silence, waiting for the cab she called. It was an amazing night for both no doubt. But once they left the bar cold air shattered that little fantasy they both had been in for a couple of hours. The urge to grab this girl and kiss her hard had boiled in Lexa all evening, but despite all the lust and alcohol, she knew she had to keep her wits about her. The last thing she wanted, she needed was some major distraction before U-20 championship. Or worse, if her suspicion was right, she could easily become a rebound girl. It seemed like pretty in blue had issues of her own, but after the moment of silence she moved towards Lexa and took her hand softly.

“Lexa…” It was hard to decode where it supposed to lead, but after sudden dizziness from touch followed by hearing her name, Lexa decided.

“Wait.” With the free hand, she reached back pocket of her jeans, took the phone and gave it to another girl. “Write yourself a message, so you will have my number. After you resolve everything you need, call me.” Pretty in blue seemed surprised, but accepted the phone with a slight smile, wrote her number and something else before sending the blank message, and then gave it back.

“So, Clarke,” Lexa noticed approaching cab, “keep the hoodie, it's cold out there. In left pocket there are 50 Euros, it will be enough for a drive. I live close, I will go by foot.” Clarke wanted to protest, but Lexa leant in and lingered in the warm hug.

“May we meet again.” She finally released the hug and slowly walked away. Clarke. She would never have guessed.
Chapter 2

Friday, May 28, 2010

4:29 pm., Potsdam, Germany

A week had passed. The week when Clarke decided what is right at least the thousands of times and then always changed her mind. But there was no more time for cowardice. She will just call Lexa Voigt Woods, meet her, give her back the 50 Euros and hoodie and it will be over. The hoodie. That hoodie she just wore, because it still smelt like Lexa. Yeah. It will be a piece of cake.

“Are you ok sweetheart?” She didn't even notice when her dad entered the living room. She was so fucked. “You have been sitting on the couch and staring at the phone for eternity.” Was it really that long? Dad’s concern look revealed, what will come next. But he had no idea. “If this is because of….”

“I’ve met someone.” Did she really want to tell him? She was not sure.

“Well. That is a bit unexpected. Quick perhaps. But if he will make you happy again.” Jake Griffin never preached. He always trusted his daughter judgment, and when she made a mistake, he was always there to help learn from it. He deserved to know. He must.

“She is a football player. She plays for Turbine.” Clarke knew her dad will behave with kindness towards her no matter what, but she suddenly felt oddly relieved after mysterious smile appeared on his face.

“Do you like her? Like, like her?” To Clarke's surprise, he didn't ask who this player was.

“I don't know.” She lied. “But it was nice to spend time with her” She added after a moment. When it was clear her deception didn't go unnoticed.

“So she likes you? Did she tell you anything?” That mysterious smile was still present, and Clarke wasn’t sure what to think of it.

“She told me to call after I resolve everything I need.” But would she do that, if she would know? That question remained unresolved for the moment.

“As far as I know you did. So come on. Don't let anything to stop you.” He put a hand on her shoulder to reassure it's the right thing to do.

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“It’s enough.” She ignored the friendly recommendation and hit the punching bag again. Then again and again. She had been hitting the bag for two hours and had no intention to stop. It was like the only thing that mattered right now. To hit the freaking bag. “You had enough Lexa.” The voice was still warm, but it was without a doubt this request should not be opposed. Roan touched Lexa’s shoulder gently, with an intention to stop her. She turned around, instinctively struck him. Emotionally and physically drained youngster was no match for former kickboxer champion. He easily evaded the hit, then stepped closer and squeezed her in a hug. She had neither the will nor the strength to escape his embrace, but she wanted to show him she does. After the tears started coming
down her face, Lexa finally succumbed.

“I am the cold-blooded warrior, not some whiny pussy. What the hell is wrong with me?” She was more telling herself than to him.

“First of all, you throw away the boxing gloves. Then you go upstairs and finally shower because you smell like shit.” She chuckled but had to admit he was right. “And then I will make you the sandwich, we will watch Bend it like a Beckham, and you will forget some *Princess* ever existed.”

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Freshly showered and satisfactory fed Lexa spread on the couch and was watching *Bend it like a Beckham* for the zillionth time. After the movie had started, Roan suddenly disappeared. She knew it was not his style, so she didn’t mind. Only suggestion to watch it proved how much he cares. So her only company was Anya sitting on the rear end of the couch working on laptop and own thoughts. Initially, Grandpa and Grandma Woods were not very fond of her to play. She eventually understood why. They weren’t as strict as Indian parents in the movie, but she had to prove herself for many times. It was only the boy’s team in the neighbourhood, so she had to be twice as good as any boy to be respected. And those haunting doubts if she even should continue to play, after the secrets of the past had been revealed to her. But everything that she had been through made her who she was now. She beat the odds before, and she will do it again. Some girl in the blue dress will not change that. She finally felt like back on the horse. And then her phone laid on the coffee table rang. Ringing phone intrigued Anya as well. She looked at the display photo of the beautiful girl in the bar, Lexa sent her a week ago. No one was moving. Lexa already decided.

“Are you going to pick it?” Anya was trying to evaluate the whole situation.

“No.” Cold blooded warrior said resolute goodbye to whiny pussy. Satisfied with herself Lexa underestimated Anya’s boldness and was too late to stop her action.

“Hi, this is Anya. Lexa forgot the phone at home.” She sounded causal. But Lexa knew she is plotting something.

“Hello, Miss Woods.” The girl on the other side was obviously taken aback.

“Miss Voigt, if you must, but Anya will do.” She did it on purpose Lexa was sure, to unsettle the girl. “So should I pass on some message? Or you know what? She left for the Lake Park. You’ll find her there for at least two hours. Go tell her by yourself!”

“I… Thank you, Anya. Bye.”

Had she not known her mother well, Lexa would have been upset immediately about the unwanted interruption, but the more she was listening, the more sense it made.

“If she is free now, she will come. It's familiar surroundings, you were there together, and it’s a lot of people around, she will not feel under pressure. Still, you know she can show up, and she doesn’t know you know, so an advantage is on your side. If she doesn’t show up, you can call her later after you calm down and decide what do you want. Besides your brothers are there, playing football or more likely stalking yoga girls. One way or another, you can join them and enjoy the nice late afternoon. Isn’t it what you usually do on Fridays anyway?”

“All right!” Lexa was amused and embarrassed at the same time, with the plan and suggestions. And no she definitely does not stalk any yoga girls on Fridays. She comes, when yoga girls leave, and boys finally start to play real football.
“And go change that baggy tracksuit. This is not how you impress the girl.” Lexa knew there is no point in trying to oppose her mother and best friend in one person, but she didn't want to give up easily.

“Someone suddenly become Miss knows it all.” A playful smile spread on her face, but she didn't move at all.

“Go. Just go. You stubborn drama queen.” With the same smile, Anya pushed Lexa out of the couch and sighed heavily after she was finally gone. It was hard to believe the little girl obsessed with chasing the ball grew up so quickly and became the beautiful young woman. And as it seemed falling in love for the first time. Anya knew being sixteen and pregnant definitely would not grant her the mother of the year prize, but she always tried to do what was best for Lexa. Giving up on her for the moment was the only right choice. She had nothing, no money, no education, living with her grand aunt on outskirts of Munich. That was not a fitting environment for a baby. Not at all. She was terrified when she knocked on the Woods door in Reading. Only finding the parents of the man who got her pregnant somewhere in England was an almost impossible task. As she found out, he did not only abandon her when it suited him, he abandoned his family too when they pointed his dangerous lifestyle could send him into hell. Oh, how delusional she was, how she couldn't see him for who he really was? But could anyone? Fan favourite football star. Woods, they were nothing but supportive. Strict but righteous. Lexa couldn't be rise by better people. The day when she decided to move with her and Roan, it was the best day in Anya's life. Nonetheless, it was difficult to suppress the fear of how it could ruin their tentative relationship. But they were warm and understanding once again. This girl Clarke, the little Anya knew about her seemed like just enough to hope, she could be what her daughter needed to stay grounded. The money Lexa was already earning from endorsement deals, the attention she was attracting, and it was only beginning. Even if she possessed the strength of understanding and coolness of judgment, Anya knew the perfect example how easily those can be lost. The young shining striker who transferred from Reading to Bayern Munich, the man whose name was long forgotten. A complete opposite of Roan, who abandon his flourishing career only to take care of his brother’s little sons, after their parents died in car accident.

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To everyone surprise, Lexa decided to play as a goalkeeper. She was exhausted enough from two hours boxing session, and she knew it is going to be no effort in goal, because Nyko and Lincoln, her stepbrothers, and rest of the boys were doing exactly what Anya suggested. They were more watching the girls practising yoga nearby than actually playing. She came to the conclusion that Clarke will not show up but hadn't decided if it’s good news or bad one. What she had been through recently it confused her, more than anything else before. Football was all her life, and she didn't dare to even consider that something else, someone else could light up such fire within. Staring at the bench through pitch fence, where she and Clarke sat together brought up warm memories. On the other hand, after the week of emotional turmoil, she wanted nothing more than to forget and get rid of the dull pain in her tummy. Lost in her thoughts, she barely registered approaching figure. In sneakers, skinny jeans and navy blue hoodie, she looked nothing like Cinderella, but the ever-present aura of attractiveness acknowledged Lexa it indeed was her Princes. Caught in the moment, completely unaware of her surrounding, she stood no chance against the ball unintentionally aimed exactly at her head. Knocked down Lexa found herself in the goal hoping her nose was not broken. Everything was blurry for a second until she realised someone is helping her to stand up.

“Always ready to keep the ball out, like a true defender, aren’t you?” Lexa definitely wasn't ready for the overwhelming feeling of joy brought by the Clarke presence. The confusion, the dull pain it was all forgotten.

“Always ready to help those knocked down, practising their favourite sports routine, aren't you?” As
Lexa stood up, she became aware they are very close. Too close. Their faces were almost touching. She would swear to anyone, the sudden dizziness was caused by the hit. Her brothers knew better though, she could say from their looks when they stepped in and prevented another fall.

“What about you and your lady doctor sit down for a moment. Not for long, though. The real game will be on soon, because yo… after we finish warm up.” Great. Nyko not only revealed that he knew who Clarke was but mentioning “doctor” even proved Lexa was talking about her with everyone who was willing to listen. “You are a tough girl. Warrior. One headshot cannot stop you, I am sure of it”. Did he try to ease the impact of his impetuous words? Didn’t matter, for the moment he only deserved her angry glare.

“Wanna join me? Or you prefer staying with boys and have some warm up session?” Clarke was oddly silent for a moment and followed this attitude even after she joined Lexa and head to the bench.

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Initial enthusiasm was fading away. No words were spoken for quite a time. The only sign of another person presence was the heat from their hand, laid right next to each other, barely touching as they were sitting on the bench.

“How long exactly are you guys warming up?” Lexa raised her head, an amused expression on her face revealed, she has no idea what that question supposed to mean. “I called you like an hour ago. Anya told me you are in Lake Park. I don't suppose you came here to do some bike stunts but play football. So it must be really long warm up session.” Clarke had no idea why she was saying those words. First sitting in silence then blabbering about warm up, Lexa must think she is out of her mind. Her burst into laughter only proved it.

“It’s about yoga really, not about warm up. Don’t worry, I don't understand it either. Usually, I come after this session.” The words came up cheerful. Unfortunately, gnawing insecurity was still present, Clarke just couldn’t shake it off. What did Lexa say to her friends? Is she going to be one of her many hook ups? Those girls waiting for her after the game, with adoring looks. They are ready and eager to do anything to gain her attention. Does she act like them? Stop it, Clarke. You have to stop it.

“You look beautiful, you know.” So this is how she does it. Lexa’s words sounded straightforward and sincere. “I am sorry, maybe I shouldn’t… …but you do… …look beautiful.” Light blush and the quick look down. What a move! Clarke couldn't resist, even if she wanted to. Could anyone resist, she wondered. “So you wanted to talk?” Did she? At that moment the only thing she wanted was to grab Lexa’s pink tank top, pull her closer and kiss her with ferocious intensity.

“Talk?” A bit of the bottom lip followed right after confused expression.

“You called me, so I guess you wanted to talk.” Oh, that. Clarke was trying to gather all her strength to pull up, to break up the Lexa’s spell, she was under. The thing was, she hadn’t had any idea, what she is going to tell back then and she definitely didn't have it now.

“I am sorry it took me so long to call. I had to study… …and you know…. stuff.” Yeah. Stuff. That is the perfect word to use when you want to impress a girl. “I was thinking, wanna hang out? Like going to movies or something?” What an outstanding idea. Splendid! And original. Asking Lexa Voigt Woods to the movies. No one ever has done that before.

“I would love to.” To Clarke surprise, her proposal was met with a warm welcome.
“So tomorrow? I can pick you. After lunch? Afternoon? After…” She trailed off. *Fuck. Did it sound too eager?* Lexa didn't say anything, her eyes darkened, and her expression became unreadable as she slowly leant closer. Clarke whole body was trembling, overwhelmed by lust. Last remains of her sanity had intervened just a second before their lips met, “You don’t have to decide immediately”, and she backed off slightly. Even if it physically pained her, Clarke was sure it was the right decision. Acting like an easy catch will not bring her any credit. “Oh and before I forget. Here is your 50.” She reached navy blue hoodie pocket and gave the bill to Lexa, involuntarily shivered after their hands touched once more. “May we meet again. Very soon I hope.” With a subtle smile, she stood up and head to the black Range Rover in the parking lot.

Chapter End Notes

I still don’t have beta, so don’t be shy, if you are interested.
Chapter 3

Saturday, May 29, 2010

2:13 pm., Potsdam, Germany

It was only the first half, and Lexa was already losing 7:0. Usually, win against his little sis, the football freak, would make Nyko super thrilled, but winning for this time was pure torture. Even worse than any defeat, because her performance was poorer than six years old neighbour’s kid. Frustrated by her own inability, Lexa put away a controller, apologised to big bro and left the living room. Yesterday after the ridiculous kissing effort she exchanged a couple of innocent texts with Clarke and agreed to meet today. Maybe Nyko was right, it was evident she just recently broke up with someone, so she wasn't ready. Besides, when she talked with girls from the team about party evening, they confirmed some little drama, volleyball guy and pretty blonde involved. It had to be Clarke. Finally, in her room, Lexa crashed down to her double sized bed her eyes laid on the wall of fame. Framed England jersey, from the U19 European championship in 2009, when Lionesses stood up victorious for the first time, and it was under Lexa’s command. Next Katie Chapman signed Arsenal jersey and the pic of winning team from the same season. The team Lexa was part of. With England summer season fixture it was a reasonable compromise how to spend part of the year and study in Germany, but to be close to Woods too, till they died last summer. Even if she worked hard, gave it everything and believed she will be successful eventually it felt like a dream to play with Kelly Smith, Faye White or Katie for the same team. And last addition, Turbine Potsdam jersey from this season. The season when she won almost everything, and for this time as a valuable asset to the senior team. Suddenly the petty fears about Clarke’s feeling seemed distant. If she wants to be a friend, so be it. If her heart is open to love, Lexa will win it. One way or another Clarke’s motivation had to be revealed first.

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Yesterday conversation about where they should meet, only confirmed Clarke suspicion, that she and Lexa lived really close. Had they ever met before outside the stadium? Could she forget about that? It seemed impossible. That day, when dad had finally convinced her to attend the game again, she was plotting how to avoid it. How at least leave after the first half. But seeing Lexa play, something had changed in her that day. Clarke quickly left black Range Rover, slipped through the tiny entrance gate and rang the bell, before her insecurity could get best of her. The house looked spacious and cosy, modern architecture no doubt, but nothing exaggerated or eclectic. Was it pool on backyard? Or little football pitch perhaps? The porch door finally opened. The Huge sharped-eyed guy from yesterday smiled slightly, then turned around and shouted Lexa’s name. His rough guise could easily label him as a brute or thug, but something about him utterly screamed he was nothing like that. “Have fun.” Was all he said before disappeared in the house. He didn't look like a visitor. Was he related to Lexa? A brother? But Anya was so young to be his mom.

“Ready to see some movies?” Clarke exhaled when her favourite football player entered the hall. The deal was they will make their choice later. But, she made a little change to the estimated plan. “I would recommend using those.” Lexa was apparently surprised by the suggestion to wear sneakers. Heels as a first choice almost made Clarke to regret her decision, but the plan had already been in motion. Maybe she will have another chance to admire the incredibly beautiful long legs in heels. But not today. “Are you plotting something? Should I change the outfit too?” Black leggings and red astrid cami
were sufficient. Maybe not perfect, but definitely sufficient. Besides, Lexa looked smoking hot, and Clarke didn't want to reveal anything more.

“Nah. Sneakers will do. Come!” First reluctant to get in the monstrous mutated tractor as chuckling Lexa addressed the Ranger Rover, eventually gave up, when Clarke revealed they were heading to Berlin and car is not her, but her mom’s.

“Good. Because I would not date someone with Range Rover.” She said matter of factly. Was it a date then? “Or be friend with or be acquainted anyhow. You know. Whatever.” Fortunately, the following moment of silence wasn't long enough to freak up. “It’s up to you really, if this will be a date. Or if there will be any. I am fine with friendship, and I will be pleasantly surprised with anything more.” The topic was closed. Clarke had no doubt about that. She was given total freedom of decision. Did she really want it?

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After complicated drive through Berlin and passionate debate about why Lexa preferred walking or riding a bike instead of driving the car, Range Rover finally stopped at park place in front of IKEA.

“I will understand if you say no, but…” Clarke reached for the backseat and took the dark blue scarf. “...I think you will enjoy this more, with your eyes covered.”

“You are not planning to make me your sex slave? It would be too much for a first date, wouldn't it? The smile on Clarke's face was a good sign and only confirmed how easy they could be relaxed in each other company. “Besides, we didn't even settle if this is a date.” There was something oddly attractive about letting her beautiful companion to be in control, but also terrifying.

“No sex, no slavery, silly. I promise.”

“Count me in then.” Lexa turned the head and let Clarke cover her eyes. If it had not been accomplished in such a neat and affectionate way, maybe Lexa would have believed there was nothing sexual going on between them.

The engine started again, and it seemed IKEA parking place was not their final destination. After a bit more driving car stopped, but with the engine still on. The excitement of unexpected astonishment was slowly replaced with suspense when Lexa tried to figure out where they are heading or what was going on around her after she heard the sound of lowering car window.

“You are Clarke Griffin, aren't you?” The man voice was rough but welcoming. “Do you know where to go? Clarke probably only nodded, because man voice proceeded. “ …Ok then, if you need anything you know where to find me.”

“Thank you.” The quiet sound of the window was audible again, and after short drive when the engine went off, locked in her peculiar darkness, Lexa became even more confused. She only noticed Clarke left the car and opened the door on her side, after soft touch on her shoulder.

“Let me lead the way, will you? We are almost there.” With no other reasonable option, she accepted the offer. As they were walking with their arms hooked the familiarity of the place became overwhelming. The footsteps echoed on the walls, ever-present feeling of the victory or sadness from the defeat, slowly approaching smell of the fresh grass and… …after the sneakers met with the soft surface, Lexa’s whole body shivered with excitement. And then, only a couple more steps remained before they finally stopped. Even if had understood already why the place was so familiar, she would never have guessed where in particular they actually ended.
As Clarke was removing the scarf, she whispered softly. “You wanted to show me. I think this is a perfect place to do so.”

Lexa couldn't believe what she saw. As a spectator, she had been here a couple of times with Roan, Nyko and Lincoln. The world Cup game between Brazil and Croatia in 2006 had a special place in her heart. And now, as if the situation had not been amazing enough already. Berlin Olympic Stadium. She was standing in the middle of Berlin Olympic stadium. Not only the one of the greatest football stadium ever but the remarkable part of the history. The place, which should serve as an Icon of Nazi propaganda. The place, where mighty Nordic athletes were defeated four times by Jesse Owens in 1936. She knelt down and touched the grass. It was perfect. She performed the little run and slid down, imagining it’s a winning tackle against Dzseni Marozsán. Completely dazed by the stadium, her thoughts wandering from Jesse Owens to images of Lionesses winning the U20 final in here, Lexa almost forgot who brought her there. She turned around and headed towards Clarke ready to squeeze her in happiness and figure out how the hell she was able to let them in. The girl was crying. Standing there, holding the ball in right hand, the tears coming down her face.

“I am sorry. I… I just..” It didn’t matter what happened, only thing surprised Lexa wanted, was to make this amazing person feel better. Without hesitation, she rushed in, took Clarke’s free hand and wiped her tears softly with other.

“Hey. It’s ok. It’s going to be ok, just tell me.”

“I haven’t stepped on the field for five years. I couldn’t. It took me four to only attend the game. If it weren't for dad, I would have probably never done that again.” Clarke started slowly, trying to not meet Lexa’s eyes.

