Our little secret

by SilentRain91

Summary

“Someone at this club recognized O and called the cops.” Raven explains, hoping Clarke will get the urgency of this. It’s a messy situation. “We have to go right now. The cops can be here in like ten minutes or something and then we’d be in deep shit for those fake ID’s and for drinking.” Getting caught is not a part of her plans.

Clarke’s eyes widen. She had warned Octavia and Raven that this could be a bad idea and sadly this is proving her right, although thanks to Lexa, being here has been great while it lasted. “Ugh, okay, let’s go.” She knows they’ll have to hurry to leave, because her mother can’t know about this. It’s unfortunate that their night is ending like this, it really kills the mood to have to run away all of the sudden.

Lexa gasps at hearing the conversation between Clarke and that girl. “Fake ID’s?” It dawns on her what that means. “Wait, you’re not twenty-one?” She should have known the blonde looked too young to be here, but since Clarke was in this club and drinking, she assumed the blonde would have been twenty-one. “Please tell me you’re not underage.” At the very least she’s hoping for that, because right now this sounds disastrous and not promising at all.

Teacher/Student AU.
Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
“I don’t know if this is a good idea you guys.”

Raven pats Clarke’s shoulder. “Come on, Clarke, this is our last weekend before the new school year begins.” She doesn’t want her friend to chicken out now that they already got this far.

“Yeah.” Octavia chimes in. “Rae is right. Tonight is all about having fun!”

Clarke sighs and looks at her fake ID. “We could get in trouble for these.” She looks further down the street where the club is they’re going to.

Raven is not going to lighten up about this. They already agreed they would go. “Nobody is going to know, these fakes are good. You’ve got nothing to worry about. You always said you want to go to that club, and now you’d pass it up?”

“I do want to go there, when I’m finally twenty-one!” Clarke counters. “People who are younger than twenty-one can’t enter.” She understands that’s the reason why they have fakes in the first place. “Rae, you and I are seventeen and O is still sixteen.”

“I turn seventeen in two months, I can’t help it that my birthday falls later in the year.” Not that it would suddenly make her old enough. Octavia links her arm together with Clarke’s. “Let’s go. The music and the drinks await us.”

Clarke feels like this is a bad idea. The thought of going to the best LGBT club is interesting, but they’re too young to enter and too young to drink. “I can’t believe you even want to go to that club, O. You’re the straightest person I know.” She knows that Raven is bisexual like her, but as far as she knows, Octavia is as straight as a stick.

“Don’t deny it until you try it.”

Raven high fives Octavia. “Well said, couldn’t have said it better myself.” She grins, thinking how she should have said something like that. Maybe Octavia isn’t as straight as they all have been thinking, or at the very least heteroflexible.

Clarke gives in and follows her friends to the club. She tries to act casual when showing her fake ID to the bouncer, who seems oblivious that they’re too young to be there. Seriously, how on earth does that bouncer believe they’d be twenty-one? Maybe the make-up Raven insisted they’d all use helps after all. Granted, they do look slightly older, but if she had been that bouncer, she wouldn’t have fallen for it. Raven might get away with it, but there’s no way Octavia should be getting away with it.

Raven quickly orders a couple of drinks for her and her friends. They’re here to have fun, so they might as well dive directly into it. Murphy has done a good job getting them those fake ID’s, which is surprising because they’re not exactly friends. This club looks interesting. There are so many women here and it’s intriguing that aside from her friends, they’re all older than her.

Clarke reluctantly drinks, knowing how much her mother would freak out if she’d know that she is not watching a movie at Raven’s place. She catches sight of a very attractive woman, holy wow. At the bar, only a few seats away from her, there’s a brunette. She watches as the woman traces her finger over the rim of her glass and makes eye-contact with her.

The brunette looks mesmerizing in that tightly fitting black top she’s wearing. Clarke is amazed by the brunette’s regal jawline that’s carved like a masterpiece and the slender fingers that trace
Octavia nudges Clarke’s side, noticing the way her friend is staring at that woman. “You should go talk to her, offer her a drink or something.” She grasps Raven’s hand. “You wanna dance, babe?” It’s a good way to leave Clarke to her own devices to go and flirt with that woman.

Raven smirks. “I’m your babe now huh?” She follows Octavia to the dance floor and winks at Clarke, silently wishing her good luck.

Octavia presses her body flush against Raven’s, dancing in a daring way, following the beat of the music.

Clarke wonders how old the brunette is. Her guess is somewhere in her early twenties, most likely. Those eyes are so intense and are boring through her skull, which colors her intrigued. Fuck it, this is the last weekend before her school year begins and she’s at this club that she’s been dying to go to, so she might as well enjoy it while it lasts. Muster ing all the confidence she can find, she signals at the bartender.

The bartender leans over the bar. “What can I get you?”

Clarke holds her glass up. “Another one of this and uh…” She glances at the brunette. “Give her another glass of whatever she’s having.” She turns her eyes back to her glass, emptying it while the new glass she ordered is being placed in front of her. It’s the first time she buys someone a drink, but that’s mostly because well, she’s technically not old enough to drink.

“Why did you order a drink for me?”

Clarke nearly slides off the stool she’s sitting on. She turns her head to the sound of the voice and oh yes, the brunette is sitting next to her now. Okay, she needs to get it together. “Because I think you’re beautiful, so I wanted to buy you a drink.” She decides to be bold and trails her fingertips over the brunette’s hand. “Do you have a name, or should I just call you beautiful?”

“My name is Lexa.” Lexa watches the blonde, who looks quite young, which must mean she can’t be a day older than twenty-one. The blonde is absolutely gorgeous and she can see that the younger woman is flirting with her, quite obviously. She would usually ignore that, but this blonde caught her eye from the second she walked in. “What’s your name, or should I call you stunning?”

Clarke smiles, feeling pleased that the brunette – Lexa – is flirting back. “I’m Clarke, but for you, I’ll be anybody you like.” She can’t grasp where she’s getting all this confidence from to be so blunt, but now that she’s here and Lexa is sitting next to her, she wants to see where this could lead to.

Lexa swallows thickly. Her tongue darts out of her mouth to wet her lips, and she sees how Clarke’s eyes follow her tongue. “Do you come here often?” She’s curious to know if she’ll see the blonde around again, in case she would be here sometime again in the future. It’s not her first time being at this club, but she doesn’t come here frequently either. The first time she ever entered this club was with her best friend, when she was twenty-one, a few years ago.

Clarke shakes her head, she’s never been here before, but she’s not going to give Lexa the rundown of her fake ID. “I’ve never been here before.” She admits earnestly, without explaining further. “I’d come for you though.” She sends the brunette what she hopes to be a subtle yet flirty wink, while placing her hand on Lexa’s knee, squeezing softly. If it’s not clear to the brunette that she’s coming on to her, badly, she might have to draw a picture.
Lexa’s mouth runs dry. Clarke definitely has some nerve to say all those things while they barely met five minutes ago and to touch her so boldly. “I have to go to the restroom for a bit, excuse me.” She needs to go splash cold water into her face, to cool down, although it sounds like the blonde can use it more than her.

Clarke nods and follows Lexa with her eyes as the brunette gets up. She knows that what she has been saying cannot be interpreted innocently, but tonight she’s not being innocent at all. When Lexa vanishes into the restroom, she decides to go by something Raven often says, go big or go home. She slides off her stool, and with a sway of her hips, walks towards the restroom.

Lexa is gripping the edges of the sink while looking into the mirror. She’s about to turn the knob to splash water into her face when she sees Clarke standing behind her. In a hurry, she spins around, facing the blonde, who is looking at her with desire. Her eyes flit from Clarke’s eyes to her lips. She wants to kiss those lips so badly, but this isn’t what she’s used to, she’s the type to take things slow.

Clarke is filled with wanton. Unable to help herself she backs Lexa up against the sink and claims her lips with her own, doubting she would have read the signals wrong. Her hands find their way under the brunette’s top, slowly moving upwards. She smiles in their kiss as her hands touch the lacy fabric of Lexa’s bra.

Lexa moans into the kiss and cups one hand behind Clarke’s neck, deepening their kiss. Her tongue licks at the blonde’s upper lip, silently asking for entrance.

Clarke parts her lips a tad and feels Lexa’s tongue slipping in, dancing around her own. She groans and bites the brunette’s bottom lip, as Lexa teases her fingers around her nipples, over the fabric of her bra. If they wouldn’t be standing in a restroom right now, she would make quick work of undressing the brunette. It sucks that she can’t take Lexa to her place, since her mother is home.

Lexa wonders if she should leave this club and ask Clarke to go with her, to take the blonde back to her place, but she’s uncertain. One night stands really aren’t her style at all. If Clarke keeps kissing her like that, she might as well place the blonde atop the sink and claim her right here.

Clarke lifts Lexa up a bit, to make her sit atop the sink. She wiggles herself between the brunette’s legs and continues to kiss her. The music from inside the club drowns out because she’s caught up in her moment with Lexa. Right now it’s only the brunette and she, everything else doesn’t matter. Those lips are addictive. She needs more, so much more.

Raven swings the restroom door open, and sees that Clarke is kissing with that brunette who had been sitting next to her at the bar. Good for her friend, but there’s no time for this right now.

Clarke breaks her kiss with Lexa and looks at Raven, wondering why her friend is in here.

“Shit, Clarke.” Raven grasps Clarke’s wrist, feeling bad for interrupting her friend’s make out session with the mystery brunette. “We have to go!”
“What the fuck, Rae?” Clarke is confused because Raven, along with Octavia, had been convincing her to come here. They can’t have been here for more than an hour tops. Wait, how long has she been kissing Lexa in this restroom? Either way, she doesn’t want to go yet. Her friends told her that this is the last weekend they can all party before the school year begins and they were right.

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Octavia runs in and grasps Clarke’s other wrist. She doesn’t want to dwell while the cops can be here any minute. “We have to go! Bellamy is going to go nuts if he hears about this!” She knows her brother would completely lose it if he’d hear that she has been clubbing, in a gay bar no less, while she’s sixteen and that she has been drinking. This could get her grounded for months and she’d never hear the end of how irresponsible she has been.

Clarke gives Lexa an apologetic look, feeling slightly guilty for how shocked the brunette appears. They had a good time kissing and she enjoyed having Lexa’s hands under her shirt. The brunette seemed to enjoy it as well, so what if she’s seventeen? It’s not like she’s a child. They’re just two women who kissed and who were feeling each other up a bit, no big deal.

Lexa slides down against the cold tiles in the restroom as Clarke practically runs away with those two girls. From one of them she’s fairly sure she couldn’t have even been eighteen. Her head is spinning, how could this happen? She takes her phone out of her pocket and dials her best friend’s number.

There’s a click on the other end of the line. “Hello?”

“Anya, it’s me, Lexa.” Lexa knows she can always count on Anya, since they have been friends since they were little and when Monday rolls in, they will be colleagues. “I’m at the club and something happened.” She needs to talk to someone about this and Anya seems the best person to talk to about all of this.

“What happened? Are you okay?”

“A girl walked into the club and caught my eye. She is very attractive. While I was drinking, she suddenly ordered a drink for me. It peeked my interest, so I went to sit next to her and asked her why she ordered a drink for me. What ensued was that she was flirting with me, very clearly. I flirted a bit back. When I went to the restroom, she followed me and kissed me. I got lost in the moment and kissed her back. We kissed for a while and my hands were under her shirt, while her hands were under mine. I know this sounds unlike me and I know it was crazy to do that. Our kiss broke when another girl ran in, who was pulling her away while saying something about fake
ID’s and that they had to leave because the police would be on their way.”

“You’re right that it sounds unlike you. I’m sorry to hear that happened. That girl shouldn’t have been at the club. Was she underage? Can you get in trouble for this?”

“I’m not sure. I asked her if she’s underage, but she never answered me. She simply looked at me like she felt sorry, while two other girls ran away with her and that was it.”

“Don’t beat yourself up over this, okay? You couldn’t have known that she was too young to be at that club. It’s not your fault that she was using a fake ID, she should have told you honestly.”

“I should have followed my gut feeling that she looked so young to be here. Because she was here and drinking, I simply assumed she would have been twenty-one. I probably should have asked her precisely how old she is.”

“Do you want me to come and pick you up?”

“Please.”

Clarke hurries towards the classroom, with her backpack slung over her shoulder. Raven and Octavia are on her heels, trying to get to class as well. It wouldn’t be good to start their first day of the school year being late.

The three of them flow into the classroom, along with other students who are hurrying to get in.

Clarke barely registers the teacher as she quickly sits down, relieved that she’s on time. She opens her backpack and grabs a few items. When she’s settled, she holds her pen between her thumb and her index finger, waiting for the class to begin.

A throat is being cleared, silencing the class, stopping the whispering.

“Good morning, students. I’m Miss Woods.”

Clarke’s jaw drops along with her pen. Oh my god…No way.

Lexa tenses up for a moment when she sees Clarke. Oh god, she made out with one of her students. This is bad, this is very bad. The one time she went along when someone made advances on her in a club and this is the result.

Clarke’s can’t believe what she’s seeing. She made out with Lexa Woods. Her bloody teacher! That’s it she’s never using a fake ID ever again.

Octavia stares at Miss Woods. No freaking way! That’s the woman Clarke has been gushing about ever since they left that club, going on and on about what an amazing kisser that woman is. Way to go Clarke.

Raven recognizes Miss Woods. That’s unmistakably the woman Clarke had been making out with. Holy shit, her friend sure got some game. She bursts out laughing at the matching pale look
Clarke and Miss Woods have.

Lexa clenches her jaw and looks at the student who is laughing. Oh no, that’s the girl who walked in when she was kissing Clarke. She also sees the other girl who had walked in. This is only her first day teaching here, but she’s going to be so fired. That’s it she’s never going clubbing ever again.
Chapter Summary

It's night for me, so I apologize for any mistakes.

I finished this chapter early (ha ^) so I decided to be nice and post it already.

Enjoy. :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Lexa’s fingers rap silently on her desk as she watches her students, occupying themselves with their books, like she instructed them to. It’s unnerving to have Clarke in her class. She hasn’t stopped thinking about what happened at the club, what shouldn’t have happened, but did. Once her class is over, she needs to have a word with Clarke and those two other girls.

Looking through her student papers that she has been handed this morning as a guide of sorts, she learns that the other girls are Octavia and Raven. It would have been a lot better if she would have received these two days ago, when she was at that club. This is like a nightmare. Not only did she kiss and felt up a girl who was too young to be at the club, the girl turns out to be her student, which is illegal. Truth be told, she had no idea that Clarke would turn out to be her student. Since the blonde is in her class, this means that Clarke is either sixteen or seventeen.

Clarke nervously bounces her leg up and down. This is unbelievable, out of all the people she could have ended up kissing with at that club, she ended up kissing with Miss Woods. Here she was, thinking this school year would be boring. It turns out this school year is going to be very interesting. She can feel Lexa’s gaze on her, which makes her want to sink under the floor right now. It was embarrassing how Raven was laughing, which confused the other students, but Miss Woods had cut Raven short and silenced her. She swore that in that very moment, she saw a flicker of panic flashing through Lexa’s eyes that Raven might have countered with something.

Lexa runs her hands over her blouse, smoothing it once again. Being a teacher here at Polis high is a wonderful opportunity for her, as a twenty-five year old. Last year she received her bachelor’s degree at TonDc. Anya has already been working here at Polis as a teacher for three years, considering she is three years older. It was her best friend who recommended her to work here. Some relief washes over her that she hasn’t mentioned Clarke’s name to Anya, which can be helpful since the blonde will likely have her as a teacher as well.

When the bell rings, the students close their books to get up and leave the classroom.

“Miss Griffin, Miss Blake and Miss Reyes, a word please.”

“Ooooh someone is in trouble.” One of the students says amusedly, spurring a few other students on to make a comment as well.

Lexa feels like the students who are making comments have no idea that it is the other way around, as a matter of fact. She waits for the students to clear out, leaving only Clarke, Octavia and Raven. The blonde looks uncomfortable, like she might throw up. Octavia looks nervous, like
she wonders how fast she can make a run for it. Raven on the other hand, has a smug look on her face.

Clarke swallows thickly and decides to stand her ground. “You want to have a word with us, Miss Woods?” She’s tempted to call her Lexa, but decides against it since they’re at school and she may be many things, but disrespectful isn’t one of them.

“I do not want my job to be jeopardized. My career is important to me.” Lexa is entirely concentrated on building a decent career for herself, and this could be the beginning of doing so, which she doesn’t want to ruin due to a mistake that never should have taken place. “I hope I can count on you being discreet about what has happened, Clarke.”

“Hmm, I get it. You want me to pretend like it never happened.” Clarke crosses her arms over her chest. She knows her best friends wouldn’t tell anyone, because that’s not the way they are. “You want all of this to be a secret.” She daringly takes a step closer towards Lexa. “I enjoyed the time we spent together at the club.” She can’t forget how Lexa’s lips felt on hers and the way her touch was sending electricity through her body. It takes all the willpower she has not to kiss Lexa right here right now. “How about I make you a deal? If I can take you out sometime, I’ll keep the secret.” She doesn’t plan to tell anyone, but she may as well try to get something in return for her silence and secrecy.

Lexa shall not be cornered like this by Clarke and she will not indulge herself in anything of the sorts. The blonde is her student, that’s the end of the line. “I will make you a different deal, Clarke.” She has a much better deal at hand, since she won’t stand for having Clarke blackmailing her, if it can be considered such. “You will not tell anyone what happened between us and in return, I will not tell anyone that the three of you were at that club, drinking. It would be a shame if I had to phone a few parents about fake ID’s and underage drinking, don’t you think?”

Clarke’s mouth is agape while she cowers ever so slightly. She did not expect Lexa to throw that at her, ah a game well played. That was a smart move of Miss Woods to make, although the catch is all of them would hang in that case. Her mother would be pissed if she’d know about the fake ID and the drinking, because she is four years too young for that club and to drink.

“Oh, that’s a good deal.” Octavia hurriedly says, feeling more nervous by the second. “We should go to our other class, Clarke. Take the deal.” She can’t have Miss Woods ratting her out about having been in that club with a fake ID and drinking.

“I agree with O.” Raven chimes in, knowing that this is a losing game if Clarke would continue to try. She doesn’t need any trouble in her life over those fake ID’s. From all the women in that club, of course Clarke had to kiss Miss Woods. Okay, her friend didn’t know that, but ugh, this is fucked up. “The deal is reasonable, Clarke.” She doesn’t want to take the fall for this.

Clarke is not ready to let up yet. “Smart move, Miss Woods, but if you do that, you would be selling yourself out as well. While you could land me in deep water, you will be crashing and burning your career into the ground.”

“Clarke.” Octavia whines, wondering why Clarke can’t shut up about this. “We have to go to our next class.” She’s not in the mood to play with fire, because they will all end up burned.

Lexa knows that Clarke is right, but she won’t let herself be forced into doing what the blonde wants. As attractive as Clarke is, she cannot get involved in anything with her student. “If I agree to have dinner with you once, will you keep our secret?” She can eat dinner with the blonde, without anything happening between them, a basic formal dinner.

Clarke should feel guilty about this, but she doesn’t. True enough, Lexa had no idea at the club
about her actual age, but even so, when she kissed the brunette, Lexa could have rejected her. She didn’t think anyone could possibly believe she would have been twenty-one. They made this mistake together, even though she came on to Lexa at that club. “Yes, I’ll keep our secret.” She assures Miss Woods. “Rae and O won’t say anything to anyone either, right?” She turns to look at her friends.

Octavia wonders what on earth Clarke is doing to put Miss Woods in this position. “My lips are sealed.” She makes a zipping move with her fingers to emphasize her words.

Raven isn’t sure if she should feel proud for what Clarke is doing or disappointed because this is a bridge too far, with the whole dinner deal. “Yeah, I’m not gonna say anything.” She’d rather stay away from the drama.

Lexa can’t believe she has to put her trust in these three students. If it does come out, it would be one word against the other, with the risk of getting them all into trouble. This can be her downfall.

“The three of you are late.” Anya says coldly at the three students who are trying to walk in. “My class began five minutes ago.” She points her finger at the door. “Out.” First day or not, tardiness is something she doesn’t tolerate. If she would let this slip, her students would assume that it is okay to be late to class, which would send out the wrong message.

Octavia sighs and places one hand on her hip. “We were delayed by Miss Woods. She gave us a note.” She walks up to the teacher’s desk and hands over the note. It was awkward when Miss Woods wrote it for them, after the tense situation they were in, but necessary since they were going to be late for this class.

Anya wonders why Lexa asked three students to stay for a bit, considering this was her friend’s first class on her first day, so it is unusual. She’ll keep an eye on these three. They must be troublemakers if Lexa called them out. “Take a seat. If any of you cause trouble, I will not hesitate to send you to the principal’s office.” She clasps her hands behind her back and watches as they sit down. “I’m Miss Forest.”

Raven rolls her eyes while taking her pen and her book for this class. Miss Forest sure seems to be a sunshine, how lovely. So far this first day of school has not been going well, having received a threat from Miss Woods and one from Miss Forest. This sucks because by the end of this school year, she’s hoping for a killer recommendation letter so she can go to college, which can be difficult now that two teachers dislike her. Perhaps she can manage to convince them otherwise once they see the grades she can score.

Clarke finds it nearly impossible to concentrate, because she keeps thinking about Lexa and their heated kisses they shared at that club. Hopefully she will have a chance somehow, but Miss Woods won’t relent easily, given the circumstances. She’s aware that she’s putting Lexa in a tough spot, with her being a teacher, her teacher, no less. At least she scored a dinner, that’s a start. What happened during the weekend left her wanting more, needing more.

Miss Woods is like a drug for Clarke. She’s addicted and no rehab can fix it. When she’s near
Lexa it’s a high and when she’s not it’s a low. She should leave Miss Woods alone, but all she wants is more. It’s like knowing that Lexa is bad for her, in a way, but still desiring her. Her body can’t stop craving Miss Woods after all those kisses and the small touches. Lexa is her personal brand of heroin. She has never been in this deep so fast ever before, only by kissing Miss Woods would people understand the candor of feelings she’s holding. One look into Lexa’s eyes and she could talk about the veracity of how soft Miss Woods’ lips are for hours on end.

Anya wonders what has the blonde zoning out so much. She glances at her students’ paper, scanning her eyes over the pictures and the names below them. Ah, Miss Griffin. “Care to read page three to the rest of the class, Miss Griffin?” She raises one eyebrow at the way Miss Griffin has her elbow propped up on the desk in front of her, while leaning onto the palm of her hand.

Clarke curses under her breath when Raven gives her a push against her arm, the one she had been leaning on, which almost makes her head collide with her desk. She looks up at Miss Forest when she sees how rapidly her friend is moving her eyes towards the teacher. “Uh yes?” She probably missed something while she was thinking about Lexa, or more like missed everything.

Anya glares at Miss Griffin with disdain. One of her pet peeves is when students don’t pay attention to her class. The blonde isn’t helping herself by being late and now this, even if the former was due to Lexa requesting Miss Griffin to have a word, which not coincidentally, according to her friend’s note, had to do with the blonde not paying attention in her class.

“You should take your education seriously, Miss Griffin.” Anya makes it abundantly clear that she is vexed. “Miss Reyes, read page three loud and clear.”

Clarke is undeniably not making a good first impression. Granted, she wasn’t paying attention, but that doesn’t mean she doesn’t take her education seriously. It sounds conflicting, but hey, she is distracted by her thoughts of Lexa.

Lexa is sitting upright on a chair in the teachers’ lounge, sipping coffee now that she has her lunch break. Her first day here at Polis hasn’t been going as planned, since her plan did not involve having Clarke as her student, along with Octavia and Raven who are witnesses. It also didn’t involve getting roped into dinner plans with the blonde.

Anya walks in and sits down in front of Lexa. “How is your first day going so far? Not too much trouble with your students, I hope?” She feels for her friend having to deal with lazy students.

“It has not been going well, but I’m not giving up. Some students may think they are above it all, which they are not. It is merely a matter of time before they will realize that.”

“From the note you had written, you had three students during your first class that weren’t paying attention.” Anya was able to see for herself in her own class that in Miss Griffin’s case, that certainly appeared to be true. In Miss Reyes case, however, it was the opposite. Miss Blake was somewhere in the middle. “It may be the summer break still lingering for them, but it is time they wake up and concentrate on their education. You seem to have gotten through to two students, but Miss Griffin was somewhere else during my class. That girl has her head in the clouds.”
Anya’s last words catch Lexa’s attention. It is possible that Clarke is a dreamer, to some extent, but she knows the underlying reason of the blonde being out of it. She can’t tell her friend Clarke is the girl from the club. The fewer people know, the better, since her career is at stake. “I agree with what you’re saying.” She stands up to get more coffee. “Do you want some coffee?”

“Yes, a cup of coffee would be nice.” Anya runs her fingers through her hair, feeling a little bit tired. Having to reprimand students proves to be draining. “If any student is too much trouble, you can send them to the principal’s office or give them detention.”

“You know me better than anyone, Anya. I will not go easy on them.” Lexa is new to being a teacher, but she doesn’t plan to let her students walk all over her. When necessary, they will receive the appropriate punishment. She couldn’t possibly give Clarke, Octavia and Raven detention or send them to the principal’s office, based upon something that didn’t take place on school grounds. “Would you like to eat dinner at my place this evening?”

“Dinner sounds good. At least this means I won’t have to cook anything.”

Lexa wants to put the situation with Clarke behind her. Unfortunately she still needs to have dinner with the blonde at some point, presumably during the weekend and she will be stuck with Clarke as her student for an entire school year. The moment she had with the blonde at the club made her feel warm, but after hearing the truth about the fake ID and Clarke being her student, it left her cold.

Anya knows Lexa well enough to know that something is bothering her. “What’s on your mind?” She can see it eating at her friend, so it’s not a small matter.

Lexa wants to shake it off as if everything is fine. “I should have slept more. My exhaustion is clinging to me.” It’s not exactly a lie, since she hasn’t slept much because the weekend keeps playing through her mind on repeat.

Anya squeezes Lexa’s hand, wanting to offer her silent support. “Don’t blame yourself for what happened at the club, you didn’t know and you couldn’t have known. It could have happened to anybody, it was a mistake.” It’s not her friend’s fault that she ended up kissing with someone who wasn’t twenty-one, especially not since Lexa told her that the girl came on to her. “If I had been there, I might have landed in the same spot. Sometimes teenagers do reckless things. We were teenagers once, remember?”

Lexa wishes she could stop blaming herself, but it partly feels like her fault. If she had trusted her gut, as she should have, then she would have checked how old Clarke is, although the blonde may have lied about her age if she would have asked. “We never used a fake ID, Anya. There have been moments I am not proud of, but that’s a line we never crossed.” Her teenager years haven’t been angelic, but she never lied about her age and she didn’t drink while being underage.

“What the girl at that club did was reckless and not your fault. Don’t see her like the victim, because you are the victim. She came on to you, she kissed you first. You couldn’t have known about the fake ID. People don’t have their age written on their foreheads.”

“You are right, Anya.” Lexa has to admit there is truth in Anya’s words.

“Aren’t I always?”

“No not quite.”

“Oh hush, Lexa. Drink your coffee.”

“Anya.”
“Yes, Lexa?”

“Thank you.”

Chapter End Notes

Clarke was being sneaky with that deal.

Poor Lexa, being in a tough spot like that.

In this fic, Clarke isn't as shy as I tend to write her in other fics. I feel like I'm writing her a bit like Raven, haha.
Clarke receives a small lecture from her best friends.

That was an interesting first day.”

Clarke smiles a bit and looks at Octavia. “Yeah, it was. It wasn’t anything I expected our first day to be like.” When she got up this morning, she believed it would have been a boring day, which it certainly wasn’t.

“You’ve got some nerve, Clarke.” Raven has to say it, because she’s been thinking about it since it happened. “You could have taken the deal, rather than squeezing a date out of her.” It’ll be hopeless because Clarke is fantasizing certain things that won’t happen, since Miss Woods is their teacher.

Relax, Rae. It’s just one date. It’s not that big of a deal. Besides, I thought you’d be cool with it because you’ve always been the flirty type.”

“This is our last year in high school, I’m taking this seriously.” Raven isn’t planning to mess around. They can have fun in their free times, but her education is important to her. “You know I want to go to college after this.” She wants to get accepted to TonDc. Without a recommendation letter that won’t happen, because it’s one of the requirements, along with good grades and then there’s also a test they give. “I’m cool with some shenanigans, but not at school.”

Octavia knows this is important for Raven, because her friend has been working her ass off for her grades. “I agree with Rae. You’ve got to think about this, Clarke. If this goes wrong, we’d all be fucked.” She gets that Clarke is stubborn, but they’re on the line as well. “Maybe it won’t be Miss Woods who would crash and burn if word would get out.”

Clarke knits her eyebrows together, taking all their words in. Okay, she shouldn’t have assumed that Raven would have been okay with it, knowing full well her friend wants to go to college, and not just any college. “What do you mean it won’t be Miss Woods who would crash and burn, O?”

“You two kissed at that club and let’s face it, technically she’s only your teacher since today. So whatever happened during the weekend may not count. Plus if word gets out, it could be you who gets in trouble and not her. She had no clue you were going to be her student and come on, you did use a fake and you were drinking.” Octavia feels like Miss Woods can’t truly get into trouble, since technically Miss Woods is their teacher starting today, making whatever happened during the weekend invalid. Only if something would happen between Clarke and Miss Woods after today, would it be illegal and land Miss Woods in deep trouble. “So yeah, you catch my drift there?”

Clarke can’t deny Octavia has a valid point. It’s true, the weekend may not count, but even so, Lexa has asked her to keep this secret and she agreed to have dinner. She’d be damned to cancel their date.
Raven fully agrees with Octavia. “Good thinking, O.” Now she hopes Clarke will get it through her thick skull what a bad idea it is of her to make advances towards Miss Woods. “Maybe we can set you up with someone, Clarke. You know someone who is around your age, another student or something.”

“I don’t know, I’ve got pent of frustrations since the weekend.” Clarke can’t stop thinking about wanting Lexa’s hands everywhere and she knows it’s bad.

Raven smirks, knowing how grumpy Clarke gets when she’s sexually frustrated. “If I help you to get rid of those frustrations, will you stop your ridiculous shenanigans?”

“Are you seriously offering to sleep with me?” Clarke scrunches her nose up, not liking that idea one bit. “We’ve been best friends since we were six. You’re like a sister to me.”

“I never said you should sleep with me, you idiot.” That’s not what Raven was trying to get at. “What I meant is I could set you up with someone who can help you in that department.”

“What the hell, Rae? I’m not going to sleep with some random person.”

“I’ve got an idea.” Octavia beams as a thought pops into her head. “Clarke, since you made a deal with Miss Woods which is dragging Rae and me into this as well, you pretty much owe us. So you can’t say no.”

“Okay fine, what do you want?”

Octavia winks at Raven, who appears to be confused. “Rae and I each get to set you up on a date with someone and like I said, you can’t say no. You’ve got to take them on three dates and if there’s nothing after that, then fine, I guess.” If she picks well along with Raven, maybe they can find someone Clarke can be with, rather than hopelessly drooling over Miss Woods.

“Good one, O!” Raven is excited about this idea. “That’s one of the best ideas you ever had.”

Clarke sighs deeply, feeling like she won’t have much of a choice. “Okay, you can each choose someone and I’ll take them on three dates, but if they turn out to be godly awful, I’ll kick both your asses.” The sooner she gets this over with the better. There’s no way she’ll be into someone else, because she has her eye on Lexa. “Are you two going to sleep over at my place tonight?”

“Hmm.” Octavia isn’t sure if she should, since it’s a school night, but then again, she’s not a baby and they don’t have homework yet. “Yeah sure.”

“Yeah, I’m down.” Raven does whatever the hell she wants anyway. Her mother is quite easy to let her do what she likes, because her mother knows that it won’t undermine her grades. She has a good connection with her mother, although if her mother would find out about the club and the fake ID’s, she’d be grounded for life. “Is Abby going to be around?”

“Stop pining after my mom, Rae, it’s gross.”

“I’m not pining after Abby.” Raven is so not pining after Clarke’s mother. “Geez, I told you one time she looks fine for her age and you take it as me pining after her.”

Octavia laughs and shakes her head. “I’m sorry to say, but I’m kinda with Clarke on this one.”

“What the fuck, O? I thought we were besties.” Raven pretends to sound like she’s wounded while grinning. “This ain’t fair.”

“You literally walked up to Clarke’s mother once and asked her, with a sultry tone, mind you,
while playing with a lock of her hair and I quote 'hey Abs, you free tonight because if you are, you don’t have to be’, with that, I rest my case.”

“Yeah, I did say that.” Raven laughs at the memory, mostly at the way Abby’s eyes had widened and how the older woman had faltered and stepped back. “I was just kidding, relax.”

“Sure, kidding…” Clarke doesn’t believe Raven would have been kidding. “My mother didn’t take it like that. With your reputation, I somehow doubt it.”

Raven can’t stop grinning, because she does have quite the reputation and she isn’t unfamiliar to hook up with a woman who is a bit older.

Octavia feels the need to reminisce a little. “Rae, do you remember like a year ago when you were sixteen and you were pining after that young mother?”

“I remember that she chose someone else to be with.”

“Can you blame her? You’re a teenager in high school and she had three kids.”

“Can’t we talk about Clarke or something?”

“Hey!” Clarke complains, not wanting the topic to fall back to her. “O brought it up, not me.”

Having finally arrived home, she opens the front door. “Not a word about you know what around you know who.”

Octavia tries to sound serious. “Thy name shall not be spoken.” She keeps her composure for exactly two seconds, due to Raven chuckling at her words.

Clarke rolls her eyes and walks inside, hoping those two won’t bring anything up around her mother.

Anya opens a bottle of wine. “Would you like a glass?” She takes one glass from the cupboard and pauses for Lexa’s answer, to see if she should take a second glass as well.

“No not today.” Lexa does like to have a glass every once in a while, but today she’s not feeling it. Not that she would get drunk either way. “Dinner will be ready soon.”

Anya pours herself a glass of wine, planning to stick to one glass. Having everything with moderation is something she lives by. A few other things she lives by is making peace with her past, since that’s behind her and she prefers to move forward and not stepping forward would mean always being in the same place.

Lexa puts the plates out on her kitchen table, along with cutlery and a glass of water. “I will give my students some homework tomorrow, so they won’t be able to slack.” It’s the last year in high school for her students and she wants to prepare them for college, or at least for the ones that will be going to college.
“That’s a good plan. They need to know that we won’t hold their hand because they’re not children anymore, even though some students behave like children.” Anya won’t go easy on her students, because that’s no how she is. “I have noticed a few students in my class who were paying attention quite well. I’ll keep an eye on those for recommendation letters by the time this school year ends.” She is never quick to write those, always letting her students earn them and good grades aren’t the only ticket for her students to earn a recommendation letter.

It’s the first time Lexa will be writing recommendation letters, but she is well aware of the importance. When she was in high school in her last year, she received one, which helped her get accepted into TonDc. “My students will have to meet certain requirements for me to write them a recommendation letter.” She won’t be tossing them in their laps. “Their grades need to be good, they need to pay attention and I want them to attend my class on time.” Only those who work for it deserve it.

“You drive a hard bargain.” Anya winks at Lexa and sips from her glass of wine. “I don’t blame you, because I feel the same way about it. I’m thinking to go clubbing next weekend. I’d say this weekend, but I plan to give my students a test on Friday, so I’ll be busy this weekend.”

“A test in their first week of school and you say I drive a hard bargain?” Lexa grasps her glass to drink while she waits for the food to be ready. “I don’t know if I ever want to go clubbing again, to be frank.” After the whole experience with Clarke it would be a hard pass.

“I know what happened at the club during the weekend shook you up a little.” Anya can see clearly it has affected Lexa and it still is which is unfortunate. “I should have been there with you, to help you out. How about you go clubbing with me next weekend and if someone makes a move on you I’ll demand to see their ID.”

“As sweet as that offer is, I think it is best if I don’t go clubbing.” Lexa doesn’t want to take any risks, not that she plans to ever kiss someone at a club again. Clarke had her wrapped up around her pretty finger and it was a mistake. If she had known the blonde is a teenager and a student, she would have walked away and never would have engaged into anything.

“What I’m trying to say is that you shouldn’t let one negative experience stop you from living your life. When you fall, you get up again. You’re not going to stay down on the ground.”

Lexa has to admit that Anya is right, and she usually always gets up when she stumbles and falls. “You’re right. I needed to hear that reminder. Okay, I will go clubbing with you next weekend.” She hopes Clarke, Octavia and Raven only pulled that stunt with the fake ID’s once, because if she runs into them when she goes clubbing, it won’t be mild. Even if she doesn’t call the police or their parents on them, Anya would.

“You should wear one of your suits when we go clubbing. You look good in a suit and it’s a sure way to meet someone.”

“I will wear a suit, but I don’t plan to meet anyone. For now I want to concentrate on my career. Dating and relationships can happen later.”

“In that case you can be my wingwoman.”
Raven is still yawning when she walks into the kitchen. “Good morning, Abby. Fancy seeing you here.” She winks confidently at Abby, who is eating breakfast.

“Good morning, Raven.” Abby lets out an audible sigh. “I happen to live here.”

Clarke nudges Raven. “Be nice, Rae.” She gives her friend a warning glare. “Good morning, mom.”

“Good morning, honey.” Abby smiles at her daughter.

“Good morning, Abby.” Octavia greets Abby politely. She grabs her backpack, ready to go to school or at least as ready as she can be after sleeping a few hours.

“Good morning, Octavia.”

Clarke takes an apple from the table and bites in it. “We have to go to school so we won’t be late.” She doesn’t have any time to spare to sit down and to peacefully eat breakfast. “I’ll see you later, mom.”

“Okay honey, have a good day at school.”

Raven reaches out to take a banana from the table. They really should have gotten up a bit sooner. Being the tease she is at times, she ghosts her lips over Abby’s knuckles, startling the older woman. “I’ll see you later, Abby. Always a pleasure.” She grins when Clarke groans and pulls her away. If her friend is desperate to pull of things with Miss Woods, she might as well tease Abby a little. All is fair in love and war.

Clarke hurries out the door with Octavia and Raven, not wanting to be late, especially not given the bad start she made yesterday by slipping into her dreamy state. At the end of this year, she’s going to need a recommendation letter or her mother won’t be happy and she would personally be unhappy as well if she wouldn’t get one. Get the grades, get the letter and get the woman. That’s her plan.

Raven puts her skateboard down and steps on it. It looks awesome because she personally tweaked it so it’s not a regular board. When she’s skateboarding, the wheels light up in a shade of red, her favorite color. There’s a thin iron plate underneath her skateboard which helps when she slides over a handrail.

Octavia puts her skateboard down close to Raven. She’s pleased that over the summer, her friend modified it for her. The wheels light up in a fluorescent blue when she’s skateboarding. On top of that, Clarke painted her skateboard with acrylics so there’s a dragon painted on it.

Clarke places her helmet on her head and wobbly steps onto her own skateboard. Even after years of practice, she still sucks at it. “Ugh you guys, do we really have to do this? I can’t skateboard for my life.”

Raven and Octavia skateboard with such ease, especially Raven. They don’t even need a helmet, but Clarke does because she’s prone to fall and her skateboard isn’t even modified. She did paint a starry sky on it to have some decoration, but that’s it. Raven offered her special wheels, but with those wheels she’d fall for sure, because those wheels turn more than regular wheels can, courtesy of Raven. Once she stepped on a skateboard like that, only to fall flat on her ass five seconds later.

Raven stretches her arm out. “Here, hold on to me. We have to skateboard to school, unless you want to be late.” She sure doesn’t want to be late, because then she’d make a bad impression.
Octavia stretches an arm out to Clarke as well. “Just roll with us, we got you.”

Clarke grasps their arms and holds on tightly. The wind flows through her hair, especially when Octavia and Raven pick up their pace. She shrieks and squeezes her eyes shut, hoping not to fall.

Raven tugs at Clarke’s arm when they’re near their school, highly amused by the way her friend has her eyes squeezed shut. Sure, Clarke can be bold towards Miss Woods but she can’t handle a little ride on a skateboard. Tsk.

Lexa cocks her head as she sees Clarke arriving on a skateboard. She didn’t foresee the blonde would be the type to skateboard, not that there is necessarily a type for it. It’s nice, she sort of digs it. Okay no, back off, the blonde is her student. So what if Clarke looks breathtaking? She can handle this just fine. This is only for ten months, what could possibly happen? Ten months and then the blonde will be gone. Clarke Griffin has no power over her, bright attractive smile or not, no power. No power whatsoever. Zero, none, nada, nil, zilch.

Clarke notices Lexa and a big smile splits on her face. She sends a wink her way, happy to see the brunette again and looking forward to their dinner date, because oh yes, in her book it’s a date for sure, even if Lexa would say it’s not.

Lexa bites her bottom lip and doesn’t return Clarke’s smile and that wink. The blonde has no power over her. Her lips curl slightly upwards as Clarke continues to smile at her. Zero, none, nada, nil, zilch...

Chapter End Notes

This is getting fun, I feel giddy writing this story. *grins mischievously*

Sure thing, zero power. Lexa can keep telling herself that. :)  

For this story Raven has a decent parent, because in my other stories she never has that, so now she does. 
Octavia and Raven will each try to set Clarke up with someone. Oh who would those two someone's possibly be...hint, hint, a guy and a girl. ;)

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Dinner date

Chapter Summary

The title already says it, this chapter is about the dinner date.

Clarke wants to dress to impress, while Lexa tries to look like a nun, sort of.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Clarke’s closet is a mess, because she has been rummaging through it, wondering what to wear. Her date with Lexa is important and it’s more than dinner, or at least for her it is. She wants to dress to impress and won’t settle for anything less. Miss Woods will be taking her to a restaurant somewhere exclusive, where she made a reservation. She did suggest they could eat somewhere casually or even at Lexa’s place, but that idea was turned down.

When Miss Woods told her about the place, she looked it up out of curiosity and it turns out to be a one hour drive to get there. She could get the hang of this whole secrecy thing, it’s thrilling. In an hour she is meeting up with Lexa. She has to go outside to a corner two blocks away from her house, where Miss Woods will pick her up.

The pile of clothes on her bedroom floor is evidence that she has tried on at least ten outfits by now. She decides to wear flannel, but she won’t button it all the way up, to leave plenty for Lexa’s imagination. Today she wants to find out if Miss Woods has been as sexually frustrated as she has been. From the way Lexa has been staring at her at school, she doubts that it wouldn’t be mutual. They really got it on in that club and if they hadn’t been interrupted, a lot more could have happened.

Her hair is brushed neatly and she used her coconut shampoo when she took a shower. Underneath her clothes she is wearing red lacy lingerie. Her light blue jeans are hugging her ass in all the right places. She hangs a necklace around her neck, purely to draw more attention to that general area. It’s a teal blue orb in the size of a marble, which her dad had given to her when she turned twelve. He told her it matched with her eyes.

About three years ago, when she was fourteen, her parents divorced. Their marriage wasn’t working and she knew it, because even though they tried to lay low about it, she noticed. It was attentive of them to try and not let it be obvious, but she could tell the differences compared to their years together before that. Her parents tried to spark their love again, which didn’t work out. She had told them it was okay, because staying together only for her wasn’t helping anyone.

Her dad moved out and eventually ended up moving to a different state, about five hours away. Due to her school and her friends, she decided to live with her mother. During the summer she had visited her dad for about a month. They stay in touch through phone calls and Skype calls when they both have time. In the past she struggled with it, but she made peace with what it is. She wants her parents to be happy, even though it feels unusual when they date someone.

Clarke had been surprised and shocked one day, about a year ago when her mother was sitting on the couch with Callie and they were getting close. She knows that Callie is her mother’s best friend, but seeing them linger so close to each other made her suspicious. It turned out that her
mother isn’t a stranger to kissing women. When she came out as bisexual directly after figuring that out, her mother simply said she already thought so.

Her mother even confined to her about having assumptions that she would have been dating Raven, which made her laugh because they’re just friends. Thanks to Raven’s escapades, it has always been obvious to her mother that her friend isn’t straight.

When she’s finally finished getting ready, she walks out of the door, ready for her date with Lexa. On the inside she is screaming. Her mother is working at the hospital, so as far as her mother is concerned, she is either at home or with her friends. Raven and Octavia know she has that dinner date, since they were there when she made that deal with Miss Woods. They warned her to behave.

Lexa opens the passenger’s door of her black Toyota Auris from the inside, when she sees Clarke walking on the sidewalk. The street she is parked at mostly consists of trees. There is play area for children of the neighborhood and there are about ten houses, tops. After an elaborate search on Google maps, she decided to pick the blonde up here, since at her doorstep wasn’t an option.

Clarke laughs as she sees the dark shades Lexa is wearing and the scarf that’s wrapped around her head. The brunette must be worried about someone in another car recognizing her if she wouldn’t wear all of that, not that traffic tends to pass here. “You don’t plan to wear that at the restaurant, do you?” It’s doubtful they would see anyone from Polis at that place. She fastens her seatbelt, because safety first, as she has been taught growing up.

None of this is amusing for Lexa. “I’m merely taking precautions, Clarke.” Her clothes are neat and cover her up well, unlike Clarke who is wearing a low cut tee that shows off her heavenly earthly cleavage.

“My eyes are up here, Lexa.” Clarke feels her confidence rising as Lexa blushes because she caught her staring. “If you want I can give you a better look later.” Since the brunette was staring, she might as well offer because she certainly wouldn’t mind one bit.

“Clarke.” Lexa pops the K in her mouth and does her best to sound warning. “You are my student.” She wants it to be clear that nothing is supposed to happen, as a teacher, she needs to keep a respective distance and she hopes Clarke will do the same.

“I’m your student who you’re taking out on a dinner date.”

“Firstly, this is not a date and secondly, you gave me little to no choice.”

In Clarke’s eyes this is a date, but sure, Lexa can stay in denial all she wants, she knows better. The brunette could have denied her deal, which she didn’t. Lexa can blab all about not having had a choice or not much of a choice, but that’s not true. Fair enough, she did corner the brunette quite a bit, but there was another road, which Lexa didn’t take. “Okay, let’s go then. I’m hungry and I’d like to eat something delicious, perhaps something juicy.” She won’t stop dropping hints, if only to see the brunette’s reaction to her hints. Her hints could be seen as innocent or not, it depends on the angle they will be interpreted.
Lexa grips the wheel harder and squeezes, turning her knuckles white. Clarke does not have any power over her, no she does not. “Make sure to order something to drink, to quench your thirst.” She quips.

“Mhmm, are you offering?”

“I’ll offer you a cold shower.”

Clarke chuckles bemusedly. “Will you join me in it?” She pretends to stretch a bit and casually lands one hand on Lexa’s knee, letting it rest there. She would move it up higher, if they wouldn’t be in a car right now.

“Keep your hands to yourself, Clarke.”

“That’s not what you said at the club.”

Lexa does not want to have a discussion like this. “I’m driving. Keep your hands to yourself or I will cancel our reservation at the restaurant.” It’s too much of a distraction to have Clarke touching her, even if it’s meant to be subtle. This is not a date and it’s not for pleasure. It won’t be fun, because it’ll be torture, especially for her.

Clarke succumbs at Lexa’s warning and removes her hand from the brunette’s knee, folding both of her hands onto her own lap. “I’m sorry that I didn’t tell you at the club that I wasn’t old enough to be there.” It’s not exactly a topic she wanted to bring up back then, because the risk was too high.

“Why did you do it, Clarke? Why did you use a fake ID to go in there? If you had been caught, it wouldn’t have ended well.”

“I’ve always wanted to go there, because I heard it’s the best LGBT club. So my friends and I planned it so we could have some fun before the school year would begin. I didn’t know you were going to be my teacher.”

“How old are you, Clarke?”

“I uh… I’m seventeen.” Clarke is painfully aware of Lexa’s disappointment that’s hanging in the air around them. “How old are you?”

Lexa knew she wasn’t going to like Clarke’s answer. The blonde is too young, but either way, regardless of Clarke’s age, the blonde is her student. “I’m twenty-five.”

Clarke knows that she is clearly eight years younger, but that doesn’t mean she would have less experience. “I thought you’d be a bit younger, you look youthful.”

“What a coincidence, up until a week ago, I thought you were twenty-one.”

“Age is just a number, Lexa. Don’t get hung up on it.”

Age is a number, but that doesn’t mean Lexa doesn’t have any morals. “You are my student, Clarke.” Now that is a valid reason Clarke can’t counter with. “I’m your teacher.”

“You’re right, you’re my teacher.” Clarke will not give up because of a comment like that. “So teach me something.” She can think of a thing or two Lexa may teach her. “Teach me what your fingers feel like when you—”
“Clarke!” Lexa cuts Clarke off, not wanting the blonde to finish that sentence. She can’t drive this way with Clarke making comments like that. The blonde is full of mischief. It makes her want to step on her brakes and kiss those naughty lips until Clarke can’t say another word anymore. “Keep your thoughts to yourself.”

Clarke Griffin does not have power over Lexa. Zero, nada, nil, zilch…

The waiter at the restaurant guides Lexa and Clarke towards the table that has been reserved for them. It’s a small table right around a corner, discreetly surrounded with plants.

Clarke lifts her eyebrow up, confused by the odd design.

The waiter must be picking up on Clarke’s confusion. “We value the privacy of our customers, so they can eat in peace without being disturbed by another table, for example when people chew with their mouth open, which is quite distasteful.”

“So I’m distasteful if I chew with my mouth open?”

“My apologies Miss, I did not mean to offend you.”

Clarke chuckles. “I’m just messing with you I don’t chew with my mouth open.” The startled look on the waiter’s face was worth it and it was needed, because this place feels stiff.

Lexa pinches the bridge of her nose and sits down. At this point she doesn’t even need to see Clarke’s ID to know that the blonde is a teenager, because her behavior speaks volumes.

Clarke takes the seat in front of Lexa. She leans slightly over the table, to look at the menu. By doing so, she is giving the brunette a deeper display of her cleavage.

Lexa decides to pass up on drinking wine, since Clarke is too young to drink. “A glass of water and the chicken pasta salad for me, please.” She smiles politely at the waiter who writes down her order.

Clarke puts the menu card down. “For me a glass of lemonade and I’ll have the chicken pasta salad as well.” She waits for the waiter to leave, before turning to look at Lexa. “Have you always wanted to be a teacher?”

“When I was around eight years old that’s when I first knew. I used to sit children from the neighborhood down to try and teach them things.” Lexa smiles at the pleasant memories of the good old days. “I even had my own smaller version of a chalkboard. Throughout my high school years and college years, I tutored younger students who were struggling.”

“Oh my god, I can picture you as a tiny teacher, that’s so adorable.” Clarke chuckles at the idea of a tiny version of Lexa teaching children calculus or English. “I bet you were a mathlete, a spelling bee or both, you have that vibe about you.”

“Well, you’re not wrong.” Lexa is slightly impressed Clarke would sense that about her. “I was
both.”

“I bet you’re competitive.”

“Yes, I am.”

“Top of your class?”

“Right again.”

Clarke smiles proudly. “See, I feel like I know so much about you already. It feels like seeing right through you.” She presses her foot up against Lexa’s shin, slowly moving up higher. “Right now, I bet you’re thinking about me. To be more accurate, I bet you want to kiss me.”

It’s silent for a few minutes when the waiter brings their drinks and their food to their table. “Bon appetit, ladies.”

“Thank you.”

Lexa tries hard not to stare at Clarke while they eat. By now she has taken the scarf and the sunglasses off. The way the blonde’s foot is moving against her legs makes her breath hitch.

When Clarke is done eating her salad, she subtly begins to scoot her chair closer towards Lexa until they are sitting directly next to each other. She places her index finger and her thumb underneath the brunette’s chin. “Lexa, look at me.” She tries to coax Lexa to face her. “Don’t be afraid.”

Lexa is not afraid, but she is terrified of what could happen. She haltingly turns her head to face Clarke, meeting those sky blue eyes and she knows, oh she knows, she’s in trouble.

Clarke caresses Lexa’s jaw with her thumb, stroking lightly, humming softly as the brunette leans into her touch. She cups the back of Lexa’s neck and leans in, stopping mere inches from the brunette’s lips.

Lexa can feels Clarke’s breath ghosting on her skin as the blonde’s eyes flutter shut. Her nose brushes against Clarke’s nose and she knows she should stop this. They’re too close for this to be considered casual and friendly.

Clarke opens her eyes again, fixating on the tiny specks of yellow in those green eyes. Lexa’s eyes are like a fresh breath of crisp air in the middle of a forest, they are enticing.

Lexa’s willpower is faltering, breaking down brick after brick. “Clarke, you’re my student.” It takes everything she has to push those words past her lips, silently begging Clarke to back away because she is afraid she might not be able to do so. Those blue eyes are alluring and sensual, with a touch of mischief, the same eyes she saw that night at the club a week ago.

Clarke keeps her hand at the back of Lexa’s neck, while sliding her other hand behind the brunette’s slender frame, finding its way to the small of Lexa’s back. “Tell me you don’t want this.” She leans impossibly closer, batting her eyelashes. “Say stop and I’ll stop.” She wants the brunette to want this as much as she does, resolute to peel off every layer Lexa is hiding behind.

Lexa should say stop, she really should. That’s all she needs to do, tell Clarke she doesn’t want this and that she has to stop. A few words to put an end to this, but she can’t. “Clarke.” She sounds desperate. If only she could say stop, the one word to allow her an escape. “Please.” Wrong word.
Clarke Griffin has no power over Lexa. Zero, nada, nil, zilch…

Clarke closes the gap between them, pressing her lips tenderly against Lexa’s. Those lips she has missed ever since she left that club a week ago, those lips she has been dreaming about day and night.

Even hell won’t burn warmer than the fire Clarke is igniting inside of Lexa, knowing that a single kiss from the blonde is worth an eternity in hell. When her tongue seeks entrance into Clarke’s familiar mouth, all else fades. Zero, nada, nil… The breathy moan the blonde releases awakens a tingling sensation. Her lips hungrily latch onto Clarke’s, cherishing every second.

Clarke kisses Lexa like a drug addict aching for a fix. The hand she had placed at the small of the brunette’s back finds its way to slide under the hem of Lexa’s shirt. Her nails rake lightly up and down the brunette’s back, wanting to touch Lexa more.

Lexa’s conscience is telling her to stop, because her mind is telling her this is wrong. Clarke is her student and she shouldn’t kiss her student, but oh, her heart, her hopeless heart is beating, drumming its own love song dedicated to Clarke.

Zero, nada…

Clarke breaks their kiss, letting her forehead rest against Lexa’s. They definitely crossed a line now and there’s no going back. She smiles as the brunette’s hands find hers, intertwining their fingers. The second she broke their kiss, a pensive feeling settled within her.

Lexa blinks her eyes a few times, grasping the reality of what they just did. She drowns in Clarke’s eyes and the only way to breathe is the blonde. The touch of Clarke’s lips is bruising as she connects their lips, fitting her own against the blonde’s as if it has always meant to be this way.

Zero…

A gasp escapes the back of Clarke’s throat and all doubt she could have possibly had, if any, dissipates all at once. Lexa wants her as much as she wants the brunette. This energy between them, this invisible magnetic field is mutual and no matter how far they are ever apart, one can’t be complete without the other. For the first time in a long time, she feels complete.

Lexa slumps back, away from Clarke. “This shouldn’t have happened, you’re my student.” Guilt washes over her at the realization that this can land her in jail. She should have stopped this, the blonde had given her a way out and she didn’t take it.

“I know it shouldn’t have, but it did.” Clarke cups Lexa’s cheeks softly, having no intention to hurt her. “It’s mutual. I want this just as much as you do. Don’t fight it.”

Lexa can’t stick to Clarke’s words, as an adult who should be responsible, she has to fight this, but it’s already a bit late for that. “What happened today needs to be our secret.” She needs to vow to herself to never get involved with the blonde ever again.

“I’ll keep it a secret. Can I take you out next weekend?”

Lexa shakes her head. “Even if I would agree to letting you take me out, I already have plans next weekend.” She agreed with Anya to go clubbing with her, something Clarke doesn’t need to know about because she doesn’t need the blonde to show up there with a fake ID.

Clarke can hear the rejection in Lexa’s voice, so this is how it’s going to be. She has been throwing herself at the brunette’s feet, but she won’t give up. Politely, she kisses Lexa’s cheek.
“Thank you for dinner.” She stands up and tries to muster a genuine smile. “I’ll see you at school on Monday.”

Chapter End Notes

Okay so in this story Clarke’s father didn't tragically die or something, because I don't want to add drama like that and he doesn't need to be dead in every fic. I let Raven’s mother live, so I'm also letting Jake live.

Clexa kissed yet again.

As for other pairings, I have ideas, but it's still up in the air. I did decide on one other pairing, which I shall not reveal yet. For the others, I'm not sure yet, maybe I should flip a coin. More characters will appear in future chapters.
Octavia and Raven have their arms crossed, standing outside Clarke’s house, awaiting her.

“Well, well, look what the cat dragged in.” Raven says as Clarke approaches them. “Finally made your way home?” Her voice is light and a slightly teasing. She didn’t think her friend would be gone until ten in the evening.

“Yeah.” Octavia chimes in. “Where have you been, young lady?” She chuckles to lighten the mood and winks at Clarke. It’s a bit chill outside and she has been standing here for half an hour with Raven.

“I’m home now, happy, mothers?” It’s not Clarke’s fault that it took her so long, because she was at a restaurant that’s an hour away by car. “I took the bus to get back.” She had left Lexa at the restaurant, not caring to let the brunette offer her a ride back home. If Lexa is going to be distant, then she can be distant as well, for now, to let the brunette know what that feels like.

Raven thought Miss Woods would have had the decency to drop Clarke off near her house. “I get that Miss Woods wasn’t a fan of taking you out to dinner, but why didn’t she give you a ride back if it was that far away? Surely she must have been headed in this direction to get home herself.”

“It’s not her. I believe she would have given me a ride back. It was my call to take the bus because I left her at the restaurant.”

Raven is concerned now, especially because it looks like Clarke is close to tears. “What happened?” She wraps her arms around her friend. “Let’s take you inside it is getting cold out here.”

Clarke simply shrugs. Towards Lexa she acts flirty and casual when it comes down to feelings, but she can get hurt as well and the rejection she heard from Miss Woods wounded her. It shouldn’t matter that she’s Lexa’s student, because they both feel something.

Octavia takes Clarke’s hand and walks up to her friend’s bedroom, along with Raven. It seems better to talk there rather than on the couch, in case Abby suddenly comes home. Right now feels like a bad moment to tell Clarke that Raven and she found dates for her. She found a sweet girl, while Raven found some guy, who both admitted they have a crush on Clarke and they go to their school. The guy is in their class, but the girl is a grade lower, not that it should be an issue.

Clarke is thankful to have her two best friends who are always there for her, even when she does ridiculous things. She told Lexa she would keep the secret and she will, but she doesn’t keep secrets from Octavia and Raven. No, the three of them always share everything with each other.
Octavia and Raven listen wide-eyed as Clarke gives them the rundown of what happened.

Raven shakes her head, disappointed at the way Miss Woods handled it, because she should have stopped before the actual kiss and shouldn’t have kissed Clarke back. Now everything is complicated because a line has been crossed.

Anya is surprised when she opens her door after she heard knocking and sees Lexa. “Hey, is everything alright?” It seems unusual for her best friend to stop by this late, not that she minds, but it means something must be wrong.

“Yes, I’m fine.” Lexa isn’t quite fine, but she can’t talk about what happened today. Anya can’t know that Clarke is the girl from the club and that they went on a date where they kissed. “I was wondering if you want to watch a movie together, and I brought a bottle of wine.” She reveals the bottle of pinot nior she had been hiding behind her back.

“Okay, sure come in, but uh…” Anya bites her bottom lip and hesitates for a second. “I’ve got company.” She didn’t think Lexa would stop by, so she wasn’t prepared.

“Oh.” Lexa shouldn’t have stopped by without a warning. “I’ll go home and I’ll see you some other time.”

Anya grasps Lexa’s wrist and pulls her inside. “No, it’s okay. Just a little heads up.” Her best friend is always welcome at her place, it isn’t an issue. She merely wanted to inform Lexa that she isn’t home alone. “You know you can knock on my door anytime, we’re like family.” They have been best friends for many years, despite their three years age difference.

Lexa walks in and sees a woman who looks familiar. She believes she has seen her around at Polis, but she can’t be entirely certain.

Anya decides to officially introduce them to each other. “Lexa, this is Luna.” She reaches out for Luna’s hand. “Luna, this is Lexa.”

Luna holds her free hand out towards Lexa. “Ah yes Anya’s best friend. I heard a lot about you. You’re the new teacher at Polis.” She has a warm smile and her voice is soft. Anya has told her a lot about Lexa and how close they are, including the adventures they had together.

Lexa shakes Luna’s hand. “I wish I could say I heard about you, but unfortunately I haven’t.” She hopes that doesn’t offend the woman, because she doesn’t mean to sound insulting. “It would be nice to learn more about you though. You’re a teacher at Polis as well, aren’t you?” She’s uncertain if Luna is a friend to Anya or something else.

“I’m the gym teacher, so yes.” Luna has a genuine smile on her face. “I drill students for a living.” She winks at Lexa who is smiling back at her.

“Being a gym teacher could have been my second choice, but I settled for drilling knowledge into them.”
“It’s a good combo. I drill them physically to keep them in shape while you drill them mentally to keep their brains working.”

Lexa chuckles lightly, already liking Luna. The woman appears genuine, real and at ease. She can see why Anya would hang around with Luna.

“Lexa brought a bottle of wine.” Anya opens her cupboard to grab three glasses. She pours them each a glass.

Lexa hopes she’s not imposing on their evening now that she’s here without a warning. Anya might be too polite to send her away, so she won’t stick around long, perhaps an hour at most.

Anya sits down on the couch next to Luna, tapping the free spot next to her for Lexa to sit.

Lexa smiles faintly while settling down, noticing how Anya places her hand on Luna’s knee. She shares a knowing look with her best friend and sips from her glass of wine, hoping to wash away the taste of the lemonade Clarke drank at the restaurant. Their kiss had been sweet and not only because of the lemonade the blonde had been drinking, though when Clarke left, not even letting her give her a ride home, it left her sour. She can’t let anything happen again, not even when it pains her not being able to be close to the blonde. Some lines cannot be crossed.

Anya swings one arm over Lexa’s shoulder, squeezing gently with the silent question if she’s okay. Even though Lexa told her that she’s fine, she doesn’t believe it and she knows her best friend well enough to know it’s not something she wishes to talk about.

Lexa places her head against Anya’s shoulder, appreciating her silent comfort and the warmth of the blanket that’s draped over them. This is as close to home as she can get and it means a lot to her that Anya is always there for her, no matter what. “Do you still plan to go clubbing next weekend?” She asks, breaking the silence.

“Yes, that plan still stands.” Anya doesn’t intend to cancel those plans, because they all need to relax every once in a while. Their jobs are stressful enough. “Luna will tag along, if you don’t mind.”

Lexa takes it Anya might not require a wingwoman anymore. “I don’t mind at all. It’ll be lovely.” She has no issue with Luna joining them, because all she hopes is that she will make Anya happy.

Anya relaxes on her couch with Luna and Lexa close to her, as they all watch a movie. “It’s quite late, are you staying over tonight, Lexa?” It wouldn’t be the first time for her best friend to sleep over at her place.

Lexa doesn’t want to be an intruder on the rest of the time Anya will be spending with Luna, assuming the woman will be sleeping over. “I can go home.” Even though it’s late and she can feel her exhaustion settling in, she doesn’t live far away, only fifteen minutes.

“What kind of friend would I be if I’d let you leave to go home alone this late? The least I can do is let you sleep over and treat you to some breakfast in the morning. Luna is good at making breakfast. You should try her eggs she gets them just right.”

Lexa is genuinely happy for Anya that she’s building something with Luna, whatever it may be. “When you put it like that, I can’t say no, now can I? Okay, if it’s really no trouble, I will sleep over and try Luna’s breakfast.” She wonders how long her best friend has been seeing Luna, because it’s news to her, but knowing Anya, she probably wanted to wait until it would be serious enough to mention it.
Clarke, Octavia and Raven are watching a movie while sitting on the couch when Abby gets home.

“You girls are up late.” Abby says as she rubs her temples. “I’m exhausted. I’ll be going to bed.” Even her voice sounds tired.

Raven winks at Abby. “Would you like some company, Abs?” She smirks at the way Clarke’s mother doesn’t even reply. That poor woman really does look exhausted, she wonders if Abby is getting enough sleep because it sure as hell doesn’t like it.

Clarke rolls her eyes as Raven flirts with her mother. She waits for her mother to go upstairs before speaking up about it. “Stop trying to flirt with my mom, Rae, you’re seventeen.”

Raven doesn’t flirt with Abby; she merely teases her at times. “Stop being into Miss Woods, you’re seventeen too.” She retorts with a chill tone, sounding harsher than she meant to sound.

“But Miss Woods isn’t as old as my mom!”

“Chill out, I’m not trying to get into your mother’s pants. You know I’m a tease.” Raven snakes her arms around Clarke’s waist and kisses her neck. “The chances are higher I’d bang you than I’d bang your mother.” She hopes her friend will stop thinking that she’s trying to get it on with Abby or something.

“Okay, fine, I believe you. Now stop being gross.”

Octavia is grinning wickedly at the whole display. “Who knows, Clarke, maybe Rae is into you and hits on your mother to try and make you jealous somehow.” It’s a theory that’s way far out there, but she’s only kidding. It wouldn’t be a successful attempt.

“No way, O.” Raven smirks and shakes her head. “If I’d be into Clarke and wanted to make her jealous, then I would be flirting with you in front of her, because that would make more sense.”

“How would that make more sense?” Clarke asks, not agreeing at all. “O is straight, there’s no way anyone can make me jealous with her.”

Octavia places her hands on her hips. “Oh really? Geez, so if I’d make out with Miss Woods you wouldn’t be jealous?”

“That’s not really the point.”

“On another topic, Rae and I found dates for you.”

Clarke wonders who they are trying to hook her up with. “Okay, spill the details.” She’ll let them ramble about it so they can get it out of their system.

“I found a dude for you.” Raven hopes Clarke will be into him, or at least enough to move on from Miss Woods. “It’s Wells, the guy who is in our class.” According to Wells he has a crush on Clarke for a few years now, so it’s sweet.
“Oh yeah, him.” Clarke knows Wells. He’s a decent guy, always polite and helpful. He shared his notes with her a few times. Okay, she can live with having to have three dates with him, but that doesn’t mean she’s interested in anything other than friendship. “Who did you pick, O?”

“I selected a girl for you. She has this adorable puppy crush on you.” Octavia thinks Clarke might actually like the girl she has chosen for her to date. “Her name is Mel and she’s a grade lower than us, she turned sixteen during the summer. I think you might like her.”

Clarke doesn’t know Mel, because her name doesn’t ring any bells for her. She’s surprised that Octavia selected a girl for her, but since Raven chose a guy, she supposes it makes sense. “What makes you think I might like her?” Surely she tells her friends a lot about who she likes, but that doesn’t mean Octavia would know who she could like.

“Because she’s cute, has a pretty smile and a twinkle in her eyes and her hugs are soft.”

Raven cocks her head. “Is there something you’re not telling us, O?”

“What do you mean, Rae?” Octavia is confused, because she is telling them what they’re asking to hear.

Raven drops it and shakes her head. “Nothing.” She wonders curiously if Octavia is straight or not, but it’s hard to tell, despite her gaydar usually being on point.

Clarke gets what Raven is wondering about and she wonders the same, but she won’t bluntly ask. If Octavia wouldn’t be straight, surely she’d come out, because she had been supportive when she came out. Raven had been the first to come out, when she was eleven and gushed about a girl she kissed. It’s typical for her friend not to waste any time.

Octavia and Raven talk a bit more about Wells and Mel, while suggesting which dates Clarke should take them on.

Clarke silently brews a plan in her mind to see if she can make Lexa jealous. She’ll start with Mel, the younger girl, because from what Octavia told her, she must be cute. Wells will be tossed into the mix too, but she will try not to hurt their feelings, because she’s not a monster. There is some guilt that she will be using them a little, which she might make up for if she builds a friendship with them. Who knows, maybe she can find someone who she convince to play along, while making up a story that it would be for some other student to get them jealous so they’d notice her. One thing is sure, Lexa will have something coming and she’ll have to admit her feelings, rather than hiding in the shadows.

It is 3am when Raven stumbles down the hall, after having used the bathroom. She’s walking back to Clarke’s bedroom, where she has been cuddling with Clarke and Octavia who are fast asleep, when she hears some noise. Curiously, she walks closer towards where the noise is coming from, which appears to be Abby’s bedroom. She takes a deep breath and knocks softly.

There is some stumbling behind the door, but then it opens and Abby is looking at Raven, her eyes are puffy and red.
“Hey, Abby, what’s wrong?” Raven is concerned now that she sees that Abby has been crying. “Can I come in for a moment?” She’s not planning to be a tease right now, she merely wants to help.

Abby nods with a faint smile and lets Raven enter.

Raven sits down on the edge of the bed near Abby. “What happened?” She has rarely seen Clarke’s mother cry, because Abby always appears strong.

Tears escape from Abby’s eyes. “I lost a patient at the hospital today, and I tried so hard. The family thought she was going to be okay, because I thought she would have been, but then there was a complication my team hadn’t foreseen and we lost her.” She cries as Raven hugs her. “I looked her family in the eyes and told them their little girl would be okay and then I lost her.”

Raven rubs smoothing circles on Abby’s back. “I’m sorry to hear that you lost a patient, I can’t even imagine what that’s like.” She knows it’s not the first patient Clarke’s mother loses, but she knows Abby well enough to know that it affects her at least a bit each time.

“She was just a little girl and I kept thinking, what if…”

“Shh, Abby, listen to me, you did all you could. You always help your patients with so much love and care. What happened isn’t your fault. You’re hurt because she couldn’t be saved, but think about all the lives you save every day, all the people who do get to go home to their family.”

Abby wipes her tears away with the back of her hands. “You’re right, but I wish… I just wish I would be able to save them all.”

“Sometimes life isn’t fair, but so many people are still walking around because you’ve given their life a second chance.” Raven knows that Abby is a wonderful doctor. “Do you want me to sleep here for the rest of the night, to cuddle? No funny business, I promise. This is just me being your friend.”

When Abby nods, Raven tucks her in and cuddles with her. Everyone hurts sometimes.

Chapter End Notes

I don't want to hear about a Rabby ship, or whatever it is Raven and Abby would be called together.

I'm still pending a bit about certain ships, but the idea of Raven and Abby together is just... no? Raven is seventeen. Plus, I've never been a fan of Abby.

Stuff is about to go down in the next chapter. :)
The plan

Chapter Summary

This chapter starts with some drama and there's cursing. Clarke catches Raven leaving her mother's bedroom, so yup...

Clarke wants to make Lexa jealous, but then she ends up being jealous instead.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Clarke wakes up, slowly opening her eyes to adjust to the light that’s seeping in through her window. She sees that Octavia is still asleep, hugging a pillow to her chest. Raven on the other hand, is not here. Maybe Raven already got up, although she isn’t much of a morning person, especially not on Sundays.

Deciding to let Octavia sleep a little while longer, Clarke leaps quietly out of her bed and tiptoes towards the hall, to go to the bathroom. She stops walking and her jaw drops when she sees Raven leaving her mother’s bedroom. What the actual fuck?

Raven mentally scolds herself for not getting up earlier as she sees the look on Clarke’s face. She doesn’t even need to hear her friend speak to know what she’s thinking. “Clarke, it’s not what you thi-”

“What the hell, Rae?” Clarke hisses, whispering. “What were you doing in my mother’s bedroom?” She knows Raven can be a flirt and a tease, but really, her mother’s bedroom? That’s not okay at all.

Raven sighs, hearing how well this is going. “I can expla-”

Clarke cuts Raven off again, not in the mood for excuses. “You’ve really crossed a line now, Rae.” She doesn’t want to believe her best friend would do that, in her house with her mother. “How can y-”

“Will you shut the fuck up and let me explain already!?” Raven shouts, tired of Clarke drawing an ignorant conclusion based upon wrong assumptions. “I was there as Abby’s friend. Whatever the hell it is you’re thinking you’re wrong. Nothing happened, we just slept and I don’t mean in a sexual way. If you even think that for a second, then you’re not the friend I thought you were.”

“What am I supposed to believe, Rae? You’re my seventeen year old friend who just walked out of my mother’s bedroom on a Sunday morning.”

“So you don’t believe me? Okay fine, you know what? Fuck you, Clarke. I’m not going to do this with you.” Raven runs her hand through her hair and walks away, descending down the stairs. She shouldn’t even have to explain anything to Clarke, but of course her friend is making assumptions. It stings that Clarke wouldn’t believe her. Sure yeah, she has a reputation and true enough, she did tease Abby many times, but this isn’t fair.

Octavia is leaning against the frame of the door, woken up the moment she heard Raven yelling.
She heard everything after that point. “You’re an idiot, Clarke.” She mutters as she walks past Clarke.

“What did I do?” Clarke stares at Octavia in disbelief.

“Rae is our best friend. How dare you say that stuff to her? If she says nothing happened, then I believe her because she hasn’t lied to us, ever, not once. If you even think for a second she’d be lying, then screw you, Clarke.”

“She walked out of my mother’s bedroom, I’m sorry for struggling to believe nothing would have happened okay?” Clarke isn’t sure what to believe anymore, since people seem so prone to deny things, like Lexa. “How are you taking her side on this?”

“Taking her side? It’s not about taking sides, but if that’s what you want to call it, sure, I’m taking her side.” Octavia balls her fists, angered and frustrated by the way Clarke is behaving. “Our friend that you’re accusing so easily, that’s Raven Reyes, the same girl who stood up for you when you were a little kid and some nasty kid was bullying you for having pigtails in your hair. That’s the girl who was always there when one of your dates ended badly. The girl who carried you home to your mother when you were eleven and twisted your ankle.” She seethes. “She’s my best friend and I- Ugh, whatever.” She stops seething and moves to go downstairs, to see how Raven is doing.

Clarke runs into the bathroom and shuts the door. Okay, if nothing happened, then why was Raven in her mother’s bedroom? Her friend had been sleeping fine in her bed, so it doesn’t make sense why Raven would suddenly go and sleep in her mother’s bed. She has to admit that her friend sounded sincere when she said nothing happened, and she does want to believe Raven, but lately she isn’t sure what to believe anymore because people lie. That’s the thing, people lie, but this isn’t about her friend. Fuck, she messed up, working out her frustrations on Raven.

Clarke stares into the mirror. Octavia is right that she’s an idiot, because Raven is a really good friend who has always been there. She’s letting other situations cloud her judgment, which isn’t right. Raven deserves an apology from her.

Abby is making a cup of coffee, while Raven and Octavia are sitting at the kitchen table when Clarke walks into the kitchen.

Clarke takes a deep breath and grasps Raven’s forearm, pulling her gently towards the living room to talk. “I’m sorry for assuming. You’re my best friend. I was working out frustrations that aren’t meant for you. If you say nothing happened, then okay, I believe you.” She whispers earnestly, hoping to make amends.

Raven replies by shrugging, she’s not going to respond too bothered about it. “We’re cool, no worries.” She smiles slightly at Clarke. At first she was hurt by her friend’s words, but it helped that Octavia was checking up on her to see if she’s okay and Clarke apologized, so it’s all fine. “Abs is making breakfast.”

Clarke wonders why Raven ended up in her mother’s bedroom, why they were sleeping together in a nonsexual way, not that she wants them to sleep together in that way, god no. It’s a mystery to her and maybe it’ll remain to be one. All she knows is that when she went to bed, Raven was next to her along with Octavia and when she woke up Raven was gone and suddenly walked out of her mother’s bedroom. They went to bed late, so Raven must have snuck into her mother’s bedroom late.
Lexa is walking through the hallway of Polis, on her way to the teachers’ lounge when she sees Clarke. From what she’s seeing, the blonde is talking to a girl who appears slightly younger, while Octavia and Raven are standing there, smiling. She doesn’t recognize the girl, so it’s not one of her students. The girl looks sort of cute, for a child.

Lexa stops breathing for a second when Clarke hugs the girl and at that same moment, the blonde notices her. Clarke’s face isn’t giving anything anyway. She raises one eyebrow when the blonde turns her eyes away and concentrates on the girl. They seem to get along well, okay that kiss on the cheek wasn’t innocent.

Great, two days ago Clarke was kissing her and now she’s flirting with someone else? She shouldn’t care about that, if anything, she should be happy that the blonde is moving on. Right, happy, overjoyed. It’s good for Clarke. At least the blonde is flirting with someone closer to her age now.