“It’s ok. Don't look away.” Lexa softly caressed Clarke’s cheek and turn her head to encourage her to continue.

“I loved football. I played for Turbine under team. I dare to say, my skills would bring me to the first team eventually. But after second ACL injury, I... ...the decision was made, and I quitted. Mom is a sports doctor. I knew the odds. I wanted to go back, to try more, to sustain... ...I... The thing I loved the most was taken from me.” To Lexa’s surprise Clarke release the hand from touch and reached for her face. “I thought it was long gone. Dead. But recently, I feel like this love is coming back to life. It’s your doing. Thank you.”

“No, it is not. Once you love football, you love it forever. Even if it's not always fair, sometimes hurts, like hell I have to add, makes you cry, makes you hate it, but this love... ...it's indestructible.” Such an insane intimacy, coherence, sympathy, such an inexplicable bond. “How have you even managed to get us here?” Trying to hide the fierce storm of emotion, Lexa attempted to turn the conversation the other way, her hand never stopped caressing Clarke’s face.

“Dad helped. He played for Hertha for 10 seasons. He is still working for them.”

“You know...” Lexa stole the ball from Clarke’s hand. “Maybe you should show me, something about love.” She released the football and dare her new found fellow footballer to show, what was hidden for a long time.

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“You did it on purpose, didn't you? You made me wear sneakers instead of cleats so you could outmatch me.” After more than hour of trying to show their best skill, girls finally made a break.

“First of all, you wanted to wear heels. And besides, if I suggested cleats, it would be obvious where
we are heading.” Clarke hadn’t felt like this for very long time, if ever. Even if reluctant to admit, she missed everything about football greatly. When she had left the party a week ago, in her wildest dream, she would never imagine, the chain of events will bring her here. Lying on the grass of Berlin Olympic Stadium with Lexa right next to her. “And don’t try to pretend, you weren’t light on me.” Considering the knee, it was kind of her, but she didn’t have to lie about it.

“You dare to accuse Lexa Voigt Woods of slacking off? You dishonoured me, young lady.” It was difficult to say if the outrage was real or only the act, but Lexa turned away. “You were amazing.” She muttered.

“Hey.. ..it wasn’t. I didn't mean to.” Clarke reached for Lexa´s arm and made her turn back, intertwined their fingers in the process.

“So what position did you play? What was your number?” The truce was accepted quickly.

“Right back or winger. Stealing the ball, performing the fastest run across the field and passing the ball right to the striker, that was my speciality. I was a bit heftier back then, still quick. However, it wasn´t easy for forwards to go through me.” She chuckled at the memories of tiny forwards failing to outmatch her. “My hips still could use some more reducing, though.”

“Shush. Your hips are perfect.” Lexa words were supported, by the affectionate caress of Clarke´s hand. “What about the number?”

“17.” The answer brought up the memory why Lexa chose to wear the same number five years ago. “What about a favourite player?”

“Male or female?”

“What about both.” Clarke regretted the question immediately when she realised it could turn against her.

“Philipp Lahm, without question. And for retired players Roberto Carlos or Franz Beckenbauer. But with all the money in football, it is becoming harder and harder to find a pro male player with real passion and love for the game and not for the astronomical income. And female, well… ...I have to say I admire every girl or woman who decided to play football, to do what they love because sometimes it´s not an easy path. What about you?”

“My dad of course. So it seems, defence is your thing?” Clarke had a feeling that to add Lexa is her favourite female player would not be the best choice.

“What can I say. I have always considered myself as a defender.”

Lying in the silence for the moment, Clarke finally found the courage to ask the forbidden question. “So have you…. …have you ever dated a teammate... ...or a fan?”

“If I have dated...? What kind of the question is that? Have you?” Staggered by unexpected question Lexa tried to avoid it.

“But… I… I asked first.” Lexa´s defensive reaction was at least confusing.

“So? I asked second.”

“I don’t have any fans, obviously. And I didn´t. Of course, I didn’t. I thought it was clear, that….” Clarke trailed off. She wanted to release the hand from tender touch, or more likely she wanted to pretend, releasing a hand is her intention.
“You haven't dated a teammate or a girl?” It came out soft with the hint of concern.

“I think you already figured, don’t you?” Will Lexa ditch her? Could she doubt her intention? “So maybe it's your turn to answer. Or maybe drop it. It was stupid question anyway. I really don't need to know about all your sports affairs.”

“And you are calling me silly? Lexa changed her position to sitting and gave Clarke intense look. “I told you, football is my life. I've never dated anyone. Hell, I have never been in love. I’ve never really thought about it before.” Clarke followed quietly and changed her position, so girls sat face off. “But if you really must know I have had a crush on Jennifer Lopez since I saw the Play music video for the first time and I hooked up with a teammate once, after U19 European Championships final, but it was more like an act of lust and passion than anything else.”

“Toni Duggan?!“ Relief and excitement after an unexpected speech, catalyse another dare.

“What? No, of course not. She is not even… How do you even…” Admitting that looking at the pic of them hugging, after Toni’s goal in U19 Championship final, ignites extreme jealousy would be most unwise. So Clarke just shrugged innocently. “It was not Toni, and I cannot tell the name because she would definitely not want to be linked with some lezzie affair. Besides, it was one shot. Long forgotten.”

“So J-Lo turns you on, then?” A bit disappointed from dismissing, still curious about the Lexa’s preferences Clarke moved inconspicuously closing the distance between them.

“Why are we talking about some past turn-ons, when we can talk about the present?” The adrenaline rush from the heated conversation, sports performance, and Clarke’s intoxicating scent made it almost impossible to hold back, but Lexa promised to herself not to make the first move again. The decision was Clarke’s. “But if you want. So have you ever crushed on a girl? Who was it?”

“Answering the question with the question? Not nice Lexa.” Clarke leant closer and lower the voice. “Besides, does it matter?” The lustful lick of the lips and hungry gaze was a clear sign, that not only Lexa had difficulties to hold herself back. “I am here with you now.” The decision had been already made.

Unfortunately not elaborated.

“Miss Griffin?! Is everything ok? You didn't show up, so I just wanted to remind you…” Suddenly the agile water drops started to dance around. “...that automatic watering system…. never mind.” Slightly disappointed, slightly amused and more and more wet girls stepped up quickly and run towards the maintenance guy in front of the stadium tunnel.

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After a little conversation with maintenance guy, Clarke joined Lexa sitting in Range Rover.

“I am sorry about the water, I didn't realise it’s already so late.” Even if said so, not being involved in heated kiss with Lexa, was the only thing she was sorry for.

“Are you hungry?”

“What?” Was it really that obvious?

“I mean if you fancy a dinner?” The proposal was a bit surprising, but considering the strenuous physical activity, they had performed, not objectionable.
“Do you know the place where over-excited girls in wet shirts are welcome? Preferably not strip club or Hooters.” Lexa burst in laughter when imagined them entering Hooters and attracting all attention.

“I do actually. But we will be the only guests there.” The relaxed attitude was suddenly replaced with solemn. “Let me cook for you, Clarke Griffin. You have already shown me your skills, lifesaving, football or mutated tractor parking. Let me show you mine. My brothers left for some college party, and Anya and Roan are out for dinner. The house is empty.”

“Are you inviting me to your place?”

“For a dinner.”

“For a dinner. Alright then.” Clarke started the engine, left the underground park place and headed back to Potsdam. Usually not very fond of, but for the moment very grateful for the automatic transmission, because she could hold Lexa’s hand all the way.
Chapter 4

Saturday, May 29, 2010
6:37 pm., Berlin, Germany

Clarke had answered the question so many times before. Always with calmness and self-confidence. It started that way again after Lexa asked why she decided to become a doctor. More she spoke, less sense it made. Was it really her decision? To become a doctor, to be a perfect daughter, with a perfect boyfriend. Had she really chosen this path or her mother did? Was she predestined to follow? And what she was doing for the moment, was it only the lousy attempt to rebel? Lexa had to notice, something was up, and she suggested they should drop the subject. Fortunately, as she mentioned, the heavy traffic was sure to blame for Clarke’s current inability to speak coherently. Trying to find serenity in an affectionate hold of her hand, wondering about why such thoughts overwhelmed her, the thing with Lexa becoming more real, seemed like the only decent explanation. After Range Rover abandoned hectic streets of Berlin, made its way through Potsdam and stopped in front of the familiar house, Clarke was finally able to shrug the unpleasant thoughts off. As she found out, the house was spacious and cosy not only from outside but inside too. Small entrance hall led to the large kitchen/living room.

“I will bring some dry clothes.” The motivation for performing such action was unclear because their clothes were already almost dry. Clarke reached for Lexa’s hand, stopped any intended action and pull her towards herself.

“No need for that.” She whispered, pushed Lexa into the kitchen counter and finally let herself be lost in a fierce kiss. Clarke whole body was on fire, it was like the only right thing, she just couldn’t get enough of it, even pull her closer. The feel of Lexa’s firm breasts on hers made her deepen the kiss. If she needed to change wet clothes, for the moment, it definitely wouldn’t be a shirt. Unexpectedly, Lexa broke the contact.

“Clarke.” Lexa’s heavy breath reached Clarke’s face as she realised, she was doing the same. Lexa softly touched the luscious lips, she was kissing a moment ago, to confirm they are real, then leant in and changed the pace, took the control. The kiss became slow and tender, affectionate. Fierceness was gone. When Clarke had thought she was on edge before, nothing could prepare her for the bliss brought by kisses spilt along collarbone towards her neck. She could only moan and squirm with pleasure, till the sound of the opening lock interrupted their heated session. It started to be quite annoying, how circumstances interfered with their sexy times, or maybe it was a sign they should slow down.

“Hi, girls! Shouldn’t you be out on a date or something?” Nyko was obviously as much surprised to see them, as they were surprised to see him and Lincoln.

“Hi, boys! Shouldn’t you be on college party or something?” Lexa was first, who gained the composure.

“We were, but then some douchebag was taking advantage of an underage cutie, who definitely did not suppose to be there and Linc broke his nose. It didn't take much effort to convince him, his own clumsiness caused the accident, but still, the mood was kind of ruined, and we decided it is not the best idea to linger.” The guy named Lincoln didn't say a word, just passed by emotionless and
disappeared downstairs. “I am sorry Lexa If I would know…”

“It’s ok.” Clarke went ahead. “We’ve just come. And wanted to prepare some dinner.” Her voice was a bit higher than usual.

“The dinner? Right. Of course, Lady Jamie Oliver wants to show her skills.” He chuckled, but after Lexa’s dismissive stare he became serious. “Could you please talk to him?”

“As if he will listen.” She definitely didn't want to leave Clarke, nor to preach, because she totally agreed with what her brother did.

“You from all people should understand the most, how to fight the urge to break some douchebag’s nose, don’t you?” Lexa maybe wasn't entirely proud of her wild nature, but she definitely wasn't ashamed of it.

“Clarke,” she lowered the voice, lips still trembling from kissing her salt skin “I would totally understand if you want to leave now, but I would be delighted if you will stay and I promise you delicious dinner.”

“Did you break someone's nose?” Clarke wasn’t sure if she was terrified by the thought of Lexa knocking down some wanker or aroused by it. It sounded impossible anyway because Turbine Potsdam promising central back hadn't been carded once for the whole season, barely committed a foul. Recognised as the one who was calming hotheads not breaking noses.

“I might.” She gulped. “But it has to be said, he has not victimised anyone since then. And the other one has not tried to steal and... anyway, I promised not to do it again.” Reveal it now or later, it didn't matter, there was no point in hiding this side of her personality.

“Ok then.” Clarke took Lexa’s hand. “Go talk with Linc guy, but be back soon I am starving.” She smiled slightly and to her own surprise gave Lexa a quick peck.

Before left she apologised to both, for not introducing them properly and made it right. Bit uneasy to be alone in Nyko's company, Clarke’s worries vanished quickly, and her assumption from before was confirmed by his warm attitude. After little chit chat he revealed, he is a med student too, 4th grader. That information was a catalyst for the younger future doctor. Nevertheless, all questions about first federal medical exam, training or motivation for choosing this path were patiently answered. “Everyone can make a difference, the doctor, the plumber or football player. I don't think I have decided to be a doctor because of some excessive ambitions or goals, I’ve just always felt drawn to it. When I see someone having symptoms I recognise, I just want to find out more, to fixed them. Does it make sense?” From all of the sudden, becoming a doctor made total sense to Clarke, who nodded. “I am not saying, being motivated by success or money is wrong, who am I to judge. I just... you don’t find anyone like that in this house. We just want to do, what we enjoy and enjoy what we do and if possible make a little difference in the process. That's how we were raised, that’s who we are, maybe our methods are unconventional, but our intentions are to make things better, to do some good eventually. Primum non nocere right?”

“How does it work with breaking someone's nose.”

“Don’t let me wrong, I do not approve such approach, but the girl is safe and drunk had his lesson, there was no real harm done, quite the opposite. Besides Lincoln is the nicest guy, what happened at the party is quite peculiar. That’s why I sent Lexa.” So many questions popped in Clarke’s head, not only because it was fascinating to talk with Nyko. But she barely knew them and didn't want to cross the line.
“So did you miss us, or you already have a party of your own?” Fortunately Lexa and Lincoln showed up before curiosity could get better of Clarke.

“Of course we missed you Lexa, commander of the mighty football troops, any moment without your presence is a lost moment. But I think it is time for my quiet sidekick and me to head to our rooms. I just take some snacks, if you allow. Food at the party was revolting.” Lexa didn't expect anything else from big bro than sarcastic speech. She smirked and involuntarily find her place next to Clarke, trying to process how much she had missed being close to her.

“Join us.” The guest in the Voigt house didn’t cease to amaze herself. “I mean if Lady Jamie Oliver can cook for two people, there will be no problem to cook for four, right?” Clarke turned to Lexa and even when the longing for another kiss almost overwhelmed her, after she realised how closed the lips she desired to capture again were, she knew it was the right decision to slow down.

“If you want to…” Lexa’s husky voice couldn't be audible to their companions “…push me into that counter and ravage me again…” She lecherously licked her lips, before continued, “you will not use that nickname ever.” Then turned towards guys and used normal voice again. “Alright, slackers, no junk food for you today I have mercy and let you take advantage of my cooking skills, but you’ll do the dishes.”

Clarke was a bit conflicted about the whole situation. The part of her wanted nothing less than to rip Lexa’s clothes and enjoy every inch of that beautiful naked body, hear her scream in pleasure, but... ...but on the other hand, the thought of just watching Lexa cook or do anything actually was equally desirable. Like she had done so many times before on the stadium, totally unaware of what's going on with the game focused solely on the player number 17, performing fearless tackle, cheering unsuccessful teammate or refreshing with a bottle of water. It had taken a time to only admit, the admiration for this player was a crush or a little obsession even, but Clarke had got used to live with it. Something only she knew about, something she could dare to give in once in a week. What happened on the stadium stayed on the stadium. But she wasn't in the stadium anymore, and the person who was preparing a dinner for her wasn't the famous footballer and the most importantly this wasn't some silly fantasy, quite the opposite.

While boys ended on the couch playing football on Xbox, Clarke stayed with Lexa in the kitchen. After her offer to help was dismissed, she sat on the counter, enjoyed what she was seeing. The dinner menu contained salmon and risotto Milanese. As already had mentioned before Lexa definitely had the skill. Nyko even labeled her as the best cook in the house. Who taught her then, Clarke wondered. Lexa put the very slightly pan fried salmon fillets into the oven and stirred risotto once more, then explained, why and how she spent her childhood with grandparents. Grandma Woods, who always claimed the cooking skills are irreplaceable in life, only allowed Lexa to play football with boys from the neighbourhood, when she helped in the kitchen. First reluctant, she had found a lot of liking for it, because making a lunch always meant, there will be some football after. And then, the older she was, the more she understood Grandma's approach and the importance of nutrition for great performance on the field, the stamina, and the strength. Clarke started to realise what the football is all my life means for Lexa. It really was everything, from preparing the food, through training, to the real game. Everything was connected and equally important and enjoyable. Will she fit into that scheme? Did she want it? It was unclear for the moment. Still smitten by the smooth moves in the kitchen, but bit thoughtful about recent realisation, Clarke asked at random about how often Lexa visits grandparents Woods now. It seemed like an innocent question, perfect way how to not stay silent, to hide she was a bit bewildered. The story about how they both died last year, first Grandma and then after three months Grandpa was saddening but unexpectedly heartwarming at the same moment. Lexa only talked about them briefly, but it sounded as if they were more epic than Cinderella and Prince Charming.
“It was like as he couldn't live without her and already knew I will do good with Anya and Roan.” From all of the sudden, girls weren't alone.

“It seems the dinner is almost ready. I will set the table.” Nyko’s hand squeezed Lexa’s shoulder gently when he smiled softly and lingered till she did the same.

The spark of sorrow and of the inner conflict were easily extinguished after the dinner had started. The debate about the chances of Germany men’s football team in upcoming World Cup fully occupied everyone's attention. They all agreed nationalelf will finally win again under Jogi Löw guidance the only disagreement was about who will be the best player or the runner up. To Clarke surprise, even usually very silent Lincoln became unexpectedly lively. As they promised, boys were ready to do the dishes after dinner had been over. And even if the girls weren't ready to say goodbyes, they both kind of knew it had to be done. After a farewell to Linc and Nyko and leaving them in the kitchen Clarke expected a brief hug or a quick peck when she and Lexa agreed to call each other tomorrow. Standing in the entrance hall, not quite ready to leave, but determined to do so, she reached for the porch door. Without exactly knowing how she found herself in the Range Rover Lexa straddling her. Roaming Clarke’s body, every touch of Lexa’s hands drove her close to the edge, every kiss, on the lips, on the neck, everywhere… …logic, rationality, reason… ...Clarke was ready to banish any of that when Lexa was around, no matter what.

“Clarke…. ...you are beautiful… ...beyond beautiful…” Lexa leant into the passionate make-out session once more, and Clarke couldn't enjoy it more before it was interrupted. “But… ...it would probably be better if I leave now.” Would it? It was no doubt, none of them was completely sure about anything.

“So.. You will call me tomorrow, will you?” Clarke didn't want the heated kissing to stop, and if it must, she wanted another confirmation Lexa cared about her.

“Goodnight Clarke. May we meet again.” The kiss Lexa gave to Clarke was so much more than meet the eye. That feeling lingered, even after they weren’t in each other company, anymore.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you guys for sticking with this story. I know the grammar is not perfect, but it is best I can do for the moment. And surely, it could be better with beta, so come on, there must be some football loving beta out there.

Also I want to thank to my dear friend M., without her awesome idea I would probably still be stuck with one particular scene. So thank you M.

Latin phrase "Primum non nocere“ means first do not harm and this principle is part of the Hippocratic Oath, ethical code every doctor swear to follow.
Tuesday, June 1, 2010

5:15 am., Potsdam, Germany

Most of the people still walking the realm of dreams, Lexa was already ready to live her dream. Of course waking up before sunrise for most of the year wasn't exactly something people were usually dreaming about. However, she didn't see it as a bother, but as an essential part of the path she had chosen, to be the best footballer she could be. First three seconds after the annoying buzzing sound of the alarm brought her to consciousness were always the hardest. But then pictures of a playfield, a great pass or successful tackle always fetched the right portion of energy. And recently it was something else even. Only half awake she was barely able to recognise the words of the message, that Clarke sent only two hours ago: *No overkills! Overcharge muscle will tear easily. Send some sweaty pics! I will definitely need a boost. And fingers crossed for a history exam.* The answer and sweaty pics had to wait for the moment because it was time for the morning routine. Bathroom, dressing up or little warm up session in front of the house, everything was kind of automated. After first hundreds of meters, the heart started to beat faster, and adrenaline rushed. As the sun was rising slowly, bringing a new day to life, every step she made, every meter behind her made Lexa feel more alive. It was only her and the road, no one was watching, no one was judging, there were no limits to break. Only the pure joy from the motion.

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After 6k as the app in the phone indicated, almost back home she was finally sweaty enough for a hot selfie. Something she always considered as stupid and immature but doing it for Clarke felt oddly good. The message, *I will be thinking about you,* was sent right after, she had entered the house.

“Sweet or salty honey?” Lexa always planned her training and nutrition in advance and took care of it by herself, but breakfast was different. It was a special mother-daughter moment, and Anya treasured it greatly.

“Salty. And Tea. Black. And a lot of veggies, please. Thanks, mom.” After soft a smile, she let herself to be hugged and kissed on the forehead, then headed upstairs to take a shower.

Before she entered the fridge and took the ingredients for a frittata, Anya had pored the kettle, put it on the stove and reached for the top shelf, where the mugs were stored. Did Lexa even realised, what she had done, she wondered. Or maybe she was kind of dazed. Saying the word, mom. It was only happening in mornings, after the run. That feeling of hearing it could easily be termed as the best feeling ever. She put the frittata in the oven and started to slice ciabatta to small pieces when the sweaty athlete was replaced by regular school girl running down the stairs.