“Good morning, Lexa.” Luna greets Lexa politely, halting next to her. “Care for a cup of coffee in the teachers’ lounge? I think Anya is already there because I saw her car parked outside.”

Lexa stops staring at Clarke and looks at Luna. “Good morning, Luna. Coffee is exactly what I need right now.” She can use a cup or two because this day won’t be pleasant.

As Lexa follows Luna, who is smiling and talking, she can feel Clarke’s eyes on her. The blonde should move on, just like she should. Maybe clubbing this weekend won’t be so bad, at the least it’ll be a distraction, which she can use.

Anya is saving Lexa and Luna both a seat and a cup of coffee. Even though Monday just rolled in, she can’t wait for the weekend where the three of them will go clubbing. It’ll be a fun ladies night out, which they can use, especially Lexa.

“Good morning, Anya.” Lexa smiles at her best friend and accepts the cup of coffee and the seat. “Thank you, just what I need.”

“Good morning, Lexa. I know right? Tell me about it.”

Luna leans down and kisses Anya’s cheek. “Good morning, An.” She takes the hot cup of coffee. “I won’t have much time, in five minutes my gym class will begin. Being late is not a part of who I am.”

“I’m looking forward to our weekend.” Anya says, picking up a conversation. “Is it okay if we go to our favorite club, Lexa?” She knows that last time Lexa went there was without her and it didn’t end well at all.

This time Lexa doesn’t plan to fall into anyone’s claws. She made a mistake once when she was there and ended up kissing with Clarke, but she didn’t know the blonde’s actual age. Then she made a mistake again at the restaurant, so she can’t make a mistake again. The club should be good to go this time, only people age twenty-one and up can get in and she’s not planning to do anything with anyone.

“Lexa?”
Lexa had been zoning out with her thoughts, taking her a while to respond. “I have no problem to go there. It’s our favorite club after all.” She replies softly. “Have you ever been there, Luna?” Since Luna is sort of seeing Anya, it is best if she shows an interest to get to know her. Plus, she received an amazing breakfast from the woman yesterday morning.

“I have been there a few times, it’s a good place. Great music, the drinks are good. All in all, it’ll be fun and I’m lucky I’ll be there with two ladies.”

Anya chuckles at the teasing tone in Luna’s voice that’s accompanied by a wink. They have been dating for a while. The first time she met Luna was when she began to work at Polis a year ago, when she had already been working here for two years. Now she’s rolling into her fourth year of being a teacher, while Luna is rolling into her second year.

Lexa blows into her steamy coffee so she wouldn’t burn her tongue. Going out with Anya and Luna is the type of distraction she needs. Her head is spinning with thoughts about Clarke. She has to stop thinking about the blonde, because they can’t be, they shouldn’t be. Clarke was getting rather cozy with another girl anyway, which she should fully support.

Octavia is smiling widely as she introduces Clarke to the date she selected for her. “Clarke, this is Mel.” She points at the cute girl next to her.

Clarke smiles at Mel. “Hi, it’s nice to meet you.” She says politely. Octavia wasn’t lying when she said the girl is cute, because she is. “You’re cute.”

Mel blushes and smiles. “Hi, it’s nice to meet you as well. You’re really beautiful.”

Clarke can feel Lexa staring from across the hall, but she doesn’t look up to let Miss Woods know that she caught her staring. She has a different plan. “Can I give you a hug? According to O you’re a good hugger.” It’s true that Octavia said things about Mel’s hugs.

“Yes, you can hug me.”

Clarke keeps her facial expressions as neutral as possible when she hugs Mel, while briefly acknowledging Lexa with her eyes, before looking away. Miss Woods is going to be jealous, she definitely will be. When she pulls away from the hug, she sees her gym teacher standing next to Lexa, talking to her with a smile on her face.

“I’ll take you out on a date soon, Mel.” Clarke assures Mel, wanting to get on with this. The girl is cute and perhaps they can be friends at some point. She has to make it through three dates with her and then through three dates with Wells.

Octavia hopes that Clarke will get along well enough with Mel to put Miss Woods behind her, because that would only end her up with a broken heart anyway. She waves at the cute girl as she walks away to go talk to her friends from her own class.

Raven links her arm together with Clarke, glad that their connection is restored after the mishap
from the weekend. Abby told Clarke what had happened, because she felt bad about the situation. She didn’t need Abby to tell Clarke anything, but it did clear up the confusion. She links her other arm with Octavia.

The bell rings, signaling that it’s time.

Clarke sighs deeply. Their schedule has been slightly changed since Friday, causing them to have gym first on Monday morning, rather than Miss Woods. It’s cruel to have gym on a Monday morning, because that’s the worst wake up call to receive.

Octavia is pulling Clarke and Raven forwards with her, not wanting to be late for gym. When she graduates, she hopes to get accepted to TonDc, like Raven and Clarke want to as well. They have an athletic team and she wants to get a spot in it, so staying in shape is important. Sport is her favorite class.

Clarke drops her bag near the gym lockers, changing into her sport clothes. After gym she’ll be all sweaty while going to Lexa’s class. Maybe that’s not so bad, Miss Woods might like that.

Raven tugs her shirt over her head, confident with her body. She knows there are always a few girls who stare at her, but the same goes for her friends and she pays them no mind. “You look hot in those shorts, O.” She says as she sees that Octavia is wearing black shorts that are a tight fit. “Working your ass off is one thing, but showing it off is another.”

Octavia chuckles and winks at Raven. “Nice top you're wearing.” She turns her attention to Clarke, whose cleavage is showing. “Are you trying to hit on our gym teacher now, Clarke?” She whispers so others wouldn’t hear.

Raven grins. “Cover dem tits, Clarke.” She says teasingly.

Clarke rolls her eyes. “It's not my fault that they’re so big and no, I’m not trying to hit on our gym teacher.” She huffs, not interested in that woman at all. Little Miss talking to her Lexa. Okay fuck, the plan is to get Miss Woods jealous, not get herself jealous. “Rae, you’re gawking at me.”

Octavia doesn’t comment any further. She enters the gym room with Raven and Clarke.

Luna waits for her students to stand in one horizontal line, facing her. “Good morning, students.”

Clarke barely knows her gym teacher, since this is only the second week of school, but she already dislikes her. At first she thought she was going to like her, despite not being a fan of gym, but after seeing her all smiling and talking to Lexa, she doesn’t like her. No, at this point she might as well hate Miss Storm, the lady thief. It may have looked casual, but she didn’t like it at all. There’s only one solution for this, she needs to step up her game to make Lexa give in to the chemistry they have. Miss Woods told her during their date that she already has plans for the upcoming weekend. She wonders what those plans are.

“Miss Storm is hot.” Raven whispers at Clarke and Octavia. “What do you think?”

Clarke shrugs. She’s not interested to decide what Miss Storm looks like, other than an obstacle.

“Hmm.” Octavia hums silently and ogles Miss Storm. “Yeah, I’d let her kiss me.”

Raven stares at Octavia, dumbfounded by her answer, wondering how well she truly knows her best friend. From Clarke she would have expected that, but not from Octavia. “Hey, O, who uh…
who do you find the most attractive girl here at Polis?” She asks, hoping to sound casual. It’s better than directly asking if she’s straight or not.

Octavia dismisses Raven’s question by shrugging her shoulders. She has an answer, but she’s not willing to share it. It’s not like she’s keeping a secret, well, sort of, okay maybe she is. She’s not sure what to call it, because she’s simply confused. Once she figures it out, she can tell Clarke and Raven.

“We should go to that club or something this weekend.” Clarke suggests. She wants to have a fun weekend, to let go of her brakes for a while.

Raven smirks at Clarke. “Well, well, look who’s seeking trouble.” She didn’t think her friend would be the one to suggest that. “You want to use our fakes again, after what nearly happened last time?”

“Yeah, this time we’ll be more careful. I just want to go out and have some fun.”

“Sounds good for me.” Raven doesn’t have an issue to go clubbing this weekend, but they should be more cautious this time. “We can disguise ourselves a bit, so nobody knows it’s us, like when O got recognized a week ago.” She doesn’t feel like running at the last moment again, even though it’s thrilling. “O, you in?”

“Sure thing, babe.” Octavia winks teasingly at Raven. “Our disguises better be good.”

After the thing with Miss Woods, Clarke told herself she wouldn’t use a fake ID ever again, but things change. She wants to dance to some music with her friends, because she didn’t do that last time. It’s not like anything bad can come from it. It won’t be more than innocent fun. She’s thinking about what she can use to disguise herself, maybe she should add a wig into the mix and definitely lots of makeup to look older. She’d invite Lexa, but somehow she doubts that would be a good idea.

Chapter End Notes

Lexa will go clubbing with Anya and Luna.

Clarke is going clubbing with her fake ID again, along with Octavia and Raven.

They don't know it yet, but ah...
That makes three

Chapter Summary

They're going clubbing.
As for their clothes, I'm not great at describing what they're wearing.

In case someone is curious ( http://www.polyvore.com/cgi/img-thing?.out=jpg&size=l&tid=103472831 ) is what Octavia is wearing.

Looks like I'm posting this early after all. Enjoy. :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lexa’s heart stops for a moment when Clarke enters her classroom, looking all sweaty from gym. What she notices the most, however, is the lack of clothes the blonde is wearing. Seriously shorts and a top, that’s it? Is Clarke trying to kill her here?

Clarke brushes Wells’ arm, on purpose. “Hey, Wells, I’m looking forward to our date.” She says, trying to sound cheerful and saying it loud enough for Lexa to hear. Poor Wells must be confused that she blurts that out all of the sudden, since they didn’t make concrete plans yet. “I’m a little busy this weekend, but we’ll arrange something soon.” She’s talking about her plans to go clubbing with Octavia and Raven, but she has a feeling that Miss Woods will assume she’s talking about the girl from this morning, which is exactly what she wants Lexa to think.

Lexa can’t believe what she’s hearing right now. First Clarke is being close to that girl and now a guy. Wait a second, a guy? The blonde isn’t a lesbian then. That’s not an issue, but that means Clarke is probably bisexual or something else. It’s great that the blonde is moving on, or whatever. Fine, if Clarke wants to date people then she can do that. For all she cares, the blonde can go and date the whole school. She can’t wait to go clubbing so she can get some drinks. With Anya she made an agreement not to give their students any work for this weekend, so they don’t have to worry about grading papers or anything after the weekend.

Clarke sits down next to Octavia and Raven, ready for class. Her friends had been busting her ass for not getting dressed more, accusing her of wanting to tease Miss Woods.

Lexa has to forget about her kiss with Clarke when they were at the restaurant. Why is Raven winking at her? Oh god, no. The blonde must have told Raven and Octavia. Great, she might as well quit her job now, before everything turns out bad. There’s no way this can ever end well.

Clarke is grinning while putting a black wig on. It makes her look so different.
“Wait, stand still Clarke.” Raven instructs. She’s holding a box with makeup. “When I’m done with you, you can do me.”

Clarke tries not to laugh while Octavia makes silly faces, because she has to stand still so the makeup doesn’t get smudged. “Thank god my mom is working.” She says, relieved. It makes it easier to go clubbing unnoticed.

Octavia tries on a blonde wig. “You’re the only one without a wig, Rae.” She says, wondering why Raven isn’t going to put a wig on. It was Clarke’s idea as a part of their disguise, which is a better plan than looking like they usually do.

“I don’t need one. I’ll just leave my hair loose rather than tying it up. With the right clothes and makeup, I can pull it off to look twenty-one.” Raven replies, not worried at all.

Clarke is wearing a black dress with a dangerously low cut, granting a generous look of her breasts. The black dress tightly fits around her curves. From the side you can slightly see through the fabric. It’s sleeveless and with small straps. She has matching black high heels on. Along with her black wig and some red lipstick, she looks older, old enough to pass for twenty-one or more.

Raven whistles. “You look like a fox, Clarke.” She says earnestly, impressed by how hot Clarke looks. “You’re making me a little sexual frustrated right now.”

Clarke rakes her eyes over Raven’s body. “You look smoking hot yourself, in that little red dress of yours. If anyone knows how to work red, it’s you.” She replies, sharing her honest opinion.

Raven’s jaw drops when she sees what Octavia is wearing. “Oh… my… god.” She gulps audibly, unable to stop staring. Fuck, she needs a cold shower right now.

Clarke follows Raven’s gaze and oh shit. “Wow… seriously, O. You’re… fuck.” She says, unable to find the right words, because damn. “We’ve been friends forever and I’ve never seen you wearing anything like that.”

The black shorts Octavia is wearing are short enough to be seen as underwear. With a black lace top that sticks to her body. From a distance it looks like she’s wearing one piece, rather than two pieces of clothing. To top it off, she’ll be wearing a thin black leather jacket.

“There’s a first for everything, Clarke.” Octavia says, smirking as she winks at Raven who has yet to close her mouth. “We’re going clubbing, it’s all about having fun.”

Clarke licks her lips. “Yeah, fun.” She hums in agreement. “The girls at the club are going to be all over you.” She hopes Octavia will be careful, since she is only sixteen, soon to be seventeen. This time it’s her fault, she convinced her friends to go clubbing. “I think we’re good to go now.”

Octavia straps her high heels on. She’ll have to be careful to walk around in those, because she’s not used to wearing shoes like this.

Clarke sighs as they leave her house. It’s not responsible of her to drag Raven and Octavia into this. Bellamy would murder her if he’d see that she’s letting his sixteen year old sister go to a gay club dressed like that. He wasn’t the most supportive of the bunch when Raven and she came out, so he wouldn’t be happy about Octavia going there, even though she’s straight.

Curiosity gets the upper hand. “What does Bell think you’re doing, O?” Clarke asks, wanting to know.

“He thinks I’m studying at your place. My fluffy bunny pajama is in my backpack at your house.”
Raven laughs. “You’re so not innocent, O.” She used to think Octavia was at least a bit innocent, but seeing her friend in those clothes made that ship sail. “Bellamy is a real jerk sometimes. Ugh, Clarke, do you remember after we both came out and he came at us, accusing us about threesome stuff? Fuck, he used to flip if he saw us hugging O and holding her hand.”

Clarke remembers clearly how bad it was. The moment they were both out, suddenly Bellamy acted as if they wanted to get into Octavia’s pants. “I recall you punching him square in the face a few months ago when he tried to drag O away, because she was going to sleep over with us in the same bed.”

Octavia groans. “I know that Bell can be annoying like that. Can’t pick your blood relatives, that’s all I’m saying.” She hates how her brother behaves at times. “Let’s go babes, I want to party.”

Lexa sits down at the bar, ordering a drink. She watches as Anya and Luna make their way to the dance floor. It’s a bit difficult to see them because there aren’t many lights. In a small beam of light she sees a woman with what looks like a red dress. The woman has a slender figure and is standing with her back towards her. There’s another woman near her, who might be her date. Many couples come to this club, but at times there are single ladies as well. She’s not looking to be with anyone though.

Clarke is leaning against a wall, noticing Lexa at the bar. Well, what are the odds? She certainly likes this and it’s unexpected, but she can work with this. For now she’s slightly occupied with a woman who is talking to her and giving her number. Seriously, she just walked in five minutes ago and she’s already scoring a phone number. She sees that Miss Forest and Miss Storm are dancing together. Okay good, as long as they’re not after Lexa they can do whatever they want.

Octavia nudges Raven. “Miss Woods is sitting at the bar and she’s staring at us.” She whispers nervously, barely louder than the music. “I think she’s on to us.” She’s standing alone with Raven, dancing a bit, while Clarke is flirting with god knows who.

“We should kiss so we look like most people in here.” Raven replies, thinking fast of a solution and blurring out the first that springs to her mind. “You know, like people do in movies to avoid getting recognized.”

Octavia chuckles lightly, she has to admit that it’s a solid plan. “Yeah sure, plant one on me.”

Raven smirks at Octavia’s choice of words, such a dork. She weaves her hands through her friend’s wig, which is awkward and kisses her. Maybe this will stop Miss Woods from staring at them with a look that indicates she’s trying to figure out if she knows them. She’s not entirely sure if kissing is necessary, since they’re dancing mostly in the shadows.

Octavia cups Raven’s cheeks and continues their kiss. It sure will be believable that they would be nothing more than a couple dancing at this club. She smiles in their kiss as her friend’s hands wander over her body. It’s no problem, because she has always felt comfortable around Raven. The only problem in this moment is that her friend is kissing her as a cover up to avoid getting recognized. She can’t tell Raven that the answer to her question about the most attractive girl in
Polis is the very one she’s kissing right now. Unfortunately they’re just friends.

Raven grasps Octavia’s thighs and hoists her up, continuing their kiss. She’s relieved that she came up with this idea fast, because this is going to work for sure. It doesn’t hurt that her friend is a good kisser, apparently, plus let’s be real, Octavia is foxy with the clothes she’s wearing. Now she’s sure that there’s no freaking way her friend is straight.

Clarke is dancing when she sees Octavia and Raven kissing. Um okay, what did she miss this time? Sometimes she really can’t keep up with those two and their actions. So Octavia isn’t straight then. She leaves them to it and makes her way to the bar to order a drink, or well, two.

The bartender leans closer towards Clarke when she signals to order.

Clarke cups her hands near her mouth and whispers. “That hot brunette in the suit sitting about five stools away, give her a LezDoIt from me.” It’s one of the drinks the club offers and she wants to send a message to Lexa, and see her reaction when she receives it.

Lexa stares at the bartender when she places a drink in front of her and informs her about the woman who ordered a LezDoIt for her. Clearly someone doesn’t know what subtlety is, which reminds her of Clarke. Thinking of which, she could have sworn two girls on the dance floor look like Octavia and Raven, but they’re different, older and they were kissing, so it probably wasn’t them. They wouldn’t risk coming here illegally again and a few days ago she saw Octavia near the school talking to an older guy who has curly hair, so that couldn’t have been her kissing Raven.

Clarke tries to bite back a smirk as Lexa stares at her. She’s glad that Miss Storm is dancing with Miss Forest, which leaves Miss Woods to herself, just the way she wants her. This is not the end yet. She signals for the bartender yet again, this time ordering Lexa a drink called Déjà vu. It’s surprising that after two drinks, all Miss Woods does is staring at her. The black wig and the makeup must be confusing Lexa.

Lexa already made two mistakes. The first time at this very club in the restroom, the second time at the restaurant and she can’t make a third mistake. She sighs as she walks up to Clarke. “You shouldn’t even be here.” She hisses lowly. “Go home, Clarke.” At first she didn’t know the blonde was here, because of the different look, but after receiving three drinks, the message was clear.

“I could do that, but only on one condition.”

“And that would be?”

“I’m glad you ask.” Clarke teasingly winks at Lexa and reaches out for her hand. “My mom isn’t home, so I’ll go home, if you go with me.”

“Clarke.” Lexa warns with a cold tone. “I’m here with my friends and I am not going to your place.”
“You’re right leaving your friends wouldn’t be nice. I should go say hi to them.”

Lexa squeezes Clarke’s hand to stop her. “Why are you here again? You can get in trouble.” She doesn’t want the blonde to get caught for being here. “You shouldn’t be drinking.”

Clarke runs her fingertips up Lexa’s thigh, smiling as the brunette gasps. “I like to live dangerously, Lexa.” She whispers with a sultry tone.

“Hey, Lexa, are you having fun?”

Clarke dips her head down, staring into her glass as Lexa leans away from her when she hears Miss Forest.

Lexa turns around on her stool to look at Anya. “Yes, this place is fun.” She says, while mustering a smile. “Are you having fun dancing?” She knows that if Clarke stays silent, which she hopes she will, her friend won’t recognize her.

Anya waves her hand at the bartender to get her attention. “Two vodka babes, please.” She says while slamming a bill down. When the bartender puts the glasses down she takes them. “If you want to dance, you’re welcome to join us, Lexa.”

Lexa simply nods as Anya smiles and moves back towards the dance floor to dance with Luna. She’s relieved Clarke was silent, but that probably was for her own benefit because her friend would call the police on the blonde.

“I need to use the ladies room for a minute to powder my nose. Excuse me.” Clarke says and slides off of the stool. “Actually, make that five minutes, I have a date to invite over.” With that, she walks up to the restroom.

Lexa curses herself as she follows Clarke and enters the restroom. The blonde is watching her from the moment she walks in, so much for powdering her nose and inviting a date. “We shouldn’t have kissed here the first time and we shouldn’t have kissed at the restaurant either.”

Clarke nods and grabs both of Lexa’s hands. “It can be our secret, nobody has to know.” She wants the brunette, even if it means keeping it all a secret. It’s more than simply flirting and teasing.

“What about your date, Clarke?”

Clarke shakes her head. “There doesn’t have to be one, unless you’re not into me, then I guess I can date whoever I want. There’s a girl here who slipped me her number and said she can take me to her place.” She wants to make Lexa jealous again. “I better get back in there and ask her to dance with me, wouldn’t want to dance alone. It was lovely seeing you again.”

Lexa wants Clarke to move on, but seeing the blonde about to walk away from her is difficult. “Clarke, wait.” She says, trying not to sound desperate. No, she can’t make a third mistake, she shouldn’t. “It can be our secret.”
Clarke can hear the hesitation in Lexa’s voice. “Are you asking me or telling me it can be our secret?” She asks just to make sure if she’s not getting this wrong.

Lexa will go to hell for this, but what a lovely way to burn. “Can it be our secret?” She shouldn’t be doing this, she’s crossing a line. If Anya would know about this she’d be in deep trouble.

Clarke holds a hand to her chest. “I promise it will be our secret.” She’s not going to tell anyone, fuck no.

Lexa pushes Clarke against the wall and kisses her. It has never been so divine to break rules, several of them. She kisses down the blonde’s collar bone, struggling to keep her hands away because Clarke looks outstanding in that black dress.

“We should take this slow, Clarke.”

“Really, slow? I don’t think we have been taking it slow at all. You literally just pushed me against the wall and kissed me.”

Lexa already has to fight her conscience when it comes to kissing Clarke, but she’s not ready to take it further than that.

“Ah, I see.” Clarke says as she gets the point. “You don’t want to sleep with me.” It's a trap, an easy one.

“No wait, I do… I mean.” Lexa swallows nervously. “When you graduate.”

Clarke doesn’t think she can wait that long, because if it was up to her, she’d have Lexa right now. She twists her hands in the blouse Lexa is wearing and kisses her hungrily, seeking entrance with her tongue.

Lexa pants while pulling away from Clarke. “I should go back inside, my friends will wonder where I am and you should really go. I don’t want you to get in trouble for being here.” She’s done for now, having made a mistake three times.

“One more minute and then I’ll go home.” Clarke tries to bribe Lexa a bit, wanting more of those heated kisses. “This is our secret.” The whole secrecy part is turning her on.

Lexa’s eyes darken as she stares into Clarke’s eyes. Fuck all of this. “Two minutes.”

Clarke smiles knowingly and crashes their lips together again, while toying with the buttons of Lexa’s blouse.

Two minutes turn into four.

Four minutes turn into eight.

After half an hour they’re forced to stop because Raven walks in. “Not again, you two.” She says, sighing while reaching out for Clarke’s arm. “Uh, Miss Woods, I think Miss Forest and Miss Storm are looking for you because they looked really confused when they stopped dancing and walked up to the bar.”

Lexa’s eyes widen, realizing that she’s been in the restroom far too long. She sighs because now Raven knows again, having caught her again and of course, in walks… oh my god, what on earth is Octavia wearing? She hadn’t noticed that before. It feels wrong on so many levels to even look at Octavia.
Octavia places her hands on her hips, pushing her thin leather jacket to the side with her elbows. “Oh hi, Miss Woods. We’re just here to pick up Clarke, so don’t mind us.” She says casually. There’s no denying now that Miss Woods saw them, but since she was kissing with Clarke again, it doesn’t even matter.

Clarke pushes Lexa up against the wall one last time, kissing her, taking her off guard. She pulls away and slips a small card in the palm of the brunette’s hand. “Call me sometime.” She says, winking before turning on the ball of her foot to follow Octavia and Raven.

Lexa can no longer tell herself that Clarke Griffin doesn’t have any power over her, because she does. So much for not going to let anything happen. Those words crumbled fast, like her dignity. It’s a mystery where her self-control went, but at least she should keep some not to go further than kissing. She should go home and take a cold shower right now.

Chapter End Notes

And so Lexa made a third mistake. The secrecy continues.

Ah and Octavia... well, well... she sure has some things to figure out.

About the drinks, I wouldn't know if they exist, I made them up. Personally I don't even drink so my knowledge is poor.

To say that this fic began as a one-shot. I still have a few things on the menu for this.
“I can’t believe you were at it again with Miss Woods.” Octavia whispers to Clarke in utter disbelief. She had hoped her friend would move on and after seeing Miss Woods at the club, she was also hoping Miss Woods would think better of it.

“It’s a secret, okay.” Clarke whispers back. “You’re both my best friends. Can you just please try and understand?”

“I hope you know what you’re doing, Clarke.” Raven whispers, concerned about what Clarke’s getting herself into. On top of that this can be troubling for Miss Woods. “I’ll support you.” They’re friends, so whatever crazy stuff Clarke does, she’ll be by her side.

“Yes, what Rae said.”

“I can’t believe you slipped her your phone number and told her to call you sometime.” Raven says, while laughing as it plays through her head. “That was a slick move.” She feels some pride because Clarke did that.

Octavia laughs along with Raven.

“Enough about all of that for now. What’s going on between you two?” Clarke asks as she eyes Octavia and Raven. “I saw you two kissing.” She looks confused as they both chuckle.

Raven shakes her head. “Always making assumptions.” She says, referring to when Clarke thought she had something going on with Abby, which she didn’t. Not that she can truly blame her friend for assuming things this time, but she might as well tease her about it.

Clarke crosses her arms. “That’s not fair.” She retorts, smiling a bit. “I literally saw you two kissing, so don’t jab me about making assumptions.” This time she saw it with her own two eyes, there’s no denying it.

“I thought Miss Woods was on to us because she was looking at us when she was sitting at the bar.” Octavia suffices, explaining why Raven and she were kissing. “Rae suggested we should kiss to look like a couple, like some people in movies do.” Even if Clarke wouldn’t believe this, it’s the truth.

Clarke snorts at Octavia’s explanation. She can barely believe they did that so they wouldn’t be recognized. “Well, the cat is out of the bag now. Lexa knows we’re here.”

“Ahh, so that’s her name.” Raven says as her eyes light up. “ Fucking finally you told us her name, because Miss Woods was getting too formal anyway, at least when we’re not at school.” She had been wondering what her name would be, but up until now, Clarke had kept it to herself.
“Yeah, crap, that’s her name.” Clarke didn’t mean to slip up, but she did now anyway. “This club is nice, but we probably shouldn’t come here often.” They aren’t old enough to be here and it wouldn’t be smart to keep taking the risk. “Are we going to my place now?”

Octavia shakes her head, not wanting to leave yet. It sucked when Raven broke their kiss when she found out that Miss Woods, or well, Lexa, wasn’t sitting at the bar anymore. After that they went looking for Clarke who was in the restroom. She would have gladly kissed a lot longer with Raven.

“We could get a couple more drinks.” Raven suggests, because they’re here to have fun after all.

“You both dragged me out of the restroom for that?”

“Whoa hey, loving you too.” Raven replies while grinning. “We want to party a bit. How about one more drink and then we’ll go to your place?”

Clarke sees Lexa, who is talking with Miss Forest and Miss Storm. They all seem to have a good time. “Yeah okay, one more drink and then we’ll leave.”

Octavia grabs some money from her wallet and orders three dirty martinis. She’s pleased she can pass for a twenty-one year old, when she has yet to turn seventeen. Bellamy would go crazy if he’d know about all of this, the clubbing, the clothes, the drinking. Well, she’s not getting drunk so that has to count for something.

They clink their glasses together and make their way to the dance floor.

“It’s about time we dance together.” Raven comments, sharing her thoughts. It’s their second time at this club and only the first time the three of them are dancing together, because Clarke had been busy wrapping Lexa around her finger.

Lexa is dancing absentmindedly while watching Clarke, who hasn’t gone home yet. She thought the blonde would have gone home when Octavia and Raven collected her, but instead they had another drink and now they’re dancing. Hopefully they’ll go home soon and don’t get drunk. It feels irresponsible knowing they’re here while they’re underage and not doing something about it. She should to something, because this isn’t right.

“Do you want something to drink?” Lexa asks Anya and Luna.

“Yeah, anything is fine.” Anya replies with a smile. She wants to hand Lexa some money, but her friend shakes her head and doesn’t take it. “Okay, but the next one’s on me.” She turns her attention back to dancing with Luna.

Lexa walks over to the bar and signals the bartender to lean closer so she can whisper. “Those three ladies over there, you see them?” She asks while pointing at Clarke, Octavia and Raven who are thankfully not looking at her right now. The bartender nods at her. “I’m their family and I’m cutting them off, so if they order anything else, they can only have water.” She slips the bartender an extra bill, before ordering drinks her Anya, Luna and her.
The bartender places three glasses of blue lesbian in front of Lexa.

Lexa takes the glasses and walks back to Anya and Luna, relieved that she did something to ensure Clarke and her friends won’t get drunk. It’s the least she can do, but deep down she knows they shouldn’t even be here at all. Knowing that her best friend will likely stay here until 3am or so, she tells herself that if the blonde and her friends are still here by then, she’ll tip the bouncer about their age.

Anya and Luna dance closer towards each other when a sexual song starts to play.

Lexa swallows hard as the song plays. Ah, fuck it, she really shouldn’t, but she makes her way over towards Clarke. There are only some dimmed lights, so she won’t be noticed.

Clarke feels a shiver run down her spine when Lexa is suddenly standing in front of her, placing her hands on her hips. The song makes her shiver as well. They’re playing Lick by Joi.

\[
\begin{align*}
I \ lose \ all \ control \ when \ you \ grab \ ahold \\
And \ you \ do \ your \ trick, \ I \ love \ it \ when \ you \ lick, \ lick \\
You've \ got \ lock \ and \ key, \ every \ part \ of \ me \\
Know \ what \ makes \ me \ tick, \ I \ love \ it \ when \ you \ lick, \ lick \\
\end{align*}
\]

Lexa doesn’t protest when Clarke pushes her body up against hers and kisses her, while licking her bottom lip. She’ll blame the song for this, right it’s all the song’s fault.

Octavia is wrapping herself closer around Raven, shaking her head at the sight of Clarke and Lexa.

Raven grins and pulls Octavia closer to her when she sees a woman who tries to approach her friend. She’s not going to let some older woman try to get something on with sixteen year old Octavia. The music is daring and makes her want to do things she shouldn’t, so she doesn’t. At least she has some self-control. The same can’t be said about Clarke and Lexa.

\[
\begin{align*}
It \ feels \ so \ good \ goin' \ crazy \\
My \ eyes \ hold \ back \ inside \ my \ head \\
Explore \ mine \ and \ want \ some \ pleasure \\
Hold \ on \ tight, \ hope \ you \ ain't \ scared \\
\end{align*}
\]

Clarke moans when Lexa bites her bottom lip. She’s pleased that the brunette walked up to her for this sensual dance.

Lexa winds her arms around Clarke and guides them both to a part of the dance floor where they’re enveloped in the dark more. Her hands cup the blonde’s breasts over the fabric of her
dress. She’s on thin ice right now, one wrong move and it could break. Deep down she knows she shouldn’t be doing this, but kissing Clarke is delicious and she can’t get enough.

When the song is done, Clarke is breathing heavily. She can see that Octavia and Raven are waiting for her to go home. It’s close to 1am now, they should probably go. “I’ll see you at school on Monday, Lexa.” She whispers huskily in Lexa’s ear. “If you miss me, you can call me. Whether it’s to say hello just so you can hear my voice or to have phone sex, I’ll be available.”

Lexa gasps. “Fuck, Clarke.” The things it does to her when Clarke whispers like that, and oh god, phone sex. She shouldn’t have that on her mind right now, no, phone sex is bad.

Clarke’s eyes twinkle at the reaction she gets out of Lexa, without even touching her. She’s brewing a new plan in her mind, one the brunette won’t expect, but soon will find out. “I have to go now, thanks for the dance.” She whispers sweetly, as if everything was casual. With a kiss on Lexa’s cheek, she turns around and leaves.

Lexa makes a beeline for the restroom to go splash cold water into her face. She’s looking into the mirror, while water drips down her chin from all the water she splashed into her face.

Anya is worried when she walks into the restroom and sees Lexa standing in front of the mirror with her face all wet. “Are you okay, Lexa?”

Lexa turns around, looking directly at Anya. “It got really hot in here, so I needed some cold water to cool down.” It’s not exactly a lie, because it did get hot, due to her dance with Clarke. The blonde isn’t the only one who’s playing with fire.

Anya smirks cheekily. “That song really was hot. I had to tell a woman to back off when she was dancing too closely to me.” She didn’t like the idea of someone trying to get closer, because she’s dating Luna.

“You and Luna must be serious. You really like her, don’t you?”

“We’re dating and we’re sort of exclusive, so other people are off limits.” Not that Anya is interested in anyone else anyway, only Luna. “I do like her, quite a lot.” She admits earnestly. “Maybe this can turn into something really serious and lasting.”

Lexa smiles at Anya. “I hope so, you deserve it and Luna seems nice.” She wants to see her best friend happy and Luna seems like a good person.

“On another note, Luna thinks she saw Raven leaving this club, but that’s impossible. Raven is underage, so she must have seen that wrong.”

Lexa knows Raven was here and unlike Clarke and Octavia, Raven wasn’t disguised that well. “It must have been someone who looks like her. There is no way any of her students can get in here. The bouncer wouldn’t let them through. Friday at school Raven was chattering during my class about a sleepover party with her friends.” She hates lying to Anya and she’s not sure when she suddenly began to cover for Clarke and her friends, but here she is, covering for them.

Anya nods and hums in agreement. “Our students wouldn’t get in here. They’re too young. Maybe Luna drank a bit too much.” She laughs lightly and shakes her head, because Luna did drink quite a bit so far.
Raven crawls into bed in the guestroom of Abby’s house, moving to lie down next to Octavia. “That fluffy bunny pajama of yours is cute.” She whispers, smiling at how cute her friend looks. “You look so innocent right now, but I know better.” She’ll never get the image out of her head of what Octavia had been wearing at the club.

“What can I say? Some people are an angel in the streets and a devil under the sheets, but I’m both.” Octavia shouldn’t say that because those words aren’t quite true, but they could be, someday.

Raven smirks to hear Octavia say that. “Can I be blunt with you?” She asks hesitantly. It’s been on her mind for a while, so she might as well get to it now that they’re alone.

Octavia’s heart begins to beat faster. “Err, yeah… aren’t you always blunt?” She asks, trying to sound cool about it while worried what Raven will say or ask.

“You’re not straight, are you? Because if you are, then you’re the gayest straight person I know.”

“A gay straight person?” Octavia laughs. “Seriously?” She should have known Raven was going to question her sexuality.

“O, for real, you’re not straight. Are you worried to tell me? Is it because Bellamy is such a dick?”

“Well, you weren’t kidding when you said you were going to be blunt. Okay fine, yes I like girls. It’s been a confusing time for me and I’ve been keeping it to myself.” Octavia isn’t just worried about how Bellamy would react. In fact, she doesn’t care how he would react. She’s worried about her feelings for Raven and even more so that it wouldn’t be mutual.

“You know you can share anything with me. You’re my best friend and I accept you the way you are. It’s fine if you like girls, seriously.”

Octavia nuzzles herself a bit into Raven’s arms to sleep. The night keeps replaying in her head. “You’re a good kisser, O.”

Octavia is surprised Raven brings their kiss up, their long continued kiss that felt like it wouldn’t stop until it did. “It was hot. You sure know how to swoon a girl.” She whispers honestly, having enjoyed their kiss.

“You’re telling me I know how to swoon a girl? Fuck, those clothes you were wearing…” Raven trials off, blushing deeply and thanking the darkness of the night to hide her face. Now wouldn’t be the time to mention she took a picture.

Octavia smiles, feeling happy that Raven liked her outfit, especially since it was meant for her eyes. “Goodnight, Rae.”

“Goodnight, O.” Raven whispers back. She leans forward and kisses Octavia’s forehead, like she often does when they sleep together.

Octavia leans in, but instead of kissing Raven’s forehead, she kisses her lips, unable to help herself. Wanting to brush it off as a mistake, she thinks about an excuse. “God, it’s really dark so I-” Her words are cut off when Raven’s lips land on her own.
Raven gently grasps Octavia’s wrists and pins them down. She pulls away slightly. “Was that a mistake?” She has to ask to make sure she’s not crossing a line.

Octavia shakes her head, wanting Raven’s lips on hers again.

Raven leans down again and captures Octavia’s lips. She lets go of her friend’s wrists and tangles her hands in Octavia’s hair.

Octavia slips her hands under Raven’s shirt, slowly moving them upwards.

Raven breaks their kiss and straddles Octavia’s hips. “How long?”

Octavia swallows hard, nervous to answer. “When you were eleven and gushed about a girl you kissed, while coming out as bisexual at the same time, that’s when it clicked for me.” She whispers like the words are a secret, which in fact, they are. Six years she has kept it to herself that she likes Raven as more than a friend. “It kept growing after that.”

Raven is stunned that Octavia kept it to herself for all those years. “I’ve known for three years, but I thought you were my straight best friend.” She laughs lightly at how blind they both have been and how she tried to ignore her feelings.

Octavia no longer feels nervous, now that she knows it’s mutual. “I’ve wanted to kiss you for so long. It drove me insane. You have no idea how often I dreamed about you.” She fists Raven’s shirt and tugs her down, crashing their lips together.

Raven roams her hands over Octavia’s body. “We can take this slow, but out of curiosity, have you ever been with a girl at all?” Knowing that her friend kept it all a secret it’s possible that Octavia secretly experimented or something.

“Rae… I’ve never been with anyone.” Octavia bites her bottom lip at her honest confession. She never felt the need to be with anyone, because she always had her eye on Raven.

Raven caresses Octavia’s lips with her thumb to stop her from biting down on her bottom lip. “It’s okay we’ll go at your pace, whatever you’re comfortable with.” She won’t rush Octavia into anything, because that wouldn’t be right.

Octavia pulls Raven down once more, kissing her, releasing the feelings she kept inside all those years.

Chapter End Notes

Clarke is brewing another plan. *grins cheekily*

It was so weird when I was listening to that song Clarke and Lexa were dancing to. It's so... sexual.
Clarke stares at her phone when wakes up. She doesn’t have any texts or missed calls, so Lexa hasn’t caved in when it comes to that yet. Within time she will, but she’ll have to be a bit patient. Her sleep has been good, since she has been dreaming about Lexa. The downside is that it left her sexually frustrated. Slowly, she gets up and makes her way downstairs.

Octavia is sitting at the kitchen table, eating some breakfast. “Good morning, Clarke.” She whispers with a smile on her face.

“Good morning, O.” Clarke replies. “Good morning, Rae.”

“Good morning, Clarke.” Raven stirs a little in the pan in front of her. “I’m making eggs, you want some?”

“Yeah sure, but don’t make them too spicy.”

Octavia watches as Clarke plops down across from her with a glass of orange juice. She acts casual when Raven sits down next to her five minutes later, to eat breakfast. Under the table, she feels Raven’s hand on her knee.

Raven eats her breakfast, while keeping her hand on Octavia’s knee. Clarke seems to be utterly oblivious, which is fine for the time being. She has talked about this with Octavia and they decided they’ll keep it silent for a while until they know where they’re headed.

Clarke plots out her plan in her mind while eating her breakfast, a plan she won’t share with anyone. If she would tell Octavia and Raven, they are likely to object and she can’t have that.

Abby enters the kitchen, exhausted from her work. “Good morning, girls. Did you all have a nice sleepover?”

“Good morning, Abby.” Octavia replies politely. “Oh yes, we watched a couple of movies, it was nice.” If Abby would know the truth it wouldn’t go down well. The night has been thrilling and she loved every bit of it.

“Good morning, Abs.” Raven says with a grin on her face. “Our sleepover was uh… interesting.” Her mind keeps slipping back to what Octavia had been wearing at the club, dear mother of god. “We watched some comedies and it was fun.” Sometimes she has to lie to cover up for shenanigans.

Clarke briefly looks up. “Good morning, mom. How did your shift at the hospital go?”

“It was tiring, but well.” Abby smiles faintly. She picks up a wig that’s on the counter. “What is this doing here?”
“That’s nothing, mom.” Clarke lies quickly. “We were playing dress up and putting on silly things.” Lately she has told her mother a lot more lies than she used to, but she has no choice. The truth isn’t an option.

Abby sits down to have a cup of coffee. “You have been glowing since your school year began, are you seeing someone, Clarke?”

“Mom.” Clarke groans. “Do we really need to talk about this?”

“I’m curious, honey, that’s all.”

“Clarke is dating Wells.” Raven blurts out, ignoring the way Clarke glares at her.

Abby smiles at Clarke. “Oh honey, that’s great. I’m friends with his father, he’s a good guy.”

“Well actually, no, I’m not dating Wells.” Clarke corrects. She’s not going to put up with this. “I’m seeing a woman.” She kicks Octavia after her friend kicked her warningly under the table.

“Oh.” Abby replies surprised. “A woman? Where did you meet her? I hope you’re not dating a college student.”

“I’m not a child, mom. I turn eighteen in January.” Clarke is only a few months shy from turning eighteen and she hopes maybe she can convince Lexa then, if not sooner. She gets that the brunette doesn’t want to end up in jail. “She’s not a college student.”

“Be careful, honey, sometimes older people prey on younger people.”

Raven smirks upon hearing Abby’s words, because it’s the other way around. Not that Lexa is innocent, but Clarke is the one who is trying to seduce Lexa.

Lexa wakes up with a jolt as she’s having flashbacks of her night. After Clarke left she had more drinks, too many even. Her head is pounding and she can tell she has a hangover. She feels someone stirring and turns her head to look and see who it is.

Anyah opens her eyes and rubs them to wake up more. “I feel like I banged my head against a wall.” She brings her hands up to her temples. The night rushes back to her in broken bits. “Oh crap.” She stares at Lexa who is now wrapping the sheet around her body. “Did we…?”

Lexa swallows thickly, holding the cold sheet against her naked body. “I think we did.” She whispers nervously. “It’s a bit of a blur and I’m still puzzling it together.” She vaguely remembers laughing a lot and stumbling towards Anya’s place and oh god. “We drank too much.” Considering she’s naked, she thinks they might have had sex.

“Shhh, you’re talking too loud.”

Lexa and Anya both simultaneously jump up as they hear Luna speak.
Luna cracks her eyes open. “God, we were really shitfaced last night.” She whispers silently, wincing at the sound because her head hurts. They all had too many drinks and she doesn’t know how late they got to Anya’s place, but it definitely was late.

Lexa’s eyes widen as more pieces from her night rush back to her. This is wrong in so many ways, because Anya and Luna were getting serious together. “I can’t believe we did that.” She thought that as adults, they would be more responsible. Getting wasted is not what she had planned when she went clubbing and ended up naked with Anya and Luna is even less what she had in mind. Perhaps she should have tipped the bartender not to serve her any drinks anymore either.

Anya feels like now would be a bad time to tell Lexa how wild she was. When they ended up in bed together, she tasted a lot of alcohol on her friend’s tongue. “Okay, just because we’re all naked doesn’t mean we had sex.” She doesn’t recall them having sex, not that she knows of.

Luna laughs and regrets it the second her head hurts more. “We didn’t have sex. I mean, we were kissing quite a bit, but then we all sort of passed out before more could happen.” She remembers hands going places, mostly for her and Anya, not Lexa.

Lexa lets out a breath of relief and somehow she feels like she cheated on Clarke, even though they’re not even together. She’s not sure what they are, but they’re not a couple. Then again, doing something with someone else feels wrong, even if it’s just a kiss. She may not have had sex with Luna and Anya, but they did kiss. If she would see Clarke kissing someone, it would hurt her.

The students rush out of the classroom when the bell finally rings, releasing them from their Monday to go home.

Raven picks her skateboard up. She’s surprised that Clarke didn’t complain today about the whole skateboard stuff, but then again, it was thanks to her that they were almost too late at school this morning. Clarke was being a serious slowpoke, so they had to skateboard to get here.

Clarke casually places her skateboard down when they’re at the parking lot. From the corner of her eyes she can see Lexa leaving the building, about to reach the parking lot soon. “I’ll see you guys tomorrow.” She says to Octavia and Raven. They don’t spend every night at her house and they have some homework to get through.

Raven cocks her head. “You can’t skateboard at all.” She replies, unsure if Clarke should go home alone. “I could drop you off at your door or something, it’s no biggie.”

Clarke shakes her head. “I’ll walk, it’s all good.”

“Okay, then we’ll see you tomorrow.” Octavia says with a small smile. She tries not to be too excited about being alone with Raven for a moment.

Clarke waves at Raven and Octavia when they leave. When they’re out of sight, she glances at the direction of the building and sees that Lexa is getting closer. Okay then, this is not going to be
pleasant. She steps on the skateboard and takes a deep breath, while pushing one foot on the ground too hard. The board moves too fast and she falls, scraping her knee. Some blood trickles down and she knows it needs to be cleaned.

Lexa gasps when she sees Clarke falling down. In less than the blink of an eye, she’s worriedly crouched down next to the blonde. “Clarke, are you okay?”

Clarke pulls her knee closer to her chest and cradles it. “I fell, it kind of hurt.” She bites her bottom lip and winces.

Lexa places her hands close to Clarke’s knee, inspecting the wound, while being careful not to touch it. She helps the blonde to stand up.

Clarke flinches a little when she tries to walk, not that it’s that bad, but Lexa doesn’t know that.

Lexa slings one of Clarke’s arms around her shoulder, so the blonde can lean on her. She walks Clarke to her car and opens the door. “Here, I’ll bring you home.” She offers, because letting the blonde walk or skateboard home isn’t an option.

Clarke nods and lets Lexa help her to get in. “Thank you, Lexa.” She whispers with gratitude. Thank you very much for falling for this. She peels her eyes away from the brunette to look at her knee.

Lexa walks around her car to get in on the other side, to drive.

“I’m not supposed to go home yet.” Clarke lies, trying to sound disappointed. “My mom has a date and she told me to wait two hours before I’d go home. She’s not bad though, she gave me money to get a pizza or something. You can drop me off somewhere at a corner, it’s all good.”

“Clarke, you’re hurt.” Lexa is not going to drop Clarke off somewhere randomly. She sighs deeply, as she tries to think what to do. “I will take you to my place where we can clean your knee up.” She hopes the blonde will behave, but at least this time Clarke isn’t flirting, she’s simply hurt.

Clarke’s mom isn’t even home, but Lexa doesn’t know that. She has five hours to spare, oh what she could possibly do in those five hours. Well, she can think of a few things, involving the brunette.

Lexa guides Clarke into her apartment and sits her down on her couch. She grabs a washcloth and the small first aid kit she has.

Clarke keeps her face as neutral as possible when Lexa tends to her scraped knee. She smiles when the brunette presses a kiss near her knee and whispers that it’s to get better. It makes her feel guilty for tricking Lexa, but maybe she will be forgiven afterwards.

Lexa sits down on the couch next to Clarke. “I can drive you home in two hours.” She suggests, since the blonde told her she can’t go home for two hours. “You can eat some dinner here.”

“It’s sweet of you to take care of me.” Clarke husks. “I hope I can return that favor.” She leans in and kisses Lexa, while placing one hand on the brunette’s thigh.

Lexa cups one hand behind Clarke’s neck and deepens their kiss, letting her tongue explore the blonde’s mouth. “Clarke, you should know something.” She whispers as she breaks their kiss. Even though they haven’t defined what they are, she wants to let Clarke know. “When I left the club, I was drunk and I ended up in bed with uh… Miss Forest and Miss Storm. We kissed.”

Clarke feels slightly hurt that Lexa kissed them. “Is that all that happened?” She wonders if the
brunette had sex with them, because if she did, it would really hurt.

“That’s all that happened.”

“Is there any particular reason why you decided to tell me this?”

Lexa stares into Clarke’s eyes, not wanting to hurt her. “I felt like I had cheated on you.”

Clarke is pleasantly surprised Lexa felt that way, since they haven’t said they’re together or anything at all. Letting her instincts take over, she grabs the collar of the brunette’s blouse and tugs her closer. “You’re mine.” She growls lowly. “I’m not going to share you with anyone.” Her lips ghost over Lexa’s. “Say it.”

Lexa doesn’t know where she has it to hear Clarke say those words. Where is her self-control when she needs it the most? “I’m yours.” She whispers, giving in to this sin. “And you’re mine. If you date Wells, I will flunk him for my class.”

Clarke chuckles lightly. “Jealousy, I like it.” She rasps teasingly, wondering if Lexa would truly flunk Wells. “Then I guess since I’m yours, I won’t date him.”

Lexa kisses Clarke feverishly and she knows it’ll be so damn hard to wait until the blonde graduates, but she has to wait. Christ, Clarke is still seventeen. “When do you turn eighteen, Clarke?” Her voice sounds impatient and she feels like slapping herself for it.

Clarke is relieved that it won’t take long for her to turn eighteen. “Near the end of January.” Raven is lucky because she’ll turn eighteen at the beginning of January. Octavia on the other hand has her birthday late in October, around Halloween. “So, only a few months.”

Lexa is fighting her own morals. Deep down she feels she should wait until Clarke graduates, but another part of her tells her to go for it when the blonde turns eighteen, rather than torturing herself until the end of the school year. “I have to wait until you graduate.”

“I know you’re worried that if you do something now, someone would find out and that you’d end up in prison. That’s why I came up with a solution.”

“Even if you change schools or if I work somewhere else, you would still be eighteen, Clarke.”

“That’s not what I was going to say. We’re going to stay right where we are.” Clarke assures Lexa. “The solution I came up with is a loophole.”

Lexa wonders if she even wants to hear whatever it is Clarke came up with. Dating already feels wrong, but she is attracted to the blonde in a way that’s complicated to explain and it’s not about sex.

Clarke decides to just say it, so Lexa can hear which loophole she has. “You don’t want to have sex with me yet, because I’m your student and because I’m seventeen, for now. Well, just because you can’t touch me like that doesn’t mean I can’t touch you like that.” She leans closer and whispers. “You could lay back and relax, while I take care of you.”

Lexa’s eyes widen. “Clarke…” She can’t let Clarke do that, it’s too tempting. “That sounds like dubious logic and it doesn’t really work that way.” She doesn’t see this as a solution at all, if she would agree to this, it would merely torture her more than it already does.

Clarke fumbles with the button of Lexa’s pants. “It will be our little secret, nobody has to know. I won’t even tell Octavia and Raven.” She promises, hoping the brunette will give in. “We’re here privately. Nobody knows I’m here with you and nobody will know what will happen, aside from
us.”

Lexa has to admit that Clarke has a point, but that still doesn’t make it okay. “If you can wait until you graduate, I will make it worth your while.” She promises, hoping to maintain some self-control and to keep her morals intact.

“Okay, my last offer is a compromise.”

Lexa doesn’t want to have a negotiation about this, but Clarke drives a hard bargain. “Which compromise do you offer, Clarke?”

“I suggest we wait until I turn eighteen, instead of waiting until I graduate and I’d like to touch you.”

Lexa sighs and frowns deeply. The idea of Clarke touching her is alluring. “Maybe.” She should say no, but that word is impossible to say right now.

Clarke slowly pulls Lexa’s zipper down, reveling at the way her breath hitches. She kisses Lexa’s neck and slips her hand under the brunette’s blouse. “Do you want more?” She asks while unbuttoning Lexa’s blouse, one button at a time.

Lexa knows she should resist. She knows what she should say. No, nay, nope. Instead, she finds herself saying “yes.”

Clarke hums and lets both her hands travel over Lexa’s body, intent on pleasuring her to the best of her abilities.

Lexa throws her head back as she feels Clarke kissing down her body, stopping briefly at her thighs.

Clarke is giving herself a mental high five as her eyes drink in the sight in front of her. “I have often dreamed about what you would look like naked, but reality is so much better.” She says admiringly. Even though Lexa hasn’t reached the point yet to undress her, holding on to that last bit of self-control, at least she undressed the brunette. Lexa can have her morals. She can’t wait to turn eighteen, counting the days down already.

“Clarke.”

Clarke kisses Lexa’s inner thighs, taking her time. “Mhm?”

“You fell on purpose with your skateboard, didn’t you?” Lexa asks, wanting to hear the truth. Because of the way things are going now with Clarke, she has a feeling the blonde set this up. She should have thought this through, because what are the odds of Clarke falling right when she’s supposed to stay outside for two hours, with her loyal friends nowhere around?

“Finally figured that one out, huh?” Clarke replies confidently with a smirk on her face. “You’re naked in front of me, so I’d say it worked out just fine.”

Lexa grasps Clarke’s shirt and pulls her closer, to face her. “Will you ever behave?”

“I can behave, but not when it’s only the two of us.”

Lexa might be able to live with that.

“Just to be clear, Lexa, this isn’t just about getting physical with you.”
Lexa weaves her fingers through Clarke’s hair and kisses her tenderly and passionately. She will end up falling deeply in love and she’ll have to wait if Clarke will catch her or drop her.

“Dessert before dinner sounds good.” Clarke teases while winking at Lexa.

Lexa smiles and shakes her hand. One of the things she likes most about Clarke is her mischief. “I would rather skip to the main course.” She whispers seductively, nearly kissing the blonde, but moving away at the last moment. “That is for teasing me earlier.” She’ll turn the tables, while sticking to her morals.

Clarke is godsmacked when Lexa simply gets up from the couch after almost kissing her, blows her a kiss and walks into the kitchen. Game on.

Chapter End Notes

Lexa is sticking to the last bit of her morals, restraining herself.

The next chapter will have some angst.
Octavia smiles when Raven skateboards next to her, while holding hands. After holding her feelings to herself for so long, she can finally let them out, albeit slowly. Being with Raven feels right.

Raven softly squeezes Octavia’s hand, wanting nothing more than to be with her. Their relationship is in an early stage, but their feelings for each other aren’t. She wants to make Octavia happy, as much as she can.

They stop together at Octavia’s house.

Octavia guides Raven inside, knowing that nobody is home. She walks up to the couch and makes her girlfriend sit, moving to straddle her.

Raven hums happily as Octavia kisses her. “I’ll never get enough of your lips.” She whispers as she kisses her girlfriend back.

“Mhm, it’s the same for me, babe.”

Raven will let Octavia take her time to be comfortable to come out. She’s not going to push her girlfriend to do things. Just because they’re together now doesn’t mean Octavia has to jump out of the closet all of the sudden.

Octavia bites Raven’s bottom lip and toys with the hem of her shirt.

“I’ve got hella feelings for you, O.”

Octavia blushes shyly. “I have feelings for you too, Rae.” She whispers against Raven’s lips.

Raven cups Octavia’s cheeks and brings their lips together again. She’ll never get tired of this and she feels like she has quite a few years of kissing to catch up with, since they both kept their feelings for each other to themselves for so long.

“What the fuck are you doing, O!?”

Octavia gets up from the couch, startled because Bellamy is shouting at her. “Well what do you think it looks like, Einstein?” She snaps at him, hearing exactly where her brother plans to go with this. The tone in his voice sounds hateful and she doesn’t like it one bit.

Bellamy angrily bares his teeth and reaches out to grab Octavia’s wrist. “Don’t talk to me like that.” He seethes through gritted teeth.

Raven stands up and pulls Octavia protectively behind her. “Don’t you fucking touch her, you
homophobe.” She balls her fist, angry because of his ignorance.

“She is my sister!” Bellamy shouts while towering above Raven. “You have been preying on her, haven’t you?”

“O is your sister, but she’s not your possession.” Raven replies coldly, venom lacing through her voice. “I wouldn’t do anything O wouldn’t want me to, because I care about her.” She’d never hurt Octavia in any way.

Bellamy peeks behind Raven’s shoulder to glare at Octavia. “Why would you do this, O?”

“Because I have feelings for Raven, geez you really can’t put two and two together can you?”

“Raven is a girl.”

“So? You like girls, why can’t I like girls?” Octavia retorts. “At least you don’t have to worry about me getting knocked up.”

Bellamy holds his fist out towards Raven. “If you weren’t seventeen, oh I would…” He trails off, seething.

Raven crosses her arms. “Then you would what? I’m not scared of you, Bellamy.” She snaps at him, not going to let a homophobe intimidate her. “I turn eighteen in a little over three months, you can schedule an appointment if you’d like. Let me check my agenda to see when I have time for an asshole.” She takes her phone out of her pocket. “Oh, apparently never, yet here you are, wasting my time.”

Bellamy roughly grasps Raven’s wrist to push her out of the door.

“Let go of me!” Raven shouts at Bellamy. He’s squeezing too hard, hurting her.

“Let her go!” Octavia tries to pull Bellamy away from Raven, but then he twirls around and pushes her forcibly, making her fall.

Something snaps in Raven to see Octavia fall because Bellamy pushed her. She balls her fist and connects it with his jaw, upon the impact she feels her hand breaking.

Bellamy looks like an angry bull and walks away from them, holding one of his hands to his jaw where Raven hit him.

Octavia wraps her arms around Raven as Bellamy walks off into her bedroom. It confuses her why her brother would go into her bedroom, instead of his own. She gets her answer when he returns with a suitcase, with her clothes in it.

Bellamy puts the suitcase down near Octavia. “You’re not my family anymore. I want you out.” His voice is cold and uncaring.

Octavia’s jaw drops, because Bellamy is her legal guardian, being several years older than her. “You’re kicking me out because I’m gay?” She didn’t think she’d come out like this. “I knew you always had some sort of issue with people who aren’t straight, but this is just… I have no words.”

Raven flips Bellamy off. “You don’t even know how amazing O is.” She picks the suitcase up and looks at Octavia. “You can stay with me, mi amor.”

“Yes Octavia, leave with that bisexual slut.”
“Don’t call her that!” Octavia shouts ragingly at Bellamy. “My girlfriend is not a slut!”

Bellamy ushers them both out of the door.

Octavia follows Raven, as tears well up in her eyes. She knows Bellamy has always disliked it when people aren’t straight, which makes no sense to her and he’s always given her a rough time for being best friends with Clarke and Raven. She didn’t think he’d ever kick her out and tell her she isn’t his family anymore. The worst part is what he said about Raven.

Lexa opens her door when she hears someone knocking on it. “Oh hello, Anya and Luna.” She says with a warm smile. It’s unexpected, but they’re welcome at her place. At least she already dropped Clarke off at her house, so their timing isn’t bad.

Anya holds a bottle of wine out. “Consider this a peace offering for the awkward weekend we had.” She says with a spark her eyes, although she does feel guilty for the way things went.

Lexa is bewildered why Anya would give her a bottle of wine as a peace offering. “Let me get this straight, you are offering me a bottle of wine to make up for how drunk we had gotten during the weekend?”

Luna laughs and nudges Anya’s side. “Lexa has a point.” She did try to tell her it didn’t seem like the best idea, but Anya can be quite stubborn.

Lexa accepts the bottle of wine anyway. “I will savor this for later. Come on in.” She lets them either as she puts the bottle away somewhere, not planning to drink yet. It had been wrong when she had gotten drunk at the club, because it’s not who she is.

“Have you eaten dinner yet?” Anya asks, thinking about places where they can grab a bit to eat.

Lexa already ate dinner with Clarke, a while ago. “Yes, I ate already.” She pauses for a moment. “Have you?”

Anya shakes her head. “I was thinking about taking you and Luna out somewhere to eat. Perhaps you can drink while we’re there? It doesn’t have to be alcohol and you can order a dessert if you want.” She likes to spend time with Luna and Lexa, the two most important women in her lives, the girl she is dating and her best friend.

“I will grab my coat, give me a second.”
Clarke’s jaw drops when she opens her front door. She got home about ten minutes ago, when Lexa dropped her off. Seeing Raven clutching her hand to her chest with a pained look and Octavia with a suitcase with tear-stained cheeks is not what she expected at all. “Oh my god, what happened?” She asks, while feeling worried sick about her best friends.

Octavia follows Raven inside Clarke’s house, while more tears escape from her eyes.

Clarke carefully has a look at Raven’s hand and when her friend winces, she knows it’s broken. “We have to go to this hospital, it’s broken.” She concludes softly. “Rae, what happened?” She looks at Octavia. “O?”

Octavia simply cries more and shakes her head, unable to form words now.

Raven barely meets Clarke’s questioning gaze. “My hand broke because I punched Bellamy’s jaw.” She doesn’t regret it, she’d gladly break her other hand that way as well. Unfortunately she won’t be able to knock some sense into him. “He deserved it.”

Clarke tries to puzzle everything together. The fact that Octavia has a suitcase with her isn’t good news. “Let’s go to the hospital, your hand needs to be taken care of.” She coaxes Raven and Octavia to follow her towards the hospital, which is about twenty minutes by foot. “I’ll text my mom.”

Raven nods and wraps her free arm around Octavia, drawing her girlfriend close to herself and pressing a kiss to her forehead. She keeps her other arm bent, her broken hand close to her chest. It’s her right hand, the hand she writes with. It looks like she won’t be writing for a while.

Clarke doesn’t question the way Raven has her arm around Octavia and the way Octavia holds on to Raven like she’s her lifeline. It’s clear that Raven was stepping up for Octavia about something, she doesn’t know what and from the looks of it, Bellamy must have kicked Octavia out, which is harsh and cold of him.

Abby rushes to Raven's side when they enter the hospital. “Clarke, you can wait in the hall with Octavia.”

Raven caresses Octavia’s cheek with her good hand and whispers in her ear, before following Abby to get a cast.

Clarke is hugging Octavia, who won’t stop sobbing. “You can stay at my place, you can have the guestroom.” She whispers, offering so her friend has a place to crash at. “I’m sure my mom won’t mind.”

Octavia thinks about how Raven said she could stay with her, although Clarke’s place is bigger. “Bell kicked me out because I… because…” She barely manages to get the words out. “It’s because he’s a homophobe.”

Clarke feels anger rising within her. “It sucks that he’s like that. It’s okay to be who you are and to hang out with who you want.” She feels for Octavia, because her friend deserves so much better.

“This isn’t how I ever thought about coming out, but I was on my couch with Rae and then he was there and it just… it didn’t go well. He told me I’m not his family anymore.”

“To hell with him, you can be my family,” Clarke whispers, trying to soothe Octavia. “You’re always going to have me and Rae. We’re like a combo packet. Sisters for life.”

“It’s my fault Rae broke her hand, she snapped at him when he pushed me.”
“It’s not your fault, O. I’m sure you would have done the same for her.”

“I should have been the one with the broken hand, not Rae.”

They hug each other silently, until Raven returns with Abby.

Raven holds her cast up. “Can you draw something cool for me on it, Clarke?” She grins, trying to ease some of the tension.

“Yeah sure, no problem.” Clarke doesn’t mind drawing something for Raven. “Hey mom, can Octavia have the guestroom? Bellamy kicked her out.”

Abby gasps and looks at Octavia. “Oh honey, what happened?”

“I’m gay, that’s what happened.” Octavia replies, her voice barely above a whisper.

“You can sleep in the guestroom.”

Raven laces her fingers together with Octavia’s. “Can I sleep over tonight, Abs?”

Abby can connect the dots about Octavia being kicked out for being gay and Raven showing up with a broken hand. “Yes, but make sure you all finish your homework. I will be home late and I will see you girls in the morning.”

Clarke walks back home with Octavia and Raven. Her mother is kind for being so understanding. For Octavia’s sake, she wishes Bellamy will realize the mistake he made.

Octavia doesn’t sleep in the guestroom that night and neither does Raven. They both cuddle up with Clarke in her bed, with Octavia in the middle.

Clarke can see the pain in Raven’s eyes, when Octavia sniffs until she passes out from exhaustion. Her friend’s back is pressed up against her body.

Raven is facing Octavia and strokes her hair, while she watches her sleep. It breaks her heart that her girlfriend is in pain. She glances briefly at Clarke, who looks worried.

Clarke closes her eyes to sleep. While she’s still awake, she hears Raven whispering things to Octavia, silent promises and sweet nothings. Her heart warms for them and their sincere love.

Octavia tenses up when Bellamy is waiting her up at the parking lot of her school. She skids to a stop, feeling nervous as she sees the hatred flickering in his eyes.

Raven is standing next to Octavia, glaring at Bellamy. If he dares to hurt her girlfriend it won’t end well.

Clarke places her hands on her hips, staring at Bellamy who shouldn’t be here.

Bellamy walks up to Octavia, stopping when he’s barely one step away. “You shouldn’t hang
around those two, they’re making you sick.” He spits.

“Don’t you dare say a bad word about Clarke and Raven!” Octavia shouts at Bellamy. “I’m not sick, the only one who is sick is you because you’re full of hatred for whatever petty reasons it is you have. What I do and who I hang out isn’t your business.”

Bellamy shouts an entire array of expletives and slur words, aimed to hurt them. He even goes as far as threatening them.

It takes an ugly turn when a fight ensues.

Octavia tries to protect Raven, who already has a broken hand. It must have been unexpected for Bellamy when she moved, because he looks at her with terror for a few seconds as she brings her hand up to her nose, where his punch just landed. There’s blood seeping from her nose.

Raven is furious and knees Bellamy, making him fall down. Unfortunately she sees him getting up again fast, much too fast for her liking.

Clarke tries to help her best friends out, ending her up with a split lip.

Lexa and Anya storm towards them, looking pissed.

Anya grasps Bellamy by his collar, having seen what happened and having heard quite a bit of the offensive things he yelled. “This is school property. You are fighting minors.” Her voice is low and cold. “You will never lay a finger on them again. I’m going to call the police.”

Octavia is baffled as she watches Bellamy cower under Miss Forest’s words.

Anya turns around to look at her student. “Are you okay, Octavia?” She asks as her gaze softens, while her grip on the young man is strong.

Octavia doesn’t think she has ever seen Miss Forest so soft. Maybe she reacted this way because she’s gay as well, since she has seen Miss Forest with Miss Storm. “I yes… I’m fine.” She stutters out, gripping Raven’s hand.

Anya keeps a steady grip on the young man while calling the police. “They will be here in five minutes.” She says after hanging up. “You should go see the school nurse, girls, to tend after your wounds.”

“I will bring them to the school nurse.” Lexa half offers, half suggests. As she walks away with them, she takes this moment to whisper to Clarke. “What happened?” She has seen that young man with his curly hair before, when he was talking with Octavia once near Polis. It’s confusing how he was shouting at Clarke, Raven and Octavia and even more confusing how he attacked them.

Clarke keeps her voice low enough so only Lexa will hear her. “That was Octavia’s brother. He uh… kicked her out of the house yesterday for being gay and today he was waiting for us at the parking lot.”

Lexa’s eyes widen in shock. She takes note of the cast around Raven’s hand. “Did he hurt her?” She wouldn’t be surprised at this point if the answer would be yes, after having witnessed how he attacked them.

“Raven broke her hand when she hit his jaw, because he had pushed Octavia and made her fall.”

“Are you okay, Clarke?” Lexa runs her thumb over Clarke’s split lip, regretting it when the
“Yes, Lexa, I’m fine. It’s sweet of you to check up on me, but I’m more concerned about my friends right now, especially Octavia.” Clarke appreciates Lexa’s concern, but she has to make sure Octavia and Raven are okay.

Lexa nods curtly, understanding Clarke’s care for them.

Clarke gently reaches for Lexa’s hand, tugging her closer as the school nurse isn’t paying attention to them. “I just want to say that I’ll respect your morals and I’ll wait.” She whispers quietly. “I don’t want to lose you that’s all.” With that, she lets go of Lexa’s hand.

Raven is relieved when the school nurse says Octavia’s nose isn’t broken, but she still hates Bellamy just as much for what he did.

Lexa takes a moment to sit down with Octavia and talk, to offer her support. She hugs the younger girl as Octavia cries on her shoulder and pours her heart out.

Octavia is silent for the rest of the day, after the police took her statement with charges being pressed against Bellamy. Her brother will most likely land himself a few months in jail. It’s a tough pill to swallow that Bellamy reacted so heavily, as if kicking her to the curb wasn’t enough yet.

Chapter End Notes

Octavia will be in good hands with Raven and Clarke.
Halloween dance

Chapter Summary

They're going to a Halloween dance their school is organizing.

Clarke takes a moment to talk with Lexa.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Octavia looks like she just ate a bunch of sugared goods when she rummages squealing through her closet, wondering what to wear.

Raven chuckles and encircles Octavia’s waist. “You’re going to look cute in whatever you choose, O.” She kisses her girlfriend’s cheek softly.

“I’m not supposed to look cute, babe.” Octavia whines. “I’m supposed to look scary.”

Raven smirks, unsure if Octavia can look scary, because in her eyes her girlfriend never looks scary. “I hope our Halloween dance will be good.” She’s pleased that their school is organizing a dance like that.

Octavia rakes her eyes over Raven’s body. “Hmm so you want to look like a devil.” She hums as she looks at the tight red suit her girlfriend is wearing. “If you’re supposed to be Satan, can I please enter hell?”

“You might get burned.” Raven replies teasingly, leaning closer towards Octavia to kiss her.

Clarke waltzes into Octavia’s bedroom. “What do you guys think?” She spins around so they can see properly what she’s wearing.

“You’re going dressed like an angel?” Raven replies surprised. “Which part of Halloween dance didn’t you get?” She grins and shakes her head.

“This white dress is perfect and you know it.”

Octavia settles for going as a vampire, if only to give her an excuse to kiss Raven’s neck more.

Raven blindfolds Octavia, who clearly didn’t expect that. “Shh, hold still.” She instructs.

Octavia holds Raven’s hand as she follows her, not sure what her girlfriend is up to. When Raven removes the blindfold, she smiles brightly.

Raven proudly shows Octavia the cake that’s decorated Halloween style. “Clarke lent me a hand to make it.” She pecks her girlfriend. “Happy birthday.”

Octavia is speechless when Raven gives her a medallion in the shape of a heart. When she clicks it open, there’s a picture of them together in it. On the other half it reads forever in my heart.

Raven holds her hands out. “Can I?” She asks, waiting to hang it around Octavia’s neck. When
her girlfriend nods, she hangs it around her neck, gently brushing her hair out of the way.

There are tears of joy in Octavia’s eyes.

Clarke smiles and hands Octavia a gift as well. “Happy birthday, O.”

Octavia unwraps the gift and finds a bracelet with charms. She hugs Raven and Clarke tightly.

When they step outside, ready to go to their Halloween dance at their school, Bellamy is standing there.

Raven steps protectively in front of Octavia. “You’re not welcome here, Bellamy.” She says coldly, warning him. “The only reason you’re not in jail right now is because O still cares about you, even after all the shit you pulled and only because she insisted to have the charges dropped.” She wouldn’t have dropped the charges, if it hadn’t been for her girlfriend pleading her to do so.

Octavia sighs and looks at Bellamy. Despite everything, she didn’t want to see her brother end up in jail, because even though he’s a hater, she couldn’t let him end up there. “You’re not allowed to be here, Bellamy. You’re violating the restriction order.” If they call the police now, he’ll be in trouble for being here.

Bellamy holds a gift out. “I want to give you something for your birthday.” He sounds sincere. “After this I’ll leave you and… them alone.”

Octavia can hear the hatred in his voice as he doesn’t even say their names. She carefully accepts the gift, but she’s hesitant to open it. “What is it?”

“It’s a ring that belonged to our mother. She gave it to me when you were little. It’s been passed on from one generation to another.”

Octavia opens the gift and stares at the ring. “Is this… a wedding ring?” She asks in utter disbelief.

Bellamy is breathing heavily and he doesn’t meet their eyes. “Thanks for not letting me end up in jail.” With that, he leaves.

Raven is staring with one hand on her hip. “Okay, so that just happened.”

Clarke is equally confused. “So uh… the dance?” She awkwardly clears her throat. “We should get going.”

“Is Lexa going to be okay with your date, or should I say dates?” Raven asks while smirking. It’s amusing to her that Clarke landed herself two dates for the dance. “Abby seems happy that you’re going with Wells.”

Clarke rolls her eyes. “It’s not really my fault that I’ve got two dates. I can’t help it that Wells and Mel both asked me, it’s thanks to you two this all began anyway.”

“Whoa hey, don’t shove it in our shoes.” Raven disagrees feeling like it isn’t Octavia’s fault and not her fault either. “You could have said no to one of them.”

“You didn’t see the look on their faces, Rae. Lexa is going to be fine with it, it’s just a dance. It’s not like I’m going to kiss them or anything.”

“What if one of them kisses you?” Octavia reasons. “After all, people think you’re single.”

“I’ve already got a plan for that.” Clarke assures Octavia and Raven, feeling confident about her
new plan.

“Not another one of your plans.” Raven sighs, wondering what Clarke is planning to get herself up to this time. “Okay, how bad is it?”

“It’s not a bad idea, Rae.” Clarke replies, sure that her plan is decent. “I’ll spread a rumor that I’m dating a college student. That way people will think I’m already seeing someone, outside of school. So there you go, problem solved.”

“Ah yes, seventeen year old high school student who is dating a college student.” Raven says sarcastically, hoping Clarke will see the flaw in her plan. “Solid plan you got there.”

“It’s better than seventeen year old high school student dating her teacher though.” Octavia points out matter-of-factly.

“Yes, exactly.” Clarke says with a smile. “See Rae, O gets it.”

“Whatever, smartass. You could just say you’re dating a high school student from another school, you know? Why go with a college student?”

Clarke has to admit that Raven is right. Okay, dammit, maybe she should have given it a little more thought. “I just thought college student sounded good. Besides, I turn eighteen in two months.” She’s been counting the days down, excited for when she finally turns eighteen.

Together they make their way to Polis for the Halloween dance.

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Lexa is at Anya’s place, getting dressed. She has to supervise the Halloween dance, along with Anya, Luna and a few other colleagues. The principal has instructed everyone to wear a certain costume. She decides to go dressed as a skeleton, applying some makeup.

Anya is hoisting herself into a werewolf costume, while Luna decides to go as a witch. She will keep an eye on the punch during the dance, since it is non-alcoholic, but she suspects a few students may try to smuggle alcohol to the dance.

Lexa hopes the dance will go smoothly, without any issues. Sacrificing her Friday evening isn’t what she expected to do, but at least she will be able to see Clarke dance. She has a feeling Wells is taking the blonde to the dance. If it’s only to dance, then it’s okay. She’s not exactly exclusive with Clarke yet, although she wants to be, because dating other people feels out of the question.

Luna smiles as she checks Anya out. “Looking good in that werewolf costume of yours.” She says approvingly. They have been dating exclusively and their relationship is growing more serious with each passing day. She has a good feeling about being with Anya, because they click.

“You’re a very good looking witch.” Anya replies, sizing Luna up. She feels lucky that she has a chance to be in a relationship with her.

Lexa busies herself further with her makeup while Anya and Luna have their couple moment. She
wishes she could be free like them, with Clarke. If only things would be easier, but it’s complicated. Eventually the blonde will graduate and from there on they can see together where things lead to. For all she knows, Clarke may end up falling for a student, which she wouldn’t blame her for. If the blonde would fall for someone, she would let her go and wish her all the best. In the end she wants Clarke to be happy, with or without her.

“Are you ready to go, Lexa?” Anya asks. She glances down at her watch. “We should get going, so we’re not late. Our students will be arriving at school soon.”

Lexa nods, ready to leave. She follows Anya and Luna to Polis, where students are already trickling in. The Halloween dance is taking place in the gym room.

The music is loud, but not deafening. There are a few tables placed to the side with non-alcoholic drinks and there are ships as well, as a snack.

Lexa leans against one of the walls, her eyes scanning the students who are dancing, keeping an eye on them. She sees Clarke walking in, looking like an angel. Her eyebrows furrow when she sees the blonde not only with Wells, but also with a girl, she believes Clarke told her the girl is Mel. It makes her wonder if the blonde has brought two dates to the dance. It’s slightly unusual, but she’s not the only student who seems to be doing so. The students aren’t prohibited to bring two dates.

Slightly nervous to see Clarke with two people, she treats herself to a cup of fruity punch. She’s supposed to watch all the students, yet she’s drawn to watch the blonde, unable to take her eyes off of her. To her surprise, Clarke notices her and walks over to her.

Clarke tries to be subtle when she’s nearing Lexa, who is luckily standing near one of the tables. “I see you decided to come here dressed like a skeleton.” She whispers near the brunette’s ear, while leaning towards the table to take a cup. “It makes me want to jump your bones.” She chuckles to herself, unable to stop herself from saying that.

Lexa’s heart skips a beat. “You’re gorgeous, Clarke.” She whispers earnestly. “Truly angelic.”

“But we both know better than that, don’t we.” Clarke retorts, winking at Lexa. Sometimes she enjoys teasing the brunette a little, but she tries to keep it minimal.