“Wanna meet her?” There was no doubt about who *she* was, the serious tone of the question was a bit surprising.

“I do. Of course, I do. But you said she is busy studying, because of the first federal medical exam.” Anya did not sound keen, but it was because she was scared Lexa is not very proud of her, being knocked on 16 and got rid of her own child for the moment and that is why she still did not manage the meeting.
“I thought you like her. You basically made me see her again. So…” Sometimes shower thoughts were really inspiring, in this particular case, it was a bit of overthinking on both sides.

“Lexa…” Anya took the plate with sliced ciabatta and mug of hot tea, put it on the table and reach for the girl's arm. “...of course I want to meet a person you adore, I am just not sure if you really want her to meet me. I have not been the best mother.”

“You are the most important person to me, and great mother… ...and she… ...it has only been a couple of days, but what she does to me... I want you to meet her, I need to know what you think.” Lexa usually did not show much emotion outside the field, but this speech made them both blush.

“We will think of something honey. Once Clarkes is done with an exam, and I will be back from vacation with Roan, we will arrange a meeting. I promise.” Rest of their morning was relaxed again, but Anya couldn't help herself and hug her daughter tightly once more before she left for school.

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Clarke woke up at 9:13 am. Six hours of sleeping was a luxury, she couldn't afford, and it meant, she was already behind schedule. Lexa’s hot picks were welcome and helped a bit to suppress the panic, but definitely not enough. Fortunately, she knew, the thermos full of hot black coffee awaited her in the kitchen. Because of delay, she didn't have time to reply, only went through basic hygiene and run downstairs. The thermos on the kitchen table shined like a Goddess of perception. The smell, the taste were intoxicating and the wave of the energy spread through her body after a couple of sips brought the right drive for studying. Clarke peeked to the fridge and saw the avocado sandwich. Tempting, but not enough sugar, she thought. She closed the door and reached for the counter, taking snickers and some biscuits instead. She hesitated a bit, then groaned and picked the banana too. A bit difficult task, to bring a thermos, mug, Snickers, banana and biscuits upstairs were finally accomplished, and nothing stood between her and studying anymore. Every minute of her day, of her week before an exam was always planned to the detail, unfortunately, the closer the exam was, everything becoming more messy, her room especially. Only two days left, so the situation was escalating quickly. The textbooks and piles of notes were everywhere. But this apparent chaos still made a lot of sense to Clarke. Once she started to study, completely absorbed with it, the time has no meaning for her. She only realised it was already almost three when dad appeared in her room.

“Please don't tell me you only ate this.” Snickers, biscuits, and banana were long gone, the only reminder were empty wrappers.

“I had a feeling I am a lot in advance. But it seems it is already afternoon. Crap.” Dazed, she looked at the watch, did some calculation and recognised she is back on track with no delays, but she will skip late lunch anyway, because she needed to be in advance, just in case. “No hungry. You can go, dad.” She turned back to the textbook.

“Clarke.” Jack stepped closer, took the book and made it clear his request should not be opposed. “You will go shower, change the clothes and I meet you downstairs, with lunch.”

“I am fine.” She wasn’t, really. He would swear she didn't blink once, from the moment he had entered the room. Her brain was only moments ago from being fried.

“Shower. New clothes. Downstairs. Look at yourself sweetheart, you didn't change clothes for two days. What your football girlfriend would say if she would see you like this.” He knew she will listen eventually, but wanted to rush it a bit.

“Lexa!” It worked apparently. “Oh, God. Her exam is already over. I forgot. I have to text her. But she is working out or already taking a nap after? What do I do? I have to text her anyway.” She
jumped from the bed and reached for the phone.

“Of course sweetie, but first the shower.” He grabbed her hand and took the phone gently. “So it is Lexa Voigt Woods after all. I knew it.” Clarke wanted to protest but was caught by surprise after the peculiar statement.

“What do you mean, you knew? How could you?” Dad knew something intense was going on with Turbine Potsdam player, but she didn't say who.

“First shower then we can talk when you eat your lunch of course.” They had been on every Turbine home game this season and lots of away too. Maybe Jack had realised sooner about her feelings towards Lexa than Clarke did herself.

“Ok, ok. But when I fail the exam and she will break up with me, it will be your fault only.” Grumpy and confused, she took the first clothes, she found in the wardrobe and left for a shower.

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“Thank you, dad, if you would not intervene I think I would faint or something.” She felt like a new person after the shower and real meal. There was no doubt, she needed that break.

“You are going to be the doctor, you should know an amount of sugar and coffee you've already consumed would be too much even for a horse.” He chuckled. “Promise, you will have the avocado sandwich, mom made for you later. At least something healthy.”

“I can eat healthy after I pass the exam.” He frowned. “But I promise.” The phone that was again back in her possession beeped. *I passed, and you will pass too. A little talk in the evening?* She looked at dad and replied after he smiled. *Call me at eight. I can’t wait to see you.* “Now talk. According to my schedule, I had 7 more minutes. How did you know?”

“I am your father sweetie. Father always knows.” The answer didn't satisfy her at all, but she knew him, he did not plan to reveal more.

“But you didn't tell mom, did you? Of course, you didn't, because if she would know…” Clarke trailed off. She wasn't sure why it was so difficult to even think about telling her mother.

“Have a little trust in her Clarke. She loves you, and she will always do, even when you not always meet eye to eye. I didn't tell her, but don't you think she deserves to know?” They definitely did not meet eye to eye often, especially from the moment when Dr. Abby Griffin decided her patient, who was also her daughter, cannot play football competitively anymore. But deep down Clarke knew he was right.

“I will give it a thought. After the exam. What about that?” The exam was stressful enough, without thinking about a conversation with mom.

“Ok then. But don't forget, the more you wait, the bigger the chance it will backfire on you.” He stood up, kissed her on the forehead and took the dishes to wash them. She lingered for a brief moment, then stood up and patted him on the shoulder.

"Thank you, dad." Then left for upstairs.

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She was done for tonight. It was almost eight anyway. The big chart that occupied the majority of the rear wall of Lexa’s room was full of notes and drawings connected to each other. When Clarke had
seen it yesterday, she had asked if there is some murder case investigation. Some could say, it was nothing but a chaotic mess, but for her, it was the indispensable part of the plan. Nigeria women's national under-20 football team said the headline. She grabbed the phone and took detailed pictures of everything on the chart. Just for sure. Tomorrow will be a new day, which meant new team, new game, and a new plan. Lexa did not enter any game without the plan, without the detailed research, without a chart. She had to know everything possible, about every player, every member of the team, to find every possible flaw in the tactics. The research was almost as much exciting as destroying the opponent on the field thanks to the gained knowledge. Nigerian U20 team was a bit pain in the ass because it wasn't easy to figure out anything about them or to obtain a record of their game, but she did what she could. She knew defeating them was vital for making it to the quarterfinals. Leaving the chart behind she sat down on the bed and turn on the laptop. Only two minutes without football thoughts, Lexa became painfully aware how much she missed Clarke. Of course, she knew, they wouldn't be able to meet each other till she will pass the first federal medical exam and she had to fulfil the task of her own, but being with her and not being with her it was like absolute hot comparing to absolute zero. At least her brain was occupied by U20 world cup and didn't have much time to be consumed by that intense feeling. Still, she could barely wait to hit the call button on Skype and burst with happiness after she finally saw her lovely girl.

“I am sorry, I have to solve some issue. Will you wait a moment please.” She nodded. Clarke was talking with someone on the phone. Probably about studying. Like, what to study, how much to study, how not to get insane from studying or something like that. The meaning of words from that conversation was completely lost on Lexa. She was focused solely on the passionate med student’s body, who gesticulated widely one moment sounded desperate, other amused and then resigned. It was actually incredible, that Clarke was already comfortable enough, to allow her to stick around in such intense moment. Even such a cool and composed person as Nyko had been a complete mess, before his first federal medical exam. Lexa remembered how happy she was when he finally made it. For this moment, the exam wasn't passed yet, but it brought some happiness anyway. She was smitten with this girl many times before, in evening dress, casual jeans or sweatpants, but too short lavender pink shorts and white baggy tank top opened the new level of attractiveness. Clarke probably wanted to find something in her notes, when she kneeled down to the pile of papers on the floor, still on the phone. That action provided the perfect view at her perfect booty. Lexa subconsciously grabbed and squeezed the blanket, surely wanting to squeeze something else. Biting her lower lip, she felt the wave of heat spreading across the body. The wanted object probably wasn’t in a pile on the floor, because Clarke moved towards the table and lean over her laptop. Lexa had suspected she didn't wear a bra, but now she was sure. It took a lot of effort to not reach for the screen. It would be useless anyway. Nevertheless, the breast she desired to caress and kiss was right there almost in all glory. The deep neckline veiled only the smallest part of them. The part Lexa desired to possess the most. When she thought it is impossible to be aroused any more, Clarke finally found the wanted piece of paper with notes and jumped for joy couple of times in front of the camera, allowing her breast to be a star in another hot situation.

“Bonkers.” Fortunately, Clarke did not hear nor notice what is going on with her Skype companion, but it seemed after the miraculous note had been founded, the phone conversation was leading to end. It meant only couple more moments left to gain the composure.

“I am sorry. I needed to figure this out, and the conversation was longer than I expected, and I am soooo behind studying schedule for today, I can't even think of if. So I cannot speak with you much longer. I am so sorry…” She seemed relieved and excited she finally solved the issue, that was troubling her, but a bit sad too, because it cost her the little time she had for talking with Lexa.

“Don’t be. The exam is important now, not some silly chit chat.” And even without chatting, today call was thrilling enough, she thought.
“I would love to have a silly chit-chat with you, but you are right, this exam is of utmost importance. You can stay, though, like the other day, do your stuff if you don't mind a silent company of med student right before a mental breakdown.” Actually, it had been Lexa’s idea to stay connected yesterday. Clarke was afraid, it could distract her, but against her believe, she accepted the offer, and the effect was quite the opposite. She had been calmer, more focused, having Lexa around, allowing herself to steal a glance at her working on the chart from time to time.

“I would love to. Thank you for yesterday, for allowing me to stay, but I feel really tired, so I will probably fall asleep in no time anyway. But text me when you go to sleep. Text me anytime, even if it will be some crazy medical stuff I had no idea about. Deal?” It was only the half-truth.

“Deal. Goodnight Lexa. I hope everything will go as planned and we will meet on Friday.” Lexa definitely hoped so too.

“Bye Clarke. You will make it, I am sure of it.” She felt like an idiot after she subconsciously had kissed her hand and touched the camera. But the feeling was quickly gone, when Clarke chuckled and did the same, before ending the call. Friday couldn't come soon enough. Lexa’s mind was full of images, she had seen a moment ago. What if Clarke will fail the exam? The mood will be ruined. What if she wasn't ready? The kitchen make out, or the car one proved otherwise, but still? One way or another, she couldn't wait any longer. So she went to the door, peek out and shouted. “Goodnight everyone, I am going to sleep, too tired.”

“Night hun.” Only Anya, who was doing something downstairs, reacted. Nyko’s room was opened, empty no doubt. He still had to be in the library. And at the end of the corridor, the door to Lincoln’s room was closed, and tones of the subdued music were suggesting, he was in his own word. She doesn't have to be silent, she realised, then locked the door, turned off the light and crashed into the bed. One hand found the hard and swollen nipples, the other went down. It didn't take long to come for the first time on that evening after she had reached for her completely drenched panties.

Chapter End Notes

If you stuck with this story till now, you probably already know what will come in the next chapter.

I admit, when I have started to write the story, I had it all planned in my head, more or less, every chapter. And I knew the next chapter will be the biggest challenge. I hoped I would be able to find some experience beta who will provide valuable advice how to proceed, with such a delicate matter. :) Unfortunately, still no beta. But if you have any suggestion, even without beta intentions, I am open to it. I do not want it to be, too cheap, too rough, too unbelievable or too anything. Well maybe except for too good. That is why the opinion of more experience writer would be welcome.

So thank you everyone, for reading and support and suggestions and special thanks to my friend ex med student, now a skilful doctor for providing useful insight.

About medical exam Clarke is studying for, I am not German myself and the medical exams in my country are a bit different, so the whole examining in the real Germany
could be a bit different too. One way or another, I will accept any suggestion how to make it more accurate.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Friday, June 4, 2010

4:11 pm., Berlin, Germany

This was stupid. Absolutely idiotic. She had no idea what she was doing there. If at least she didn’t have that stupid bouquet of lilies, she thought. Lexa wasn’t sure how, but one moment she had been at home, other sitting on the train and now, she was in Berlin standing in front of the University building and waiting for Clarke to show up. And somehow she even had managed to buy flowers on her way here. Maybe it could be perceived as a beautiful and romantic gesture if they would not agree to meet at eight. Eight specifically. *Eight would be perfect. I will pick you, and for this time we will go to see a movie for real.* That is what Clarke said. *There must be a reason she wanted to meet at eight and not right after her exam is over. But you have to act like an idiotic overly attached girlfriend, haven’t you?* But she knew it was still time to banish this terrible idea. Just as she was about to take the way out, she spotted her, accompanied by a bunch of friends, they all looked exhausted but in a light mood. Clarke was utterly stunning in black pantsuits, and white lace up knit top and Lexa knew she was fucked up. She expected the worse after the blond hottie had noticed her and stayed as frozen for the moment. As if she couldn’t believe what she saw, hesitant to move at first. It took her ages to slowly step out, but once she did, her pace was fastening quickly. The moment before she stopped only centimetres from Lexa, she was basically running. They were both speechless and the words forming in their mind could not make their way to lips. Or maybe just one of them, because the other had no intention to talk at all. The kiss begun so fast, it took the girl with the bouquet of lilies off guard. Her lack of involvement was misinterpreted as rejection.

“I am sorry. I… ...I shouldn’t.” She stuttered, devastated and confused by her own action, but only had the slightest moment to think about if it was too much too soon. The bouquet of flowers fell down because the hand that held them was needed elsewhere. Lexa grabbed the back of Clarke’s head, and once their soft tongues met, no one of them wanted to stop. However, they had to eventually.

“Hi.” Lexa chirped, her hands still laid on Clarke’s shoulders, slowly falling down. “How it went?”

“Good. I think.” Her lips were still trembling, and she felt lightheaded. “The results should be known on Monday, but I am just freaking happy it is over. Pass or not passed. What are you even doing here? We agreed to meet at eight. Shouldn’t you be at the park playing football? Like every Friday.” *Could it be a reason, why she wanted to meet late? Did she respect my love to football that much?* Lexa was a bit angry with herself for doubting Clarke’s feelings towards her.

“No football tonight.” She knelt down, took the flowers, lifted her head up and lingered for one more moment. “Tonight I am only yours, my lady.” As she was standing up, she dared to give Clarke one more kiss.

“Do not intend to be a fun sucker girls, because you are obviously having a lot of fun, but…” Lexa didn’t see the man, only heard him approaching, nonetheless, she hoped for his own sake, he had a very good reason to interrupt them. “...we are leaving to the pub. Even when I do not suppose you still plan to join us, Clarke, after your hottie showed up, I am indeed well-mannered and polite. So I came to tell you.” The pale guy had a weird accent and annoying look, and she was almost ready to hate him. “And I am also dying to take a pic with famous Turbine no. 17.” His request seemed
genuine, and Clarke encouraged her to proceed, so she did. But when the foreign student named John, as she found out, attempted to convince her setting up a date with Lira or Kessi, she promptly dismissed. She dared to stop him, however when he was finally ready to leave.

“Let’s stick to the plan. You should go with your med pals. We will meet at eight and finally go to see some a movie. Deal?” The decision to meet at eight made more sense to her now, and the thought of leaving without her lovely girl wasn’t pleasant at all, but she did not want to stand between Clarke and her friends.

“Movie, huh? That is how you called it now?”

“You know what americano? I changed my mind, get lost. She will join you in no time.” John looked amused but did not dare to oppose her or to say anything more.

“Sex and the City then?” The tease was just the right way for Clarke how to hide her disappointment when Lexa suggested she should stay instead of joining her.

“Really? All right then, this is your day, which means your pick.” And it was obviously a successful tease.

“No silly. Iron man will do. I will pick you at eight.” After she had stolen one more kiss, she took the flowers. “And thank you for these, they are beautiful.”

***

Staying with friends was almost impossible after what happened in front of the University. To everyone disappointment, she did not remain in the pub for long. Rather called mom, who she knew would be heading from Berlin to Potsdam, if she could pick her. Surprised but excited Abby was enjoying the time they were finally spending together and wanted to know everything about exam and flowers. This little interrogation helped a bit, but the thoughts of Lexa kneeling in front of her were keep coming back. Question about lilies was successfully avoided, though. Back home in the shower, Clarke realised she completely underestimated how hard it will be to hold herself back, to not let the feelings towards Lexa to rule over her. She couldn’t believe she kissed her in front of all people. Not only she did that, she felt amazingly good about it eventually. Everyone could see Lexa belonged with her. But did she really, or was it only her wishful thinking? After such a short time, how could she even think about something like that? Those thoughts were crawling around her mind and refused to leave. Sitting in her room only in pink bra and panties and looking at the pictures of Lexa in her phone, she came to the conclusion she was fighting for a lost cause. She needed to see her immediately. But she did not hit the call button, eventually. Instead, she stood up, scanned the open wardrobe once more and picked the most unusual piece. Antique rose trench coat. Nothing else.

“You are insane, Clarke Griffin.” She muttered after she had buttoned the coat and tied the knot properly. Her plan was no plan, she acted on instinct. Lexa’s parents should be already on their way to vacation, Nyko and Lincoln in the park, so the only obstacle could be her mom. She cautiously walked down the stairs noticed Abby in her study on the phone with someone.

“Splendid.” She peeked through the door carefully trying to not reveal what she wore. “I am going out, you know to let some steam off after the exam, and I will be late probably. Can I take your car?”

“Of course you can, bud did you not leave all of your steam off friends in Berlin already?” She held the call and looked a bit confused.

“Uhm.. Sports club. I am going with Sports Club friends. Too much medicine for me recently.” That
wished was a close call.

“Oh, I see. Have fun then.” Abby went back to the call and relieved Clarke had no idea, nor time to think about what “I see” meant. She took the driving license and ID from the small purse on the kitchen counter and put them in the pocket of the trench coat, then move to the hall, jumped in the Nike slip-on shoes and finally left the house.

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6:22. The clock on the car dashboard was a warning, she was sitting there longer than she should. And the wetness was spreading. Her hand was wet from nervousness, her body was becoming moist thanks to the great idea to wear a coat in June, and her pussy was soaked for the reasons she could not even properly express. If anyone told her before, she would be doing something like this, Clarke would laugh at them. She finally hopped off the car and headed to the door of the Voigt’s residence with intention to ring the bell and press Lexa against the kitchen counter again, at least. Well first thing first, she told to herself and took a deep breath. The door opened with fierce intensity before she could even reach the bell.

“Clarke?” Nyko almost knocked her down. “You’re a bit early, aren’t you, pretty girl? But we are deadly late. Sorry, there is no time for pleasantries.” Lincoln followed him and held the door for her so she could enter. “Let’s show some hustle Linc!”

“Nice coat. She is in the shower, by the way.” Nyko was oblivious probably because of some yoga issues, but younger Voigt remained observant. This was the first time Clarke saw him smile. Feeling her face becoming more and more red she smiled back slightly and closed the door.

“Fuck. I should call first.” If there would be any plan that definitely would not be a part of it. There was no going back, however. She took her shoes off and went across the already familiar part of the house to the stairs. The bathroom next to the stairs she knew from her first visit was open and empty no doubt. The thought of what awaited upstairs made her as much excited as worried. Every step she made was bringing her closer to the fulfillment of her needs, she hoped.

But what if this will be one big disaster? The sound of the falling water was a useful hint how to figure out the bathroom must be next to the slightly open door with the blue wasp on it, Turbine mascot. “Ok. Ok.” The heart was beating so hard in her chest, she could actually hear the echo of it ringing in her ears. “I will let her know I am here and tell her I will wait in her room. A piece of cake.” She took a step forward to the door, and before she grabbed the handle, she had closed her eyes. There was no question she was dying to see Lexa naked, but not as a stalker, not without her recognition. After three heavy knocks, she finally dared to open the door.

“It’s me, Clarke. I just wanted you to know I am already here. Guys let me in. They are gone now. I will wait in your room, is it ok?”