“That we do.” Lexa admits. “I see you brought two dates to this dance.”

“They both asked me and I couldn’t bring myself to say no.” Clarke explains, hoping Lexa won’t be too bothered by it. “Wells is a nice guy and Mel is a sweet girl, and she’s cute.”

Lexa doesn’t say anything else when Anya and Luna both approach her.

Clarke takes it as her cue to leave. “Nice outfits, Miss Forest, Miss Storm and Miss Woods.” She says, giving them a genuine smile.

Anya frowns a bit to see Clarke dressed as an angel.

Lexa wishes she could be the one dancing with Clarke, but alas, she can’t.
Mel taps Clarke’s shoulder. “Would you like to dance with me?” She asks shyly.

Clarke smiles at Mel, who looks cute dressed like little red riding hood. “Sure, I’d love to.”

Mel continues to blush as they dance.

Clarke is slightly enamored by Mel’s cuteness level. It’s so adorable how shy the younger girl is being. They could definitely be friends, it wouldn’t be bad. Her thoughts are cut off when she feels lips pressing against her own, Mel’s lips. It takes her a few seconds to connect that the younger girl made a move on her to kiss her.

Mel pulls away lightly. “Was that… was that okay?”

Clarke is speechless. She can see Wells is staring at the floor, like he has just been rejected, while Octavia and Raven gape at her, probably wondering if that really happened and Lexa has an unreadable expression on her face. She feels conflicted, because Mel probably thinks they were going somewhere together and by agreeing to come to this dance together, she might have given her wrong signals. Before she can even begin to form a response, the younger girl’s lips are on hers again.

Mel looks confused and hurt when Clarke gently pushes her away.

Clarke sighs deeply. “I’m sorry if I gave you the wrong impression, but I’m already seeing someone.” She explains, hoping not to hurt Mel’s feelings too much. Lexa and she aren’t exclusive yet, but she wants to be, so others are not an option. “You’re a sweet girl and you’re cute. We could be friends, if you’d like.”

“I’m sorry, Clarke.” Mel apologizes as her eyes widen. “I was told you were single and I thought there was a connection between us.”

“It’s not your fault. I should have told you I’m not single. You didn’t know.”

Mel excuses herself to go and talk to her friends from her class.

Clarke takes this moment now that she’s alone to walk up to where Lexa is leaning against the wall, who still has her eyes on her. “She thought I was single, I didn’t know she was going to kiss me.” She whispers, only for the brunette to hear.

“It is okay, Clarke.” Lexa says although her words sound false. “She is closer to your age. If you like her, you should go and be with her. Why did you send her away?” She is surprised because Clarke said she was single, as in, not being single.

“Have you forgotten that time where I told you I’m yours? That didn’t change for me. I’m still yours and I still want you to be mine, unless that’s not what you want.”

“I can never forget that moment, Clarke.” Lexa assures Clarke, unable to ever forget. “I do want to be yours, but I don’t want to stand in the way if you meet someone else.” The blonde is still young and she doesn’t want to hold her back in any way.

“You’re not standing in the way. I only have eyes for you, if that wasn’t clear yet.” Clarke says sincerely, meaning every single one of her words. “I want us to be exclusive, if you’re okay with that. I’ll respect your morals and I’ll wait until you’re ready for further steps, but yeah, being exclusive would be nice.”
The idea of being exclusive with Clarke is tempting, but despite that, it would still have to be their secret. Lexa is stacking her troubles up, adding more and more to the pile. “Yes, I’m okay with that.” She probably should say no, should back away, but she can’t. The blonde is special and it makes her feel wanted, and as if she belongs somewhere, because Clarke wants her.

“Great, then we’re officially exclusive.” Clarke replies happily, smiling because Lexa agreed and she hadn’t been sure if the brunette would agree or not. “Our little secret, I promise.” Well, she will tell Octavia and Raven that she’s exclusive with Lexa, since they’re like family to her, but that’s it. Plus, she won’t share all that much details with them. “Oh and uh, one more thing I have been thinking about.”

Lexa trusts Clarke to keep this all a secret, even though she suspects Octavia and Raven will know. If only she could tell Anya, but this is something she cannot share. Best friends or not, the older woman would not agree with this, which is understandable. “What have you been thinking about, Clarke?” She asks, interested to know what else is on the blonde’s mind.

“Well uh… as you know, I gave you my phone number a few weeks ago.” Clarke whispers, thinking about the night where she slipped Lexa her phone number smoothly. Yet, she hasn’t received any calls and she hoped she would have. “I said back then that you can call me for anything you want, even phone sex. So, I’m wondering if you’d like to try that sometime?”

Lexa swallows nervously and quickly empties a new cup of fruity punch while contemplating Clarke’s words. Ever since she received the blonde’s phone number, she has been thinking about certain things, such as calling simply to hear Clarke’s voice. That alone would already suffice for her. She has her doubts when it comes down to phone sex, because of her morals. Even though it would be over the phone, it wouldn’t suddenly make the blonde eighteen. The idea of hearing Clarke like that over the phone gives her a tingling feeling.

“I will think about it, Clarke, I promise.” Lexa finally says, giving Clarke an answer. “For now, you should enjoy the rest of this Halloween dance.” The blonde shouldn’t continue to stand next to her.

“Oh, fair enough. You can take your time to think about it. If you ever do feel up to it, well, you have my number.”

Lexa nods and watches Clarke walk away towards her friends, continuing to dance.

Anya appears next to Lexa, from the shadows behind her where she had been standing. “What was that about?”

Lexa nearly jumps up, because Anya startled her. She didn’t know her best friend was near. “Clarke had some questions about a paper.” She lies quickly, hoping it will be enough. It’s not unusual for a student to ask questions about a paper or such, although they don’t tend to ask anything during occasions like this dance.

Anya stirs her fruity punch around in her cup, by moving her hand in small circular movements. “Okay.” The evening seems relaxed. When Lexa walks away for a moment to use the toilets, she borrows her best friend’s phone for a bit.

Chapter End Notes
I feel like this is the time to play that siren sound from Kill Bill, at least that's what's playing through my mind.
We really shouldn't

Chapter Summary

As a heads up: this chapter is certainly mature, so uh, be old enough? Haha.

Not safe for work.
People wanted this, so don't blame me. :)
Consider yourself warned.
I nearly didn't post this because... damn.

*sets down glasses of water*
*turns a cold shower on*

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Clarke is exhausted from the Halloween dance by the time she finally crawls into her bed. Her feet are a bit sore from all the dancing she has done. It was a bit sad for her dates. She tried to talk a bit too Mel, who eventually said that being friends is okay. Wells tried to play it cool, but she was able to tell his feelings were hurt a bit. Mel and Wells both had hope she would have been single and would date them. They will get over it eventually. It’s a relief nothing with them ever got serious.

She danced a lot with Octavia and Raven. It’s wonderful to have them as her best friends. They’re a major part of her world and she’s so happy how their relationship has been blossoming. She’s about to close her eyes when her phone lights up, letting her know she received a text. Suddenly she’s not so tired anymore, as she checks her phone, hoping Lexa is texting her.

Unknown number: I think it would be better if you keep some distance.

Clarke is confused, what does Lexa mean? They agreed to be exclusive and now the brunette wants her to keep some distance? She doesn’t understand and wonders if Lexa suddenly changed her mind. Sighing, she types a reply and saves the brunette’s number into her phone. This isn’t the type of first text she thought she would get from Lexa.

Clarke: What do you mean distance? Are you saying you don’t want me anymore? I thought the feeling was mutual.

My woman <3: At public places you should keep some distance, especially at school. Anya questioned me after our talk. We have to be careful.

Clarke: You worried me with your first text, Lexa! God, you should have been more specific. Okay, so we’re still exclusive but you want me to lay low more?
My woman <3: I apologize I worried you like that, Clarke. Yes, that’s what I meant.

Clarke: Okay sure, no problem. Low it is. Speaking of low, how low do you want me to go? ;)

My woman <3: At this point I probably shouldn’t have texted you right before going to bed.

Clarke laughs at that, wondering how sexually frustrated Lexa is right now. The brunette is too easy and teasing Lexa is a fun way to pass the time. Now she’s definitely not tired anymore.

Clarke: Would you like a hand? I happen to have two ;)

My woman <3: You must have something in your eye, to keep winking like that. I should sleep, and so should you.

Clarke: Okay, how about I make you a deal?

My woman <3: How about you don’t make me a deal?

Clarke: If I can hear your voice for a few seconds, I’ll go to sleep.

My woman <3: Somehow I doubt that.

Clarke dials Lexa’s number, hoping she will pick up and if not, well then at least she tried. She hears a click on the other line and breathing. “I can hear you breathing, Lexa.” She says, laughing lightly. “God, you’re breathing fast. Are you…?” She bites her bottom lip.

“You should sleep, Clarke.”

Clarke chuckles because Lexa is breathing funny. “You’re clearly not sleeping and fuck, how do you expect me to sleep after hearing you breathe like that?”

“It was not my idea to call right now.”

“True, but you did pick up.”

“Clarke…”

A moan escapes from Clarke’s throat when she hears the way Lexa says her name.

“Fuck. You should go to sleep, Clarke.”

“Now that we’re on the phone anyway, I might as well help you out. We could do this together, if you want.”

“We really shouldn’t do this.”

“Okay, either we do this together or we hang up, knowing we’ll both be doing something.”

“Are you sure, Clarke?”
“Mhm, yes.” Clarke whispers huskily, putting her phone on speaker so she doesn’t have to hold it. She takes off the top she had been wearing and slides her underwear down to her ankles. “Are you naked? Because I am.”

“Ah, Clarke... yes.”

Clarke gasps as the moment intensifies due to Lexa’s low and seductive tone. She can feel wetness between her legs. The sound of the brunette’s voice alone would be enough to send her over the edge. She has a feeling she won’t last long, and from the sounds of Lexa’s breathy moans, she won’t either, but that doesn’t mean they can’t have more than one round.

“If I was with you right now, I would kiss your neck and slowly move down to kiss your chest, all the way down.”

“I would pin you down on your bed, kiss that pretty mouth of yours and have my way with you.”

Clarke moans loudly, surprised by the way Lexa suddenly switches to being dominant. “Ugh, Lexa, you’re killing me here.” She rasps, wondering how she’s supposed to wait two months. “That’s it, when I turn eighteen we’re not going to leave your apartment.”

“You are very impatient, Clarke. You will have to wait until I make every inch of you mine, slowly, with my tongue and my fingers.”

Clarke can feel herself getting more worked up, her sex coated with slick wetness. “Mhmm yes, I’m all yours.” She moans, panting heavily. Her voice is trembling. “I want you right now.”

“Two more months, Clarke. If you’re a good girl and wait patiently, I’ll do anything you want.”

Clarke bites her bottom lip hard, one moment Lexa is dominant and the next she sounds submissive. The temptation is big, she feels like walking up to the brunette’s apartment right now and fucking her brains out in any way possible. Hearing Lexa saying good girl didn’t help at all. Even if they do wait until she’s eighteen, she’ll still be a student. So either way, it would be considered illegal.

“If I would come to your apartment right now, nobody would have to know, Lexa. I do want to respect your morals, but think about it. Nobody will know whether we do something now or in two months.”

“We really shouldn’t do that, Clarke.”

“Okay, how about I sleep over at your place and we just kiss?”

Lexa is breathing heavily. She shouldn’t have picked up when Clarke called her, but she couldn’t resist, because she really wanted to hear the blonde’s voice. The thought of having Clarke in her bed is nearly unbearable. She can feel her self-control wavering and crumbling, tempted to give in. This is a bad idea, she should say no. It’s one word, one word that should be easy to say, but it isn’t, not to the blonde.
“What about your mother, Clarke?”

“My mom is working all night. Octavia is sleeping over at Raven’s place. When my mom gets home tomorrow morning, she’ll be exhausted and go to bed. I could always say I’m sleeping over at my friends, if that makes you feel more at ease.”

Lexa shouldn’t give in, she should reject Clarke’s offer. They could just cuddle, but she isn’t sure if she can trust herself.

“Only to sleep and kiss?”

“Yes, Lexa. I just want to hold you.”

“I will pick you up in fifteen minutes.”

Lexa smiles as Clarke excitedly mumbles a few words before hanging up. She leaps out of her bed and puts her clothes on. Her car keys are on her counter. She shouldn’t be picking the blonde up this late at night. If anyone would find out, she would be in a heap of trouble. If only she would learn how to say no for a change.

In her hurry to run to her car, she half-trips over her own feet. This whole secrecy is going to be the end of her someday. She opens the door of her car, hopping in, breathing heavily. The drive to Clarke’s house isn’t far.

When she parks her car, she can see that the blonde is already waiting for her and something tells her that Clarke has been standing there ever since they hung up on the phone. It’s good that they hung up, because her battery had been getting low after Anya had used her phone at the dance. Her best friend had forgotten to bring her own phone and borrowed hers, to take pictures. She had grunted when Anya insisted she’d be in a few photos as well, given she’s not a fan.

She feels like a thief in the night, doing things she shouldn’t. As Clarke opens the passenger’s door, she can see the smirk on her face and she knows what the blonde is about to say, knowing her well enough.

Clarke gets in and shakes her head. “Again with the sunglasses and the scarf? I feel like I’m being picked up by some weird type of nun.” She says, giggling.

“Trust me, Clarke, if I was a nun, I would not be here right now picking you up at night.”

“That’s an excellent point, most certainly not a nun then. Why the sunglasses and the scarf though? It is pitch-black out, nobody can see you and there’s nobody around anyway. Plus, you still got your license plate people can notice.”

Lexa sighs and drives while knowing it’s a bit ridiculous. “I’m bringing you back home tomorrow morning, Clarke.” She says making it clear this is only for the night. “We will sleep.”

Clarke hums and nods. She’s just happy that she gets to be close with Lexa tonight. When she went to bed, she didn’t dare to dream her night would turn out this way, but she’s not complaining.

Neither one of them says another word during the short drive.

Lexa parks her car and opens the front door of her apartment so Clarke can get in.

The second the door closes, Clarke pushes Lexa against the door and claims her lips with her own in a searing kiss. She slips her hands under the brunette’s shirt, resting them on Lexa’s bare hips.
Lexa guides Clarke towards her bedroom and sits her down on the bed. She looks through her closet for something the blonde can use to sleep in. By the time she turns around with a nightgown in her hands, Clarke is taking her clothes off.

Clarke winks at Lexa as she unzips her pants, not bothering to disappear into the bathroom. Nothing was said about not being allowed to strip and she doesn’t mind letting the brunette watch her undress.

“What are you doing, Clarke?”

“I’m undressing. You should probably do the same. You’re a little bit overdressed to sleep, don’t you think?”

Lexa wants to say something again, but then Clarke walks up to her and grasps the hem of her shirt.

Clarke smiles with mischief in her eyes as she lifts Lexa’s shirt up. Once the brunette’s shirt is on the floor, she unzips Lexa’s pants and pulls them down slowly. She moves one hand behind the brunette’s back and unclasps her bra. “That’s much better.”

Lexa growls lowly. “You’re not being a good girl, Clarke.” She pulls Clarke flush against her chest and kisses her. Oh lord help her.

They both stumble naked into Lexa’s bed.

Clarke nuzzles closer towards Lexa as she is being held. The way the brunette is caressing her back is comforting and it warms her heart. Lexa is being tender and sweet.

Lexa finds it impossible not to look at Clarke, while holding on to her last bit of self-control, the last bit where she wants the blonde to be eighteen.

Clarke presses open-mouthed kisses to Lexa’s neck, sucking at her pulse point. She daringly trials one hand down the brunette’s body.

Lexa grasps Clarke’s wrist, halting her. “You shouldn’t do that, Clarke.” She warns, not wanting to cross that line. “I have a feeling we keep crossing lines, but there is that one barrier I want to keep for now.”

Clarke cups her hand behind Lexa’s neck and kisses her. She seeks the brunette’s tongue out with her own, as their kiss deepens.

Lexa feels Clarke’s plump lips against her own slightly chapped lips. She can taste the fruity punch of the blonde’s tongue, and it makes her wonder what Clarke would taste like if she would – no. That’s bad, she shouldn’t think about that. It’s a thought she has to shake off.

Clarke feels the small swells on Lexa’s chest, slowly moving down to kiss the brunette’s hardened nipples. “This still counts as kissing.” She mumbles as her tongue swirls around Lexa’s pink nipple.

“Clarke, this is not the kind of kissing we talked about.”

Clarke sighs at Lexa’s stubbornness, because nobody even knows she’s here. There’s no way anyone can know. “Let’s be realistic, if anyone would know I’m here, they would let their imagination run wild and probably assume we’re having sex anyway.”
“That may be true, but even so, we both would know what did and didn’t happen.”

Clarke moves back up to kiss Lexa’s lips, nibbling at her bottom lip. Two more months she will have to deal with this, although overall it’s not too bad. She didn’t expect to get this far, so it turned out better than she would have hoped.

Lexa thought Clarke had fallen asleep, until she feels the blonde stirring next to her. She cracks her eyes open to look at Clarke, ready to ask if she can’t sleep yet. Every word she thought of saying leaves her as she sees the blonde moving a hand down her own body.

Clarke bites her bottom lip hard and lowers her hand down her own body, needing some release. She had no idea Lexa is still awake, until she hears the brunette take a sharp inhale. Ah, she has an audience.

Lexa should look away, but oh god. “Cl-clarke…” She sounds out of breath, barely believing Clarke is doing this while she’s right next to her.

Clarke is not going to dance around it. “I’m horny, Lexa.” She whimpers. “You left me sexually frustrated and you’re not doing anything about it, so I have to.” She circles her fingertip around the sensitive bud and curls her toes at the touch.

Lexa’s eyes are glued to Clarke, unable to look away. She feels heat growing between her legs, more and more as she hears the blonde moaning.

“Mhm, Lexa…”

“Oh god.” Lexa gasps. Clarke really shouldn’t be moaning her name right now. At this point she doesn’t even know how the last bit of her self-control is still intact. She’s battling with her morals, wanting to wait until the blonde is eighteen, yet at the same time telling herself nobody would know. No wrong, she would know and Clarke would know. “I uh… I need to take a shower.”

Clarke grasps Lexa’s wrist before she can get up to escape. “No wait, don’t go. I want you to stay so I can look at you.” She whispers, pleadingly, practically begging the brunette to stay close.

Lexa’s whole body goes rigid when Clarke holds her hand and brings it up to cup one of her breasts. Her slender fingers are now wrapped around the blonde’s breast. “I need a cold shower, Clarke.” Her voice is wavering, barely holding on anymore.

Clarke pins Lexa down and grinds onto her. “Tell me to stop, if you want me to stop.” She husks, giving the brunette a way out of this, if she would want it, though hoping Lexa won’t want to stop.

Lexa tangles her hands in Clarke’s hair, carefully yanking her down, crashing their lips together in a bruising kiss. Her lips part and she swipes her tongue over the blonde’s upper lip.

Clarke slides one of her hands down, cupping Lexa’s sex, feeling how wet the brunette is for her. Touching Lexa and having the brunette underneath her increases her arousal. She grinds down on
Lexa’s thigh and slips one digit inside of the brunette, slowly pumping her finger in and out.

Many words spring to Lexa’s mind, words she could possibly say. Of all the words she considers saying right now, stop isn’t one of them. This feels too good. Her fingers ache to touch Clarke the same way, but she can’t, she shouldn’t. It’s an internal conflict.

Clarke pumps her fingers at a leisurely slow pace, as she adds a second one. She grazes her teeth over the skin of Lexa’s neck, biting down gently, smiling as she feels the brunette’s walls clench around her fingers.

“Ah… Clarke.” Lexa moans, whimpering. “Fuck…” She feels herself getting closer.

Clarke picks up the pace, pumping her fingers faster. She curls them inside of Lexa, hitting that spot while circling her thumb around to make this experience more intense for the brunette. Wanting a taste of this perfect goddess underneath her, she lowers herself and flattens her tongue against Lexa’s center.

Lexa’s eyes roll back as her orgasm hits her, while Clarke helps her to ride it out. She moans louder when the blonde doesn’t stop and when she tries to move because it feels too intense, Clarke is holding on to her. “Cl-Clarke.” She cries out as she topples over the edge again.

Clarke laps all of Lexa’s juices up with her tongue. “You taste delicious and sweet.” She whispers earnestly, cleaning the brunette up.

Lexa sits up, tilting Clarke’s chin upwards while leaning in to kiss her and she shouldn’t, she really shouldn’t…

“Your turn, Clarke.”

Chapter End Notes

I've never written anything this smutty before. It's a lot more explicit than I'd usually write a scene like that. It's out of my comfort zone and this is so awkward.

I've been laughing through most of it, because I couldn't keep a straight face. I'm one of those weirdos who constantly gets flustered. As a sex-neutral grey-ace, I didn't think I'd ever write smut like that and I don't think I ever will again because I'm still laughing.

*hides under a rock until the end of times*

If I don't show up anymore, I'm still hiding under a rock.
The morning after

Chapter Summary

A little bit of cuteness, because why not? :)  
*melts*

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lexa smiles as Clarke yawns like a tiny crocodile, while stretching her arms out. She watches how the blonde’s eyes slowly open. It’s so cute, and she feels like she can get used to wake up next to Clarke with every sound and movement she makes.

Clarke blinks her eyelids a few times, smiling dreamingly when she sees that Lexa is on her side, propped up on one elbow, watching her. “Good morning.” She whispers, sounding hoarse.

“Good morning, Clarke.” Lexa replies softly. “Did you sleep well?”

“Mhm, couldn’t have slept better. How about you?”

“My sleep has been heavenly, but then again, I slept with an angel.”

Clarke chuckles lightly. “You charmer.” She blushes and shifts closer towards Lexa to kiss her. “I can barely believe last night really happened. It feels like a dream.”

“What I can barely believe is that you stopped me when I was about to return the favor to you.”

“I know, tell me about it.” Clarke says, barely believing it either. “I just had a feeling you might have regretted it afterwards if I would have let you, because of your morals, or well, what’s left of them.” She’s pleased that she was able to pleasure Lexa, and for now, that feels like enough. It took her every ounce of self-control she had last night to politely turn down the brunette’s offer.

Lexa appreciates the gesture, unsure if she would or wouldn’t have regretted it, but it was considerate of Clarke. Either way, they have crossed too many lines already. It’s some dubious logic, because she didn’t touch the blonde like that, but Clarke sure touched her like that.

“You can take a shower if you want, Clarke. I will make us some breakfast. Is there anything you’d like?”

“Um… well, since you ask.” Clarke replies, her cheeks turning scarlet. She can see Lexa blushing as well. “You did ask, so uh…”

Lexa chuckles and shakes her head. She tugs Clarke closer to herself so she can kiss her.

Clarke hums and gets up from the bed as their kiss breaks. “Okay, I’ll go take a shower.” She says, thinking how her hair is probably a mess right now. “I’ll make it snappy.”

“Take your time, Clarke. I will make breakfast while you shower.”
“Well, I would take my time, but I want to cherish every second I can have with you and I know you’re taking me home after breakfast.”

Lexa knows it seems unfortunate that Clarke has to be brought home soon, but she can’t afford to let the blonde stay over longer. Clarke shouldn’t even have spent the night here, so she can’t increase the risk by allowing the blonde to stay longer. This is their secret and they have to keep it on the down low. Once Clarke graduates, it will be easier.

Clarke makes her way towards Lexa’s bathroom, turning the shower on. It’s not the only thing that’s turned on, but she has to try and be focused. Okay, quick shower, then eating Lex- uh, breakfast. Right, eating breakfast and then her secret girlfriend will bring her home.

Lexa is standing in the kitchen, making eggs when Clarke walks in with damp hair. “You can sit down, my love.” She says, pointing at a chair. “Breakfast is almost ready.”

Clarke blushes and sits down, her eyes not leaving Lexa.

When Lexa turns around, she looks confused because of Clarke’s glassy eyes. “Clarke, are you okay?”

Clarke smiles sheepishly. “I didn’t want to take my eyes off you, so I tried not to blink, but then my eyes got teary because I needed to blink them.” She whispers, knowing how deeply attracted she is to Lexa.

Lexa throws her head back and laughs.

“Hey, it’s not funny!” Clarke says, pretending to be offended. “Come on, I’m serious.”

“You are absolutely completely incredibly adorable, Clarke.”

“Oh hush, I’m already blushing okay.”

“I like your rosy cheeks.”

“Well if you keep that up, I hope you’ll like bright red cheeks.”

Lexa hands Clarke a plate with eggs. “Enjoy your breakfast, my love.” She kisses the crown of the blonde’s head fondly.

Clarke smiles while trying to eat her eggs. “This feels so domestic, the whole sleeping together, cuddling, waking up and eating breakfast together.” She says thoughtfully. “I like it, I really do.”

Lexa has to agree with Clarke, it does feel that way and she likes it as well. Her heart swells at the thought of having this life with the blonde someday, for which she can only hope.

Clarke can’t wait to graduate to see where everything with Lexa will lead, because she doesn’t think she’ll ever be able to get enough of the brunette. For as long as Lexa will have her, they can be together, because she can’t imagine ever breaking up with the most amazing woman she ever met.

Lexa’s eyes follow Clarke’s movements, as the blonde’s tongue darts out to wet her lips.

“Do you think you will always work at Polis High, Lexa?”

“For the time being, yes, definitely.” Lexa replies, intending to keep working there. “In the future I may consider working at another school.” She’s not entirely sure yet, since Polis is a good school
and she has a chance to see Anya often. “Have you thought about college?”

“Yeah, I have. I’m going to try to get into TonDc. My friends are interested to go there as well.”

“TonDc is a good school. I’m sure if you work hard, you will get accepted.”

“Do you ever think about having your own little family?” Clarke asks curiously, since Lexa is a few years older and may have been thinking about that. “Like, do you want children?”

Lexa is taken aback by Clarke’s curiosity about that topic. “I haven’t been giving it much thought yet, although I do believe that someday it would be lovely to have a family of my own. The idea of having a wife and children to come home to is appealing.” She answers earnestly, thinking about how nice that would be. “In conclusion, yes, I do want children, eventually.”

“I can get on board with that idea. It would be nice indeed to come home with a family waiting, especially after a tiring day.” Clarke says, while smiling now that she knows Lexa can be the family type. “I adore children, so I think one day I’ll have like, I don’t know maybe ten.”

Lexa’s eyes widen. “You want ten children?” She asks, genuinely surprised since ten is a lot. Adoring children is one thing, but having a small army of them is another thing.


“I… that’s not what I…”

Clarke chuckles lightly. “You can breathe, Lexa.” She whispers, hoping Lexa will calm down. “I don’t think I’d actually go for ten children, but I definitely want a few. Who knows, maybe five. I’ve always been an only child and the idea of a big family speaks to me.” She sips from her glass of orange juice, watching her girlfriend who seems to be relaxing now. “How many children do you see yourself having?”

“Possibly two, perhaps three.”

“Hmm, that’s not so bad. I can live with that.”

Lexa wonders how she ended up in this situation, talking about children with Clarke. It’s a topic that can easily scare someone away, early in a relationship. They definitely are in an early stage of their secret relationship.

Clarke takes notice of the puzzled look on Lexa’s face. She was merely testing the water that’s all, to know where her girlfriend is standing. It can be helpful to see if they’re somewhat on the same page and quite honestly, she knows she would never be able to be with someone who would never want children. It’s a relief Lexa does want children at some point, not that she’s going to sit here and suddenly propose or anything. Even if it takes years, at least she’ll know the hope is there.

“Ouch, my cheek.” Raven says as Octavia’s hand smacks in her face. “You always stir a lot,
especially when you wake up.”

Octavia opens her eyes. “Aw, babe, I’m so sorry.” She whispers apologetically. “I’ll kiss it better.” She leans towards Raven and kisses her face all over. This happens nearly every time they sleep together and she doesn’t mean to, although she has a feeling her girlfriend doesn’t mind the kisses she receives.

“Ouch.” Raven whimpers fakingly. “My lips hurt so much.”

“You’re unbelievable, babe.” Octavia says as she chuckles. “Okay fine, c’mere.” She pulls Raven on top of her and kisses her deeply.

Raven hums as they kiss. She leans a bit more on top of Octavia and caresses her arms. “I love you, O.” She whispers sweetly, ghosting her lips over her girlfriend’s lips.

“I love you too, Rae.”

Raven can feel Octavia rolling her over, so she lets her.

Octavia kisses her way down Raven’s body, stopping near her girlfriend’s hip. She lowers one of her hands, toying with the hem of Raven’s shirt. “I’ve been thinking about something.”

Raven tucks a lock of Octavia’s hair behind her ear. “What have you been thinking about?” She asks, wanting to know what’s on her girlfriend’s mind.

“You said we can take all of this slow and go at my pace.”

“Mhm yes, and I still mean that.” Raven assures Octavia, not wanting to rush her girlfriend into anything she’s not comfortable with. “No matter how long it takes, I’ll wait. Even if certain things would never happen, I’ll still be yours.”

Octavia is slightly surprised about the last part. “You would still be mine even if we don’t go there?”

Raven sits up and takes Octavia’s hands in hers. “I’m in love with you for who you are, not because of what we could do. Granted, I can be flirty and an incredible tease, but all I want is you. Your body is hella fine, for sure, but all I’m after is your heart.”

Octavia can feel tears welling up in her eyes, knowing how truly and deeply Raven loves her. “It means a lot to me to hear you say all of that, because I love you so much and I do want those things to happen with you. I’ve been thinking about it, and since I’m new at all of this, perhaps you give me a hand?”

Raven holds both her hands up. “Left or right?” She asks teasingly.

Octavia giggles in response, grabs a pillow and throws it at Raven.

Raven tackles Octavia down in her bed and tickles her.

“Oh, okay.” Octavia screams. “I surrender, no more tickles.”

Raven leans down. “All the tickles.” She husks in Octavia’s ear.

“That does it I’m going to eat you.”

“Ah, skipping the foreplay I see.”
Octavia laughs and shakes her head. “You’re such a tease, babe.” She pins Raven down and kisses her, letting her tongue explore.

“You shall not mock me, Clarke.”

Clarke crosses her arms and grins as she looks at Lexa. “I’m not mocking you. I’m just uh… enjoying the amusing view.”

Lexa looks into the mirror and puts her sunglasses on. She knows she looks strange with a black scarf wrapped around her head and the shades, but it’s a small precaution. “It is daylight now, Clarke.” She says truthfully, knowing she’ll be dropping Clarke off.

“As I told you last night, I’ve got two words for you.” Clarke retorts with a serious tone. “License plate.” Lexa can disguise herself any way she wants, but that won’t change her girlfriend’s car.

“All I’m hearing is that you prefer to walk.”

“Did I mention how lovely that scarf is? And oh my, those sunglasses.”

Lexa smiles, knowing she has won this round. “You might want to say that next time with a little less sarcasm, to make your words more believable.”

Clarke’s eyes light up because Lexa said next time, which she takes as a good sign. “I’ll take your words to heart, oh wise master.” She says teasingly, never getting enough of teasing her girlfriend when an opportunity arises. “My mom will be working again tonight so…”

“We should not keep sleeping together like this, Clarke. At least, not yet.”

“Okay, in that case you can give me a call.”

Lexa can agree to find some middle ground, such as settling for phone calls. The risk isn’t as high as having Clarke over. She grabs her car keys and opens the front door of her apartment, slightly feeling melancholic now that she has to go drop the blonde off. The image of Clarke waking up will never leave her mind.

Clarke smiles sheepishly when Lexa opens the passenger’s door for her. It’s sweet and what makes it even sweeter is that her girlfriend waits until her seatbelt is fastened, before closing the door for her. Staying over at Lexa’s place has been bliss. She enjoyed sleeping next to her girlfriend and it’s endearing how Lexa made breakfast for her and everything. With each day, she’ll fall deeper and deeper in love. Her girlfriend is the type of woman she can see herself having a future with and she hopes Lexa can see her that way as well.

Lexa fastens her seatbelt and starts her car. She doesn’t say anything when Clarke pushes the buttons of her radio, trying to find something she likes, most likely. A small smile appears on her face when the blonde connects her phone to play music. “Didn’t manage to find something you like, Clarke?”
“Well, I’ve tried to zap through some channels, but yeah, I guess I couldn’t find anything I really liked.” Clarke replies while looking at her phone to select a song. “I’ve got tons of songs on my phone, so I have plenty to choose from.”

Lexa wonders if she should circle around a few blocks, more than once, to make it last longer to drive Clarke home. Perhaps it wouldn’t hurt if they go for a little ride. “I can drive you home in an hour, if you’d like.” She offers, unsure how the blonde will react. “In the meantime, I could drive around randomly.”

Clarke is surprised Lexa is offering something like that, not that she minds though. “Ah I see, driving around without a destination. Yeah, that sounds good.” She says, agreeing with her girlfriend’s idea. “Oh hey, we could play a game. Do you know twenty questions? It’s where we can each take a turn to ask a question, until twenty have been asked.”

“Okay, Clarke. We can play that game. You can start.”

“What would be your dream vacation?”

“Hmm.” Lexa gives it some thought and it’s not a bad question. “I would have to say a road trip, where I can see many places, because I like adventure.” She says, remembering her adventurous times from when she was younger. “If you could pick any job at all for when you’re older, which job would it be?”

“I think I’d have to go with photographer. The thing is photographs are pretty much timeless. Even when people in the picture change the picture doesn’t. It’s a way of locking a memory forever. The best pictures are those captured by surprise, because then you’re sure you capture a genuine moment and not some fake say cheese moment.” Clarke answers, feeling like that is something she would see herself doing, because it’s a way to capture true beauty. “What would your reaction be if I’d ask you if I can take some pictures of you?”

Lexa has never been a fan of pictures, although she can see reason in Clarke’s words. “If you would want pictures of me, I would probably let you have some, though I must inform you I’m not a fan of pictures. You’re right when you say it can feel staged. At the Halloween party, Anya took pictures with my phone and I was not happy about it.”

“Ah, so there are pictures of you dressed as a skeleton. You should totally send me those pictures, unless you really don’t want to.”

“I take it my pictures are meant for your private collection for your own two eyes?”

Clarke holds a hand to her chest. “I hereby pledge, promisingly and truthfully that the pictures I receive from you won’t be seen by anyone else.” She replies, while laughing as Lexa shakes her head. “I’ll keep them in my phone and I’ll lock them with a password, so nobody can have access to them, not even if they get my phone in their hands.”

Lexa reaches into her pocket to fish her phone out. “You can have any picture you like.” She knows Clarke will be careful and she trusts her, so she can agree with this.

Clarke smiles as she looks through the pictures on Lexa’s phone. She grabs her own phone to snap a few new pictures from her girlfriend, who grumbles it’s not fair because she’s driving.

When Lexa drops Clarke off at her house, she face palms when she sees Octavia and Raven waving. Apparently the blonde’s friends are waiting on Clarke’s lawn.

Clarke chuckles and pecks Lexa’s lips. “I love you, Lexa.” She whispers against her girlfriend’s lips.
“I love you too, Clarke.” Lexa whispers back. Before Clarke can get out, she grasps her wrist and pulls her back, connecting their lips again.

Clarke is breathless by the time she gets out of Lexa’s car, her cheeks flushed red.

Raven is grinning knowingly. “So someone had a fun night huh.” She teases, nudging Clarke’s side.

Clarke sees a hickey in Octavia’s neck. “It looks like I wasn’t the only one who had fun.” She retorts, winking at her friends.

“You’ve got some nerve sneaking out at night.”

The front door opens and Abby looks at them. “Clarke, honey, where have you been?” She asks concerned.

Raven slings one arm over Clarke’s shoulder. “She was with me, Abs. It got late at the Halloween dance, so O and Clarke both crashed at my place.” She replies, covering for her friend.

“Send me a text next time, honey, I was worried.”

“Will do, mom.”

Chapter End Notes

Clarke has very good friends.

It feels as if at some point I’ll have to write smut about Lexa giving some special love to Clarke. Damn, I trapped myself with that one, haha. It's dubious, I admit since Clarke did something for Lexa but didn't let Lexa do something for her.

If anyone has suggestions about something they want, I’ll take them into consideration. (God, don’t trash the comments with smut requests, haha).

(And something that isn't related to this story: I plan to write about a relationship between three girls, to try something new, but I haven’t decided yet which three girls. I'm choosing between: Lexa, Clarke, Octavia, Raven, Anya and Luna. So if there are any thoughts about which three I should combine, feel free to let me know. It's for another story, not this one.)
Movie night

Chapter Summary

Clarke invites Lexa over for a movie night.

When Lexa leaves, she vaguely hears footsteps...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“Shhh.” Octavia whispers and holds a finger to Raven’s lips who’s chuckling. “We have to be silent Clarke is down the hall.”

“Okay, I’ll try to be silent.”

Octavia lifts Raven’s shirt up and kisses her stomach. Her girlfriend is perfect, from the top of her head to the tip of her toes. She moves Raven’s shirt up higher and kisses her way up.

Raven gently nudges Octavia to make her move up.

Octavia complies and kisses Raven sweetly on her lips, humming in their kiss.

Raven strokes Octavia’s hair. “I was wondering. We could watch a movie. Abs will be gone all night, so we got this place to ourselves.” She suggests, while thinking about which movie they can watch.

“I’ll go set everything ready downstairs. Drinks, popcorn, the works. You can go knock on Clarke’s door to ask her if she wants to join in or not.”

“Mhm, give me one more kiss.”

Octavia chuckles and pulls Raven closer for another kiss. She teases her girlfriend a bit with her tongue before walking out of the bedroom. “You’ll get more later on, babe.”

“That sounds like a very tempting promise.”

“You’ll see.” Octavia replies, winking. She knows what she wants to do with Raven tonight and well, other nights as well.

Raven gets up from the bed and makes her way to Clarke’s bedroom, where she knocks on the door. “Hey, Clarke, O and I are going to watch a movie downstairs.” She says loud enough for her friend to hear. “If you want to join us, well, you know where to find us.”

When Raven doesn’t hear a reply, she shrugs and makes her way downstairs where Octavia is waiting for her. They can decide which movie they want to watch together, although she’ll probably give in to whatever her girlfriend wants to watch. She’d rather watch Octavia, much better than a movie.

Octavia is in the kitchen, peering through the refrigerator, grabbing drinks when she hears Raven approaching her. “Is lemonade good for you, babe?”
“Yeah, lemonade sounds okay.”

Octavia grabs two cans of lemonade and closes the refrigerator. She puts them down on the table in front of the couch and walks back into the kitchen to select some snacks.

Raven plops down on the couch and folds a blanket open. It’ll be warm and cozy.