“Ok.” It was all that the girl in the shower had said before she heard the sound of the closing door. She had planned this to be quick. Nothing more than a brief refreshment on hot June afternoon. She lingered longer, though. Her heated body demanded it. She turned off the faucet, but instead of leaving the shower, she rested her head against the wall. Despite the time she had spent under the cool water, she felt the heat was spreading again. Her left hand slowly run over the upper body, and it seemed the wetness will be gone soon. It went a bit lower, where the situation was reversed. Her pussy was dripping. She groaned, turned and slid the clear glass shower door. She wasn't alone.

“I wanted to wait in your room. I did but…” ...your booty made me stay did not sound like a proper explanation to Clarke, so her sentence was left unfinished.

Lexa had never felt so attractive before. She was standing there all naked, the most beautiful girl she
had ever met could not take her eyes from her, and it felt just right. No one was ever looking at her with such greed, and if someone would, she would break their bones. But this was different. She looked at the wardrobe with towels then back at the intruder and came to the conclusion no towel is needed anymore. She moved her athletic tanned body still covered with a couple of water drops slowly. One more step remained. She started pressing up against Clarke, who surprisingly backed up until ran out of space and was pinned against the door. She felt the hard nipples on her chest even through the fabric of the coat. Lexa kissed her ear as she said: “Say a word, and I'll stop. We are not going to do anything you are not comfortable with.” Clarke did not want to stop. She wasn't afraid that it will be too much or that she wasn’t ready. Quite the opposite actually. She was appalled, once she will stop holding herself in check and the desire will take over her, it will be too much for Lexa. “There is no going back.” She untied the knot and unbuttoned the coat. The consecutive look down was also a demand. It took a little effort, and coat lied on the floor. Soon, pink bra shared the same fate. Involved in a profound kiss, they left the bathroom and found themselves pressed against the hall wall. Lexa reached down and thanks to the training she had no difficulties to lift her girl up and enjoy the amazing feeling of Clarke’s legs straddled around her naked body when she was carrying her into the room. Crashing to the bed, they were forced to break the kiss. As she leant over Clarke, Lexa was eager to take the opportunity to remove her last piece of clothing, but not before approval. For the moment there were only heavy breaths and intense stares. This conversation did not require words. After the nod, it took no time, and they were finally both entirely naked.

“Wait.” Before the temptation to spread Clarke’s thighs could take over Lexa, she was pulled back and engaged in a deep kiss. When it was interrupted, suddenly it was her, who was lying on the back and pinned to the bed. “I want you first.”

“What?” The bold request was even more unexpected as Clarke’s successful effort to take the control.

“Lexa. I want to taste you. Let me. Please.” She didn’t have to say anything to make it clear if she accepted this proposition. At this point, their understanding was beyond words.

Tormented with desire and knowing there will be plenty of time to explore every part of that glorious body, Clarke only left a couple of kisses on her way down. The raw earth-shattering moan, after she finally reached the desired destination and plunge her tongue inside was only the beginning.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you again for reading, even if the grammar is not perfect. It seems like I am fighting a lost cause, so I will not ask any more if someone wants to be my beta, I will just simply try to keep on improving :)

Anyway, I have never written such a scene before, not in my native language nor in English. It came out completely different how I intended. So I hope you enjoyed the reading much more than I enjoyed writing, because it was pain in the ass.

And some football trivia: The girls John (Murphy) wanted to go on date with are Lira = Lira Alushi and Kessi = Nadine Keßler. Two outstanding players, unfortunately both
already retired. So if you don’t know them yet and are interested check some of their past games. They have been superb.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Friday, June 4, 2010

11:23 pm., Potsdam, Germany

Neither fully awake nor asleep, though, Lexa reached for the other side of the bed. Clarke was still there. Even when she felt the softness of warm naked body under her fingers, that irrational fear it was just a dream was keeping her from opening the eyes. She moved closer to allow her other senses to banish any suspense before she dares to look. As she spooned her lover, she inhaled the familiar scent mixed with the smell of arousal and exhaustion. She couldn't help herself and left a couple of kisses on her shoulder. Insecurity was fading away with every consecutive touch. Once she was sure it was real, she abandoned the already familiar heated body and sat on the edge of the bed. She took a deep breath and turned around to relive that feeling again. Clarke was there. Lying in her bed, looking magnificent in the dim light of the moon. It was hard to believe this peaceful creature had ravaged her only moments ago. Lexa stood up and felt her muscles drained of all energy. The thought of them being immersed in ferocious intercourse one moment, and then tender love making in other made her feel dizzy. The temperature was beyond warm. Nevertheless, she shivered. How many times she had come, she wondered? Ten? Fifteen? Twenty? It all had seemed like one unceasing orgasm. She must smile when she realised the whole room smelled like sex. It took some effort to not stagger on her way to the window on the other side of the room. A cool breeze was a nice refreshment. She leant on the window ledge and got lost in the view of the sleeping beauty. From all of the sudden, Clarke’s breath became heavy she started to toss and woke up abruptly. Lexa dashed towards the bed, but something about Clarke’s attitude was off. It was almost like she did not want her near. It terrified Lexa at first, but if football taught her something about achieving her goals it was, never give in. Never show fear and exhaustion and never yield to the apparently overwhelming might. Well, maybe that last thing she learned from Winston Churchill, but anyway. Even if it was so hard to not overthink things around this girl, to not let fear control her, she was not about to give in.

“It’s ok. You're safe.” She put an arm around Clarke and made no bones about her intentions to stick around. “It was only a bad dream.”

“You shouldn't.” She cracked eventually, “you should not see me like this,” and buried her head in hands ashamed of being seen in the moment of weakness. “I am sorry, you...” She was silenced with a tender kiss.

“It’s ok Clarke. You can tell me if you want.” She cradled her face, “but if you don’t, we can just forget about it,” and kiss her on the forehead.

“It’s about surgery.” She gulped. “The nightmare is always about surgery. Usually, I am the patient, sometimes a surgeon, sometimes even both. I am performing surgery on myself. My knee. And patient me wakes up in between. And this time...” She trailed off. “Maybe it's a good idea to not think about it anymore.”

“It's ok. Everything is going to be ok.” Lexa kissed her once more. Slowly. Gently. “I was thinking. Aren't you hungry? To be honest, I am starving.”
“Me too, actually. But I must admit I don’t feel like bumping into your brothers. Especially Lincoln. I am sure he figured out my intention the moment he saw me at the door.” They should be home around nine, but Lexa received the surprising message from him they will stay out longer. Maybe he arranged it on purpose. And maybe they will be back in no time.

“Really? Silly.” Lexa chuckled. “Ok then. I will make some sandwiches and bring them here. What about that?” After Clarke nod, she reluctantly stood up, slid the wardrobe doors and took the white tank top and blue lace panties.

“Bratwurst?” She would not mind if Lexa stayed naked, she realised. When they live together, she will… Fuck. Really, Clarke?

“I will regret it tomorrow in a gym but for you, my lady, anything. Not sure if we have any bratwurst, though.” She disappeared only for a moment, when back she held Clarke’s coat and bra, “better leave this here,” and put it on the desk chair, “but if you want to wear something else feel free to browse my stuff.”

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Lexa had no trouble to move around the house in the dark. It would bring her nothing on the field if she would depend only on one sense, and she got used to such approach in real life too. Besides, this place was her home, she didn't need to see where she was going. But making the sandwiches was one of those activities required to see what is going on on the cutting board. As she was about to turn on the light in the kitchen strange noises from the porch stopped her action. She opened the drawer, instinctively grab the roller-pin and crawled towards the hall. She had no doubt for a second, she will be able to handle anything behind the door. Those scumbags will not hurt Clarke. Thundering sound after someone hit the door only confirmed something wicked was happening. Prepared for any odds, considering any outcome she was ready to strike at full force, but when the door opened no one entered. Only the big black sack of something slid down to the floor holding a couple of pizza boxes.

“You freaking idiots. Have you completely lost your mind? For fuck sake. I was about to kill you. Fuck! Fuck!”

“Easy. Easy, Lexa. He is only a bit drunk.” Lincoln stayed on the porch, definitely not sober himself, smiling widely.

“A bit?” She couldn't help herself and burst into laughter. “What happened?”

“Hell if I know. Too much yoga, I guess.” Lexa finally turned on the lights and took pizzas into the kitchen.

“What about pizza?” Quattro formaggi, Tonno, Napoletana and Pineapple, she figured out.

“Nyko was hungry.” He didn't move from the porch.

“No shit, Sherlock.” All pizzas were untouched. “Why don't you come in?

“Because I am a vampire, I cannot enter if you do not invite me.” He sounded absolutely serious.

“Bonkers. What you have been drinking, Linc? How much.”

“Beer. A really good beer. And the most expensive beautiful vodka. On ice please.”

“Right. Fuck it. I always wanted to know how Elena Gilbert or Buffy felt, anyway. Mr. Voigt, I am inviting you to my house, so could you please help me to drag this sack of potatoes to the couch at
“This is disgusting. Horrendous. It is a crime against nature. Absolutely Barbaric. Uneatable.” The stream of the words was unstoppable, but he did not stop chewing either. Lexa was sure it was quite a story behind this evening, what she wasn't sure about was if she wanted to know.

“Why are you eating it then? I don't understand.” She looked towards the living room table, and half of the pineapple pizza was gone. She squeezed the last lemon and used the juice to prepare the lemon water for her and Clarke in the carafe and for Lincoln in the big beer mug.

“Well, me neither.” He finally did not reach for another slice. “We don't have to understand everything Lexa, do we?”

“Drink it. All of it.” She gave him the beer mug full of lemon water and sat on the couch between him and sleeping Nyko. “Now, tell me what happened.”

“Nothing.” He actually did drink it all. “It is your fault actually.”

“It is my fault you got wasted?” She softly hit him in the arm. “And how exactly is that?”

“I convinced Nyko to join yoga girls dinner because you apparently needed privacy. The Yoga girl dumped him, he got wasted, your fault.” He chuckled and did not resist the temptation to cure the munchies again. It seemed like pineapple pizza’s day were numbered. “How it went, by the way?”

“Good. Great, actually. Amazing. She is amazing.” Only talking about Clarke made Lexa feel all warm and fuzzy.

“She is still here, isn't she?” The blush on her face only confirmed his words. “Why are you sitting here with two drunks, when you have the beautiful girl in your room?”

“I will cook something exquisite for you tomorrow. Something that will beat your hangover. I owe you that much. What about the beef stock? And Eisbein?”

“Sounds great, but be gone, now.” He finally decided to break the love/hate bond between him and pineapple pizza, closed the box and push it away. “Don’t worry bro, I am here with you.” Before he spread on the other part of the couch, he had put a blanket on Nyko, then fall asleep in no time.

Fully loaded, she clumsily opened the door and found Clarke sitting on the floor next to her infamous football chart in front of the small tv screen, watching the 2007 Women’s World Cup final between Brazil and Germany. Lexa had plenty of game’s recordings, some of them even on VHS. She was proud of her collection. It was enthralling that Clarke always looked so sexy, she thought. This time wearing her old Turbine training shorts with no.17 on it and pink tank top.

“You have pizza? Wow. How?” She put the pizza boxes and tray with lemon water on the floor and sat next to Clarke.

“Nyko brought them. Or more like they brought him. Doesn't matter. We will have a junk food Friday, after all.” It seemed like Clarke didn't mind at all and eagerly reached for the slice of Quattro formaggi. “So you found the recordings? I have always wondered if Americans would win the 2007 World Cup if Hope Solo weren't benched on semis. If Germans would stand a chance against them in the final?”
“I am sorry Lexa, I kind of don't have a clue what you talking about.” That is why she picked this match. She had planned to go to China with dad to attend the World Cup games two years in advance but after the surgery, when she was banned from playing she couldn't even think about football. “In 2007 I was in the middle of my no football period. But maybe you could tell me what happened.”

Lexa vividly interpreted the story, about USWNT losing against Brazil 4:0 in semi-finals, when the coach Greg Ryan benched goalkeeper Hope Solo in favour of 36-year-old veteran Briana Scurry, who had a strong history of performance against the Brazilians but had not played a complete game for a quite time. After the game Solo openly criticised Ryan, claiming with her USWNT would be victorious, and then she was evicted from the team before 3rd place match.

“Coach made a mistake, but it seems she cared more about her own performance than her team. I find such an approach disrespectful at best, despicable at worst, but frankly, I don't know the exact details.” She refreshed herself with a sip of lemon water and laid on Lexa´s lap. “What do you think? What would you do, if benched?”

“She was without question, a better goalkeeper at the moment. It did not excuse her behaviour, though. What she has done was indeed disrespectful to the whole team. However, there is no secret she had other issues going on back then too, I think. Her father died short before the World Cup. Maybe it affected her. Whatever. What is in the past is in the past. Wanna watch some other game or movie?” She stroked her girlfriend’s hair and tried to shake the unpleasant thoughts.

“Actually, I would like to finish this one. I just realise you can never have enough Simone Laudehr on the pitch.”

“Simone Laudehr? I see. Should I be more bitch on the pitch then, to keep your attention?”

“No.” Clarke changed her position, reached for Lexa’s hand, “You are just fine. I like you exactly the way you are,” and gently kissed its palm then went back to lap lying to enjoy the rest of the game.

“With Roan and Anya on vacation, maybe you can stick around for the week. Like, you know, stay overnight and such.” It just slipped out of her mouth, but she did not regret it.

“Maybe.”

“And maybe, when they are back you could meet Anya. Actually, I would love that.”

“You know what? If Germans will win I keep you company for the whole week,” even if she knew they won because the result was written on the top of the DVD she wanted to tease a bit, “and if Simone Laudehr will score I will meet your mom.” Only ten minutes left to the end of the game. Clarke already spoke with Anya, and as things were becoming serious between them, it was only natural Lexa wanted them to meet. On the other hand, she was quite worried if this remarkable woman will accept her as the girlfriend of her beloved daughter. So she didn't want to say no but wasn't entirely ready to say yes. She rather left it to the Simone. And maybe if she will score, it is a time to start thinking about Lexa meeting her own parents.

“Ok then.” Lexa smiled internally already knowing the outcome.
Some football trivia:
Eventually, Hope Solo won the World cup with USWNT in 2015 as a part of the best team in the tournament, no doubt.

Simone Laudehr scored in 2007 finals in the 86th minute and helped Germany to win the cup. Unfortunately, the two consecutive World cup tournaments were a complete disaster for Germans and I dare to say hence for me too :(. At least it was Lionesses who beat them in 3rd place match in 2015 and won the first WC medal ever.
Chapter 8

Friday, June 11, 2010

6:37 pm., Potsdam, Germany

Something was out of place there was no doubt about that. Anya knew the moment she had entered the house. Lexa’s shoes were scattered on the floor of the hall as if she took them off in a rush. The hoodie in the living room had met the same fate. She came across the room to the stairs and shouted.

“Lexa? Anyone?” No answer. It was Friday, they supposed to be in the park, but they would not let the house unlocked, wouldn't they? After he had brought luggage from the car Roan joined her. They were both standing in silence and confusion, for a moment, trying to realise what was going on. Moans. They definitely heard the moans from the gym downstairs.

“I will handle it.” Roan looked really uncomfortable about the whole situation, so he felt more than relieved after Anya had made the decision. She was in no rush going downstairs preparing for the awkward situation. What should she say, what is a proper way to react? She wasn't sure. When peeking through the gym door, she realised it would not be what she had expected.

“Fuck! You… are… such… an… idiot… Lexa! Fuck this fucking shit! Fuck.” Lexa was hitting the bag like it was no tomorrow. The skin on her knuckles bruised easily without the gloves, but she ignored the bleeding.

“Lexa!”

“Go away, Anya.” She didn't bother to look her way. “Go away!”

“Please stop right away, please.” If she were not quick enough, her exhausted and devastated daughter would faint no doubt. “I got you.”

“She has a boyfriend, mom. Fucking Boyfriend.”

“It’s going to be ok, honey.” Not even the tight squeeze cold stop uncontrollable trembling and sobs. “We will figure this out, I promise.”

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Friday, June 11th, two hours before

“What’s up Baby? You seem anxious.” Lexa wasn't much calmer herself she was about to meet Clarke’s parents for the first time. Their week together brought them even closer, deepened the intimacy, today was all nervous and edgy, though. Especially from Clarke. But till they have each other, everything is going to be alright she was sure about it. “Is it about Mohnkuchen? I still can make a different dessert.” Her hug from behind and a soft kiss on the neck stayed without any response.

“I just... I need to go to the bathroom. I will be right back.”

The kitchen in the Griffin house was easy to work in and well equipped, but it did not see much cooking before. She was happy Clarke allowed her to cook, at least her parents will see she has other skills too, except for kicking the ball. It helped a lot to suppress the nervousness when she could focus on finishing the preparations.
“Lexa....” Clarke was finally back.

“I am almost done. I don’t even need your help. Just sit down and relax.”

“Maybe we should drop this. Maybe you should leave, Lexa.” Clarke wasn’t even looking at her but down, playing with the hem of her shirt.

“Jokes aside, Baby. I am nervous enough even without them.” The blood rushed to her head. She could lie to herself as much as she wanted but it would not change the fact something was terribly wrong.

“I have to tell you something... I didn’t tell you before because I hoped I could figure it out on my own...”

What happened next seemed all blurry to Lexa, unreal even. Clarke mom arrived accompanied by a handsome young man, tall and athletic, who was obviously delighted to be there.

“Look who I’ve met in the hospital. I have had a feeling you have been reconsidering your decision about break up lately. So maybe this dinner is a great opportunity to make everything right again.” It took a tremendous effort not to beat him till unconscious when he hugged Clarke and shamelessly kissed her on the lips. If Lexa didn't see red, she would probably realise Clarke is as much unpleasantly surprised as herself, even stunned by the whole situation. When Clarke’s reaction to Abby’s question about the quest in their house was mumbling something about Lexa being only a friend helping with dinner, she wanted nothing else than to be gone. She wasn't sure if she had said something or only rushed to the door, but before she could reach for the handle of the front door, she had to face last lousy attempt to reverse the catastrophe.

“Leave me alone, Clarke. I hope I will never see you again. Ever.”

Once on the street, she couldn't catch her breath, her heart beating like a crazy. She wanted to vomit, to faint or to scream. She couldn't do any of it. She couldn't linger there anymore. So she run as fast as it got. Even hardened by years of training and with extraordinary stamina, she felt her muscles burning, her lungs on fire. But the pain was good. It was what she needed to stay sane.

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Friday, June 11th, 7:11 pm.

“This young lady is very persistent about talking with Lexa.” Anya and Lexa both jumped from the floor of the gym vigilant about the visitor Roan brought in.

“Your knuckles! Let me...” Anya’s angry glare was a clear sign unexpected intruder is not allowed anywhere near Lexa, so she reluctantly backed off.

“She didn't know.” Clarke’s eyes were all red and puffy, maybe even more than Lexa’s. “I only told mom I want to make dinner for her and dad. I believed once she will show up with you by my side I will finally harbour enough courage. My mom didn't know about us because I didn't tell her and that is why she brought him. I had no idea he was coming I neither saw him nor spoke to him from our break-up. She is sitting in the car outside, you can ask her if you want, but you probably do not want to do anything with me anymore. I understand, but could you please give me at least five more minutes.” Roan looked at Anya and tried to suggest, they should probably leave, but he quickly realised it was not an option. She will not abandon her daughter. None of them said a word. Therefore it was considered as an approval to elaborate.
“If I would not meet you three weeks ago, I would probably forget about the fight with him, like many times before and we would never break up.” Clarke realised maybe it wasn't the best first line if she only had 5 minutes. Closing her eyes for the moment, she tried to suppress incoming tears.

“I went to the Sport’s Club event with him because I was hoping you would be there. And you weren’t. You fucking weren’t there. I was exhausted from studying, grumpy and frustrated and so angry with you because you didn't show up when the whole team was there. And I was so angry with myself because why should you be there and fulfil my stupid desire if you had no fucking clue, I exist. I became edgy, and he had no idea what was going on and got wasted quickly, and I left. I was so fucked up I didn't even realise it was you in the hotel. I was with you for a freaking hour and didn't fucking realise it was you, till you took off the hoodie. Do you get it, how fucked up I was? Do you?” Shaking her head and looking behind Clarke it seemed Lexa did not get it at all.

“I am sure you can explain to us how upset you were even without using a bad language, Miss Griffin.” To everyone's surprise, it was Roan who dared to light up the mood a bit.

“I am sorry Mr. Voigt. I will try. I will do.” Clarke gulped knowing it won't be any easier with Roan and Anya still around, she took a deep breath and shook her fears off.

“These feelings I’ve harboured, it had not started three weeks ago. But I wasn't brave enough to admit it to myself, and when I finally had done, I wasn't brave enough to admit it to the others and when I finally had done ...I still couldn’t tell to my mother. And my cowardice ruined everything. But I am not afraid anymore, even if it may be too late.”