Clarke heard the knock on her door and heard what Raven said. She likes the idea of watching a movie with her best friend, but there’s one thing that would make it even better. Since her mother is working anyway, she takes her phone and calls.

“Hello, Clarke.”

“Hey, Lexa. It’s nice to hear your voice again, I missed you. You picked up fast.”

“I missed hearing your voice as well.”

“I’m calling you to ask you something, but you have to let me explain first.”

“Okay, I’m listening.”

“My mom is working all night and I’ll be downstairs watching a movie. It would be great if you could come over.”

“I don’t think that’s a good idea, Clarke. We are supposed to be a secret and coming over to your place at night doesn’t sound like a good idea.”

“But my mom is working and I’d really love it if you’d come over to watch a movie with me. Please?”

“I will be there in fifteen minutes, but only for this once.”

“Thanks, you’re the best!”

“I love you, Clarke.”

“I love you too, Lexa.”

Clarke squeals when she hangs up, she could hear the smile in Lexa’s voice. Okay, she didn’t mention Octavia and Raven will be around, but this will be nice. Her friends won’t have an issue with her girlfriend being around. They’ll be okay with it, because Octavia and Raven are cool like that. She opens her closet and selects fluffy pajamas.

When she’s ready, she goes downstairs and waits by the front door, smiling as Octavia and Raven stare at her confused. She opens the door, just in time to see Lexa approaching, so punctual her girlfriend is. Right on the dot, fifteen minutes.
Lexa smiles nervously, wondering what she’s getting herself into by entering Clarke’s house. This is a risk she’s taking and a dangerous one.

Clarke laughs at what Lexa is wearing. “Ah, my nun 2.0 has arrived.” She teases playfully.

Lexa knows she looks ridiculous with this long black toga, dark sunglasses and the scarf wrapped around her head, but she wanted to make sure not to be recognized, even though it’s dark out and nobody saw her. Now doesn’t seem like the time to mention she parked her car two blocks away.

Clarke grasps Lexa’s hand and guides her inside.

Raven raises her eyebrow as she sees who Clarke brought in. “Damn, Clarke. Now you’ve really done it.” She says, shocked because her friend is bringing Lexa here. Even though Abby isn’t around, it’s risky.

“It’s only for the movie.” Clarke assures, letting it be known it’s not for the entire night, unfortunately.

Lexa stops dead in her tracks. Clarke didn’t tell her Octavia and Raven would be here.

Octavia scoots over on the couch, sitting closer next to Raven. “Hey, Miss Woods.” She greets with a soft smile. “It’s nice to see you.”

“Hello, Octavia and Raven.”

“Yo Woods, waddup?”

Lexa narrows her eyes. This is awkward for her, because she feels nervous and they act so casual.

Clarke rolls her eyes at Raven. She sits down on the couch and looks expectantly at Lexa to sit down as well. “It is okay, Lexa, my friends are chill.”

Lexa obliges and sits down next to Clarke, who throws a blanket over them both and slips her hand into hers.

Octavia leaps up from the couch. “What do you want to drink? Lemonade, water?” She asks as she looks at Clarke and Lexa, waiting for an answer.

“Lemonade for me.” Clarke replies. “Lex?”

“Water is fine.”

“Okay, drinks are coming up. Go ahead and pick a movie, anything is fine with me.”

Lexa is relieved they’re not drinking alcohol, because that would have been wrong. She wonders if they still have their fake ID’s and hopes the answer to that is no.

Clarke shrieks as more zombies appear on the screen. She buries her face in the crook of Lexa’s
neck, tearing her eyes away from the movie.

Lexa smiles and strokes Clarke’s hair, holding her close. It feels strange to have Octavia and Raven nearby, but it is dark and their eyes are glued to the screen.

Clarke moves around until she’s sitting on Lexa’s lap, straddling her, while her girlfriend is holding her so she wouldn’t stumble backwards. She kisses Lexa softly, happy that she’s really here.

Lexa weaves her fingers through Clarke’s hair and deepens their kiss, letting her tongue dance around the blonde’s own. It’s deliciously sweet.

Clarke slips her hands under Lexa’s clothes, gently raking her nails up and down her girlfriend’s bare back while biting her bottom lip.

Lexa has forgotten about the movie by now, completely enraptured with kissing Clarke. She slips her hands under the blonde’s pajama, thanking the darkness and the blanket for covering them both up.

Octavia smiles and sips from her lemonade, briefly glancing over at Clarke and Lexa, who are busy kissing each other. She doesn’t particularly like the idea of Lexa being a teacher who has some years on her best friend, but they look happy together. As long as Lexa doesn’t hurt Clarke, she’ll let them be. It’s unexpected her best friend has invited Lexa, but it was her call to make. If they both want to take that risk, then sure.

Raven pulls Octavia closer to herself so they can snuggle. She kisses her girlfriend’s cheek until their lips meet. Octavia makes her happy, and she’s happy to know that her best friend is happy as well. She doesn’t fully approve of the whole teacher thing, but love is love and Clarke is clearly a lovesick puppy.

When the movie is done playing, none of them can tell what it was about other than saying it had zombies in it.

Octavia gets up from the couch, ready to go to bed. She grasps Raven’s hand and pulls, to help her up. “Don’t make it too late, Clarke.” She says with a serious tone, almost sounding like a parent. “We have homework tomorrow and your mother is getting home early in the morning.”

Clarke reluctantly breaks her kiss with Lexa. “Yeah, I know.” She replies, knowing full well she can’t keep her girlfriend here all night. “I’ll be going to bed soon, I promise.” She assures her best friends, not planning to take much longer. It has been lovely while it lasted.

“Good night, Clarke.” Octavia whispers. “Goodnight, Miss Woods.” She’s unsure if it would be okay to call her Lexa, so she doesn’t, just in case.

“Goodnight, O.”

“Goodnight, Octavia.”

Raven walks past them with Octavia. “Goodnight, you two.” She mumbles sleepily.

“Goodnight, Rae.”

“Goodnight, Raven.”

When Octavia and Raven are gone, Clarke returns to kissing Lexa. It sucks that she’ll have to stop to let her girlfriend go, because every kiss is addicting.
“I should go home, Clarke.” Lexa says, sighing as she breaks their kiss. “We will see each other Monday at school.”

“I know, but I’m going to miss you.” Clarke says, pouting a bit. She knows she’s been seeing Lexa as much as possible, while keeping their secret, but it isn’t easy. It would be great if her girlfriend would sleep over, but she knows they can’t take that risk. Her mother would freak out if she’d find out about Lexa. “I love you, Lex.”

“I will miss you as well.” Lexa admits, always missing Clarke when she isn’t near. “I love you too, Clarke.” She whispers and presses one last kiss against the blonde’s lips. “It is time for me to go.”

Clarke walks with Lexa towards her front door and opens it, walking over the drive of her house. It is dark out and the stars up in the sky are beautiful. The street is dimly lit by streetlights. “Goodnight, Lex.” She whispers.

“Goodnight, Clarke.”

Before Lexa can walk away, Clarke encircles her waist and kisses her passionately, tracing her tongue over her girlfriend’s upper lip.

Lena returns the kiss and pulls Clarke flush against her, leaving the blonde smiling when she pulls away.

Clarke walks back into her house with a bright smile on her face. Her movie night with Lexa has been wonderful, even though she barely watched the movie at all. She wouldn’t be opposed to have more movie nights like this.

Lena breathes in the cool nightly air while she walks up to her car, which is parked two blocks away from Clarke’s house. It’s rather silent outside, but it’s late, so that makes sense. She hears something aching to footsteps and turns around, but when she turns around, she is met with nothing but darkness. Turning again, she continues her walk.

When she reaches her car she unlocks it and opens the door. She gets in and fastens her seatbelt. The moment she’s about to start her car, the passenger door opens. She wonders briefly if Clarke followed her, which wouldn’t be a good idea. Clearly the blonde needs to be home in the morning and it wouldn’t be a good plan if Clarke would sleep over at her place again.

She made an effort to come out here to watch a movie with the blonde, although they spent most of their time kissing. Not that she would complain about all the kissing, because it has been great. When she looks to see who it is, she’s shocked to see that it’s not Clarke. Right now she wishes it would have been the blonde, because her heart is racing. She swallows thickly, unable to move, frozen in place.

Any gets in and closes the door. “I think we need to talk, Lexa.” She says, sighing and pinching the bridge of her nose.
Lexa holds her breath, wondering where Anya suddenly came from. She knows her best friend doesn’t live far away from Clarke, but she didn’t expect to see Anya this late at night, out of the blue. “Okay.” She replies as calmly as possible, not wanting to jump to conclusions and panic.

“Drive to your place and then we’ll talk.”

Lexa nods and starts her car. A surge of panic rises in her chest while she drives. The tension is sharp and the ride to her place is silent. She doesn’t say anything and Anya doesn’t say anything either, which gives her a bad feeling.

Anya wordlessly gets out of the car and follows Lexa into her apartment once they arrive. She barely looks at her best friend until they’re inside. When the door closes, she sits down on the couch.

Lexa sits down next to Anya, waiting for her to speak. Each passing second feels like a full minute. She folds her hands together in her lap, nervous to hear what her best friend will have to say. Needing to talk is generally not a good sign. It means something is up, something big.

Anya places her elbows on her knees and her hands in her hair. She still can’t believe it, because it shocked her. “I saw you sneaking out.” She says, beginning to explain from the start. “Dressed all strangely.” She had been confused to see Lexa wrapped up in clothes, like she was trying to disguise herself. “I was going to visit you, but when I saw you leaving, I followed you.”

Lexa gulps audibly, having a strong feeling where this is going. Maybe she was right when she vaguely heard footsteps. She probably heard Anya walking nearby. She remains silent, listening to her best friend to explain further.

“I saw you parking your car somewhere and I saw you walking up to a house. It was confusing, but it looked as if you entered Clarke’s house, from what I managed to see.” Anya says, still not able to believe it. It felt like her own eyes were playing tricks on her, because she can’t imagine Lexa doing that. “I went to my house, parked my car there and walked back to Clarke’s house. Then I waited, nearly an hour.”

Lexa feels like all the air is being knocked out of her lungs. Her mind is screaming at her, shouting that Anya knows and now she’ll have a serious issue to deal with. She shouldn’t have taken that risk.

Anya takes a deep breath and continues. “Eventually I saw you leaving Clarke’s house and I saw her walking outside with you, that’s when I knew for sure that it was indeed Clarke. Up until that point, I could have thought maybe it was for school reasons, because you’re a good person.” She wanted to make herself believe that it was merely Lexa trying to help out a student with homework or something, even though it’s night and it looked suspicious.

Lexa wishes she could disappear right now or go back in time to undo what she has done, but she can’t. She will have to deal with this and she will have to suffer the consequences. It was foolish of her to think that this secret would remain a secret.

“When I saw Clarke kissing you and you kissed her back, I had no doubt anymore about what was going on and it shocked me, a lot.” Anya discloses, sharing all of what she has witnessed. “Clarke is a student. Being with a student is illegal, Lexa. I cannot believe you of all people would get involved with a student.”

Lexa places her hands on her knees. Her nails dig through the fabric of her pants. “I know I shouldn’t have.” She whispers, disappointed with herself for crossing such a line.
“I sincerely hope you didn’t sleep with her. You were in her house at night, for over an hour.”

Lexa bites her bottom lip so hard the skin breaks. She can taste the copper from her blood on her tongue.

Anya shifts on the couch and takes Lexa’s hands in hers, willing her best friend to look at her. “This is serious, Lexa. Clarke is a student and what you’re doing can land you in jail. Not only is she a student, but she’s underage.” She says with a cold and warning tone. “If you did sleep with her, I don’t even want to know. This can never end well. If Clarke suddenly decides she’s had enough fun with you and moves on to someone her own age, then what? She might even tell other students and when words get out, you will be in deep trouble.”

Lexa barely manages to look at Anya, who is glaring at her, warning her. She knows what her best friends is telling her is true. What she did can end up with her having to go to jail. She should have never done anything at all with Clarke. Okay, she didn’t sleep with the blonde like that, but Clarke did go down on her. She can’t undo what happened and now she’ll have to live with it.

“I know I should never pursue Clarke.” Lexa whispers as her lip trembles. “It’s complicated because I have feelings for her.”

Anya sighs deeply. She would advise Lexa to end all this nonsense right now, but at the same time she worries Clarke would retaliate and get her best friend into trouble. “You can’t keep this going, Lexa. She is underage and once she graduates, she will probably go to college. I can’t believe you did this. Truthfully, I should report you. I saw what happened, I’m a witness and the right thing for me to do would be reporting this.”

Lexa’s eyes widen, but she knows Anya is right. She made a big mistake and now she will have to suffer for it. There’s nothing she can do when her best friend gets up and walks towards the door.

Anya pauses when she’s at the door. “You’re like a sister to me, Lexa.” She says earnestly, always having viewed her best friend as family. “I love you and I care about you. Because we grew up together and have been friends for so long, I will not report you, but I will warn you. This has to end you cannot be involved with a student, especially not an underage student. You’re smart, I know you are. Make the right choice.” She opens the door and walks out, having spoken her peace.

Lexa is left in utter disbelief as she tries to process what just happened. Anya caught her, her best friend knows and she can barely register that Anya isn’t going to turn her in. The right thing to do at this point would end this all and turn herself in, to pay for what she has done. She has been falling in love with the one who she shouldn’t fall in love with.

Chapter End Notes

Yikes, drama.

Lexa will have some tough choices to make...

Now I'm thinking about the song "Gary Puckett & The Union - Young Girl"
Chapter Summary

You ask, I deliver....
Mostly Octaven based chapter. Take it or leave it. :)

*turns the shower on*
You're warned.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Clarke is smiling when she plops down onto her bed, unable to wipe the smile off of her face. She loves Lexa and she’s falling in deeper every day. In about seven weeks, she will turn eighteen which is one of the milestones they have to reach. Even though she already said goodnight to her girlfriend, she can’t help herself when she takes her phone after not finding sleep an hour later.

**Clarke:** I can’t stop thinking about you, and I just wanted to say goodnight again, so goodnight! <3

**Clarke:** I love you <3

She waits for a reply to pop up, but she doesn’t seem to get any. Her eyebrows knit together and she wonders if Lexa fell asleep already. It’s possible because it’s late. Her weekend has the best one she ever had so far. The Halloween dance had been great, even more so the night that followed after it. The night she spent at Lexa’s place was amazing. Today has been good as well.

Tomorrow in the morning when she wakes up, she has some homework to get through, but on the bright side, Monday she will see her girlfriend again at school. Even though she has to admire Lexa from a distance at school, it’s still worth it seeing her.

When she still doesn’t get a reply from her girlfriend, she assumes Lexa must be sleeping. She should catch some sleep as well, because it’ll be morning sooner than she thinks. Once her pillow is adjusted, she snuggles up in her blanket and closes her eyes, telling herself she’ll probably have a text from her girlfriend in the morning.

It would have been tempting to let Lexa sleep over, but she knows she can’t do that for when her mother comes home. She’s okay with what she currently has with her girlfriend. Octavia and Raven have been great, both being supportive. Once she graduates, she hopes to get into college and throughout college she still wants to be with Lexa. Someday she’ll be able to look for a job and then she can build something more serious with her girlfriend.

Before her last year at high school began, when she went to that club, she thought it would be an awful idea. The whole idea of a fake ID and drinking wasn’t alluring, even though she had been
thinking about going to that club someday. Now, two months later, she doesn’t regret it that she went. She’ll never forget how she met Lexa and how she bought her a drink. When they kissed it was pure bliss and then there was the shock, when Lexa turned out to be her teacher.

This whole secret relationship thing will be difficult at times, but her girlfriend is more than worth it. Even if Lexa would still want to keep it a secret when she goes to college, she would agree. Her girlfriend is the type of woman she can truly see herself with, to have a future. Judging by the way everything has been going and the moments they shared it seems to be mutual, which makes her happy. Her heart belongs to Lexa.

Raven’s eyes flutter shut when Octavia kisses her. She can feel one of her girlfriend’s hands trialing lower, down to her inner thighs. Octavia doesn’t have to do this, unless she feels ready.

Octavia grasps the hem of Raven’s shirt and lifts it over her head, tossing it onto the floor. She brings her hands up to cup her girlfriend’s breasts, kneading gently.

Raven moans quietly when Octavia rolls her nipples between her fingers.

Octavia dances her tongue around Raven’s nipple, while her other hand tugs at her girlfriend’s underwear. “You’re overdressed, babe.” She whispers, wanting Raven to be naked.

Raven smirks, knowing she only has her underwear on at this point. “You’re one to talk you still have your shirt on.” She retorts teasingly.

“Mhm, then you’ll have to do something about that.”

Raven doesn’t need to be told twice. She lifts Octavia’s shirt up and lets it meet the floor, close to her own shirt. With gentle nips, she bites her girlfriend’s neck, while winding her arms around Octavia.

Octavia falls down onto her back and grasps Raven’s wrist, pulling her girlfriend down on top of her. “I want you, babe.” She husks, knowing precisely what she wants. “I need you.”

Raven stares into Octavia’s eyes, but doesn’t see any trace of uncertainty. “Are you sure you want this?” She asks, not wanting to do something wrong. “You know I’ll wait as long as you need me to, I won’t go anywhere.” She wants her girlfriend to know that. No matter how long it will take, she’ll wait.

“I’m sure, babe.” Octavia replies, having no doubt. “I want to explore you.”

Raven shudders with desire. She leans down and kisses Octavia, while trying to remove her girlfriend’s underwear.

Octavia smiles in their kiss and moves her hands down to get Raven naked. Once her girlfriend is naked, she wastes no time, leaving a trial of open-mouthed kisses all over her chest. When she reaches Raven’s hipbones, she bites softly. She pries her girlfriend’s legs open and looks up for a few second to see her girlfriend’s expression.
Raven bites her bottom lip, while she feels heat growing between her legs. She whimpers when Octavia strokes her sex with her finger, seeming to test which reaction she would have.

Octavia grips Raven’s thighs firmly, positioning herself. She smiles at the slick wetness that’s greeting her. Testing these new waters, she licks once, barely touching her girlfriend’s center. She twirls her tongue around in her mouth, enjoying the sweet taste, which reminds her of oranges.

Raven watches Octavia, who is grinning at her, appearing to enjoy this. She’s enjoying this as well, because it’s nice to have her girlfriend exploring her. It feels like a dream to know that Octavia is hers, the girl she has had feelings for, for years. What makes it even a better dream is the fact that her girlfriend has had feelings for her for an even longer time.

Octavia rubs her fingertips over the sensitive bud, reveling at Raven’s moans.

“Ahh yes…” Raven moans. “Oh…”

Octavia slowly slips two fingers in, feeling how slippery Raven is. She angles her fingers a bit, curling them to see which effect it will have on her girlfriend.

“Fuck…O.” Raven moans louder. “More please.” She begs, wanting more, needing more.

Octavia complies and adds a third digit, pumping her fingers in and out of Raven, biting her lip as her girlfriend writhes underneath her. She flattens her tongue against Raven’s center, while continuing to use her fingers.

“Fuu-fuuucckk.” Raven cries out. “Oh god, O. Fuck, how are even real?” If Octavia hadn’t told her this is her first time, she wouldn’t have believed it. This feels surreal. She can feel her girlfriend lightly kissing her sex, sending tiny convulsions racing back and forth along nerves already on fire.

Octavia moans as she laps up Raven’s wetness with her tongue, sending jolts of electricity through her body, down to her core. She shifts uncomfortable, needing friction.

Raven senses Octavia’s discomfort and pulls her girlfriend up. “Top or bottom?” She asks while trying to catch her breath.

Octavia frowns slightly, wondering what Raven means, but then it clicks. “Either.” She whispers, okay with whatever her girlfriend chooses.

Raven makes a small half circular movement with her finger. When Octavia does as she’s told, she lowers herself a bit on the bed, to leave enough space.

Octavia carefully lowers herself on Raven and more steadily when she feels her girlfriend grabbing her ass and pulling her down. She buries her face between Raven’s legs, moaning when her girlfriend licks where she needs her the most.

Raven thrusts her tongue inside of Octavia, humming in pleasure as she tastes her girlfriend for the first time. Nobody can compare to Octavia and she never wants anyone else. If it depends on her, she’d say her girlfriend is the one.

Octavia wouldn’t be able to be still, if it wasn’t for Raven holding her in place. The feeling of her girlfriend’s tongue is intense, more intense than she could have imagined. She sucks hard on Raven’s sensitive bud, returning the favor.

Raven can feel Octavia’s walls clenching around her tongue and she knows her girlfriend is close. With each lick of Octavia’s tongue, she feels herself getting closer as well. “Mhm, cum for me.”
She moans, wanting to taste her girlfriend even more.

Octavia clamps her legs tighter, knowing she’s about to cum. “Ah yes… babe…oh.” She moans loudly, crying out as she feels it hitting her. She dives her tongue as deep as she can in Raven’s center, feeling her cum and tasting her.

“Fuck… god… yes.” Raven cries out loudly. “So go-good.”

Octavia cleans up Raven’s sex, savoring every drop, letting nothing go to waste. “Mhmm, we should definitely do this again.” She whispers, feeling like she landed in heaven. “If I knew it was going to be this good, I would have jumped you a lot sooner.”

Raven chuckles upon hearing Octavia’s words. “It really was good, so fucking good.” She says earnestly, impressed. “You’re a god at this.”

Octavia blanches, feeling slightly shy to receive such a compliment. She crawls off of Raven and cuddles with her. There are droplets of sweat all over her body. “Is it always such a heavy workout? I feel like I just ran a marathon, but like a really good one.”

“It really drains your energy.” Raven whispers, exhausted after their heavy make out session. “So I’m guessing if I ask for round two you’d say no?” She teases, knowing that won’t happen, because Octavia probably needs to get used to this a bit first.

Octavia smirks, proud Raven enjoyed it so much, because she enjoyed it a lot as well. “I never said that.” She rasps, not planning to relent. “I can go all night, babe.”

“That’s a dangerous statement to make.” Raven retorts, doubting they would be able to go all night. There’s still about five hours left before they’d be getting up.

“Mhm, try me. What do you have to lose?”

“Fuck it.” Raven weaves her fingers through Octavia’s hair and kisses her deeply. If her girlfriend wants to go all night, then fuck yes. At this point impressed doesn’t cut it.

Clarke grumbles when she enters the kitchen for breakfast. Her hair is a tangled mess. She’s a bit disappointed that she hasn’t received a text from Lexa yet, although her girlfriend might still be sleeping or perhaps even be charging her phone.

Abby is sitting at the table with a newspaper, having just gotten home from her work. “Good morning, honey.” She says warmly as Clarke walks in.

“Yes, morning.” Clarke mutters as she takes a seat the table.

“Did you sleep, honey? You look tired.”

“I didn’t get much sleep.”

When her mother is looking at her newspaper, she glares at Octavia and Raven, who look tired as
well, but are smiling anyway. Yeah fuckers, keep smiling. Those assholes kept her up all night, with their loud moans. Fuck, it was like they were holding a competition of who can moan the loudest and they went on all night. Those damn animals. She loves her best friends, she really does, but right now she hates them for making her sleep deprived and they have a shit ton of homework to get through today.

Abby puts her newspaper down. “Is something the matter, honey?” She asks concerned, being the mother she is.

Clarke shakes her head. “There was noise tonight, so it was difficult to sleep.” She replies dryly, not missing how Octavia blushes while Raven feigns interest in the newspaper. “I think the neighbors were having fun.”

Abby frowns confusedly. “Old lady Robinson from next door who broke her hip a week ago?”

“Mhm, apparently.” Clarke replies, shrugging a bit. She takes a big gulp from her orange juice. Her sleep was supposed to be good, undisturbed.

Abby gets up from the table. “I’m going to get some sleep. Make sure to do all your homework, honey.” She says, while pushing her chair back under the table.

“Mom, I’m not a little kid.” Clarke groans, frustrated because her mother doesn’t need to tell her what to do. She knows for herself what she has to do and doesn’t need her mother to go all parent on her. “I’m practically an adult.”

“You’re still my little girl, Clarke.”

“Mom.” Clarke groans again, wanting to be saved the embarrassment. Octavia and Raven are used to hearing her mother talk like that, but she doesn’t like it. Soon she’ll be eighteen and she certainly doesn’t feel like a child anymore. Her mother needs to wake up and realize that she’s an adult. She’s perfectly capable of taking caring of herself.

“Okay, honey.”

Clarke waits for her mother to be gone, before looking at Octavia and Raven. “The whole fucking night?” She asks accusingly. “Next time you decide to fuck each other senseless, do it somewhere else.”

Raven is smirking because Clarke is so grumpy. Despite her severe lack of sleep, she’s in a very good mood, but then again, that’s what she gets after having six orgasms and giving Octavia seven orgasms. She’d gladly do that again. “Don’t be so grumpy, Clarke.”

“Yeah.” Octavia chimes in. “No need to get your panties in a twist.” She can tell Clarke needs to get laid, and it must be frustrating for her best friend that she isn’t old enough for Lexa yet, although she will be soon.

“You two are unreal.” Clarke says, shaking her head in disbelief. “All night long I had to listen to you two chanting moans and expletives. I feel like I suddenly know you two in ways I didn’t even want to.” She cringes as she recalls everything they moaned and screamed. Knowing which positions Octavia and Raven like the most is something she didn’t want to know.

“Use earplugs next time.” Raven says dryly, not planning to stop on Clarke’s account. Okay, so she has been a little loud with Octavia, probably more than a little, but still. “You know those magic little thingies that you put in your ears to block out noise.”

“I did use earplugs, you bitch!”
“Whoa hey.” Raven chuckles amusedly at Clarke’s aggressive tone. “No need to get all kinky here.”

“I’ll never get through my homework like this, my head is all fuzzy. I’m so tired I’d be able to pass out right here on the kitchen table.”

“Ah no worries, Clarke.” Raven assures Clarke, feeling a bit guilty for keeping her best friend from her much needed sleep. “I’ll help you with your homework. We’ll make a team effort out of it.”

Clarke does like the idea of working together to make their homework. It doesn’t hurt that Raven is smart and since her head is foggy, she can use all the help she can get.

Octavia snorts when Clarke passes out in her bowl of cereal. Her best friend wasn’t kidding when she said she’s so tired she’d be able to pass out on the kitchen table. She blushes at the realization Clarke heard her making out with Raven, but at least Abby wasn’t home, so thank god for that.

Raven smiles as she hears Clarke snore a little. “She’s way out of it.” She whispers to Octavia. “I think at this point I should just make her homework for her, because I think she won’t wake up until the afternoon or so.”

“Mhm, that’s a good plan. It’s a good peace offering for effectively ruining her sleep.”

“Clarke just needs to get laid that’s all. Once she gets some, she’ll be less grumpy.”

Octavia stretches her arms and arches her back. She’s a bit sore, but she’d gladly do it all over again. Raven is divine and her girlfriend knows exactly how to use every inch of her body to its full potential.

Raven takes Octavia’s hand in hers and shushes her, giggling, while they walk over to the couch. Meanwhile they leave Clarke in the kitchen, who is still snoring.

Octavia chuckles when she stumbles down onto the couch with Raven on top of her. “This isn’t our homework, babe.” She whispers, pointing out a fact.

“Nah this is uh… research.”

“Research huh? What kind of research, babe?”

“The exploration of the female body.”

Chapter End Notes

*searches for a new rock to hide under*

I'm staying under that rock for now.

If y'all are thirsty, there's this place called Niagara falls. ;)
Lexa is completely exhausted when she wakes up in the afternoon, shivering all over. After her confrontation with Anya, she had gone outside and walked all night. She went to random bars and had drinks, which made her head hurt a lot. All night long she thought about what to do. It’s a messy situation, it really is. She has feelings for Clarke, feelings that she can’t deny. At the same time she knows she shouldn’t have.

She rolls out of her bed, feeling utterly miserable. In record time, while being wobbly, she makes her way to her bathroom and throws up. Even if she didn’t drink so much throughout the night, she’s sure she’d still feel sick regardless. Her secret with Clarke was supposed to remain a secret, but who was she kidding anyway? Of course she got caught, because she was getting too careless and taking too many risks. She should know better than trying to drink her problems away, because this isn’t her.

She hangs over her toilet seat and throws up again and right now, she can’t imagine a single time where she would have felt sicker, because there hasn’t been a time like that. Sometimes she did get sick, but that used to be a simple cold, since she has always been healthy. Anya’s words keep playing through her mind on repeat. She knows that by law she is prohibited to be with Clarke, but her heart, her foolish heart is saying something else.

When she’s done throwing up for a while, she grabs a washcloth, wets it and holds it against her forehead. Her head is warm and she’s quite sure she’s burning up. That’s what she gets after going out all night while it’s freezing outside. The amount of drinks she has had made her believe she was warm, but when she got home her skin was cold to the touch.

She slumps towards her bed again and lies down, looking up at her ceiling. Light hurts her sensitive eyes, so she has to keep her curtains closed. She keeps thinking about Clarke and she takes her phone, to look through some old messages. The moment she checks her phone, she sees that she has new messages from Clarke. Her eyes become watery upon reading the messages she received. She can feel her heart breaking, because she is lost.

Having a relationship with Clarke is wrong, it’s illegal, and yet her heart wants it. It’s a mutual feeling, but that doesn’t make it any less illegal. She would hate to be the one to break Clarke’s heart and it feels like no matter what she decides, she can’t win. Her head is spinning while she tries to think of how to tell Clarke their secret has been found out. Bile rises in her throat, and she has to make a run towards her bathroom again.

Her doorbell rings. She tries to get up to go open her front door, but her energy level is low and she falls down. Black spots dance in front of her eyes and she groans when she hits the ground. She hears her door opening, telling her exactly who it is because only one person has gotten a key from her, in case of emergencies.
Anya crouches down next to Lexa and tries to help her up, to bring her to bed. She’s worried because she has never seen her best friend so miserable. “You’re burning up.” She whispers as she half-carries Lexa to her bed. The smell of vomit and alcohol hits her. “How much did you drink?”

Lexa tries to shake her head, but she’s so exhausted. “I was… out.” She mumbles, unsure of how much she has been drinking, but it was a lot.

“You went out at night, after I left?”

“All night.”

Anya can hear how much Lexa’s voice is croaking and how hoarse she sounds. She feels bad that she left her best friend alone last night, after she had confronted her, but she didn’t think Lexa would go out all night and drink. If she had known, she would have stayed. Her best friend has always been responsible, always smart, always doing the right thing. Seeing Lexa like this, this isn’t her best friend. Lexa looks like an empty shell of who she used to be.

Lexa’s phone lights up with a new message. She squeezes her eyes shut at the intrusion, which is hurting her eyes.

Anya dabs a washcloth at Lexa’s forehead and takes her phone. It’s not the first time they’d go through each other’s phone, since they’re close friends. She can read the message and relay it to Lexa, to see what she wants to answer. Upon seeing the message, she doesn’t know what to think anymore.

**My princess:** Hey, I noticed you haven’t replied to my messages yet, which seems strange because it’s afternoon by now. I’m wondering if you need some space or if you’re really busy? I wondered if you had forgotten your phone, but I don’t see it anywhere, so I’m assuming you have your phone. I’m looking forward to see you tomorrow. I love you <3

Anya knows exactly who the text is from, because it’s obvious. Lexa really must be in deep to have something like that with Clarke. If those two have such feelings for each other, she can understand better why her best friend went out all night drinking, not that it’s suddenly okay though. She reads the message to Lexa, who responds with tearing up.

Clarke gets up early when Monday morning rolls in. This time she actually did get some sleep, because Octavia and Raven were silent. They must have felt quite guilty for keeping her up the previous night, since they even made her homework for her after she had fallen asleep yesterday in her bowl of cereal. Okay, she can probably forgive them by now and when she sees how deeply in love they are, she can’t find it in her heart to be mad.

Abby smiles when Clarke enters the kitchen. “Good morning, honey.” She says while putting
breakfast on the kitchen table. “You look good.”

“Good morning, mom.” Clarke replies feeling chipper. “Yeah, my sleep was good.” She doesn’t add the part about looking forward to go to school, because it might strike her mother as odd, especially since her day begins with gym.

Octavia walks into the kitchen, followed by Raven, who slept over again. “Good morning, Abby.” She greets warmly. Abby is a kindhearted woman, because she has been given a home here.

“Good morning, honey.”

Raven sits down with a big glass of orange juice. “Good morning, Abs.”

Abby smiles and shakes her head a bit, since Raven keeps nicknaming her. “Good morning, honey.” She replies.

Clarke glances at her watch to see how much time she has to get to school. She settles for two pieces of toast with strawberry jam.

“Is all your homework done, honey?” Abby asks her daughter.

Clarke groans. “Yes, mom, it’s all done.” She replies, slightly frustrated, because she’s not a little kid.

“Okay, honey, I was only asking.”

“You keep treating me like a child.” Clarke replies, sighing. “I’m an adult, I know what to do.”

When breakfast is done, Clarke, Octavia and Raven make their way to school.

They arrive five minutes before the bell rings.

Octavia excitedly tugs Raven and Clarke along. “I’m so ready for gym, let’s do this bitches.” She says happily.

Raven chuckles. “I’ll never really see the appeal of gym.” She replies, not particularly liking it. It’s not like she hates it, but she’s not a fan. On top of that, Miss Storm is intense.

Clarke grunts a little, but accepts it, knowing they’ll have Lexa for their next class, so it’s bearable.

Luna blows her whistle, to let her students line up. “Good morning students.” She says with a strong voice.

“Good morning, Miss Storm.”

“You may all warm up by running five laps.” Luna instructs. “Once you are done with those, I need you all to team up in group of six.”
Most of the students groan while they run.

Clarke is running next to Raven, while Octavia runs past them with a big smile on her face. She’s so not going to run faster, because then her lungs will be burning.

Raven glances around, wondering who she’ll be teaming up with. Octavia and Clarke for sure, but they need to have three more.

When everyone is done running their laps to warm up, groups are quickly formed.

Clarke smiles a bit when Wells approaches her to be in her group. She can deal with having him in her group, since he’s always sweet.

Raven crosses her arms over her chest. “Oh hell no.” She says, shaking her head as Murphy approaches. Just because he fixed up fake ID’s for Octavia, Clarke and her doesn’t mean they get along. She still doesn’t like him at all.

“Always good to see you too.” Murphy replies sarcastically. “This isn’t a friend request or anything, so relax.”

Clarke sees a new guy standing next to Murphy, one she hasn’t seen around yet. “Who is he?” She asks Murphy, while nodding towards the new guy.

“This is Finn.” Murphy replies, introducing the new guy. “It’s his first day here at Polis.”

“The school year began about nine weeks ago.” Octavia says, wondering what a new guy is suddenly doing at Polis.

“I transferred.” Finn explains, finally talking. “It’s nice to meet you all. So I’m Finn. And you all are…?”

“I’m Raven.” Raven replies, not sure yet what type of guy Finn is. “And this is Octavia, my girlfriend.” She introduces Octavia and wraps one arm around her girlfriend’s waist, to make it clear they’re both taken.

Octavia blushes a bit at the sudden introduction, but she likes it. She’s not hiding in the closet anymore and pretty much the whole school knows by now.

Clarke introduces herself as well. “I’m Clarke.” She says while awkwardly shaking Finn’s outstretched hand.

Luna gives every team a different sport to play.

Clarke and her group are saddled up with soccer.

Octavia kicks the ball up in the air. “Girls against the guys.” She suggests with a grin. “Let’s kick their asses.” She says to Clarke and Raven.

Raven places herself in front of the goal, to make sure the guys can’t score a goal. She rubs her hands together, feeling ready for this.

Octavia passes the ball to Clarke, before Wells and Murphy can steal it from her.

Clarke runs closer to the goal, where Finn is standing. She kicks the ball as hard as she can and gasps when the new guy falls down. “Oh god! I’m so sorry!” She shouts apologetically, while running up to him and crouching down. “Are you alright?”
Raven doubles over from laughter. “Nice one, Griff, you kicked him in the nuts.” She says, laughing even louder.

“I didn’t mean to!”

Octavia joins in on the laughter, feeling slightly sorry for the poor new guy.

Finn smiles faintly at Clarke, while he’s still down in pain. “That was… a good kick.”

Clarke feels so bad for this. “I’m so sorry I didn’t mean to hit you like that. The ball was supposed to be kicked into the goal, but my angle was off and oh god.” She tries to help Finn up on his feet.

Luna blows her whistle, stopping everyone. “Murphy, take your companion to the nurse.” She orders.

“Yes, Miss Storm.” Murphy replies while letting Finn swing one arm over his shoulder. “Let’s go bro, we’ll get you fixed up.” He whispers to the new guy.

“Are all the girls here this intense?” Finn asks Murphy, whispering.

“Some can be aggressive. You better watch out for Clarke, Raven and Octavia. They’re not to be messed with. Attack one of them, and they all jump you and not in the way you’d like.”

“You sound like you’re talking from experience.”

Murphy nods. “Last year I said something rude to Octavia and Raven knocked one of my teeth out and when I called Raven something, Clarke kneed me.” He replies, cringing as he thinks back about it.

Finn laughs a little. “So Clarke likes to go for that area then.” He concludes. “Is she single?”

Murphy shakes his head. “Word of the wise, don’t go after Clarke. A few people here tried, all got turned down. There’s this rumor that she’s dating a college girl. There are some guys and girls who want her, but she doesn’t even give them a second glance. I’d say, forget about her, plenty of girls around here anyway. Oh, but stay away from Emori though, she’s mine.” He says, warning Finn.

Clarke is in a good mood when she walks towards Lexa’s class, even though she just hit Finn with a ball, which was an accident of course. Maybe gravity wanted that ball to land there. Okay no, that’s just mean to think.

Octavia and Raven follow Clarke into the classroom, taking their familiar seats at the front of the class.

“Good morning, students.”

The students stare at the stranger. “Good morning,…” They reply in unison, not know the
stranger’s name.

Clarke is confused. Where is Lexa? Her girlfriend is supposed to be here, not some stranger.

“I am mister Pike.” The stranger says, introducing himself. “For the next few days, I will substitute for Miss Woods. To make things clear, I am not a rookie and you will all respect me.” He holds a paper in his hands, with the pictures and the names of every student. “Miss Blake, tell me where Miss Woods’ last class ended.”

Octavia snaps out of her confusion about where Lexa is. She opens her book to tell mister Pike where they left off.

Clarke can’t concentrate on the class, because she wonders where Lexa is and it worries her. She wants to know what’s going on and why her girlfriend isn’t here.

Pike takes note that Clarke isn’t paying attention and slams a book on her desk, causing her to jump up. “Do not sleep in my class.” He says with a low voice.

Octavia, who is sitting directly next to Clarke, slips one hand under the table to reach for her best friend’s hand and squeezes softly. She can see Clarke is struggling with Lexa’s absence and their new teacher is being an asshole. Thank god Pike will be gone in a few days.

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Clarke can’t concentrate much in her next class either. She tries to listen to what Miss Forest is teaching, her thoughts keep drifting away to think about Lexa. Her girlfriend didn’t tell her anything, which only worries her more.

When the class is over, Anya clears her throat. “Miss Griffin, a word.” She says with a serious tone.

Clarke frowns a bit, wondering what Miss Forest wants. She looks at Octavia and Raven, who look confused. It’s probably to reprimand her about not paying attention, but she can’t help it.

When the other students have all left, Anya shuts the door for a moment. She knows it is lunch break now, so there is some time. “Take a seat.” She says, pointing in front of her desk.

Clarke grabs a chair and sits down in front of Miss Forest’s desk, facing her. “Am I in trouble, Miss Forest?” She asks curiously.

“Lexa is not at school, because she’s sick.” Anya explains, thinking she should simply tell Clarke. “I found out about you and her.” She watches how the blonde tenses up.

Clarke swallows hard, feeling nervous and unsure what to do now. It was supposed to stay a secret and she’s sure Octavia and Raven haven’t told anyone. Her best friends would never do that to her. She wonders how Miss Forest found out.

“As you probably know, a relationship between a teacher and a student is illegal, especially when the student is underage, like you are.”
“I know… yes, it’s illegal and I… but I…” Clarke says nervously, trying to get her words together. There’s no point to deny it if Miss Forest already found out. “I turn eighteen in about seven weeks, and I know that doesn’t suddenly make it legal, but I…”

“The right thing for me to do would be to report this.” Anya says, knowing she should be doing exactly that, but she hasn’t even told Luna about this. “If I turn Lexa in, she will get in deep trouble. She’s a good person and she deserves happiness.”

“I know turning her in is what you should be doing, as a teacher and an adult.” Clarke replies, sighing because this is all going wrong. “You’re right that Lexa is a good person, because she is and she does deserve happiness. I never want to hurt her. I care about her and I…” She trials off, swallowing her last words.

“I know you love her, Clarke.” Anya says dryly, full aware of Clarke’s feeling for Lexa. “Lexa loves you too.” She takes a deep breath, knowing she shouldn’t be doing this, but if her best friend would fall down, then she’ll fall down with her. “You have to be more careful, both of you. In less than seven months you graduate and that may seem like a long way to go, but if you two love each other so much, you’ll both stick it out. So whatever you do, keep it away from everyone. Don’t take risks.”

Clarke’s jaw drops, not believing what Miss Forest just told her. This sounds like Miss Forest is not going to report this and like she even seems to be okay with it. “I don’t understand… why would you do this?”

“Lexa is all I have. She’s family to me, my only family. I would hate to see her heart broken. Don’t make me regret this, Clarke.”

Clarke feels tears welling up in her eyes. She knows she’ll have to be extra careful from now on. “I only want her to be happy, really.” She says earnestly, loving Lexa with all she has.

Anya stands up and opens the door of her classroom. “This conversation never happened, Miss Griffin. It is lunch break now. You better hurry to go eat something.”

“Yes, Miss Forest.” Clarke replies as she makes her way out of the classroom. Her heart is beating so fast, it might free itself from her ribcage. “I wasn’t even here.”

Anya nods approvingly and makes her way to the teachers’ lounge, hoping that she’s doing the right thing. She shouldn’t condone this, she really shouldn’t, but she can’t stand to see Lexa broken.

Chapter End Notes

Anya cares and so, she helps. I think it’s unexpected. :)

Chapter Summary

Finn asks Clarke if she's single, even though he already has been told she's not.

Then a rumor spreads...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Octavia waves when Clarke enters the school cafeteria, having already saved a seat for her.

Clarke plops down, inhaling and exhaling deeply. She can see Octavia and Raven sharing a questioning look and gestures for them to lean closer so she can whisper. “Lexa is sick and Miss Forest somehow found about us being together.” She doesn’t know how Miss Forest found out, but that’s not the point.

“Shit.” Raven whispers back. “Did she threaten you or something?”

“No, on the contrary, she seems to be okay with it.” Clarke replies, while still feeling shocked. “She warned me not to take risks, because in less than seven months I’ll be graduating anyway.”

“Damn.” Octavia says, impressed. “Sounds like I had the wrong image from Miss Forest, she always looks so strict with everything.” Then again, that one time at the club she did see Miss Forest there with Miss Woods and Miss Storm. Maybe they’re really good friends or something. “She’s right that you have to be careful though.”

“Shh.” Raven whispers. “New guy approaching on our ten.”

Octavia chuckles by Raven’s choice of words, but she leans back anyway, instead of hanging over the table.

Clarke tries to act casual while Finn stops by their table.

“Hey, girls.” Finn says, with a smile on his face. “Mind if I sit here at this table?”

“Yeah, whatever.” Raven replies, disinterested. She doesn’t care about what Finn does and it’s unusual for someone they don’t know to walk up to their table.

Finn sits down, still smiling. “It’s a shame the pretty girls at this school seem to be taken.” He says nonchalantly, while looking briefly at Clarke.

“Mhm, appears so.” Octavia says. She reaches out for Clarke’s hand and tugs her closer. “You can always try the guys.” She suggests. It doesn’t matter what Finn does or who he tries to go after, as long as he stays away from her girlfriend and from Clarke.

Finn laughs lightly and waves his hand in a gesture to say no. “I’m straight, so I’ll have to pass on guys.”

Raven takes Clarke’s free hand in one of hers. “Well, at least we have liking girls in common
then.” She says bluntly.

Clarke raises her eyebrow at the way Octavia and Raven are holding her hands, while Finn keeps staring at her.

Finn decides to ask Clarke something he already knows the answer to. “Are you single, Clarke?” He wants to hear it from her.

“No, she’s taken.” Raven answers when it seems like Clarke isn’t saying anything. Her best friend has enough on her mind already, she doesn’t need some weasel.

“Yup.” Octavia chimes in. “Totally taken.”

Finn shifts his eyes between the three of them. “You sound like all three of you are in a relationship together.” He scoffs.

“Maybe we are, Finn.” Raven retorts dryly. “We’re just that good.”

Octavia holds up her bottle of water. “I’ll drink to that.” She says while winking at Raven. It’s amusing to her how uncomfortable Finn seems to get.

Clarke pulls Octavia and Raven both in a hug. “Girls are great.” She says, agreeing with her best friends and going along with their shenanigans. Today has been a wild ride so far and she’s not in the mood for some guy trying to hit on her. All she wants is Lexa and compared to her girlfriend, everyone else pales.

Finn gets up and walks away from their table without another word, finally leaving them to peacefully eat their lunch.

Octavia and Raven are sharing chocolate pudding together when Mel shyly sits down at their table.

“Hey, Mel.” Clarke says, greeting the girl. “Is something wrong?” She can sense Mel wants to share something.

“Roma heard from Tom, who heard from Harper, who heard from Murphy that the three of you are a couple.” Mel answers. She looks at Clarke. “I thought you were dating a college girl, but they said it’s true. Is it true?”

Clarke is confused right now and assumes Finn must have told Murphy, who is now telling others. The rumor seems to spread fast, even though nobody literally said she would be with Octavia and Raven.

Raven is amused by this, because the whole school knows she’s dating Octavia and everyone knows they both have been friends with Clarke since they were little. “People and their rumors, tsk.”

Clarke decides to simply shrug, rather than explaining what is and isn’t.

Mel takes it as an answer and as her cue to leave.

By the time their lunch break is over, Clarke, Octavia and Raven hear other students gossiping how the three of them are dating.
Anya walks into Lexa’s apartment to see if her best friend is taking care of herself. She finds Lexa on the couch, with tissues all over the floor. “Hey, Lexa.” She says. “Did you take your medication?”

“Hey.” Lexa replies weakly. “I took some.” She hates how she’s missing out on teaching her students because her actions got her sick.

“I’ll make you some soup, so you can build up some energy.” Anya says as she sits down next to Lexa and places her hand on her forehead. “You’re still a bit warm. Did you take something to bring your fever down?”

Lexa appreciates it that Anya is looking after her and checking up on her, to see how she’s doing. She feels way worse mentally than she does physically. Today she has needed many tissues, not only for her nose, but also for her tears.

“I know I shouldn’t condone this.” Anya says while sighing deeply. “You can be with Clarke, but be careful. I don’t want you to get caught with this. Just know that whatever you do, I won’t tell a soul. I’ve been thinking a lot about this and you seemed a lot happier than you ever were before lately, and I can see.” She doesn’t want to see Lexa in all this pain anymore. “I think Clarke misses you, she looked a bit dreamy in my class.”

Lexa manages to smile a bit. “That does sound like Clarke.” She replies, slightly amused, knowing Clarke can appear dreamy and distracted. “Why would you do this, Anya? You’re risking your own neck, because if this comes out and it becomes known that you knew, you will get in trouble as well.”

“Then we’ll take the fall together, it’s what best friends do and I can see what you have with Clarke is mutual love.”

“You’re a good friend, Anya.” Lexa says thankfully to have Anya in her life. “How is the substitute teacher?”

Anya laughs a little. “I think the students hate him and I can’t blame them. Pike was giving me a look of disgust when Luna kissed me lightly on my lips.” She didn’t like the way he was glaring at them and she doesn’t understand why he even is a teacher. “He’s the type that looks like he just left the army or something like that. So, the sooner you get well, the sooner it will be better for everyone.”

“I could go back tomorrow.”

“Lexa, you have a fever. You’re not going back tomorrow, because if you do we won’t have any students by the end of the week, they’ll all be home sick.”

“You’re here, you can get sick.”

Anya shakes her head. “It takes a lot before my immune system gets a dent.” She knows the same used to count for Lexa, but the circumstances made her best friend sick. “On another note, did you text Clarke yet?”
“I want to talk to her personally, but I don’t want to make her sick. Once I’m well, I’ll talk to her.”

“Is tomato soup good?”

Lexa nods. “Thanks, Anya.” She says gratefully, and not only for the soup. It means a lot to her that Anya is being so helpful and understanding.

Anya makes some soup and hands a bowl to Lexa. “I can understand what it’s like.” She whispers, after having stared in her own bowl of soup for a while.

Lexa is slightly confused. “What do you mean, Anya?”

“Can you keep a secret?”

“Of course, I can.” Lexa replies earnestly. She’s not going to spill a secret Anya would share with her. “We’re best friends.”

“I know what it’s like to have feelings for a student. It happened to me last year, but I shut it out and moved on from it, and eventually I began to date Luna, which I don’t regret.”

Lexa is shocked to hear Anya would have ever felt something for a student. “You dated a student before you were with Luna?”

Anya shakes her head. “I kept my feelings to myself, because it didn’t seem right. That’s all in the past now though, I’m happy to be with Luna. Sometimes I still think about it and I will likely always remember it, but I moved on.” She whispers, being able to connect to how Lexa feels, although her best friend is in deeper. “It was Raven.” She had noticed the girl often at school and last school year, she felt attracted to Raven, which was entirely wrong. Now, she’s happy to be with Luna.

Lexa drops her spoon, making it fall to the floor. That’s how shocked she is to hear about Anya’s secret. Okay, Raven is an attractive girl, sure, but she didn’t expect this at all. “We’re too gay aren’t we?”

Anya laughs at that. “Yeah, we sure are.” She replies with a smile, before bringing Lexa a clean spoon.

Clarke groans when she arrives at school, not wanting to have Pike as a teacher again. He’ll probably slam a book on her desk again or shout something.

“Come on, Clarke.” Octavia says as she tugs Clarke along. “It’s only for a few days, we’ll get through it.” She knows it sucks to have Pike, because she doesn’t like him at all either.

Raven laughs as she hears students whispering while walking by them. “Sounds like that rumor is still going that the three of us would be dating.” She says, highly amused. “I take it as a compliment though, two hot girls, all to myself.”
Octavia nudges Raven with her elbow. “You’re all mine, babe and I don’t share.” She says seriously not planning to let anyone else be with her girlfriend.

Raven presses a kiss to Octavia’s cheek. “I know, and I’m all yours forever, so you’re stuck to me.”

“Mhm, you better or else I’ll go get the glue.”

Clarke smiles at Octavia and Raven, who are adorable together. It makes her mood a little lighter while she enters the class. However, she barely walked through the door when she freezes.

The students continue to trickle in, one by one seemingly unaware Clarke stopped walked and is simply gaping.

Lexa clears her throat. “Good morning, students.” She greets them, while it hurts a bit to speak, because she’s still recovering. Anya told her she shouldn’t have come back yet, since one day staying at home wasn’t enough, although if she counts Sunday in, she was home for two days. She couldn’t stand the idea of Clarke being stuck with an obnoxious substitute.

“Good morning, Miss Woods!!” The students all reply at once, sounding overly cheerful.

Lexa can feel a smile tugging at the corner of her lips upon seeing how happy her students are to have her back. She looks briefly at Clarke, who is now being yanked down by Octavia and Raven to sit. When the former closes the blonde’s jaw, she has to hold back a laugh. She can understand Clarke is probably shocked and surprised to see her back so soon.

Clarke props her chin up in the palm of her hand while she leans her elbow on her desk. It feels good to see Lexa again, because she missed her so much. She’ll have to contain herself and be careful. What saddens her is that she can see her girlfriend is still sick, which is also evident in Lexa’s voice.

“Can anyone tell me where the substitute left off?” Lexa asks while she peers around her classroom. She smiles when they all lift their finger up. Her eyes land on a new student she hasn’t seen yet. “You must be new.”

“Yes, I’m Finn.” Finn replies, smiling warmly. “We ended on page forty-two.”

“Well in that case, welcome.” Lexa says politely. She hopes he won’t be a troublemaker. “Students, open your books on page forty-three.” She instructs, as she watches them opening their books. “Miss Reyes, if you could be so kind and read. I have to save my voice.”

Raven holds her thumb up. “No problema, Miss Woods.” She replies, smirking a bit. Clarke will be grumpy not to kiss Lexa for a while, given Miss Woods is sick.

Clarke tries to pay attention to the class, she really does, but she can’t keep her eyes off of Lexa. It’s a good thing nobody would question her behavior, since it’s normal to look at the teacher. She can see her girlfriend looking at her every once in a while, subtly.

When the bell rings and the students leave for the next class, Clarke casually drops her books and bends down to pick them up, as slowly as possible.

Octavia helps by dropping Clarke’s pencils, knocking them off of her desk. “Aw no, look at what I did.” She says, sighing. “I’m sorry about that.”

When Octavia is about to bend down, Clarke waves her off. “It is fine, I got it. You can go.” She says, thankful for her best friend's help.
Lexa waits until all the students are gone and notes how Raven shuts the door after she exits last, aside from Clarke who is still in her classroom.

“I missed you so much, Lexa.” Clarke whispers, feeling relieved to see Lexa again. “How are you feeling?”

Lexa leans against her desk. “I have missed you as well, Clarke.” She replies, not having stopped thinking about Clarke. “I feel a bit sick, but I’ll be better soon. We have to be more careful about us. Anya, err, Miss Forest, found out, but she told me she won’t tell a soul. She did however, warn me.”

Clarke recalls her conversation yesterday with Miss Forest, or well, Anya apparently and how Anya told her their conversation never happened. She guesses Lexa doesn’t know Anya approached her. “It’s sweet of her that she won’t tell anyone. I guess that makes sense, because she’s your best friend, like Octavia and Raven are my best friends. It’s understandable that we have to be more careful and we will be.” She promises, because she doesn’t want to lose her girlfriend. “I’ll keep our relationship a secret and I’ll be more careful. I’ll even wait until I graduate, if that’s what you want.”

Lexa is surprised by the lack of Clarke’s reaction about Anya knowing. “You already knew Anya knows.” She states, figuring that must be it. “It’s okay I won’t tell her that I know she told you. I do want to be with you, but we cannot take any risks.”

“I understand that. No risks.” Clarke says truthfully, not wanting Lexa to get in trouble. She cares deeply about her girlfriend and she’s not going to be selfish and take risks. “I love you, Lexa.”

“I love you too, Clarke.”

Clarke sighs and realizes she should get going to her next class. “I wish I could kiss you right now, but I know I shouldn’t.”

Lexa shakes her head. “I do not want you to get sick, Clarke.” She whispers. If Clarke would kiss her, she might get sick and she doesn’t want that.

Clarke chuckles lightly. “You dork I meant I can’t kiss you because we’re at school.” She retorts, although she can understand why Lexa would worry about her getting sick. “If me getting sick is your only concern, I could give you a quick peck. It wouldn’t make me sick.”

“When I’m better, I promise I will take you somewhere and then you can have as much kisses as you like.”

Clarke smiles brightly. “I’ll look forward to that day.” She can’t wait to be in Lexa’s arms and to kiss her, without having to care about getting caught or anything. “Oh hey, maybe I could disguise myself and go to that club with my fake ID again, so we can see each other there when you’re better.”

“Clarke, no.” Lexa replies seriously, disagreeing. “You’re too young to go there and you shouldn’t drink.” She doesn’t want Clarke to take that type of risk. “Risks like that are exactly what we have to avoid.”

Clarke grins a bit, knowing how that club is the place where she first kissed Lexa, who at the time believed she would have been twenty-one, so it seemed to work out just fine back then. “Okay, okay, we’ll do what you choose.” She relents, giving in. “So we’re going to do this then, together?”
“For as long as you want, yes.” Lexa replies, meaning her words. She wants to try this with Clarke, wants to be together. As long as they’re both careful, they can make it work.

“When I turn eighteen, does it still count to take the next step?” Clarke asks, wanting to know where she’s standing with Lexa, to see if her girlfriend suddenly wants to wait until she graduates. If Lexa wants to wait until then, she’ll try, but it wouldn’t be easy. “Because when I’m eighteen, I’ll be legally old enough.”

“You are insufferable, Clarke.”

“But you love me anyway and I know it.”

Lexa smiles at Clarke, who always manages to make her melt. “You should go to your next class, Clarke.” She says, not wanting to keep the blonde here much longer while she has another class to attend.

Clarke nods and grabs her backpack, knowing that now isn’t a good time to talk more. “It’s really good to see you again, Lexa.” She whispers, content to have Lexa around again. “I hope you’ll feel better soon.” She softly kisses her girlfriend’s cheek. “Make sure to get enough rest, take medication, drink plenty of water so you don’t get dehydrated and spare your voice.”

“Are you giving me doctor’s advice now, Clarke?”

“Nope.” Clarke says while shaking her head. “I’m giving you girlfriend’s advice.”

“I think I like that type of advice. I will see you again tomorrow.”

“Sure thing, Lex.” Clarke replies happily before leaving the classroom. She believes that this is going to work, and she will build a future with Lexa, slowly and steady. Together they can make this and get through every obstacle.

Lexa smiles dreamily while she sits down behind her desk, thinking about Clarke. She is happy their relationship has a chance.

Chapter End Notes

Aw, the Clexa babies talked.

I bet nobody saw Anya's secret coming. *grins*

Only a few more chapters to go.
Our weekend away

Chapter Summary

Lexa is better and picks Clarke up to spend the weekend together.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Octavia chuckles while Clarke is throwing her clothes around to look for something she likes. She knows her best friend is beyond excited because Lexa will be taking her out on a date now that she’s better. Clarke hasn’t been able to shut up about it.

“Ugh, I have nothing to wear.” Clarke groans, while feeling frustrated. “What should I wear, O?” she hopes her best friend might be able to help her decide what to wear, because she has no clue.

“You could always try going naked, I’m sure Lexa will like that just fine.”

“I’m serious, O. I need to find something.”

“I must say, I’m slightly jealous Lexa will be taking you to some fancy hotel.” Octavia says, sort of impressed Lexa is going through so much trouble. “So, it’s a four hour drive?”

“Yup, it has to be far enough.” Clarke replies, knowing why it’s so far away. Her mother thinks she will be spending the weekend with Octavia and Raven, who happen to be going somewhere as well. “Besides, you don’t have to be jealous, Rae is going to take you somewhere.”

“Yeah that’s true.” Octavia smiles, knowing she’ll have her weekend with Raven. “Be safe if you know what I mean.” She winks teasingly.

“We’re not going to have sex, O.” Clarke rolls her eyes at Octavia, because that’s not why Lexa will be taking her out for the whole weekend. “I’m not eighteen yet.” She’ll spend the weekend kissing her girlfriend, to make up for all the lost time they have had. When she finally does turn eighteen, she will probably organize a big party at her house and invite a bunch of people from school.

“You must be thrilled to know you turn eighteen in a little over a month.”

“Yeah, I really am.” Clarke replies with a big smile. She has been impatiently counting down the days. The holidays will be around the corner soon and she’s hoping for at least one mistletoe kiss with Lexa, but she doesn’t know yet if she’ll see her girlfriend during the holidays. She hears her phone buzzing with a text.

My woman <3: I’m on my way to pick you up.

Clarke: No wait! I mean, yes, but I’m not dressed yet.

My woman <3: You’re getting naked without me? How rude.
“Okay, what are you chuckling about?” Octavia curiously asks Clarke, who is grinning like an idiot with her phone in her hands while her cheeks are red.

“Lexa is being a super cute dork.”

**Clarke:** Deal with it ;)

**My woman <3:** Why wait until you’re eighteen? We might as well wait an extra year, just to be sure.

**Clarke:** When I turn eighteen, I will lock you up and we won’t leave my room.

**My woman <3:** Someone is feisty.

Octavia picks up some of the clothes Clarke has been throwing onto the floor. “You two should get a room, asap.” She teases, knowing how bad her best friend and Lexa both need it. “Seriously you two are always lovingly staring at each other during class.”

“That’s not true, O.” Clarke replies, denying she’d have been staring at Lexa, even though she knows she always does that. “We’ll get a room at the hotel.”

**Clarke:** I will be outside in ten minutes I just need to get dressed, unless you want me to streak, then hey, by all means.

**My woman <3:** It takes as long as it takes.

**Clarke:** Yeah, I thought so ;)

“Here, Clarke, wear this.” Octavia says while handing Clarke a light blue sweater and a pair of jeans. “Wouldn’t want to leave your girl waiting.”

Clarke accepts the clothes and puts them on. Her small suitcase is already packed with a few clothes and other necessities for this weekend.

Raven walks into Clarke’s bedroom. “Hey, O, you ready?” She asks, ready to leave and waiting for Octavia to follow her.

“Yeah, babe, I am.” Octavia replies with a smile. “I was just helping Clarke a bit, but I think she’s all good now.”

“You two can go.” Clarke says, not needing help anymore. “I’ll be out in five minutes anyway.”

Raven holds her arms out. “Give me a hug.”

Clarke hugs Octavia and Raven tightly. “I’ll see you both again when the weekend is over.” She says. “Have fun you two!”
“Same to you.” Octavia replies. “Although I have no doubt you’ll have fun.”

“Yeah.” Raven chimes in. “Enjoy your time with Lexa and try to behave a little.” She’s still surprised that Clarke doesn’t know how Miss Forest found out, because it appears to be some mystery. All she knows is that Miss Forest is usually really intense, but that might be because she’s been in her vision since the beginning of the school year, where Miss Forest wrongly assumed they wouldn’t have been paying attention to Miss Woods’ class. “Alright we’ll be going, bye, Clarke.”

Octavia waves. “Hasta la vista.” She walks out of Clarke’s bedroom with Raven, ready for her weekend with her girlfriend. It’s the first time she’s actually going somewhere with Raven, just the two of them.

Lexa smiles the second Clarke opens the passenger’s door of her car and sits down.

“Hey, Lexa.” Clarke greets, happy to see Lexa. She leans closer and kisses her for a moment. “Mhm, I missed being able to do this.”

“Hello, my love.” Lexa replies. She grasps Clarke’s sweater and tugs her closer. “You’re not the only one who missed this.” She crashes their lips together, kissing the blonde roughly. “Much better.”

Clarke leans back and fastens her seatbelt. “I think it is cool your windows got tinted now, but I must say, I kind of miss your scarf and your sunglasses.” She says, thinking about it. Tinted windows appears safer, because that way they can hide better, but she misses Lexa’s disguise, which always made her laugh.

“Precautions, my love. That’s what it’s all about.”

“A four hour drive is quite long. I should put some music on.”

“Are you complaining to spend four hours with me in my car, Clarke?”

“No!” Clarke quickly replies, realizing her mistakes. “No, no. I didn’t mean it like that.”

Lexa chuckles while Clarke rambles a bit. “Okay, you can put music on, but it has to be good music.” She warns, not wanting to listen to poppy teenager songs.

“Please, Lex, I always select good music.” Clarke retorts feeling like her music is just fine. “If you want to choose something, you can though. Don’t let me stop you. Unless you’re going to play young girl, then I don’t want to hear it.” She has heard that song too many times, and it’s as if Lexa is trying to tell her she’s too young each time she has to hear it.

“It’s a suitable song, Clarke. It reminds me of you.”

“Okay, let me look for an old lady song then. Just one sec.”
“Hey!”

Clarke grins from ear to ear. “Nah, you’re beautiful and not old at all.” She says earnestly, appreciating Lexa’s looks very much. “I’m a little surprised still that you’re twenty-five, because when I first met you at the club, I thought you would have been younger.” She doesn’t mind the age gap between them, and soon she’ll be eighteen anyway. It’s no problem that her girlfriend will be turning twenty-six a few months after she turns eighteen. Okay so eight years age difference, that’s not such a big deal, it’s just a number.

“Sometimes I’m surprised you’re only seventeen.” Lexa admits. When she is together with Clarke, the age difference dissipates for the most part.

“Yeah, imagine how old you’ll be when we start having children.” Clarke teases, gauging Lexa’s reaction.

“Imagine how young you will be when we divorce.”

Clarke chuckles. “Ah, so we’re going to get married, that’s good to know.” She does like the idea of that, to get married with Lexa someday. “Okay, you won’t be that old.”

Lexa barely dares to dream about marriage, although it would be lovely to have a wife someday and it wouldn’t hurt if that might be Clarke, if their relationship continues to be strong, then sure, why not. For now they have time and there’s no rush.

“Since we have a long ride ahead of us, we can ask each other some questions to get to know each other even better. What do you think, Lex?”

Lexa can do that, as long as it doesn’t distract her too much from driving. “Okay, my love.” She replies, agreeing. “I will let you begin.”

Clarke smiles a bit. “How kind.” She says teasingly, while thinking about some questions. “What scares you the most?” She asks, knowing it’s not an easy question, but it’s something she wants to know about Lexa.

Lexa finds it difficult to share things like that, although she can understand it can help Clarke to get to know her better. “I’m afraid that perhaps one day I would be alone, because I have been used to only having Anya.” She answers earnestly. “If you have to imagine yourself ten years from now, what do you see?”

Clarke tells herself she never wants Lexa to be alone, because it would be awful if her girlfriend would ever have to go through that, although she doubts Anya would leave Lexa. “Hmm, ten years from now. I would say I’ll be working and I’ll have a wife and children and uh, well you’d be my wife actually.”

Lexa knows they haven’t been together for long, but she wouldn’t out rule it. “We will see, Clarke.” She says, being realistic.

“Tell me a secret of yours that I don’t know yet.”

“That doesn’t sound like a question.”

“Can you tell me a secret of yours that I don’t know yet, Lex?”

Lexa chuckles lightly, feeling amused by Clarke’s persistence. “When I was younger and I mean quite some years younger, I used to have a crush on Anya because to me she was the coolest person I knew. Mind you, I was barely twelve at the time and eventually I didn’t have a crush on
her anymore, because we are more family than anything else.” It’s something she hasn’t told anyone before, not even Anya, although she’s quite sure her best friend knew about it.

“Aw that’s so adorable.” Clarke coos. She can picture it in her head, a much younger version of Lexa crushing on a younger version of Anya. “I definitely have to see some pictures from your childhood.”

Lexa groans and wishes she wouldn’t have shared that secret, but she doesn’t really have that many secrets to begin with, and Clarke already knows her biggest secret since she’s a part of it. She needs to change the topic. “I overheard a few students at school saying Octavia, Raven and you are dating each other.” She says, recalling how students had been gossiping about it. Not that she would believe it, because those rumors are ridiculous.

“Oh yeah that, it’s sort of a funny story, I think.” Clarke replies, remembering that day all too well. “Okay so when you were sick and not at school for a day, there was this new guy, Finn. During lunch he decided to sit at our table and he asked if I’m single. Octavia and Raven were holding my hands and telling him I’m totally taken. Finn made a comment that we sounded like the three of us are dating. Then Raven told him that maybe we are because we’re just so good, and that children, is how the rumor began to spread.”

Lexa wonders if she should keep an extra eye on Finn, since he was trying to flirt with her Clarke. The students spread a lot of rumors, she hears the strangest things at times and weirdly enough many students think every rumor is true. She even heard how Clarke, Octavia and Raven would be looking around to add a fourth girl to date. Rumors can alter each time they are passed on, with someone adding something to it or changing a part.

Clarke throws herself on the bed. “This place is amazing, Lex.” She says, impressed. Their hotel room has a waterbed, there is a mini bar and if they want, they can order room service.

Lexa is relieved Clarke seems to like it. They will be here for the entire weekend, just the two of them. The only people who know are Octavia, Raven and Anya. She had to tell her best friend, since they tend to hang out a lot together during weekends. Anya told her to be careful, which she will be. Clarke’s best friends had to know, because they’re a part of Clarke’s cover.

Clarke rolls around on the bed. “You have to try the bed, Lex.” She winks suggestively, waiting for Lexa to join her on the bed.

Lexa gives in and sits down on the edge of the bed, only to be yanked down by Clarke.

Clarke places Lexa down onto her back and hoovers over her. She loves simply looking at her girlfriend, who is so beautiful. Her hand finds its way under Lexa’s shirt, slowly rising up. She crashes their lips together, kissing her girlfriend tenderly.

Lexa tangles their legs together and gently rolls Clarke over to be on top. She deepens their kiss as she seeks entrance with her tongue, letting it dance around her girlfriend’s tongue. There’s no doubt that they will be kissing a lot this weekend.
Clarke slowly undresses Lexa, discarding her clothes to the floor, because she can’t help herself. She wants to kiss every inch of her girlfriend’s body, to let Lexa know just how much she loves and appreciates her.

Lexa lets Clarke sit up so she can take her shirt off. She winds one hand behind her girlfriend’s back and unclasps her bra. It’s tough to keep her self-control, to avoid going too far. She has to keep reminding herself Clarke isn’t eighteen yet.

Clarke wishes she would be eighteen right now, because if she was, Lexa wouldn’t hesitate. She will turn eighteen in a little over a month, so it’s really not that long anymore. It’s complicated because on one hand she really wants this, yet on the other hand she wants to respect that her girlfriend wants her to be eighteen.

“I can’t wait to be eighteen.” Clarke whispers while playing with a lock of Lexa’s hair. “I’ll turn eighteen in five weeks, so it’s not that long anymore.” She bites her bottom lip. If something were to happen this weekend, she wouldn’t tell anyone and she would pretend they’re waiting until she’s eighteen, but she doesn’t want to manipulate her girlfriend. Lexa has to really want this, not because she would ask her to, no, she wants her girlfriend to be sure of this.

Lexa caresses Clarke’s cheek with the back of her hand. “I know, my love.” She whispers, aware it’s not that long anymore. If she were to discard the fact that her girlfriend isn’t eighteen yet, she would always know. It conflicts with her morals, even though those aren’t so strong anymore. Love is love, and she loves Clarke so much more than she can put into words.

Clarke smiles when Lexa kisses her again, while touching her in the gentlest, most tender ways. It gives her a good feeling to have her girlfriend tracing her fingertips over her arms. At the same time it makes her want to things to Lexa, which will drive her girlfriend insane. Perhaps she can tease Lexa a bit and give her some pleasure.

Lexa has to bite her bottom lip when Clarke lies her down and kisses her inner thighs. She knows where her girlfriend is going with this and it’s unfair that she can’t reciprocate, because she wants to, but she shouldn’t. Five more weeks, only five more weeks.

Clarke smiles when she hears Lexa groan, because she knows her girlfriend is struggling internally. She knows Lexa wants to do certain things, but it’s conflicting with her morals. The last time they were in this type of situation, she stopped her girlfriend, to ensure Lexa wouldn’t regret this.

“Lex, I have to tell you something important.”

Lexa sits up a bit to look at Clarke. “Yes, Clarke?” She asks, wondering what it is.

“I want you to know that if you would want to do something this time, I won’t be able to stop you like I did last time. Just so you know where you’re standing.”

Lexa closes the gap between them and kisses Clarke, while letting her hands wander. She has to know her limits and stick to them, but it’s so hard and god, she really wants this with her girlfriend. Since Clarke won’t stop her this time, she placed herself in a tricky situation.

“I love you, Lex.” Clarke whispers earnestly. “Whatever happens in this room stays in this room.” Damn, she makes it sound like an open invitation, which perhaps it sort of is, but that won’t help Lexa.

“I love you too, Clarke.”
Ah the Clexa love birds.

Soon this story will come to its end. :)}
Holiday dance

Chapter Summary

There's a dance at school to celebrate the holidays.

It doesn't go so smoothly when Finn approaches Clarke.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Clarke sighs as she holds a dress in her hands. “Can’t we wear a black dress instead?” She asks Raven and Octavia, even though she’s aware trying to convince them is probably futile. Once her best friends have made up their minds, it’s difficult to change it.

Raven shakes her head. “Don’t complain, Clarke.” She replies, not planning to change her mind. “We’re going to wear a red dress, because you’ve been outvoted.” Together with Octavia, she agreed they should all wear a red dress, because red is her favorite and her girlfriend didn’t mind.

“But that’s not fair!” Clarke retorts. “O always picks your side.” She knows that whatever color Raven would have chosen, Octavia would have agreed anyway, even if it would be bright yellow or every color of the rainbow.

Octavia laughs lightly, because Clarke isn’t wrong. “As much as I do like black, I chose red. You’ll just have to deal with it.” She’s not going to change her mind, because it has already been decided. “Besides, red is a very suitable color for the holidays.” She usually has a slight preference for black, but Raven looks hot in red, so red it is.

Clarke sighs and realizes it won’t be any use to argue about it. Personally she would have preferred a black dress, or perhaps even white, but not red. She looks forward to their school dance, to celebrate Christmas and New Year. It was Raven’s idea to wear a red dress, so everyone can know they’re each other’s date, because yes, that’s right, the school still thinks they’re dating each other, so they’re going to the dance as each other’s date. It’s better than having to go with someone randomly.

Raven turns around. “Can you zip me up, O?” She asks while pointing at her back. “You can zip me and I’ll zip you.” She suggests.

Octavia stalks over towards Raven and kisses her neck. “I’m more used to unzipping your dress than I am to zipping it.” She whispers huskily, before zipping her girlfriend’s dress. In her mind she’s imagining how tonight after the school dance, she will be unzipping that very dress.

Clarke shakes her head, because those two are in so deep. “I can’t believe the students are still buying that rumor. You two are so clingy together.” People wouldn’t need a picture to know that Octavia and Raven are obviously a couple and yet the students still believe she’d be their girlfriend as well. It’s strange how strong that rumor is. “You two are sharing kisses all the time in between classes and yet they still buy it.”

“Whatever floats their boat.” Raven replies, shrugging. She doesn’t care what the students think, because rumors are ridiculous and she’s not going to be bothered by it. “I’m still taking it as a
compliment.” It’s quite flattering that the students at Polis think she’s dating both Octavia and Clarke.

“Okay, if one of you can zip me up, I’ll be ready to go.”

Octavia pulls at the zipper from Clarke’s dress. “Hold your hair up for a moment.” She instructs, to make sure it won’t get caught up with the zipper. “Wouldn’t want my second babe to lose any of her pretty blonde locks.” She teases while playfully pressing a kiss to her best friend’s neck.

Raven groans and snakes her arms around Octavia’s waist. “I’m going to be jealous if you keep that up.” She whispers earnestly. If it wouldn’t have been Clarke who her girlfriend is teasing like that, she would have been jealous for sure. She is Octavia’s babe and nobody else is.

Clarke pats Raven’s shoulder. “No worries, I get you. I bet Lexa would be jealous as well if she would see something like this.” She can understand what her best friend is talking about. Lexa would be a bit jealous if she would see this type of thing, even though it’s playful. Not that she would blame her, because if Anya would do that to Lexa, she would be jealous as well.

“I’m surprised Lexa hasn’t kicked Finn out of her class yet.” Raven says while grinning. “He has been staring at you a lot and I can tell it has been bothering her.” She recalls the times where she saw Lexa’s nostrils flare up and the times where she slammed a book on his table, telling him to pay attention to the class rather than to the girls in the class.

“Yeah.” Octavia says, agreeing completely. “Finn is such a creep.” He’s the type of guy she gets a negative vibe from, so most of the times she tries to avoid him as much as possible.

“There’s a cool perk to the students all thinking we’re dating though.” Raven comments, wanting to point out a fact. “More students have been coming out as gay and whatnot, because we’re so open about it and we haven’t run into any issues.”

Clarke smiles at that, because what Raven is saying is true. “To be fair, I think most people at our school our too scared to cross us in any way.” She says matter-of-factly.

“Ah yeah, we kind of made quite the name for ourselves. Look at the bright side though, nobody is messing with our gay babies.”

Octavia chuckles lightly. “Our gay babies? Seriously, babe?” She asks bemusedly.

“All the gays are my babies okay. They need love and protection.”

“I’m gay and I need love, so give me some.”

Raven smiles. “I’ll never get tired of kissing you, O.” She whispers, ghosting over Octavia’s lips. “Maybe someday we’ll be wifeys.”

“Mhm.” Octavia rests her hands on Raven’s hips. “I’d like that very much, babe.”
Lexa is wearing a tailored suit for the high school dance at Polis, where she will be supervising the students, to make sure nothing goes wrong. Clarke has already told her she will be going with Octavia and Raven as her dates. It would have been fine if her girlfriend would have chosen someone else as a date, since she knows it doesn’t mean anything.

Anya arrives with Luna by her side, both wearing matching suits in a dark grey color. “We really like suits, don’t we?” She says while smiling upon seeing Lexa.