“I want you, Lexa. I have wanted you long before you have met me. I have wanted you so much it has terrified me. I saw the autopsy of burned corpse, I faced the end of my football career in 16, but nothing ever terrified me as much as feelings towards you. Before we hooked up, I couldn’t tell my mom because I knew she is the only person who would recognise if my feelings are in vain. Pinning for a football star who doesn't even know me. I couldn't hear that. I did not want to. And after we hooked up I couldn’t tell her, because she would know how much it affects me, that it could be too much to handle. Now she does know. She brought me here.”

“It has been three weeks for you. For me, it has been so much longer. I want you, Lexa Voigt Woods. I do not know for how long, but I want only you. I am so sorry about the mess I have created. But if I would tell you any of this three weeks ago, wouldn’t you think I am crazy?”

She stood there with a straight face. The knuckles were still bleeding as if it was her heart torn apart. When the stream of the blood reached the tip of her fingers, the small drops separated from her body and hit the mat, sinking in slowly. Maybe she didn't need to do that because her mother already knew, but she did anyway. Anya returned Lexa’s nod, take a few steps towards Roan, grabbed his hand and led him upstairs.

“Tell me, Clarke,” she raised her blood-soaked hand, watching it closely while she pumped the fist slowly, only to feel more pain, to open the wounds wider and then finally met the eyes of her lover, “who is more crazy now?” Completely drained she could not stand any longer, so took a step back till she hit the wall and slid down to the floor.

“You can use this better than me, can't you?” Out of the blue Roan appeared behind Clarke gave her the first aid kit and rushed away leaving them alone again. She knelt down, hesitant at first, but also eager to be close to her beloved one again. Lexa’s knuckles were a mess, but she did not show any sign of pain, when Clarke was disinfecting, cleaning and bandaging them. After the precise and neat work was done, she finally dared to look up.

“I am sorry.” She was dying to hold Lexa in her arms, to caress her face, to only touch her again, but
now when the wounds were treated, she had no other excuse to do so.

“So is it over? You are not in love with him anymore?”

“It’s over. I am not. I’ve never been.” Lexa leant closer and finally let herself to be lost in a long, affectionate hug.

“Do you hate me?”

“How could I? How could I hate you, Clarke Griffin?” The tears of the relief fell down her face after Lexa released the hug and looked straight into her eyes. “We have to talk about this, though. Not now, my brain cannot work anymore. It’s just happy you are here. With me. Not with anyone else.” Clarke’s lap seemed like the best place to rejuvenate, so Lexa’s choice to lay down there was unequivocal.

“Had you ever approached me before Sports Club event? No, you didn’t. I would remember.” Her eyes closed, her heartbeat adjusting to normal again she was pondering about what Clarke has been through. “Why you didn’t?”

“A lots of the girls approach you, don’t they? Or young men, perhaps.”

“Yeah. Some. Most of them are only regular fans. But there are those, who desire something I cannot give them.”

“See. Do you have your answer now? Surely you cannot blame me that I wasn't very eager to shoot myself in the foot.” Lexa opened her eyes and sat, so they were facing each other their legs intertwined.

“You kind of did anyway.”

“Lexa. I am so…” That kiss was very different from any other they shared before. It wasn’t hungry. It wasn't an invitation. It wasn't set in by desire. Lexa slowly broke the kiss and smiled for the first time, after the incident “I am just so happy you have come to the Sports Club event. So can I ask you a question?”

“You do realise you are already asking, don’t you?” Clarke chuckled too, feeling the angst fading.

“Have you ever… ...you know, think about me when you… ...well, you know.” Lexa stuttered, not quite sure why she was so inquisitive about that.

“Well, depends… ...what the hell are you talking about?”

“Have you ever think about me, when you fluffed up your flange or was it only a platonic crush?” It did not sound as horrendous in her head.

“Lexa! Who even says fluff up your flange.” Clarke burst into laughter.

“Me, obviously. And Katie from Skins. Fuck, I shouldn't have said that should I?” She couldn't recall last time she felt so embarrassed.

“It wasn’t platonic. I am not proud of it, but I was basically cheating on my boyfriend.” Clarke’s expression was serious again. There was no point in hiding anything. She almost lost Lexa because of that.

“Maybe it was a bit unfair to him, but look at the bright side. Your volleyball guy got very lucky
today. I was so close to beat the shit out of him, but in the end, I didn’t.”

“He is not mine,” Clarke leant closer but did not dare to kiss her lover, “you are,” wanting Lexa to be the one who proves those words are true.

“I am, yours.” And she did.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Wednesday, July 14, 2010

11:21 am., Augsburg, Germany

FIFA U-20 Women's World Cup, Group stage

This was not how she imagined her first time on the stadium as Lexa’s girlfriend. Definitely not. The weather was beautiful and Augsburg Arena cosy, company even better, but the bittersweet feeling remained. Nyko and Lincoln were immersed in a conversation with the girls in the row above, Anya and Roan intrigued by the game's bulletin, so she was left alone with her misery for the moment. They have been together for two months, and except for a dinner misunderstanding, it went amazing. Well, at least till Lexa had left for the England U-20 team training camp. They did not see each other and barely spoke on the phone since then. Even if Anya had already reassured her there is nothing to worry about and Lexa’s current emotional detachment is caused by the weight of this tournament, it was no easy task to banish the thought of her beautiful girlfriend being involved in some heated affair with the teammate.

“It is number eight, isn’t it?” Maybe they did not have an ideal start, but she became really close with Anya in no time. They had one thing of utmost importance in common, after all. They both cared for Lexa deeply. “I mean, I bet she told you about the U-19 final aftermath. You are her best friend. She must.” Knowledge is power, and behind every knowledge, there is close and detailed observation. She was about to become a doctor. She had to be a great observer. Lexa was entirely focused on warm up, but the way No. 8 interacted with her was definitely different than she interacted with other teammates. Anya’s confused expression and the silence were the proof she needed.

“Clarke, you are the only one for her, I am sure of it.” An expected relief did not come after Anya finally decided to speak, even if there was no doubt her words were sincere. “I guess I can say we both have not looked forward much for this tournament, haven’t we?” She put a hand on Clarke’s arm and gave her a warm smile. “Don’t worry about number eight or any other girl, but Lexa’s behaviours could be, let’s say distant. She put a lot of pressure on herself. She may not have a right reason nor motivation to win. It could affect her, not in a nice way. I dare you, Clarke, stick around no matter what, she needs you.” Anya looked like she wanted to add something more, but in the end, she didn’t. Not like Clarke was paying much attention anyway. When the England national anthem started her only trouble was Lexa and No. 8 standing arm to arm singing proudly. She definitely did not expect that soon, it will be her last concern.

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Lionesses won 2:0. Lexa played no small part in this victory. Nigerian were very physical as usual, and what they lacked in skill they make up for with stamina and resilience, aggressiveness perhaps. If it weren’t for Lexa’s tactical mastery and leadership at least one of their attacks would make it through the England defence in first half. And then, her outstanding header after Lucy Staniforth corner made the difference. She even sent a heart towards Clarke as a part of the celebration. The best part of the game. However, the second half went crazy. It was expected England girls would have difficulties to keep the pace with vigorous opponents. Lexa fixed this inconvenience without a trouble too. After a couple of unsuccessful attempts to tear down their defence she had a very sophisticated conversation with top Nigerian striker, surely even Marco Materazzi would approve,
that resulted in violent conduct, red card and Nigeria being shorthanded for the rest of the game. Oscar worthy theatrical stunt of the England captain that led to the penalty against Nigeria at the end of the match wasn't even worthy of mentioning in the light of the other events. Her behaviour towards the opponent wasn't exactly fair, but how she interact with teammates in the second half, it was even worst. It would not be an overreaction to say she was heinous, savage even. Yelling at them, calling them names when they made a mistake. This terrifying person wasn't the Lexa Clarke remembered from Turbine games. They did not have a chance to talk to her after the game because she was needed for some interviews. She only waved and gave them exhausted smile. The more she thought about it, the more sure Clarke was she had to see her right away. Maybe talk with her, show she cares, help to release the pressure. It was surely the overreaction from the footballer. She had to be over-motivated, overstressed. So she apologised to Voigt family who planned to grab lunch and do some sightseeing and lied about feeling tired and going back to the hotel. Well, she went to a hotel, but not theirs. The hotel where England team stayed. Normally, they would not let her in, but thanks to dad and his work for Hertha and Deutsche fußball bund, she acquired DFB staff badge. When she had been trying to convince him to get her one of those, it was not exactly how she had imagined surprise visit. She used a badge and charming smile to persuade the receptionist to call Lexa downstairs. Frankly, she had no idea how she succeeded. The story about bringing the phone England team captain forgot at the stadium seemed utterly ridiculous. She must act much more composed than she felt. After the realisation she can not just sit and wait, she moved towards the elevators. One of them was going down. It did not take long and the doors parted.

“Hi.” Lexa looked drained. Like she did not sleep for days. Playing a sweeper and playmaker at the same game, she had had to run at least 15k today.

“Hi. I was thinking. Maybe we can share joy from your amazing goal in person.” For the moment it looked like she hesitated, but then she hooked the finger on the waistline of Clarke´s skirt, pull her in and pushed the highest floor button.

“I missed you. I am glad you came.” Lexa did not kiss her girlfriend as she expected only squeeze her in a tight hug. It was a relief anyway, just to be in her presence. In the presence of a caring person, not some terrifying commander on the field. The elevator stopped before final destination, so they parted abruptly. Rather than share space with some random hotel guests Clarke decided she wants to be alone with Lexa at once, grabbed her hand and pull her out.

“I just wanted you all for myself before you become a famous football star again.” The hallway was empty. No one would be an uninvited spectator of their make out session. But it seemed only one of them desired that.

“There are journalists everywhere…” Lexa took a step back “…maybe we shouldn´t.”

“It´s ok. You are right. You look exhausted by the way. It has been stressful recently, hasn't it?” She understood, but it didn't mean she wasn't disappointed.

“Yeah, tell me about it. Thank fuck we showed them today. We had to win.”

“It’s not like you had to. This is not a war, Lexa. When you talked about why you love football you never mentioned victories at all costs. Slow down a bit. Try to take it easy. No one is…” To her big surprise, Clarke’s supportive words were not meet with a warm welcome.

“Take it easy? Are you crazy, Clarke? This is not some kicking the ball in a park. This is fucking world cup. It is swim or sink.” So it seemed the presence of terrifying commander wasn't only temporary eclipse of mind.

“It doesn't mean you supposed to act edgy and disrespectful. Marco Materazzi stunt, faked foul and
penalty, acting heinous towards your teammates, was it really necessary?” Clarke still believed Lexa could be reasoned with. She knew her, she saw her on the field so many times and never like this.

“I am the captain. I did what I had to. For my team. For England. I am indeed supposed to lead them to victory.” Her faith started to shatter, thought after Lexa rose her voice.

“So when you will play against Germany, the country of your mother, will you insult your friends from Turbine, too? Will you fake a foul? Look at yourself. What is going on with you? I know your Chart, if you have planned this, you are unhinged.”

“You know who is unhinged, someone who attack the opponent after the friendly conversation.” It was no doubt Lexa became angry. She expected support for her efforts to lead her team to victory not preaching. Especially if her girlfriend had been a footballer herself.

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break up sucks. We all have been there or will be eventually. Where food has no taste, even the best jokes are not funny anymore, day and night have no real meaning because something like sleep is an unknown mystery or you have to lie about having an allergy when your boss finds you crying at work. Well, that was a bit funny, actually. Because she believed that. She even recommended her allergologist.

Anyway, my friend Tom says never quit starting, never start quitting. It sounds much better in Czech than in English :)

So it's never too late to fight for your love or to start a mission to find a new one. Don't worry, though. Our two girls are meant to be. They will be together again, eventually.

Well, one way or another thank you ever so much guys for reading and support.

Football trivia:
In reality, England tied the game with Nigeria and eventually went home after the group stage. But the goal Kerys Harrop, not Lexa :) scored was indeed very pretty. Maybe check it if interested.

For the story I only change the results of England team, every other result will stay the same. If you want to know more about the actual tournament check FIFA web page.

Another player mentioned Lucy Staniforth did not score in this tournament. Nevertheless, she is well known for her excellent goals too. I recommend the 2008 FIFA U-17 Women's World Cup game against Japan. If it weren't for injuries, I think she would already make it to the England senior squad.

With England player No. 8, It's a bit tricky. I had had a real player in mind when I was figuring out the story, but I will not address her with a name when she interacts with Lexa. This is not RPF, and she is only a minor character. If you are inquisitive, you can easily figure out which England footballer wore the no. 8 in 2010 FIFA U-20 Women's World Cup. ;)

In reality, Lexa and No. 8 could not stand side by side before the beginning of the game because it's like the unwritten rule that first in the row goes a captain, then goalkeeper and after them other players.

And some men's football trivia too: Italian Marco Materazzi was considered to be one of the best centre backs of his generation. But unfortunately, he is known not only for his football skills. In 2006 World Cup final he verbally insulted Zinedine Zidane which ended with Zidane head-butting Materazzi and receiving a red card. Italy won the golden medal, and following his red card in the final, Zidane retired from professional football.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tuesday, July 20, 2010

7:28 pm., Bielefeld, Germany

FIFA U-20 Women's World Cup, Group Stage

She was trying to rest a bit before dinner, but if there were a perfect world to define her right now, it would be restless. Even when a storm of emotions kept breeding her misery, exhaustion was stronger, and sleep overcame her eventually. Not for long though. Someone knocked on the door of the hotel room. Lexa reluctantly opened her eyes. Despite the warm temperature and her body burning up with fever, she was shivering. What time it was? What day? Who is behind the door? Did her roommate forget the key card? She felt dizzy. This feeling only grew, when she finally dared to open the door.

“Clarke.” The woman of her dreams was standing right there more beautiful than ever. “Clarke, I am sorry I crossed the line, I should have never tell you…”

“Shhh.” Clarke softly put her finger on Lexa’s lips and cradle her face. “It is ok. Everything is going to be ok, my love.” The weight of the words was supported by a tender kiss. “You won the second game, you secured the spot in quarterfinals, and you have me by your side. Everything’s fine.” She said after she had pushed Lexa into the hotel room gently.

“But Clarke…”

“No more words.” Only kisses followed. Slow and soft, soothing. Lexa felt fragile. Like she could shatter any moment. If Clarke would break the contact, she surely would. But she didn’t. Moment after moment, melting under every loving touch of Clarke’s hands roaming her body she started to feel whole again.

“Clarke…” She had to say the name of her lover. She needed to hear herself saying it.

“I am here.” Clarke had deepened the kiss before she had to break it when taking off Lexa’s shirt. “Your muscles are stiff. Let me help…” Lexa did as instructed, lay on bed on her stomach and shut down every other sense except one. The sense of touch. The feel of Clarke lips exploring every centimetre of her back spread waves of the pleasure through her whole body.

“Clarke…” She moaned, ready to demand more.

Before she could turn around the kissing stopped. The heat of the moment was interrupted by ringing sound, the slam of the door followed.

Suddenly wide awake Lexa reached for the phone but muted it immediately after she had recognised it was Anya calling.

“Fuck.” She sat on the bed, buried her face in hands and groaned. Nothing was ok. It was a fucking dream. Clarke wasn’t there, did not call her nor contact her any other way since the fight. They lost against Mexico and coach told her she is going to be benched for the tomorrow game against Japan. She. A captain. Everything sucked. She felt weak, her clothes and sheets were soaked with
sweat, and her anger was rising. So was her fever.

“‘You missed the dinner. The coach wasn't happy. Here I bring you this at least.’ Her freshly arrived roommate, tiny blond in England team sweatpants with No. 8 on it put a plate with a salmon sandwich on the Lexa’s nightstand.

“As much as I care, she can go fuck herself. She doomed the whole team. You have no chance to make it to the quarterfinals without me.” With the same finesse and agility as on the field, No. 8 grabbed Lexa by her wet shirt and pushed her towards the wall.

“What the fuck is wrong with you, Lexa? She made the only right decision.” Incapacitated England captain attempted to escape the grasp, but after the quick fight, she ended in the worst situation, pinned down to one of the beds.

“Leave me fucking alone. I bet you are all fired up to finally wear a captain armband.” She had no more strength left to fight the fellow teammate, breathing heavily and becoming more and more desperate.

“I have always admired you. You know that. How many games we stood side by side? How many, Lexa? The victories, losses as friends, as teammates, as…” The blonde stuttered, seeing Lexa like this wasn’t easy for her. “We all admired you, your dedication, perseverance, passion and fair play. Even on our best days none of us can compare to your average. But for fuck sake since when you become this.” She stood up quickly, grabbed Lexa’s hand, and pull her to the bathroom harshly.

“Look at yourself.” They were standing against the mirror. “Look at yourself, Lexa!” She demanded. “Girls are terrified of you. No one wants to play with you anymore.”

“You don’t understand. We have to win.” Lexa freed her hand and turn away from the mirror. The true was, she couldn’t stand what she saw. “You with your perfect football daddy. How could you? I have to win if I want… if I… I have to prove...” She hit the wall with both hands in frustration. Deep down she knew it was all fucked up, that nothing really made sense anymore.

“You don’t have to prove anything to anyone. And about the other thing, it is only your decision. No one will blame you.” No. 8 put her hand on Lexa’s arm and squeeze it gently. “We all want to win. But not like this. You are losing the respect of your teammates, you banished the girl you have been dreaming about since you were thirteen and apparently you losing yourself too. It’s not worthy.”

“What? How do you know about Clarke?” Clarke. Lexa couldn't believe how vivid the dream was. She still felt her kisses everywhere on the heated body.

“Your mom called me.”

“Anya?” Mentioning the two women she cared about the most softened her attitude.

“Well, you have not been picking the phone for a week. She asked me to watch over you. So get your shits together Lexa, or we will both face her anger.” No. 8 forced Lexa to turn back, so they faced each other. “Let’s start with you see the doc, immediately. Your body is on fire. You must be sick. My money is on lovesickness.” She chuckled.

“I am fine.” She had no plan to do as suggested. If the team doctor would say, she is sick, her chance to play tomorrow even as a substitute will go down.

“Lexa, please.” No. 8 had no intention to let it go. “If not for me, do it for her. I am sure she does not want to see you faint on the field because of the exhaustion.”

“Ok. Ok.” Lexa surprised both of them when she agreed. She even held herself in check and did not
say Clarke probably doesn't give a shit anymore.

“I will walk you, but first take a shower, and I call the room service to change your sweaty sheets.”

***

Heading from a hotel to the stadium Lexa sat all alone in the team bus. Even when polite, the girls had not been fond of her company. She bet they were relieved she is going to be benched and slowly started to comprehend why.

“How are you doing, Lexa?” It was a doctor. She leant from the row in front of her and gave Lexa a caring look.

“Actually, very good. Thanks, doc, I guess I needed it.” She did not lie. Yesterday the doctor had given her sleeping pills and then 12 hours long dreamless refreshing slumber followed. When she had woken up, she felt calmer, more relaxed. Of course, a lot of the damage had been done, but she felt she can at least prevent herself from doing more. She decided to start right away, stood up, took a few steps through the bus row and sat next to the coach.

“Can I talk to you for the moment?”

“If this is about you being benched I hope you do not expect me to change my mind because I will not.” Coach sounded resolute. Suddenly, Lexa felt all eyes on the bus on her. Except for Mr. driver of course. He was fully focused on heavy traffic in the streets of Bielefeld.

“No, coach. You made the right decision. J is a great leader and remarkable footballer.” She looked behind and caught the shy smile on the No. 8 face. “Actually, I wanted to apologise,” she turned to the coach, “for acting like an idiot” and then back to the girls “and for not being a captain this outstanding team deserves. Whatever it takes, you girls are gonna make it through.” No. 8 couldn’t hold herself back, rather stepped in and squeezed Lexa in an affectionate hug.

“We are a team. We are going to make it.” She leant closer even. “And when we will make it to the quarterfinals, you are going to call Clarke. Promise!” She whispered. First time in days, Lexa did not feel angst nor pressure.

“I promise.”

***

Lionesses fought for every ball, did not slack off for a moment. Yet, after the first half, they were losing 2:0. Lexa was proud of them, anyway. Football can be cruel sometimes, she thought. England had possession, Toni Duggan hit the bar twice, everything had looked promising. But it was all gone in less than five minutes. Lucky goal after the corner, when not even Japanese girls were entirely sure how the ball made it to the goal. And then misunderstanding in defence and unfortunate back header that resulted in an own goal. Unfair, but it was what it was. Lexa knew the team had passion and strong will, but especially defence missed her leadership. She was so angry with herself. Her own selfishness got the best of her. She did not deserve to stand on the field with them. And instead of supporting and cheering them in the locker room during the break, she was gazing into the bathroom mirror and could not decide if she should kick herself or pity.

“Are you ready to become a captain your team deserve?” It was the coach. The break was about to end in no time.

“I am sorry, coach. I didn't mean to…” Lexa still did not feel confident enough to enter the game and not became a dick again.
“I don’t want to hear you are sorry. I want to see your skill. Your dedication. Your love for football. No more whiny and insecure drama queen. No more bullshitting and diving on the field. Show everyone who sees women’s football as a joke what is the real passion for the game.” Did coach plan this all along? This catharsis. If so, she was even more brilliant than Lexa thought.

“If you believe in me coach, I am ready.”

“Let’s show some hustle then! You are going in.”

Lexa entered the locker room excited to rush to the field, but No. 8 moderated her enthusiasm.

“Hey. Wait a moment.” She grabbed her hand, “If you want to step on the field, you are going to need this, captain,” and gave Lexa the captain’s armband. The doubts were not gone for good, but the support from coach and No. 8 helped a lot. Her eagerness and determination had been tested right away the second half started. Japanese dashed to the game with full force and after another misunderstanding in defence England was suddenly 3 goals down. Lexa rose her left hand and made a sign, so girls knew she wants to speak with them. Most of them reluctant, some even terrified, but not No. 8. One look to their captain’s eyes was enough for her to know Lexa was herself again.

“Our right side is is stronger and right back is super fast, but she is tired and did not recover completely from her muscle injury, yet.“ Everything started to click in her head again. She was calm and supportive. True leader, true defender. Nothing will pass by England defence anymore, and their offensive plans will have a steady base. “They are quick and efficient but we can outmanoeuvre them. We have ten maybe fifteen minutes till she will substitute and they will build a wall in front of the goal. Exhaust her. They do not expect us to play the right side. You know what to do girls. Remember the game with New Zealand. We were down to one, and we made it. Remember the last game with Japan. We were down to two, and we made it. And now we are down to three, but it doesn’t matter. We are going to make it again. Because we are Lionesses!!”

England girls led by the motivator and great strategist, not heinous tyrant did as Lexa commanded. No. 8 scored after Lucy Staniforth right flank. Captain, herself couldn't stay behind and shoot the perfect long ranged free kick from outside the box. Poor Japanese goalkeeper did not stand a chance. One goal down, but only a couple of minutes left. Lexa looked at Toni Duggan and nodded to confirm she the set plan in motion. The striker was a beast. Even if at the end of her tether, she can make it England captain had doubt about that. It looked super easy, the combination of passes, but there were years of training and dedication behind it. Everything started from Lexa. Pass, pass, pass, then unstoppable Toni half-volley. 3:3. Final whistle did not bring the relief, though. They only tied. Everything depended on Nigeria vs. Mexico game. If Nigerian would win, England is going home. Their game was played simultaneously. It was supposed to be over in no time. The big screen on the stadium finally showed the result. 1:1. Lionesses burst into happiness. They made it to the quarterfinals.

Chapter End Notes

Trust me. I want them together again as much as you do. But Nothing worth having was ever achieved without hard work, said Theodore Roosevelt back then. I would not dare to oppose such a wise man.

Football trivia - recommended for understanding the story:
Recently I realised some people reading my story and not knowing much or anything about football/soccer. Honestly, I did not expect that it will intrigue non-footballers when I have started with all this. So thank you for reading guys, it is a great boost. But there is another thing, I’ve never planned to explain Lexa’s I have to win at all cost breakdown to details because I have no doubt you all have vigorous imagination and are not afraid to use it. There was more than one reason behind it. Plenty, actually. But some things should be left to the reader. Now I have a feeling, if you do not know much about football, maybe I should explain something.

International football federation has a rule that once the player, who are eligible to play for more than one country decides to play for a one on the senior level, they are not eligible to play for another anymore. Ever.

Nevertheless, before reaching senior level, they can change the country they represent multiple times. Lexa has double citizenships (German trough mother Anya and Great Britain trough father/Grandparents). Technically she is still eligible to play for both England and Germany on junior level and pick whichever she wants on the senior. So the choice can cause tension, can’t it?

And maybe now you ask, why there is no Great Britain football team, but England. I can explain of course, but if football is not your thing you really don't need this information :)

Football trivia - regular:

In her speech, Lexa was talking about the two games. Vs. Japan in 2008, I’ve already mentioned chapter before. The other one is England vs. New Zealand from the same year. Toni Duggan scored in last minute of the additional time and Lionesses made it to the quarterfinal thanks to this goal. She just refused to lose. It was amazing. I remember how I studied for my finals and every time I thought I am done and cannot take it anymore I told myself, remember Toni Duggan’s goal. It always helped :)

How football World Cup works: Teams competing over the course of a month in the host nation(s). There are two stages: the group stage followed by the knockout stage. Each group plays a round-robin tournament, in which each team is scheduled for three matches against other teams in the same group. The last round of matches of each group is scheduled at the same time to preserve fairness among all four teams. The top two teams from each group advance to the knockout stage. The knockout stage is a single-elimination tournament in which teams play each other in one-off matches, with extra time and penalty shootouts used to decide the winner if necessary.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Saturday, July 25, 2010

11:24 am., Augsburg, Germany

FIFA U-20 Women's World Cup, Quarterfinals

Lexa was standing next to the American captain Christine Nairn in stadium tunnel and knew that this
time responsibility for leading her team and her own demons cannot get the best of her. It won't be
an easy task, there was no doubt about that. She looked behind and saw other American girls.
Sydney Leroux, Kristie Mewis, Amber Brooks. They were stars already. The chances were not
even, Lexa did not fool herself. They were better trained, better skilled and better prepared.
Americans valued women football more than anyone else. She wished once she could play in States.
She highly respected them but wasn't scared. She believed in her girls. If they give it everything, they
can make it. Something else bothered her more, even when it should not. Not in such a crucial
moment.

“She still didn't reply, did she?” No. 8 standing behind her knew exactly what it was.

“No, she didn’t. I hurt her. She doesn't want me anymore.” Maybe Lexa wanted the confirmation,
that she is wrong and Clarke still wants her, but fellow teammate did not bring the desired answer.

“I know she means a lot to you, but let's stay focused on what's ahead of us, captain! The team needs
you. I need you.” She said, when intertwined her fingers with Lexa’s and squeezed her hand.

“Don't worry. I am with you. 100%.” The captain did the same.

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11:24 am., Potsdam, Germany

It was the worst hangover she has ever experienced. Clarke was lying on her bed listening to the
Skunk Anansie ‘Weak’ for like thousandth time and cursing herself for yesterday night. If she
ignores the knocking on the door, her mother will leave. At least she wanted to believe that.

“I've brought you some water, sweetheart.”To Clarke’s disappointment, Abby was persistent. “The
song is great, but maybe you should try something less brooding.” She even dared to lower the voice
of her stereo. “Or maybe you can join us, we are going to watch the game.”

“I hate football, I do not want to watch any game, ever. I believe we've already settled that, mom.”
Clarke turned away from her mother and made no bones about wanting her to be gone.

“Don’t worry sweetie, we'll record it.”

“I don't care!” She was only talking to herself at the moment because Abby had been already gone.

Feeling sick on her stomach and her frustration growing she reached for the phone on the nightstand.
Lexa had written her two days ago.
I am sorry we fought. I hope we can make things work again.

That was that. Like nothing happened. She had told Clarke to get lost, and now she expected I am sorry we fought is going to make everything alright. Happiness welled up within her after she saw the message from Lexa, but the content only made her more furious. First lying to herself other messages will surely follow, then try to believe Lexa means nothing to her and it all had been only a petty affair, she had ended partying hard yesterday with her med school fellas. At least John Murphy was there. That little bastard, snarky and irritating, sometimes she could not stand him, but for this time he saved her ass. She had gotten so wasted, she would not give a damn about hooking up with some random guy she couldn't even recall how he looked. Fortunately, her American friend had intervened. The thought of being with someone else than Lexa almost made Clarke vomit. John is going to laugh at her about this foolishness forever.

“Fuck! Lexa, it is all your fault!” She screamed on the phone screen, her ex-girlfriend pic still present. She just couldn't make herself to change it. Resigned and exhausted she laid back and decided she will sink herself in misery for couple more moments and then erase Lexa’s picks and number. This was not healthy for her. She closed her eyes, unprepared for what will come. The memories of their week together, when Anya and Roan had been gone for vacation sneaked through her defences, and suddenly her resolution did not seem as firm.

Clarke was standing on the backyard patio of the Voigt’s house. It was early morning. They had made love the whole night, but somehow they did not want any precious moment together come in vain, so sleep wasn't a preferable option. To her surprise, there was no pool, nor small football pitch in there, only variety of beautiful plants and garden pond. Undoubtedly, someone has been taking a sedulous care of those.

“Coffee. Black.” Lexa hugged Clarke from behind and handed her a mug of steaming coffee. She enjoyed every little kiss her breathtaking lover had left on her neck before she settled in and laid a head on her shoulder.

“Thank you.” She took a small sip, the feeling of pleasure was imminent. The taste and smell of this marvellous beverage were something she loved. The needed and wanted source of everyday vitality. But with soft and warm body pressed against hers, it felt like she found much more powerful boost. She turned her head and captured Lexa’s lips in a tender kiss.

“You taste like a…”

“Coffee?” Clarke chuckled, but Lexa stayed serious.

“I lo…” Lexa gulped. “I’d like to believe, there is the right person for everyone. The one. Once you meet them, everything clicks. You just know. And everything that happens next only confirms, you were right from the very first moment.”

“No! This does not help at all!” Clarke jumped from the bed trying to banish the memory that got under her skin. She will go downstairs and watch the game instead. If she was about to get over Lexa, she had to see the worst of her.

***

The pace of the game was insane from the beginning. Lexa knew Lionesses had to make best of it. If they could score early in the game, the odds will be in their favour. This was the perfect chance, their first corner. American defenders watched her carefully, expecting her to go for the header. She was fully aware of that and already had a plan how to outmatched them. Lucy (Staniforth) did not kick the ball into the box but only did the short pass to No. 8. They were practising this for zillion times,
England vice-captain knew exactly where Lexa will be in five seconds and sent the ball there. Goal. But the moment Lionesses rose their hands in joy, she stiffed, and suspense overcame her. To her big surprise, none of the referees had recognised what actually happened before the ball ended in a goal. 1:0 she signalised. England girls were hugging her enthusiastically. Americans protested immediately, however. Lexa did not wonder why. She had touched the ball with her hand, she was sure of it. It was against the rules. Has an intention been behind it or only reflex? Does it matter? The referee did not notice. So what? It's her job to see what is going on. From all of the sudden, she felt dizzy when freed herself from thrilled teammates. Is Clarke watching the game? She would want her to be honest, but she did not even reply to her message. So what if Lexa tells the truth now. There is no guarantee, they will get back together. But if she won't say anything, Lionesses will be winning 1:0 for sure. It was not her fault referee did not see what happened. Even the best male player, Diego Maradona or Thierry Henry, scored with the hand and their deception had faded. They are respected for their football skills instead.

“No wonder she broke up with you. You are a liar and cheater, Lexa Voigt Woods.”

It was one of the American defenders. She must overhear the conversation between No.8 and Lexa in the stadium tunnel before the game had started. Her harsh words almost set the fire between rivals, but England captain used her charm to calm her girls. It was decided. She sought for the chief referee and confessed what happened. It did not only mean the goal was invalid, but Lexa was also carded for intentional hand play in the box. She weakened her team twice because from this moment she was only one more card from sending off. The following American attack went through stunned English defence without much effort and turned the tables. Was it really worthy, then? To be honest? Now they were down to one. Lexa knew that is not a way how she should think.

“Heads up, Lionesses!!!!” And her girls cannot think like that either.

***

“Come on, come one…...goaaaal!” Clarke jump from the couch right into dad’s arms almost toppled him. If Lexa was great at one thing, it was that she never cease to amaze. First, she had confessed about the hand play then, even when a goal down, she fearlessly lead her troops against mighty Americans and moment ago she had dared to used the same tactics with the corner in the last minute of the game. For this time, she had been successful, and it meant Lionesses was still on. 1:1 Extra time will follow. Clarke had come to the living room with intention to prove herself that England captain is not the person she fell for. Yet, she was standing in front of the TV, her heart pounding in her chest filled with pride, passion and love.

Her enthusiasm was limited by worries, though. Once she gained some composure again, she turned to her parents. As a former footballer and sports doctor, they could relate.

“Do you think she can handle another thirty minutes?” There was only short time to regenerate before extra time, not a regular break.

“She is well prepared.” Jake put a lot of the effort to sound reliable.

“And professional. She knows better to not overcharge herself. Americans may have better stamina than England girls, but they are only humans, they fatigue too.” Clarke tried to seek comfort in their words, but once the tv cam zoomed on Lexa, she got completely lost in her. She was lying on the ground, allowing physio to massage her tired thigh muscles. Those beautiful thighs Clarke was spilling kisses on not long time ago. The camera guy was probably as smitten with her as she was because camera still stayed focused on her after she had jumped on her feet and refreshed with a bottle of water. After ninety minutes of strenuous activity, Lexa still looked mesmerising. She lifted the jersey shirt to wipe the sweat off her face, revealing perfect abs in the process, sports bra even.
Clarke bit her lips unconsciously when she saw swollen nipples of a former lover.

“Clarke? Are you ok?” *Fuck. Fucking shit.* The realisation she was so fucked up that she allowed mom and dad to caught her drooling over Lexa made her blushed like a crazy.

“I need a break. I mean.. I. I need to pee. I’ll be right back.” *Fuck.* She basically run out of the living room.

***

Extra time was over. No one scored, so it was for certain penalties will decide the fate of this game. Lexa had kicked the ball from the goal line twice. Twice. It was mental. She was so proud of her girls. They have been fully drained but did not yield to overwhelming might of their opponent. Two months ago she had played Champions League final with Turbine and won after a penalty shoot-out. She had been eager to go for a penalty back then, but the coach did not allow her. Now, everything was different. She was the captain, not some rookie in the team. Everyone counted on her. And she hadn't the team full of stars having her back. The irony of the situation did not get lost on her. She was barely able to stand on her feet, her muscles suffering from tremendous pain.

“Lexa? Are you in?” Coach demanded the answer. For the first round of penalty shootout, five players had to be the picked. No volunteers, yet. If she could just say no. If she could just leave this behind. And even if they win, two arduous games will be ahead of them, anyway. She could hardly imagine spending two more minutes on the field. Two more games were inconceivable. She wanted to cry. A fearless warrior who only wished to collapse in arms of her beloved one. *How pathetic.*

“I am in!” She took a deep breath. “We can do this! Girls focus on the ball, not a goalkeeper. We were waiting for this. We lived for this moment. We sacrificed everything to stand here. And we can do this. Because we are Lionesses!” She was tearing apart inside, but she must stay strong. This team deserved that much.

***

Clarke was on edge. Her hands were sweating like a fat bird on the disco. This was the most insane match she has ever seen.

“Come on, Lexa! Come on! You can do this!” American captain missed the first penalty. Everyone else scored. So if the last England player would score, they will be victorious. And she did. Then collapsed on the ground in the utter exhaustion, Lionesses surrounded her with pure joy. No one would bet on them in the game against Americans, but they did it. They won. Clarke would not want to ruin this moment, so she decided Lexa and No. 8 in affectionate hug are not going to bother her. She rather discussed every penalty taken with dad, till the interview with England captain begun. She looked sapped, but happy and patiently answered every question. The last one was a bit unexpected.

“Rumour has it, Deutsche fußball bund has approached you. You still have a chance to switch teams. Next year, senior World Cup takes place in Germany. Is it a chance we will see you as a part of the German team?” Interviewer definitely wasn't prepared for Lexa’s answer.

“You are asking me if I've already decided where my heart belongs, my loyalty… Where I belong?” Lexa put a hand on her chest, where the number 17 laid. “I can tell you without any doubt, I belong with the person I love. And I am ready to do anything in my power to prove my words are sincere.” She smiled at the camera, and no one doubted, those words was not meant for the interviewer. “I hope the answer is satisfying enough. Now if you excuse me, I am needed elsewhere.” Lionesses shamelessly dragged her from mixed zone ready to celebrate their greatest victory.
“Maybe you should call her. I know you want to, sweetheart. You fought, it happens. One fight is not a reason to end a relationship.” Jake squeezed the arm of her daughter gently.

“Of course, I want to, but I am still angry with her. I am so angry, she put the football first, she hurt me. And I am angry with myself. I've never tried to understand what is going on in her head. She has never tried to explain. Maybe I should be more demanding.” Clarke pondered. “She was my girlfriend, but I still saw her as some paragon football star, not a human being, with feelings, doubts, demons. Maybe she was seeking for my support, but I was only focused on my own fears and insecurities. I was so afraid I could lose her, because of her love of football, because of some number eight, then I did, eventually. It is how it is. She has to deal with her own issues, I have to deal with mine. Does football really mean everything to her? Am I ready to accept it? Is she ready to split her passion and love between football and me? We have to talk about it but not till England is still in the tournament. It would bring no good to any of us. I don't even know why I am telling you guys.” Suddenly she felt embarrassed.

“Because we are your parents, sweetheart.” Abby joined them. “And we have been down there, we know how it feels.”

“So anything will happen, we are here for you Clarke.” She felt better. At least she could be sure about this.

Chapter End Notes

I have struggled with this chapter because there is past before past mentioned more than once. Something you English speaking people would call past perfect, I guess. :) Czech language does not recognise anything like past perfect. I would really appreciate if some native speaker or skilful English speaker could tell me if I failed completely or if the using of past perfect fits. Sooo... If someone will give me their insight, I promise you one big happy reunion in the next chapter. (It will happen anyway, but still. Grammar check would be welcome. One can only improve with proper feedback)

So now you now, you will have a happy ending, but I also have bad news for you, unfortunately. Since I have started with this story, I always have been able to update once a week. It is almost for sure I will break this rule next week. Some heavy work stuff awaits for me.
I'm sorry, I promise your patience will be rewarded ;)

Football trivia:
The most (in)famous goal with the hand was scored by Diego Maradona in 1986 FIFA World Cup Quarterfinals. The referee did not notice and allowed it. Maradona himself said that goal was scored a little with the head of Maradona and a little with the hand of God. I say… Really Diego? Really?
Sunday, August 1, 2010

6:22 pm., Berlin, Germany

FIFA U-20 Women's World Cup, Finals

It was over. They lost. She felt sad, of course, but more than anything she felt like she needs a break from all this for a moment. Lexa wiped the blurred mirror and must admit she actually looked like a warrior after the battle. Stitches above eyebrow were the most visible sign of how much football can hurt sometimes. She had stayed in the shower for too long, hoping hot water could wash away the exhaustion. Maybe if they won, the adrenaline rush would make everything better. Happiness and satisfaction definitely weren't present in the England locker room after the World Cup finals. It will take time, but they will see eventually, this tournament has been a great success for them. Lexa knew that. It didn't make it any easier, though. Back from the showers, she put a team shirt on and looked at the silver medal hanging in her locker and then silver boot award lying on a bench. She was the second best player and the part of the second best team. Nevertheless, she had been rewarded with standing ovation at the closing ceremony. *Fuck it*. She reached for the medal and put it on. *This is not fucking North Korea*. I will not be brooding over the second place. We fucking earn it. We lost to the best U-20 team in the world, to Germans, there is no shame in it. She finally felt proud looking at the medal on her chest. A moment after, someone patted on her shoulder.

“Lexa, a young German journalist wants to talk with you.” It was the coach. “She said she will wait in the mixed zone next to the pitch.”

“The game had ended more than an hour ago, where she has been till now?”

“Don´t ask me. It’s up to you, really. You don’t have to go, all formal interviews are over. But if you are going, don't forget the team bus is leaving in 30 minutes.” The coach smiled, not too much not too little. It felt good, to have someone like her around.

“I will be right back, then.” Lexa turned from the locker, ready to find the interviewer. “Thank you, coach, for… ...you know. Pretty much everything.”

Leaving the locker room, Lexa bumped into the German captain Dzseni Marozsán, whose state of mind was completely different. She was all cheerful and excited.

“Are you a mysterious German interviewer? I thought you already know everything about me.” It was meant as a joke, but Dzseni obviously didn't have a clue what she was talking about.

“I am a skilful, no doubt but as far as I know journalism is not my field yet.”

“Nevermind. Congrats again and enjoy the party.” Lexa gave her a warm smile and was about to follow the task *find the journalist*.

“Lexa, wait.” To her surprise, Dzseni stopped her. “I am sorry. I know it may sound stupid, but I am. Of course, I am also happy we won, but you are right, I know you. No one works harder. Just imagine the two of us playing for the same team.”
“Yeah sounds good.” They played against each other so many times on so many levels. Dzsenifer Marozsán was the toughest opponent, but also real football Lady and a great friend.

“Maybe next year?” She stepped closer and gave Lexa a friendly hug.

“Maybe. Take care Dzeni. Don’t party too hard.”

“Never. I only play hard on the field, but you might know something about that, don’t you? See you soon, Lexa.”

***

Mixed zone was already empty, and so was the stadium. No interviewer. Instead of heading back to the locker room Lexa made couple more steps towards the centre circle of the pitch. What more she could do for the victory in finals? What more she could do for winning Clarke back? Limited by head injury and weakened by exhaustion it was how it was. Driven by the resolution to leave everything behind and go back to what she loved the most, play for joy, not for victories and achievements, she was about to turn back.

“It seems nothing can stop you from playing football.” Before she could do anything, familiar voice stunned her. Feeling the heart pounding in her chest Lexa wondered if it was real or her mind was playing tricks. She heard the light steps of the approaching person on the grass and closed her eyes. 3,2,1…

Breath!

England captain turned just the moment an unexpected companion reached her.

“It was horrendous. I…” Clarke gently touched the deep bruise on Lexa’s forehead. She had been thinking about this moment so many times. Too many, but it definitely hadn't been the first thing she intended to do when they reunite. Yet, she couldn't help herself. “I hope you are ok.” Lexa knew the beautiful blonde with Deutsche fußball bund badge on her neck wasn’t referring only to her physical well-being. It had happened three days ago during semifinals against Colombia. Going for the header commander of the England defence had ended in hospital with forehead laceration and a minor concussion. It had been a very unfortunate clash in the air. At least shattered Colombian striker left the field on her own feet. Clarke only remembered the image of the unconscious, bleeding Lexa lying on the ground on the tv and then nothing. She had fainted. As a med student she had seen all of it before, blood, injuries, lacerations and never had any problem. But seeing her beloved one, it was completely different experience.

“I’m ok. More or less.” Lexa wanted to take Clarke’s hand and even tried to give her a soft smile, but the suspense from what she must do stopped her. “I want you to know I did not plan it.”

“I am sorry?” Something was telling Clarke, it was not about ending up unconscious.

“I did not intend to provoke the Nigerian striker. It would be so wrong. There is no secret she has a bad temper and… …I don't know. I’ve got unhinged…” She was too tired to stay composed. Her voice cracked, her eyes were stinging.

“It’s ok, Lexa. I should have…” The original plan was to be little reserved in the beginning, even cold perhaps, bait Lexa to fight for her. Nevertheless, she quickly realised only thing she desired was to drop the act immediately and jump into her lover’s arms.

“No, no, no. Wait!” It was now or never situation. “Do you remember our first date? Here at the stadium.” Clarke nodded and decided she will give it a try, even if it did not make much sense to her. “You revealed you have been a football player and your number was seventeen. I thought it was a coincidence. It could not have been true. I mean, it just could not.” She smirked on the memory of how bizarre she felt once she had recognised it was all connected.
“Lexa, I am sorry, but I don't understand.” So much for giving it a try, it only became more confusing.

“When I was younger, I was a ruthless player, nasty. In England, I played with the boy's team till I was thirteen. Even elder ones feared me. You are just like your father, someone said to me after the game one day. I didn't understand. I had no reason to not believe my grandparents when they said he was a bus driver, who died because of cancer. Trying to protect me, they lied. He wasn't. Rumour has it he was an outstanding football player, real talent but offensively impolite, and ill-mannered on the field. I've never seen him play. The smell of money and success ruined him quickly. He fell for hookers, gambling and cocaine. I realised I was a daughter of a selfish junkie. Was my great football skills, my personality based on the genetic material of the man who never gave a damn about me, about anyone but himself? That was a tough question for thirteen years old. I moved to Germany to live with my mom and her family and never wanted to play football again. Anya knew better. She tricked me, and I promised her to do anything if she will allow me to train martial arts with Roan. When it was revealed my part of the deal is to attend Turbine Potsdam Under-17 team games, I was angry. She was smart, she did not demand to join the team, only watch them. Still, I believed I could outwit her, I was sure watching some pathetic girls trying to pretend they play football will not change my decision. Number seventeen changed everything, though.” Lexa felt out of her depth and Clarke straight face was not helping at all, but she knew she had to finish it. So she continued.

“I was captured effortlessly. Her every movement was so natural as she was born on the field, outmatching opponents with pure skill, not a dirty play. My admiration went so far I started to bring a notebook with me and made notes. I think this notebook was the predecessor of my chart. I still have it. She never disappointed me, I always learnt something new from her every game. I even dared to watch her on training sessions. Irrationally I hated the boy who awaited her after.” Looking into Clarke's eyes was hard. Whatever she felt at the moment, she was hiding it successfully.

“I did not want to admit to Anya her approach was right, but I could barely wait to join the team next season. When the time had come eventually, and I attended preseason camp, number seventeen was gone. You were gone.” Lexa confirmed what was becoming evident.


“You were gone, and number seventeen was free for use. And I was in shambles. My hero was gone. But she already saved me, so I decided I will wear her number as an honour. She was with me every time I stepped on the field.” Lexa took her silver medal and put it around Clarke’s neck. “This belongs to you. I am sorry it is not gold, but...” Her hand lingered. Feeling the skin of the former lover under her fingers burnt the fire within. “...recently I have come to the conclusion that in the end, the victory is not what's really important.”

“Couple of weeks ago standing on this exact spot, you told me I helped to bring your love for football back to life. It's funny, isn't it? Without you, I would not be a football player anymore.” Only one last thing that Lexa needed to say remained unspoken.

“I did not understand what was going on with me back then. Such an unknown feeling. I couldn’t understand. I was so young, but it has been there all the time... ...I love you, Clarke Griffin. I’ve always had and I always will.”

“Oh dear Lord.” Clarke confused both of them when she put a hand on mouth and turned away. “This cannot be happening.” She forced herself to face Lexa again, though. It didn't go unnoticed that she anguished over how to reply. “I guess you did not expect such reaction. Fuck. I’m sorry.” 

Fuck response was definitely not preferred one.

“I suppose not.” England captain tried to suppress crawling distress. “Well this is not some romantic
novel, it seems.” She sighed. “What can I do, today is obviously not my day.” She tried to stay cool about refusal, but it was difficult to not cry. “It's ok if you don't feel the same, just say...”

“Why you do this to me?! I should be calm and reserved. At least for the moment, I should be pretending I am not sure if I am willing to take you back, not melting like a schoolgirl who has just met her favourite pop star.” Clarke grabbed Lexa’s shirt and did not use her mouth for talking anymore. Finally, the world stopped, and nothing else mattered only the two of them.

“I love you!” Breaking the kiss wasn't exactly desired, but saying those words was irresistible. “Of course I love you, you fool. But promise! Promise me, Lexa, you will never let me go again. You will never leave me.”

“Clarke,” Lexa knelt down on one knee, “my love, I vow to you. I will never let you go. I will never leave you.”

Chapter End Notes

That’s it, Ladies and Gentlemen, perhaps. Drama is over, so is the story about the world cup. But I have some bonus chapters in mind, fluff and such :) If you want to stick around.

If you are not into fluff and want more drama, I've always planned the second part of this story. 6 years after. I hope the first chapter will be out soon.

Football trivia:
Germany actually won the title in 2010, but the game took place in Bielefield, not in Berlin. For the purpose of the story, I change it. Dzenifer Marozsán wasn't a captain back then, but she is now. The captain of the German senior team, and IMO one of the greatest active footballers.
A gentle breeze was playing with Clarke’s hair as she sat on the curb not far from Lexa’s house and biting her lower lip. The air was unusually dry and warm for this part of the year on the contrary her pussy was wet as usual when her beautiful girlfriend around. On the other side of the street, completely unaware she has been watched, young athlete was struggling with a dirty car. It was a day after the game. The only day in the week when she was free from her football duties. They had agreed to go for the trip to Spreewald. Protected Biosphere and remarkable, unique area with a large patchwork of irrigation channels that have turned into a network of canals, only one hour south of Berlin. The proposal of using the Range Rover had been dismissed. If it weren’t so far, Lexa would be probably all happy to ride bikes. She never hid her dislike towards cars as environment defilers, especially Range Rover. So the deal was, they’ll use the smaller car, less polluting Anya's Volkswagen. An hour ago, when Clarke had been pondering what kind of clothes are teasing enough to make her babe being tortured by desire the whole day, she had received an upset text about unexpected complications and departure delay. Instead of waiting she had decided to figure it out by herself. She had come on foot. The whole car washing scene hadn't made much sense to her, but after a moment of watching, she didn’t care. When she had been approaching the house, she had noticed Lexa squatting next to the red Volkswagen Polo scrubbing the wheels. The feel of hardening nipples was imminent. The tight short jeans fitted perfectly and only highlighted her outstanding booty. After she had stood up and reached for the high-pressure cleaner to rinse the tires, Clarke moaned. It was not like she had planned to end sitting on the curb stalking the tanned beauty, but somehow she could not resist. Thinking about capturing this entrancing creature from behind and pushing her pussy towards that awesome ass, her panties drenched. For a moment Turbine Potsdam defender disappeared in a garage, giving her time to gain composure. But when she was almost decided to reveal herself, she couldn't, when realised what was about to come. Even quite tall, it wasn’t easy for Lexa to reach for the bottom of the car, so a couple of times she pushed her chest into it making her white tank top wet. Every time she bent down to a bucket of water brought a moment ago and squeezed the sponge with both hands her breast touched softly. Satisfied with an exquisite view, her stalker cannot be thankful enough for a thorough approach to work, because the longer she watched, the more pleasure it brought. Yet she still hoped, she prayed the bending and squeezing routine will make nipples pop out at least once. After the final rinse hard worker disappeared in the garage again, as the ringing phone in Clarke's handbag confirmed, it was because she was about to call her.

“Hi, baby.” Standing up from the curb she finally considered it as a right time to head towards the Voigt’s garage.

“Hi, love. I am sorry for a delay. I had to wash the car. I have had no idea my two messy brothers borrowed the wheels yesterday. It was all covered with mud. With mud! It wasn't raining anywhere near Berlin for a week. Where the hell they have been? Doesn't matter now. I can be at yours like in twenty minutes. Is it ok?”

“You don't need to, I am already here.” She said the moment before dirty car washer in wet shirt spotted her.

“Hello, beautiful.” Lexa put the phone on the tool cabinet and gave her lover a happy peck. “Just give me a minute, to shower and dress properly.” It did not take much to bring joy. Stunning blond in
a blue strapless summer dress was everything she needed to dispel the crankiness from a foul morning.

“You did not have to wash the car, but I am glad you did.” It was so hard not to stare on Lexa’s magnificent bosom. The wet tank top was as good cover as no cover.

“Of course I have to. You are my princess, and love cars, I couldn’t pick you driving a pile of dirt.” She smiled shyly and reached for the pocket. “Here’s the keys. Wait for me in the car, will you?” Clarke took the keys, but her plans were utterly different. She pushed her girl back to the garage and click on the keypad.

“I change my mind. I have no desire to go for the trip anymore. At least not with a car.” The automatic door closed leaving them in darkness.

“What… what do you mean?” Surprised and bewildered Lexa cautiously moved around Roan’s black Audi A6 and turn on the lights. “So this crazy washing drill was for nothing?”

“No, it wasn’t.” Clarke was talking to her chest, not to her face. When she finally looked up, her piercing eyes were fulfilled with lust. She grabbed the white tank top with such intensity, she had to step back, and they both ended pinned to the garage door. “See for yourself.” Leading Lexa’s hand under the blue strapless dress, she was about to reach the boiling point.

“You were watching me?” The initial confusion was gone. The arousal was rising.

“Hell, Yes…” She whimpered after skilful fingers started their slow way up. “Yes, I was.”

“You're dripping.” Lexa felt a thick liquid spread across Clarke’s thighs and shivered. She yearned to lift the exploring hand and smell it, taste that amazing juice immediately, but for sure her panting companion demanded otherwise.

“Smart ass. Yes…” Finally, her lover touched the soaked lingerie and pushed gently towards the right spot. “Yes!”

“What about I’ll take you upstairs. You’ll wait in my room or join me in the shower, and I’ll make you...” Now inside the panties, she felt a whole scale of wetness and couldn’t wait to see and savour it.

“Shush.” Clarke silenced her with a fierce kiss. “No upstairs... you put me on that car hood, take off my panties and...fuck me... right away.” It wasn't a suggestion.

“But...” Lexa tried to be reasonable, Roan loved that car. It costs more than 50 thousand Euro, if something happens to it, he’ll kill her. Nevertheless, she knew, it meant less than nothing for a moment.

“Lick my pussy, now!” The deep kiss was a welcomed response. It was a needed distraction, for the time her mound was not treated. Lifted up in the air, she knew her demand is going to be fulfilled. As a reward she wrapped legs around her lover’s hips, knowing she loves it. Lexa put a lot of effort to be passionate but gentle at the same time laying her down, but it didn’t go unnoticed, she was struggling a bit, feeling out of her comfort zone.

“Being fucked on the car hood arouse you, doesn't it?” She guessed, this supposed to be some roleplay where major turn on for Clarke is the background, not herself. Even when a bit tensed, feared of failure, still ready to give the woman she adored everything she desired.

“Lexa,” pretty in blue dress groaned in frustration, “it’s you only. Every time you are near, my
whole body burns with desire. My pussy screams for your attention and my boobs are aching to be pressed on yours. So would you kindly stop talking and give me what I need, as you have done so many times before.”

Freed from uncertainty Lexa retaliated the honesty with her mouth placed exactly where it was desired after she had tucked up the blue dress and skilfully got rid of the laced underwear of the same color. Her greed got out of control. She lifted Clarke´s hips and pull her closer to gratify the needs of both.

“Oh yeah...just like...yeah...” Her centre of pleasure was stroked in long hungry licks, being so close to the edge. “Lexa... Lexaaa…”

***

Lexa sat on the back seat of the Audi A6, Clarke in her lap, both naked, exhausted, but satisfied. Still, they could not part, pressed against each other, hot and sweaty, kissing softly.

“I could live here, you know.” Clarke was the first who broke a contact, but stayed very close anyway, with their lips almost touching.

“Because it´s Audi A6?”Lexa couldn't help herself and teased a bit.

“No, because you are here, silly. Beautiful, clever, caring, not to mention you are a pussy licking goddess and most importantly mine.” She cradled her face with both hands and support the words with a slow kiss.

“So want some more?” Even if her stamina were fully depleted, she would never say no to more lovemaking with her dearest.

“No.” Clarke smiled. “You killed me.”

“Smooching than?” Or just being pressed to each other and staying like that forever, like one. That's what she desired the most.

“Sounds like a plan.” And as it seemed they were both thinking the same.
Tuesday, November 11, 2010,

10:11 pm., Berlin, Germany

She was late. Doing research for her papers took more time than she expected. There were no other cars in the parking place. If it were up to her, she would not leave the Range Rover. She did not desire to be embraced by cold, windy night. But since Lexa was not picking up the phone she had to. Subconsciously she grabbed the gym bag she had packed in the morning when she had not known how exhausting her day will be and headed toward the low industrial building, that had been a warehouse once, but now completely repurposed and known as one of the best gyms in the town. Standing in the front of the main door, she sighed. Why she took the gym bag not a handbag, it was beyond her understanding. It was too late for working out anyway, and the door was locked. Now she had to go back, find the phone and try to call her beloved again.

“Fuck! Fuck.”

“Hi, beautiful.” Fortunately, her lovely girlfriend appeared from all of the sudden and pulled her inside.

Clarke was all happy to see Lexa. It gave her satisfaction to admire the graceful curves in black leggings and tight long sleeves crop tank revealing Lexa’s perfect abs, but she realised there is a catch. More than one. She never wears such clothes when exercise. Her favourite sweatpants and baggy workout shirt were nowhere to be found.

“Why are you wearing this?”

“Because we are going to work out.” She sounded relaxed and ongoing like it did not matter at all it was a late night. Two months ago Clarke had asked for fitness lessons. It was a great opportunity how to spend time together and also how to try something new. Lexa knew she won’t be the football player forever and she loved working out. Maybe this could be her another specialisation. So as an experiment after Roan’s approval she had spent one afternoon in the week as a fitness instructor, not only for her girl but also for some other patrons.

“I thought we settled when I called you from the library that today’s lesson is cancelled.” First of all, she absolutely did not feel like working out, studying drained her. The other thing was the disturbing image of guys in the gym staring at Lexa’s exposed belly.

“No baby, you settled. Now hush, go change.” She knew the best, that first fifteen minutes of training is always a pain in the ass, but in the end, it is always worthy. And that’s why she didn’t want Clarke to slack off. Because it would be her failure as well, as her mentor.

“The gym closes at ten pm. Can we just go grab some Mcdonald’s instead, then make out in the car a bit and then I drive you home?” The exhausted med student tried to escape her inevitable fate once more. Besides crop tank top and sexy leggings only reminded her how the body that supposed to belong to her was admired by others all afternoon. If she knew, she would come sooner. She would skip classes, she would… ...damn. Where that rage came from?

“Good thing I am a stepdaughter of the owner, I can work out whenever I like. So can you.” Still patient but also eager to finally start Lexa took her lover’s hand and nearly dragged her to the locker room. “Now dress, I will wait in the back exercise room.” Before leaving she wanted to boost the
confidence with a light kiss, but it was dismissed.

“Why are you wearing this?” The tone of her voice distinguished, her eyes darkened. And it happened. The jealousy got the best of her.

For a long moment, Lexa simply stared at Clarke and wondered what it was she had done that offended her so much. “Baby, I told you, because we are going to work out. What’s wrong?”

“So you were like this all afternoon? Half naked. Enjoying hungry stares of a bunch of the horny wankers?” She rubbed her tired eyes and felt on the verge of tears. “No wonder you did not miss me.” Anger clouding her thoughts she was about to take a way out when Lexa gently touched her face and wiped a little water drop that formed a moment ago.

“Clarke…” Even when accused of atrocity, she said that name with the utmost tenderness.

“I am sorry.” Realising how much of an idiot she was, she felt ashamed and wanted to kick herself.

“It’s ok. Just dress, strenuous activity will make you feel better.”

“No, It's not ok. I am sorry, I was mean. I just… it was a long day, and I missed you and… I don’t think I can do this right now.” Why Lexa just could not let it go. It was only a stupid work out.

“Of course you can. And I prepared something special for you. You’re going to love it.” If the intention behind those words was to spark the curiosity, it definitely worked.

“Fine. Ok. I'll do it, but only because I love you and I would do anything for you.”

“Same here babe, so let's not waste any more time. Don't let me wait too long.” From all of the sudden, the urge to haul Lexa into her arms and kiss her hard infused her entire body. But it was too late. She was gone. Changing into black dolphin shorts and a grey braided t-back tank top, she came to the conclusion she will not need a bra. She was ready to believe Lexa’s *something special* has nothing to do with a workout routine. After she had fixed her hair, content with herself she left the locker room and made her way through the empty gym. Space was always so crowded and lively. Being here alone with her girl made her shiver. Entering the back room, she spotted Lexa entirely focused on connecting the phone to the stereo set and picking the right music. Some dumbbells around, fit ball and jumping rope on the floor, that was not how she imagine *something special*. Nevertheless, she had plenty of ideas about extraordinary things she could do with her lover in here. And it will all start with startling her from behind. Unfortunately, she turned right before anything could be done.

“You are here. Great. But, you forget something, don't you?”

“And what it should be?” If Lexa wanted to tease, two could play this game.

“Sports Bra, Clarke.”

“Do I really need it. I don't think so.” But her self-assured attitude hit the impenetrable wall.

“Of course you do. Your nice titties definitely need to be fixed when you exercise. If not it will hurt trust me.” Lexa was fully obsessed with her plan for tonight. “Come on, be quick.”

“So we are going to work out after all?”

“Yes. What else?”
“Nothing. Nothing else.” She resigned. Clarke loved Lexa with her whole heart, but her obliviousness and obsession with her routine were really frustrating sometimes. Heading back to the locker room and reluctantly put on the sports bra, she wondered what killer set her private fitness instructor prepared for today.

***

It was only warm up, and she was wrecked. Lexa had made her do high knees, jumping rope and burpees and now she had only one minute to catch a breath and drink some water as her torturer commanded. Lexa was so in control, so lethal and if nothing else about this evening Clarke really enjoy to see her like that. She wished her lover could be more like it in bed too. Not treat her like a porcelain doll, always tender and gentle. Of course, she liked it sometimes, but she also wished for some level of rawness. Like in the garage. But again, it was Clarke who asked for it, who initiated it.

“Ok, ready?” Oh yes, she was ready. To strip Lexa’s clothes and pin her to the ground. Instead of doing that, she only nodded. “But first, let me show you something,” Lexa explained her way of doing burpees is wrong, and she could injure herself, then demonstrated how to do it properly in slow motion. Squat, kick feet back, push-up, return to squat and stand end with a jump. The push-up and jump phase were most interested. First seeing her perfect body tightening, her muscles working in sync and then the jump and Lexa’s breast making the mesmerising move. After that, it was Clarke’s turn to perform the drill correctly. Lexa knelt down, stopped her in the push-up phase and put the hand on her bum.

“Stay still.” She sounded severe.

“Your lower back must not be curved.” Clarke did as ordered.

“Good. Now your belly. Bring it in. Try to tuck it under the ribs.” She would swear Lexa clasped her ass.

“That’s good. And now, go down. Slowly.” She put her other hand on the ground.

“Lower. Lower!” With tremendous effort, Clarke’s breasts were about to reach the mat, but instead, they met the palm of Lexa’s hand.

“Great. Marvellous.” Her body tightened even more, but not because it was her intention. It only reacted to the electrifying touch.

“And push up.” Leading by her instructor's hands, she went up and stand but did not jump.

“You are doing great.” She was about to press herself against Lexa and kiss her, but vigilant athlete stepped back.

“Now twenty jumping jacks.” Clarke felt dazed. She had no idea what to think of it. If this was her usual serious approach to training or if she was playing games.

“I said twenty jumping jacks. Go!” So she just proceeded with exercise, but her frustration was growing. After Lexa showed her four new drills, Russian twist, upright row, plank to push-up and planking with the fit ball and explained, she is going to perform 30 seconds of each for four times in a row with 10 seconds rest in between her head spun. If this was supposed to be something special she was not interested.

“Sooo...you are going to start in, 3.. 2.. 1..” Lexa pushed the stopwatch button hanging on her neck.

“No. No way.” Clarke groaned. “I am not going to that.”
“Oh yes, you do.” It did not sound angry. Severity was gone. Fitness instructor smiled and licked her lips, then hunkered down, spread her legs and revealed the place Clarke desired to visit. “Of course you do, babe, if you want to lick this pussy.”

“What?!” So maybe she will enjoy this after all.

“Do as I command!” Lexa stood up and made it clear this request should not be opposed. Finding a new energy her trainee was suddenly all fired up to finish the first round of the exercise. She went to the sitting position and was so focused, that didn’t notice what’s going around her.

“See, it wasn’t that difficult.” The feeling of warm breath on her neck gave her willies.

“You worked out of these muscles.” Strong hands of the person kneeling behind her found its way under the shirt and gently squeezed her core. When she was about to turn around and dare to approach her, Lexa was one step forward again and already gone.

“Now upright rows.” Clarke reached for the dumbbells and hoped the reward after this round will be less teasing and more satisfying. But for this time, her eyes never stopped following her companion. After the fourth 30 seconds session she wasn’t even close.

“To the ground now. You have 10 seconds till plank to push-up round begins.” It was like Lexa knew, she wanted to fuck off the exercise. Resigned, she closed her eyes and groaned, then reluctantly knelt down preparing herself for planking position.

“Don’t forget.” Losing her focus only for the moment, she was captured from behind again. “Your abs must be tight.”

“Will do.” She was suffering, tortured by desire but she didn’t try to make a move anymore, thinking there is no point. The bigger her surprise was when she felt Lexa’s tongue meeting her neck.

“You doing awesome.” For the first time in that evening, it felt like Lexa is struggling too. “I can tell.” She licked the crook of Clarke’s neck once more and then parted. Clarke proceeded, but everything was automated. Fueled by adrenaline, only one thought possessed her mind, and for this time nothing is going to stop her. She knew that. After the fourth rep was over, she jumped up, found her lover and without hesitation press her against the wall. She didn't simply kiss her, she devoured her.

“Clarke,” It took a lot of effort but panting Lexa pushed her away, “do you think this is easy for me? Watching your glorious body without succumbing to desire.”

“Do you think I do not know you want me to be more in control. Aggressive perhaps.” She bit her lips, aware that she might be confusing her girl.

“But we cannot be both dominant at the same time. So maybe you should decide, what you wish for tonight.” Clarke did not say anything, her hands still tightly wrapped around Lexa’s bare hips, looking at her luscious lips.

“Ok, then. Take the fit ball, and I want to see four perfect 30 seconds planking reps.” Watching Clarke performing the plank, her captivating body tightening, Lexa wondered how is still possible to maintain composed and serious attitude. Was it really what Clarke wanted? Should she continue with a plan or just fuck it all, more precisely fuck her girlfriend right away?

“Alright. I have done what you asked. Will I have a reward now?” Exhausted, but in anticipation, it seemed like young med student already accepted her role for this evening.
“I do have something for you.” Lexa was standing next to the stereo. When she pushed the right button, the dynamic workout music was replaced with classics. “You like, this song, don’t you?”

“Oh, I love it.” It was a perfect song for wild love making. Roxanne by Police.

“Good, so every time you hear Roxanne you are going to do a burpee. And in the meantime, you jog.”

“What?” There was like zillion times, Roxanne was mentioned in the song. Her patience was tested. “You are crazy. It’s not going to happen. Fuck you.”

“Oh, you can babe, after this workout is over.” The wicked smile they both enjoyed followed. “Now burpees.”

After four minutes of burpees, Clarke never wanted to hear that song again. Lying on the floor her eyes closed, unable to catch the breath, she wasn't sure if she wants to live anymore. When she finally felt her heartbeat is going to normal, she sat up. Lexa was right next to her.

“How do you feel baby?” She gently wiped the sweat of Clarke’s face and gave her a bottle of water.

“What do you think?” Water never felt so refreshing. “Exhausted, angry, thrilled, aroused, wet. Very wet. Soaked. But my muscles are done. I barely can move, if you wanted me to be submissive, you could just tie me you know, it would be easier for us both.” She chuckled.

“Do you want to be tied?” Lexa got confused.

“No. I mean, I don't know. I’ve never think about it.” So did Clarke.

“Well, no tying tonight.” She grabbed Clarke’s tank top and draw her into a hungry kiss. “But you will not be disappointed, I promise. There is a private shower in manager’s office and protein drink on the table. You will feel better after and ready for your reward. Now go. I’ll join you soon.”

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Lexa did not join her in the shower, but she was right about one thing, Clarke did feel better. Exhaustion was fading, on the other hand, anticipation and greed was reaching an apex. Wrapping the towel around her erect nipples, feeling the moisture between her legs spreading, she left the private bathroom and went back to the manager's office. It was not the wall full of trophies, nor the massive mahogany executive desk what caught her attention. But the couch. Lexa was sitting there, one leg over the other all naked, looking like the goddess of beauty.

“Come here, Clarke.” The yearning look revealed another demand, not vocalised, but very clear. She obeyed without a second thought, unwrapped the towel and took a resolute step forward. Feeling the hungry seductive eyes tracing her body, she felt beguiling. When in front of her, Lexa took down her leg and widened her knees, then snatched Clarke’s hips with both hands making her crawl onto her lap. Unable to hold herself back anymore she captured the sweet lips with a fierce intensity, savouring every moan she caused.

“Do you have any idea, how much I want you?” As much as she tried to not sound all border-lining sentimental, she did.

“Lexa, you have me. I am yours. I belong to you by all means.”

Lexa slid her hands from hips to the belly then upward till she cupped Clarke’s breasts. The
demanding moans only made her more eager. The nipples she possessed with her mouth was like and entrance to the wonder world. Delicious and welcoming, they begged to be explored. Never stopped taking care of them, her hand was about to start the journey of its own. The tips of her fingers sank between Clarke’s spread thighs. Her touch was sensual and even when keen to go deeper, she lingered, stroking the clit and bringing her girl on edge.

“Lexa,” Clarke screamed in pleasure, arched her back, moving her hips closer, “go inside. I beg you, go inside!”

Lexa looked up and palmed her face, holding her in place. As their mouth merged, Clarke felt delicate fingers hitting the right spot inside her pussy. The wave of joy was intensifying with every in and out move, overwhelming her body. Frenzied, feeling the orgasm building she embraced her lover, digging her nails into the soft back skin and screamed Lexa’s name.

A couple of minutes passed. Or an eternity. It didn't matter. Clarke’s head was resting on her arm, they firmly pressed against each other. Lexa would swear their hearts were beating in sync. Even when reluctant to do so, because echo's of shattering orgasm was still embracing it, she slowly withdrew her hand, brought it to her face, then took a deep breath and longingly lick it.

“You are beautiful, Clarke.” She murmured more to herself, though, not knowing if her lover is even awake.

“I am yours.” She was not only awake, “and I believe you said something about licking your pussy, once I finish my work out,” but hungry for more.
Monday, November 22, 2010

8:37 pm., Berlin, Germany

Lying on her bed, Clarke decided there is no point in trying and gave up any attempt to study. Heavy textbook ended on the floor. Instead of absorbing new knowledge she reached for the Cosmo magazine on the nightstand and tried to distract herself with some trashy gossips or invaluable lifestyle advice. Eager to browse for the page 37 and read an article about ten dreamy honeymoon destinations she got unintentionally stuck with the Taylor Swift interview about her new boyfriend. It was not like she gave a damn about Taylor or the man who will be replaced soon anyway. But seeing that interview reminded her Lexa on the cover couple of months ago, when she had not even dared to dream they could be a couple. Clarke had had goosebumps looking at her favourite athlete in fancy dresses, not in sports clothes. And that feeling of unrest when she had read the question about the love interest, followed with bliss when Lexa’s answer had revealed she is not seeing anyone nor in love. Would she mention their relationship if interviewed now? Or only talked about her everlasting love for football? Clarke was fully aware how much football means to her girlfriend, still, sometimes it felt like a competition. Unfair competition. Yesterday, Turbine Potsdam had lost to their biggest rival Frankfurt 4:1. They were not talking since then. She had been waiting for Lexa after the game, but she hadn't shown up, just texted: I am sorry. I need to be alone. And turned off her phone. She had not been outstanding, for the first time this season, but it happens. As a defender, Lexa was always kind of involved in the goal against her team situation. And yesterday she did not take it well in particular. Clarke would be happy to cheer her or just be there for her, and that's why refusal was disconcerting. When she was about to finally find out where are the best honeymoon destinations the phone beeped. No. The young med student was determined to stay upset. For this time no sweet words, nor actions will do. Lexa will have to try harder to be a proper girlfriend. The phone beeped again. And again.

“Fuck it.” The curiosity got the best of her when she reached for the beeping device.

I am on your porch.

It’s cold here.

And rainy.

It was very cold indeed and raining for a whole weekend. Clarke reluctantly stood up, left her room and headed downstairs. It was dark there. At least, her parents weren't home. Mum had called and explained why they will be late, but it's not like she had been listening much.

“Clarke.” Lexa was standing there only in the sweatpants and hoodie shivering, her clothes soaked from the rain, her eyes blurred. The flickering light of the street lamp accompanied by enshrouded shadows only underlined her obscure presence.

“Lexa, what the hell? Can’t you see there is a shitstorm outside? Don’t you have an umbrella at home? Why you even came?” She was ready to be angry, but the negligent attitude of her girlfriend made her furious. She dragged her in, but would rather slap her instead.
“I wanted to see you. I needed to.” Her words lacked any emotion. There was no room for that. Her vitality only provided enough energy to stand. Heavy wet clothes felt like shackles nicked to her body.

“You could see me after the game, or call or bring the fucking umbrella with you at least…”

“I am sorry.” Lexa attempted to caress Clarke’s face. Without success because this action triggered the inner doctor.

“You're freezing.” Without a second thought, she unzipped the hoodie. “Take it off! All of it. Did Anya let you out like this? Fuck. How long you have been walking in the rain?”

“She doesn't know. She thinks I am in bed.” Following the instructions, she took off the shirt and sweatpants. Or more likely allowed Clarke to do so.

“What were you thinking?” Lexa definitely did not intend to reveal what she thought when brought herself to the edge of hypothermia, yet. “Come! Quickly.” Feeling the arm wrapped around her waist, she completely submitted to given directions. They ended in the bathroom. Pushed to the shower, the hot water drops finally brought some heat to her chilled body. She rested the exhausted head on Clarke’s shoulder and tried to enjoy the moment of peace. Still shivering, she felt the embrace was tightening.

“Why you do this Lexa? Is some football game really that important?” Behind the words whispered soft but impatient, there was a clear sign anger is gone, the straight answer was still demanded though. When it was about to come, it was far from what Clarke expected. The more she lingered engulfed in a hug, the more she felt the anticipation rising. When she sensed Lexa’s head shifted, and her lips started a slow way up along her neckline, it took her by surprise. The combined feeling of relief, pleasure and the longing so exceedingly intense that made her quiver overwhelmed her. It had been two days since the last time they touched. Now when they did again, it seemed like she never wanted anything more than this. Than the hands that unexpectedly found its way under her shirt sweeping her bare skin. So thorough and tender, not leaving any spot without proper treatment. Was it the steamy water what brought Lexa back to life, to bid her blood to run again or herself, she wondered when the same hands delicately pull her wet shirt up. Before undress the caring lips abandoned her neck and left her frozen, unsettled when realised, she desperately wanted them back on her skin. Lexa’s moves were slow but decisive. Like she knew exactly what her ultimate goal is, but were in no rush to achieve it, because she was about to enjoy every moment of this journey. When she pinned Clarke to the shower wall, their eyes met again. She cupped her face and gave it the same treatment as her upper body. Her thumbs finally reached the trembling lips of her lover. But she wasn't ready to capture them. Not yet. The time to break the eye contact had not come. Lexa could see their whole history behind those blue eyes. But more importantly, their future.

“You are my number one priority.” And so it happened again. Clarke was thrown off balance, melting inside, completely enthralled by the person in front of her. She gasped and couldn’t stand that intense stare anymore, but the most gentle kiss prevented her from looking down. There had been times when she desired her girlfriend to be more preponderate in their relationship, aggressive. At least every now and then. Now she knew, this was Lexa’s way how to assume control. It was how she does it on a playfield. Slow and thoughtful, lurking from the shadows, observing, giving an impression of fragility, weakness even. And then when opponents finally tend to believe they can outmatch her, she crushes them, tears them apart, so they squirm under her spell. And it was how she was able to do it with anyone else. Their lips were only brushing lightly, there was still time before the final blow.

“Lexa, you can't do this to me. You have to stop. You can not…” It took a tremendous effort to part
from her lover, but she must.

“Shhh….” Her struggle was predestined to fail anyway. “What about we will talk later? Now enjoy what is given to you.” So Clarke did. When the kiss eventually became an open mouth, all her defences shattered. But as much as it could look like that, it wasn’t just a simple kiss. And it did not suppose to show the dominance, control or possession as falsely assumed before. Quite the opposite actually. It was a vow of utter devotion, an apology. Lexa’s tongue stayed true to the spirit established before, moving slowly, wisely, deepening the intimacy. Standing there from what it felt like an eternity, water washing away their fears, they were becoming one. Freed from suspense, being blessed with an intensive and delicate care Clarke was close to see through it. When her hand was raised gently and interlocked with Lexa’s, she understood this session was not supposed to lead to wild orgasm. Even if the outcome was not clear yet, she felt like she would not be disappointed. Nevertheless, she got caught off guard once more that evening. Lexa surprisingly broke the kiss, but still stay as close as possible.

“Can I have your name, when we get married.” From her look it was crystal clear, she was dead serious.

“Excuse me?” But Clarke had difficulties to figure out, why such question was asked. Why now?

“Can I stay here for tonight. With you?” And then something changed, she wasn't even sure if she actually heard it or only wanted to.

“Ok. Ok.” She moaned. “Of course, you can.” Her head was spinning. She needed to calm down.

“Could you take me to the bed now? I think I have a cold, I could use some rest. I’ve already felt sick on Sunday.”

“Lexa! Really? Are you serious? Why you are so stubborn? You shouldn't play then! And first of all, you should come with me the other day to get vaccinated. And shouldn't walk around it the rain. And...” Before she could turn on the angry mode, Lexa’s lips used its soothing superpower again.

“We'll talk. But now, take me to bed, baby. I need some sleep. And a medicine perhaps.”

“Ok. Alright. You're damn lucky, your girl is a future doctor.”

“Hell, I am.”

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Lexa had fallen asleep in no time after she took inflammatories. First Clarke had been so close to getting upset again, but then taking care of her love one felt oddly satisfactory. Such a simple things like drying her hair, brushing it, making tea or measuring the body temperature. It all had made her feel warm inside. She had even decided it’s necessary to watch over Lexa, that’s why she had stayed in a chair instead of joining her in bed. Studying had not been the best choice how to stay awake, though and sleep had overcome her too, eventually. But the subconscious part of her mind had been still aware she needs to stay vigilant, and a little nightmare about ugly wedding dress brought her back to senses. For this time she didn’t replace textbook with Cosmo magazine but with a sketchbook. It was full of Lexa’s drawings, but none of them when sleeping. She smiled at a thought, her collection will be finally enriched with such. When finished, she was really content. The sketch illuminated by desk lamp look almost as marvellous as original lying in bed. Encouraged by a good work her imagination gone wild. She turned the page and got completely consumed by the fantasy, that had started to build up in the shower. Once the blueprint of the wedding dress was finished, she wrote Miss Clarke Voigt Woods. It looked good, but she proceeded anyway. Miss
“I asked first, you know.” It was a mystery, for how long had Lexa been awake, sitting on the bed watching her girl immersed in wedding fantasy, but now when rejuvenated thanks to sleep and medicine she was enjoying herself greatly no doubt.

“W-What?” The amateur artist tried to crumple the wedding sketch but without much success.

“It was me who asked first If I can use your name after our relationship is established legally. I should have a preferential right to try my new signature.” If Clarke was standing that beautiful smile would make her dizzy.

“If you are proposing me, this is not the most romantic way.” So it had happened in the shower. Her mind had not been playing tricks.

“I am not proposing Clarke, I believe I’ve already done that in the stadium. I am only asking you if I can bear your name as a fulfilment of my vow. A covenant. Or simply because I belong with you. Choose whichever suits you.” Lexa moved so now she was sitting on the edge of the bed. For a moment they were only looking at each other, communicating without the words till Clarke finally accepted an unspoken offer and sat next to her lover.

“So every time you screw things up between us, you are going to propose me?”

“No.” The light playful attitude was replaced with seriousness on both sides. “I know my flaws. I am thinking too much, analysing everything. My brain always works at full capacity. I always have a backup plan, and every backup plan has a backup plan. I always consider every possible way how things can turn out. It helps me to stay calm on the field, strong, respected, in control of the game. Some would say it is too much, but that’s why I… ...It has always brought me an advantage. But it’s quite the opposite with you. It’s not a game, a lesson with physics. There is no rules, no terms and conditions in matters of love. It drives me insane when I am considering the options where I could disappoint you. Like on Sunday, losing the match against Frankfurt. Then I am pushing you away, and my brain betrays me once more. Plotting about how you’ve already met someone else. Someone who is not crazy mental like me. Someone easy. Normal.”

“Lexa….” In the light of the recent confession, she wasn’t she sure if she was eligible to do that, but couldn't prevent herself from interrupting anyway and stopped that line of thinking with a soft kiss.

“I’ve never meant to hurt you. I am sorry.”

“You'll only disappoint me if you would leave me.” Clarke wanted to believe it will never happen, that's why she needed to feel Lexa’s lips firmly pressed to hers again.

“I won’t.” Her wishes were fulfilled, and now when things were close to being settled, she felt her greed was waking up. But first, one thing had to be cleared.

“And as a woman myself, knowing a lot about assuming I offer you this. We are not going to do that anymore. We will talk about things instead. No assuming. Deal?”

“Deal.”

“So now, you are going to tell me everything that’s going on in your beautiful head regarding our wedding.” Eager to know more Clarke pushed Lexa towards the bed and straddle her.

“I’ve never said anything about the wedding. Only legal establishment. It is you who are drawing stunning wedding dresses.” She attempted to take control, but her effort wasn't successful and ended
pinned to the bed again.

“Talk!” Hungry for knowledge, satisfaction and Lexa’s body, Clarke made it clear this request should not be opposed.

“Not many details, really. Now we are young, too busy with so many other things. But in the future, I have the strong desire to do it eventually, lawfully. In my heart, I already belong with you. I’ve always had. But I think my brain just need something tangible too. And of course the confirmation you… ...perceive it the same.” She sounded a bit nervous, tense, but she promised to be straightforward.

“How can you sound so romantic and so cold calculated in the same sentence?” It wasn't an accusation. She was amused actually.

“I don't understand, I do not see any cold calculus in that sentence.”

“Exactly. And that is your problem, my love. But we will work on that. Before our wedding in the future. Now what about some consolation price for your Sunday loss. The reason why you will not dare to shut me out after the lost game. Ever.” Too bad they have to be quiet for this time, Clarke thought when stripping Lexa down. Because she planned to give her pussy a very intensive care soon.

Chapter End Notes

If the line You are my number one priority seems familiar to you, maybe you played Life is strange. If not, try it perhaps, it is an almost life-changing experience.

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