“Yes, we sure do.” Lexa agrees, knowing full well the three of them would pick a suit over a dress any day. “You’re not going to drain my phone battery by taking pictures like you did at the Halloween dance, are you?” This time she’d rather not let Anya borrow her phone, best friends or not, since she doesn’t want it to be filled up with pictures.

“Not this time.” Anya assures Lexa while retrieving her own phone. “My battery is fully charged, so I won’t drain yours, but I will still take a bunch of pictures.” She’s fully prepared this time.

“How kind of you.” Lexa says sarcastically, hating it when people take pictures of her. Unless it’s Clarke, because when it comes down to her girlfriend, she doesn’t mind. Clarke could take pictures all day long and she wouldn’t complain about it, but that’s because her girlfriend gets special privileges.

Anya helps herself to some kids champagne. She doesn’t like drinking it, but it is understandable there can’t be any alcohol here. On the plus side, it tastes better than cheap beer and she certainly has had worse drinks than this. She turns around right when Raven walks in with Octavia and Clarke. Apparently they’re all wearing a similar red dress, which Raven is working the best, of course. Then again, Raven looks good in anything. It’s time to shift her attention before it gets weird and before she would get caught staring, which she is not trying to do. She hands a cup to Luna and one to Lexa.

Luna can tell that Anya seems slightly distracted, but she can’t put her finger on it. It’s possible that her girlfriend doesn’t feel like being here, which she wouldn’t blame Anya for. It’s mandatory for them to be here, to watch over the students, so it’s a night they lose. All they can do is try to make the best out of it and hope none of the students will cause any problems.

Lexa sips from her cup to try and hide her smile. Clarke is absolutely beautiful and red suits her. It’s difficult knowing they’re both here, yet they can’t dance or anything. In barely three weeks, her girlfriend will turn eighteen and in six months from now, Clarke will graduate. It will make everything much easier. Patience is required and they have made it so far, so it’s all good. When her girlfriend walks over, likely to grab something to drink, she tries not to stare.

Octavia and Raven follow Clarke, with their arms linked together. They make their way to the table to pour themselves a cup to drink.

Raven smiles briefly at Miss Forest when she notices her, but frowns when the woman looks away. Okay, she just assumed they would be cool because Miss Forest knows about the whole Clarke and Lexa relationship thing. Maybe she’s still stuck in that woman’s vision, even though she feels like she definitely proved she’s a hardworking student and not someone who wouldn’t pay attention. When she smiles at Lexa, she does receive a small smile back.

Anya tries to avoid eye-contact with Raven. They had eye-contact for a split second, which was slightly uncomfortable when Raven suddenly smiled at her. Ah yes, so much for having moved on. She’s okay to be with Luna, she really is and it’s better anyway, because Raven is too young for her and the girl is dating Octavia. So far she has done quite well to keep her distance and to be a strict teacher.
Raven feels like Miss Forest probably dislikes her. That woman often has an intimidating and intense look that she uses with pretty much every student, but she feels like for some unknown reason, Miss Forest dislikes her the most. She literally has done nothing wrong to that woman. Maybe when she graduates, she can call Miss Forest out on it to see what her deal is, because then she can’t get detention anymore.

Octavia scrunches her nose up a bit when she drinks. This kids champagne isn’t great, but of course the school won’t let them drink alcohol. At this point she’d rather have lemonade. “Come, babe, dance with me.” She husks in Raven’s ear, wanting to dance with her girlfriend.

Raven nods with a smile on her face and follows Octavia to dance.

Clarke lightly brushes her arm against Lexa’s while reaching out for a cup. It’s something she likes to do on purpose and it’s subtle, so others wouldn’t know. She can see Anya saw, but the older woman simply clenches her jaw and looks away like she hasn’t seen anything. For the rest of the night she will try to behave, to avoid making things harder for her girlfriend.

Lexa steps behind Clarke, who is nearly pressed up against the table. She traces her fingertip along her girlfriend’s side quickly and acts like nothing happened when Clarke bites her bottom lip.

Clarke is surprised when Finn suddenly walks up to her out of the blue to dance, just when she made her way closer towards where everyone is dancing. “I uh, sure, I guess, but I’m here with my dates.” She says, trying to wave him off. It’s not that she would reject dancing with others, but around Finn she has a weird feeling, because he often stares at her during school to the point where it gets uncomfortable.

“I heard Octavia and Raven are a couple and that they’re just your best friends.”

Clarke already knew that all along and it’s not her fault everyone was spreading a false rumor, although she didn’t mind the rumor because it was helpful. “What’s your point, Finn?” She asks, hoping he will drop this soon.

“My point is that this means you’re single.”

“Finn, I’m not-”

Clarke’s words are cut off when Finn presses his lips against her own. She was just about to tell him that she isn’t single at all, so he wouldn’t get any wrong ideas, but he didn’t even give her a chance to finish her sentence. It’s all happening fast and she can feel his arms wrapping around her while he kisses her. She tries to mumble something while he tries to slip his tongue inside of her mouth. This is disgusting and she doesn’t want this to happen. She’s not interested in Finn and she never will be. The only one she has eyes for is Lexa and will always be Lexa.

Lexa drops her cup when she sees Finn and Clarke kissing. No way, this can’t be happening. This is unbelievable, she barely looked away for a few seconds, because she has to keep an eye on the other students as well, only to land her eyes back on her girlfriend, kissing that weasel. She balls
her fists together and feels a hand wrapping around her wrist, before she can move.

“Lexa, don’t.” Anya whispers in Lexa’s ear. She can tell her best friend is angry, but if Lexa would march up to them, then her best friend can get in a heap of trouble. Lexa can’t expose herself like this, it’s too risky. She glances at Clarke and Finn and notices Raven marching up to them, who looks furious.

Raven taps Finn’s shoulder. “Hey, punkass!” She shouts angrily and waits for him to turn around. The moment she saw Finn kissing Clarke, it angered her, because she knows her best friend is deeply in love with Lexa. That guy clearly doesn’t know what no means and he can’t seem to take a hint.

Finn pulls away from Clarke and turns around, facing Raven. “What?” He asks sounding annoyed because she disturbed him.

“Stay the fuck away from my girl!” Raven seethes, snapping at Finn. She slaps her hand in his face, “Don’t you ever do that again!” She warns angrily, never wanting to see that happening again.

Octavia shows up next to Raven. “Yeah, don’t fucking touch our girl!” She chimes in and grasps Clarke’s hand, pulling her best friend behind her. “Asshole!” She slaps her hand in his face, turning both his cheeks red. “There, now you’re balanced.”

Clarke is feeling a little bit dazed by everything that just happened and how Finn had kissed her without her permission. It’s gross, because his lips were quite chapped and the kiss was rough. She didn’t like how he was getting his hands on her. It’s a relief that Raven and Octavia showed up to say something about it.

Finn is rubbing both his cheeks when Murphy shows up next to him.

“I told you it would be better to stay away from those three, dude.”

Anya releases her grip on Lexa’s wrist. “See, it’s been handled.” She whispers. It was interesting to watch Raven and Octavia standing up for Clarke like that. She looks away when Finn approaches.

“Miss Forest.” Finn says while rubbing his hurt cheeks. “Raven and Octavia hit me.”

Anya has to force herself not to roll her eyes. “Stop harassing girls, Finn, or you will find yourself in detention.” She warns, feeling like he deserved what he got. It’s not the first time she has witnessed Finn harassing girls. She has seen it a few times in the school halls, up to the point where she had to stop him. It’s interesting how Raven was the first to stop Finn, quite feisty.

“But they…! I didn’t!”

“Mind your tongue, Mister Collins.” Anya replies coolly, not going to let a student yell at her. “You earned yourself a Friday afternoon in detention.”

Finn hangs his head in defeat. “Yes, Miss Forest.” He probably shouldn’t have kissed Clarke.

Luna crosses her arms in front of her chest while walking up to stand next to Anya. She had just stopped a fight between a few students, who had been arguing and caught the tail end of what her girlfriend said to Finn. “Is that Collins boy causing trouble again?”

“Yes, apparently he doesn’t know how to behave.”
Lexa pours herself a new cup and is thankful it isn’t alcohol. She is angry because Finn and Clarke were kissing, but not angry with her girlfriend of course. Clarke had already informed her about what a weasel Finn is. How dare he kiss her girlfriend when the whole school knows Clarke is in a relationship? As far as everyone is concerned, her girlfriend would be dating Octavia and Raven, which is a good cover. It’s a good thing Anya stopped her, because she was close to snapping at Finn, which would give her away. It’s frustrated how she isn’t even in a position to do anything when it comes to that. She’s glad Octavia and Raven slapped him and that Anya gave him detention. When she sees Finn bothering some other girls at the party, she can step in as a teacher.

Finn’s face pales when Miss Woods grabs his forearm and wordlessly guides him outside. He is utterly speechless when Miss Woods calls his parents and tells them he has been harassing girls at the party. Okay, maybe he tried a bit too hard and came on too strong, but he didn’t think he’d get in this kind of trouble.

Lexa returns to the party, not sparing Finn a second glance. When she walks back inside, she can see that Clarke is dancing with Octavia and Raven, while smiling. Seeing her girlfriend happy warms her heart. Someday their secret won’t have to be a secret anymore.

Chapter End Notes

Only one more to go.

Ah and Raven thinks Anya dislikes her.
Raven is grinning when she sees Finn got kicked out of the dance. That serves him well, because he should have behaved rather than bothering people. She catches Miss Forest looking at her, but the moment she sees it, Miss Forest loos away again. It irks her how that keeps happening. She knows Miss Forest has to keep an eye on all the students, like all the teachers currently present have to do, but it really seems like that woman dislikes her so much she can’t even look at her.

Octavia peers into her empty cup. “I’m going to get some more to drink.” She says, planning to get a refill, even though it doesn’t taste so good. It’s like drinking some bad type of soda. “Do you want some more, babe?”

Raven looks into her cup, which isn’t empty yet. “Wait, I still have a bit.” She empties it and hands her cup to Octavia, so she can get a refill.

Octavia accepts Raven’s empty cup and looks at Clarke. “Do you need a refill, Clarke?” Now that she’s getting some more for her girlfriend and for her, she could get more for her best friend as well.

“No, I’m good.” Clarke replies, not wanting more. “Thanks, O.”

Raven turns her attention to Clarke when Octavia walks away to get a refill. “So Miss Forest is best friends with Lexa, right?” She asks curiously, wondering if she can get some answers.

“Yeah, Anya and Lexa are best friends.” Clarke replies. “Why?” She wonders why Raven is suddenly asking her about this, especially at this moment while they’re at this dance. They never really talked about Anya, she only mentioned her briefly when Anya had confronted her about knowing of her relationship with Lexa.

“Hmm, Anya, okay.” Raven hums lightly. “I thought she’d be cool with us or something, but I think she still dislikes me like when our school year began, which may I remind you, was your fault.” She hopes that by the end of the year, she can get a recommendation letter to get into college, which she has been working hard for. Her homework is always on point and she studies a lot for every test.

Clarke hasn’t forgotten their first day. She knows when Lexa had confronted them about the club, they ran late for Anya’s class and her girlfriend had written a note where it said she talked to them about not paying attention in class. After that, Anya kept an extra eye on them, treating them a bit like troublemakers. “I don’t know, she can be quite intense. It’s something she does with every student. I doubt it’s personal.” For as far as she can tell Anya is the same with every student.

“Alright.” Raven decides to drop it, since clearly Clarke doesn’t know what she’s talking about. When Octavia comes back with her drink, she smiles. “I missed you.”
“Babe, I was only gone for a minute.” Octavia replies with a smile. “I missed you too.” She embraces Raven with her free arm and kisses her.

Raven smiles into their kiss, as usual. When their kiss breaks, she notices how Anya is walking towards one of the exits, one that leads towards the toilets. It's not the end of the school year yet, hmm. Maybe if she asks carefully, she won’t risk detention. “I have to go to the toilet. I'll be back in a bit.” She says, excusing herself from Octavia and Clarke.

Clarke grasps Octavia’s hand. “Care to dance, my date?” She asks, chuckling a bit.

“Why yes, sure thing.” Octavia replies, chuckling as well. She knits her eyebrows together when a romantic song plays that practically forces the student to slow dance. “Alrighty then.”

Clarke winds her arms around Octavia’s waist, while her best friend nuzzles her head against her shoulder. From across the room, she can see Lexa smiling at her and so, she smiles back. She knows her girlfriend is okay with this because Octavia is just her best friend, so nobody is overstepping right now.

Anya is washing her hands when she hears someone walking in. She dries her hands and turns around to see who it is, since everyone is at the dance. Much to her surprise, it’s Raven, which is probably the last person she expected to see right now. She thought it could have been Lexa, Luna or some random student who is ignoring the rules, since this is the toilet for teachers.

Raven feels awkward about her decision to confront Anya. This all went much better in her head than it is going right now. “I want to ask you something.” She says with a serious tone, hoping she doesn’t sound too nervous. Okay, this is a start and so far Anya hasn’t exploded yet.

Anya frowns, wondering what Raven possibly wants to ask her. She also wonders if the girl followed her solely for that reason. “What do you want to ask, Raven?” She asks calmly. For now she isn’t going to attack Raven for being in the teachers’ toilets.

“Okay, how do I ask this...” Raven tries to think about her words, which she probably should have done before even thinking about confronting Anya. “Do you dislike me? I mean, did I do something wrong during your class at some point?” It could be something small she overlooked and the woman is probably wondering right now why she would even ask that. Sometimes students and teachers don't like each other, it happens.

Anya doesn’t know what she would have expected Raven to ask, but that sure wouldn’t have been close to it. “You have done nothing wrong.” She assures the girl, who happens to be one of her best students, if not the best. “You’re a good student, a positive example to others.”

Raven is still confused. “I just thought that you dislike me, because I just got that feeling.” She’s unsure of how Anya will react and she wonders if it has been nothing but a product of her imagination. Perhaps Clarke was right that the woman looks at everyone the same way. She should have asked her best friend if Anya ever smiled at her, which she probably didn’t. “I’m sorry for bothering you, Miss Forest.” She apologizes, hoping she hasn’t messed things up to get a
recommendation letter at some point.

Anya takes a few steps closer towards Raven, this time not avoiding eye-contact. “I don’t hate you or dislike you.” She says earnestly, not wanting the girl to think that. At this moment she’s standing close to Raven, probably too close, closer than she should be. Her eyes flit down from the girl’s eyes to her lips.

Raven swallows nervously, because Anya is standing close and her eyes are very intense. This feels like the woman is a lion and she’s a lamb. Her mind goes blank when Anya’s lips are on hers. She feels a velvet-like tongue slipping into her mouth, while one hand cups her neck and another hand rests on her hip. It only lasts about five seconds, but it’s enough to render her speechless.

Anya stumbles backwards while her eyes widen, shocked about what she has done. She shouldn’t have kissed Raven. The girl is her student, who happens to be dating Octavia and she is dating Luna. Oh god, what has she done? The worst part is that she feels like kissing Raven again. This is all wrong, because she shouldn’t be giving in to this kind of temptation.

Raven’s heart is beating fast. There’s no way she could have possibly foreseen this. She’s so confused because Anya is with Miss Storm and she is with Octavia. So if Anya kissed her that means… “Y-you… like me?” She asks, looking up at the woman. That’s the only logical reason she can find to explain why Anya kissed her. If anyone would have told her the woman likes her, she would have laughed and told them they’re crazy, since it seems impossible, yet here it is, right in front of her nose.

Anya was out of line, she shouldn’t have done what she did and yet… She brings her hand up to caress Raven’s cheek and feels the girl’s breath mixing with her own. It looks like moving on hasn’t worked the way she thought it had. She thought she had moved past this, or at least she should have. It’s not right to hold feelings for a student. This is forbidden. Touching Raven burns her, but it’s hard not to. She’s not sure what exactly she’s doing.

Raven regains herself and grasps Anya’s wrist to remove her hand from her face. She doesn’t want the woman to do that, to caress her cheek like that. Her eyes harden and her grip on Anya’s wrist tightens. She can see the woman looks frozen, like she doesn’t dare to move. “I’m with Octavia.” She says sternly, warning Anya. Octavia is her girlfriend and she loves her. “I have to get back to the party.” She drops Anya’s wrist and leaves, slamming the door shut on her way out.

Anya turns the water from the sink back on to splash cold water into her face. She really messed it up with what she has done. This isn’t right, because she’s with Luna and her girlfriend has been good to her. Raven is happy with Octavia, which is good.

Clarke is dancing with Mel when Raven approaches her. “O is dancing with Wells.” She says, letting her best friend know where Octavia is. When she notices the distressed look on Raven’s face, she is worried. “Excuse me, Mel.” She apologizes quickly and takes her best friend’s hand to walk a few steps away, so they can speak privately. “Rae, what’s wrong?”
Raven sighs deeply, feeling confused and slightly angry. “You can’t tell O, because I don’t want her to feel hurt for no reason.” She whispers, wanting Clarke to keep this a secret.

Clarke can sense something must be very off if Octavia can’t know. “I won’t tell O. What happened?” She asks, even more concerned now.

Raven takes a deep breath. “I went to go confront Anya to ask if she dislikes me and I know it was a dumb move, but anyway. When I confronted her, well… I had been very wrong.” She explains, feeling nervous all over again. “She kissed me and I told her I’m with Octavia. I love O with all I have and I don’t want her to know this because it might hurt her.”

Clarke’s jaw drops out of complete shock. “Anya kissed you?” She whispers, very confused.

“Yes, she did. I can barely believe it myself.”

“Hey, babe!” Octavia shouts, with a bright smile on her face when she sees Raven. She jogs over to her girlfriend as well as she can with her dress.

Raven smiles and welcomes Octavia in her arms.

While they dance, Clarke walks up to Lexa. Raven told her not to tell Octavia, so she won’t, but she will tell her girlfriend what happened. When she reaches the table where Lexa is standing, she pretends to be reaching for a cup while whispering in her girlfriend’s ear. “I don’t know what’s going on, but Raven just told me Anya kissed her.”

Lexa’s eyes widen ever so slightly. She remembers the secret Anya shared with her, about how she used to have feelings for Raven. This is not good at all. She hasn’t told anyone about it, since it’s her best friend’s secret.

Clarke grabs a cup and walks back to the dance floor, back to her friends. If anyone should be confronting Anya, it’s better if Lexa does it. It’s confusing how Anya kissed Raven, since she never saw anything that could resemble the older woman liking her best friend in such a way. It would be tempting to go and slap Anya for what she has done, but she can’t exactly walk up to a teacher and slap her. That would lead to problems for her and for Anya, so it’s better to avoid that.

Lexa clears her throat and faces Anya. “I’d like to have a word with you outside.” She says with a calm tone, not giving anything away yet. Oh how the tables have turned from when her best friend gave her a speech about Clarke, only in her case it’s mutual, whereas in Anya’s case it isn’t.

The nightly air is chill and it’s too cold to be outside for long. Lexa knows she’ll have to make this brief, due to the cold and because they have to look over the students again as soon as possible. “You kissed Raven?” She asks in disbelief, even though she already knows the answer without needing to ask.

Anya can tell Clarke must have told Lexa, who must have heard it from Raven. “She thought I disliked her and I didn’t want her to think that.” She knows it’s not an excuse to make up for what she has done.
“So you decide to go ahead and kiss her to prove that you don’t dislike her?”

“I wasn’t thinking. It was the heat of the moment and I kissed her.”

Lexa shakes her head. “I thought you moved on from your feelings for her. You’re dating Luna.” She says knowing Anya isn’t single. This all seems so wrong in so many ways.

“I thought the same, but I suppose that’s not entirely true now. I’m dating Luna, yes.”

“Raven is a student, who is dating Octavia.” Lexa sighs, because that already counts as two mistakes. “You’re not even single.” Which adds another mistake. “You kissed her without any permission.” That makes four mistakes. “I know I’m not one to say much when it comes to something like this, since Clarke is a student as well, but it’s a different situation. Clarke was single and it’s mutual.”

“I know I made a big mistake.” Anya knows she shouldn’t have kissed Raven. The moment had been too tempting, so she went for it, without truly thinking about what the reaction would be. She deserves to hear this lecture, especially after how she lectured Lexa once. “It won’t happen again.”

“Well I would hope not, for your sake and hers.” Lexa replies, thinking how it would mess with both Anya’s head and Raven’s head. “You’re my best friend, Anya. You have to be careful. I love you and I don’t want you to get in trouble.”

“I know.” Anya replies, well aware of Lexa’s words. She knows it can’t happen again because it would hurt Raven and it can hurt her as well. “Lexa, I know.” She can tell her best friend is trying to protect her.

“We should go back inside now.” Lexa knows they can’t stay outside like this, because eventually someone else would come outside to ask what’s taking them so long. “I don’t think Raven would tell anyone, other than Clarke. I’m not sure about Octavia.” She can’t predict if Raven would or wouldn’t tell Octavia, though she hopes it’s the latter, to avoid having this situation escalate.

“We both saw how Octavia and Raven slapped Finn when he kissed Clarke and they’re not even dating her.” Anya reasons. She has a feeling Clarke might slap her, but that she’s probably holding back because she’s a teacher and because she knows about Clarke’s secret relationship with Lexa. Octavia on the other hand, if she finds out, teacher or not, it might be worse than simply getting slapped. “I will accept the consequences, whatever they may be.”

Lexa hopes for the best, since making mistakes can happen and what Anya did wasn’t right, but she doesn’t want her best friend to get in trouble for it.

When the party is coming to an end, the students start to leave, all going home.

Anya carefully approaches Raven, when Octavia seems to be distracted by talking with Clarke. “Hello, Raven.” She says softly, hoping not to startle the girl.

Raven spins around at the familiar voice and instinctively takes a step back, away from Anya. “Hi,
Miss Forest.” She awkwardly greets back, while she wonders what the woman wants.

“I apologize for my behavior from earlier.” Anya says earnestly. “I shouldn’t have done that. It was out of line.” Despite her apology, she will accept whatever consequences will take place.

“Uh yeah okay.” Raven replies, a bit confused. She scratches her hand behind her neck. “Just don’t do stuff like that anymore.” She doesn’t plan to get Anya in trouble for this. All she hopes for is that the woman will keep a respective distance, because she’s madly in love with Octavia.

“It won’t happen anymore.” Anya assures Raven. Having spoken her peace she walks away to walk home with Luna, not planning to bother the girl any further.

Raven walks up to Clarke and Octavia and links their arms together. She’s happy that she’ll be spending a few days at Abby’s place, so she can be close to her girlfriend.

Octavia has a big mischievous grin on her face. “Let’s go party, bitches!” She cheers as she reveals their fake ID’s. Before speaking again, she lowers her voice. “I took them with me, in case you’re both up for it. “What d’ya say?”

Raven matches Octavia’s grin with her own. “Well, three times’ a charm, so hell yes.” She replies, feeling up for it. They already used those fakes once, then a second time and there’s no harm in using them again for a third time.

Clarke rolls her eyes and shakes her head. Maybe this is the way they are, never waiting until they’re finally old enough. “Sure, why the fuck not.” She finally says, agreeing to go. “It can be our little secret.”

Octavia, Raven and Clarke jump up when someone clears their throat.

“I heard that.” Lexa reveals, having heard about their reckless plan. It’s not a good idea because they could get in trouble for those fake ID’s and even though they haven’t been caught yet, it doesn’t mean they never would. She holds her hand out. “Cough them up.” It’s about time she takes them away, even though they could get new ones behind her back.

Octavia sighs deeply and hands the fake ID’s over to Lexa.

Lexa smiles and puts them away, planning to throw them into the garbage when she gets home. “Enjoy your few days off, girls.” She says happily. “Goodnight.”

Clarke smiles, even though Lexa just ruined her plans with her best friends. “Goodnight, Lex.” She replies and dammit, seeing the twinkle in her girlfriend’s eyes, now she really can’t wait until she’ll finally be eighteen.

Chapter End Notes

Ah well, there will be one more chapter after all.

I know there's something people have been waiting for.
Your home is with me

Chapter Summary

This chapter is extra long, because I didn't want to divide it into two chapters.

Y'all get what you've been waiting for. ;)

*turns the shower on*
*puts glasses of water down*
*hands everyone a map for the Niagara falls*

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Anya is planning to spend her weekend in her apartment, knowing that Lexa’s apartment is off limits for this weekend. She had smiled when her best friend bashfully told her she’d be spending her weekend with Clarke. As long as Lexa is being careful about it, she doesn’t mind. Luna is at her place today and they’re sitting on the couch together. She’s been trying to move on from what happened a few weeks ago, when she had kissed Raven. It messed with her head, to say the least, because she has feelings for Luna.

Luna brings her glass of wine to her lips. She can see that Anya seems to be lost in her thoughts by the way her girlfriend is frowning slightly while pursing her lips. “What’s on your mind?” She asks when she can’t contain her curiosity anymore.

Anya looks up and meets Luna’s eyes. She can see the questioning gaze she is receiving and she doesn’t have to guess far to know she was zoning out with her thoughts again. Perhaps she should tell Luna the truth, well, without all the details, but still. She owes her girlfriend at least that much. “A few weeks back I made a mistake.” She says, knowing it really was a mistake, because she shouldn’t have done what she did.

Luna can hear what this means. They told each other they are exclusive, which meant they wouldn’t date anyone else or anything of the sorts. “Do you have feelings for the person you kissed?” She asks, keeping her voice calm and steady.

Anya is slightly surprised that Luna isn’t yelling, since she knows her girlfriend has quite the temper, which is one of the many things she likes about Luna. “I used to have feelings for her, even before we were dating and I had tried to bury those feelings. Those feelings still seem to linger a bit, but that doesn’t take away my feelings for you.”

Luna quietly listens to Anya’s words. “Did she kiss you back?” She asks, thinking how that would make a slight difference, although not much.
“No, she didn’t.” Anya replies earnestly. Raven hadn’t kissed her back and she didn’t expect her to. It was all a mistake, something that shouldn’t have happened. She made the mistake and she’s the only one accountable for it.

“If she would ever want to be with you, would you leave me for her?”

Anya knows it’s a fair question of Luna to ask, but it’s a tough one to answer. She feels conflicted about whether she should say yes or no. Even though some feelings for Raven linger within her, she knows that realistically she would never be with the girl. She has a better chance at building a future with Luna. “No, I wouldn’t leave you for her.” She finally answers, knowing she took a while to answer.

Luna can sense some hesitation, but she can see on Anya’s face that she’s telling the truth. “Okay.” She replies coolly and sips from her glass of wine again.

Anya takes Luna’s chin in her hand. “That’s it? Just okay?” She asks, wondering why her girlfriend is being so calm. It’s not that she wants Luna to be angry about it and yell or something like that, but she would have deserved at least some sort of backlash for her mistake.

Luna nods. “That’s it.” She says. “It’s okay. We’re human, we make mistakes. You admitted your mistake and now we can move past it.” She’s not going to blow this out of proportion. It was a simple kiss and she’s not going to let that ruin what she has been building with Anya.

“You’re right about that.” Anya agrees. “I just didn’t think you would take this news so well.” She’s genuinely surprised to see Luna so calm and collected, as if her mistake is nothing but a casual topic.

Luna smiles and shakes her head. “Do you remember when we went to the club with Lexa and we got drunk, so we ended up kissing each other? Nobody got mad back then. We simply moved on.”

Anya hasn’t forgotten that awkward moment. “It was quite the scare really, because Lexa and I both thought more had happened.” She might never forget that night, even though she rather would forget it.

“Ah yes, both your faces were priceless.” Luna says and laughs. She remembers how pale they both looked, with faces that said please god no, this can’t be true. “So as you can see, it’s all fine.”

Anya feels relieved she has told Luna, even though she will never say who she kissed. It’s a detail that’s better left spared. She brings her lips closer towards her girlfriend’s lips.

Luna places her glass of wine done, to avoid spilling any of it. She lies Anya down on her couch and climbs on top of her, roaming her hands freely over her girlfriend’s body.

Anya bites Luna’s bottom lip and slowly rakes her nails over her girlfriend’s back. “We should go to bed, much more comfortable that way.” She suggests. If they stay on her couch, it will end with one of them or both of them ending up on the floor, which wouldn’t be the first time. Her couch isn’t the best place to make out on.

Luna gets up from the couch and fists Anya’s shirt to pull her up as well. “We’re going to be in there for a while.” She says, being realistic. There’s no way she plans to go anywhere for the next few hours.

Anya lips curl into a smirk. “I have all weekend.” She rasps, knowing she has plenty of time to make her weekend with Luna count.
Luna winks at Anya. “All weekend it is.” She takes it as a challenge, one which she won’t back away from.

Anya follows Luna into her bedroom and wonders how she got so lucky to have such an amazing woman on her side. She should hold on to what she has and from now on, she will. No more mistakes, no more messing up. Everything she needs, she has right here.

Luna stares longingly in Anya’s eyes. “I love you.” She whispers carefully, testing the words as she speaks them.

Anya feels warmth spreading in her chest. “I love you too, Luna.” She whispers, right before gently bringing their lips together once more. Her heart is racing and she knows deep down her words are true. She really does love Luna.

Octavia follows Raven to her house, since she’ll be spending her weekend at her girlfriend’s place. She can’t stay at Abby’s place this weekend, because Clarke’s mother thinks they’ll all have a sleepover at Raven’s place. It’s to cover for their best friend, who will be spending her weekend with Lexa.

Raven is grinning while she walks hand in hand with Octavia to her place. Clarke has been over the moon since she turned eighteen, such a thirsty fucker, although she can’t blame her best friend for it. She has to hand it to Clarke that she has been rather patient.

Octavia tenses up when she enters Raven’s house and sees that her girlfriend’s mother is home. Since she began to date Raven, she hasn’t seen that woman. It makes her nervous, because she’s unsure how her girlfriend’s mother will respond to her being gay and dating Raven.

Raven smiles at her mother. “Hola, mama.” She says while hugging her mother briefly.

“Hola.” Raven’s mother says back. She looks at Octavia. “Hello, Octavia.” She greets warmly.

Octavia shifts uncomfortably on her feet, still not sure how Raven’s mother will react. She hasn’t forgotten how bad Bellamy had taken the news, although Mrs. Reyes knows about her girlfriend being bisexual, but still. “Hello, Mrs. Reyes.” She greets politely.

Raven’s mother waves her hand. “Please, call me Lorena.” She insists.

Octavia smiles shyly. Raven’s mother seems kind, as per usual, but she’s still worried. She didn’t prepare herself for this moment and she’s not used to this. Hopefully she can make a good impression as Raven’s girlfriend, but now that she’s so nervous, she’s probably not making a good impression at all. Far from it, even.

Raven senses Octavia’s discomfort and snakes her arms around her waist from behind, pulling her girlfriend close to her chest. “Do you have to work soon?” She asks her mother. It would be nice to have the house to herself with Octavia, no matter how much she loves her mother.

Lorena laughs lightly at her daughter’s eagerness to get her out of the house. “There is money on
top of the fridge if you want to order some food. Don’t stay up too late with your girlfriend.”

Octavia visibly relaxes as she realizes that Raven’s mother knows and doesn’t seem to be mad or anything. Lorena always seems nice and sweet. She had been worried for nothing. It helps that her girlfriend is holding her, making her feel loved and welcome.

“I love you, mam.” Raven says to her mother, smiling while still holding Octavia. She has talked many times about her girlfriend to her mother, all positive of course. There’s nothing negative to share about Octavia.

“I love you too.” Lorena smiles and grabs her purse to leave. “Don’t be a stranger, Octavia. You’re always welcome here.”

“That’s very kind of you.” Octavia replies with a small smile, appreciating the kind offer Raven’s mother is extending to her.

Raven kisses Octavia the second her mother is out of the door. “My mother adores you.” She says earnestly, “She thinks you’re cute.” The times where she talked about her girlfriend, her mother told her she has always seen Octavia as a nice girl. Her girlfriend has nothing to worry about to be here when her mother is around.

Octavia blushes and slaps Raven’s arm. “Shut up, I’m not cute.” She prefers to be called other things rather than cute. Rebel for example sounds like a more suitable term.

“I know how not cute you can be, but you’re still cute.”

“Give me those clothes I wore that time at the club when you were drooling all over me and I’ll prove you wrong.” Octavia says it like a challenge, one she would go for in the blink of an eye to prove Raven that she’s really not that cute at all. When she wears that outfit, there’s no doubt how not cute she is.

Raven chuckles amusedly. “I wasn’t drooling that bad, I was just shocked because damn, I didn’t expect you to wear something like that. It was a nice surprise though. By all means, wear that every day.” She’ll never forget the mental image of what Octavia had been wearing. It looked more like lingerie than actual clothes and it was smoking hot.

“I’ll wear anything you like.” Octavia rasps. “I love you, babe.” She whispers against Raven’s lips.

“I love you too, O.” Raven replies, not missing a single beat. She kisses Octavia and takes her hands in hers. “I want you to know that I really do love you, so damn much. I’m crazy about you and I don’t think that will ever change.”

“I love you so much as well, babe, I really do.” Octavia whispers, not being able to imagine her life without Raven in it. “You’re in my heart and in my veins, you’re everywhere.”

“Remember how after the holidays, I got a recommendation letter for college?”

“Yes, I remember.” Octavia replies, recalling how happy Raven had been when she said both Miss Forest and Miss Woods wrote her a recommendation letter. Her girlfriend has been working so hard for it. “I’m still so proud of you for that.”

“Well, I sent my recommendation letter to TonDc and they replied.” Raven explains. She takes a deep breath before going on. “They replied that my grades and my recommendation letter are so impressive that they’re offering me a spot.”
“Oh my god, babe!! That’s amazing news.” Octavia is excited and happy for Raven. “That’s great I knew you could get in. If anyone could, it’s you for sure.” She stops when she realizes her girlfriend doesn’t seem happy about it. “Babe? What’s wrong?”

“I just want you to know that if you wouldn’t get in, then I’m not going.” Raven doesn’t want to go to TonDc for three years if Octavia wouldn’t be there with her. She knows there’s still time for her girlfriend to get a recommendation letter. “I don’t want to be separated from you. So wherever you go, I’ll go.”

“Aww, babe. I think you should take it. You have always wanted to go there.”

Raven has made her mind up. If Octavia wouldn’t get in, then she’s not going. “The only place where I want to be is right by your side.” She admits, pouring her feelings out. As long as her girlfriend is nearby, she will be okay. Even the nights spent without Octavia are difficult, so there’s no way she would go to college without her girlfriend.

Octavia would love to go to TonDc as well, but she’s not sure if she can reach the bar they have placed. “I’ll try my best to get in.” She promises, telling herself she’ll study harder and work more for it. “I want to be by your side as well. We’ve only been dating for a few months, but I have loved you for many years already and I know that…” She trials off and swallows thickly, suddenly feeling nervous again.

Raven hugs Octavia close to her chest. “You’re the one for me. I can feel it in my heart. When I’m with you, everything feels right.” She whispers softly, not letting go of her girlfriend. Octavia is her whole world and more.

“I feel the same way, babe.” Octavia whispers back. She runs her thumb over Raven’s bottom lip. Needing her girlfriend closer, she cups Raven’s cheeks and melts their lips together.

Raven has never felt more at home than she feels home in Octavia’s arms.

Lexa opens her front door when her doorbell rings and smiles when Clarke is standing in front of it. “Hello, my love.” She says sweetly. According to her watch, her girlfriend is half an hour early. She sees that Clarke is holding a plastic bag in her hand, which makes her curious.

Clarke smiles at Lexa. “Hey, Lex.” She greets back, happy to see her girlfriend. Okay, she’s early, but she doesn’t think Lexa minds. “This is for later.” She says, referring to the plastic bag.

Lexa steps out of the way so Clarke can enter. Once her girlfriend is inside, she closes the door. She knows why Clarke is here, why her girlfriend wants to be here.

Clarke places the plastic bag down and presses Lexa gently against the door, kissing her. She pouts slightly when she pulls away. “I turned eighteen a few days ago…” She says and trials off, aware that her girlfriend already knows that, but she wants to remind Lexa of that fact again. After having been waiting sort of patiently, her patience has been wearing very thin.

Lexa chuckles at Clarke’s eagerness and the way it sounds like her girlfriend expected her to jump
Clarke tugs at the hem of Lexa’s shirt. “You’re wearing too many clothes, Lex.” She says with a seductive tone, wanting her girlfriend to get undressed. It’s been driving her insane to know that she’s old enough and that nothing happened yet. She had waited for Lexa to make a move, but since she didn’t, she decided to make a move.

“I’m not the only one who’s wearing too many clothes.” Lexa retorts. She pauses for a moment to see Clarke’s reaction.

Clarke smiles coyly, happy to hear where this is going. “Then you’ll have to do something about that.” She says coolly, wanting Lexa to take action.

Lexa keeps her expressions neutral, not giving anything away. “Maybe I will.” She replies oddly calm, as jolts of electricity course through her body.

“Aw come on.” Clarke pouts once again. She knows that even though she’s eighteen now, she’s still a student. “I won’t tell anyone, it’ll be our little secret.” She knows it still has to be kept quiet, which is fine by her. At this point she’s more than used to keep their relationship a secret. If anything, it makes all of this more exciting. It adds an extra adrenalin rush to make sure not to get caught.

Lexa knows she won’t be able to say no to Clarke and at this point, she doesn’t really have to. She presses her lips firmly against her girlfriend’s lips, while unbuttoning Clarke’s pants with her slender fingers. This is something they have both wanted for a long time now and she has fantasized many times about what it will be like to taste her girlfriend.

Clarke has to break their kiss for a moment to lift Lexa’s shirt over her head and discard it onto the floor. She nips at the soft skin at the nape of her girlfriend’s neck, lightly grazing her teeth over it. When she bites, she soothes each bite with her tongue, while her hands move up to cup Lexa’s breasts over the lacy fabric of her bra. She slides one hand behind her girlfriend’s back to unclasp her bra, kissing Lexa’s shoulders while lowering the straps and flinging the bra to the floor.

Lexa slips her hands under Clarke’s shirt and slowly rides it up, lifting it over her girlfriend’s head and letting it find its way on her floor. With ease and quick fingers, she unclasps Clarke’s bra. She bends down and kisses the valley of her girlfriend’s breasts, letting her lips linger for a few seconds. There’s no time to rush any of this and she wants to enjoy every second of it, wants to make every second last, for Clarke and for herself.

Clarke fumbles with the buttons of Lexa’s pants and when she undoes it, she crouches down while slides her girlfriend’s pants down to her ankles. She softly taps Lexa’s legs, so her girlfriend will step out of her pants, to ensure Lexa wouldn’t trip on them. When she stands back up, her girlfriend’s lips crash against her own in a hungry kiss.

Lexa slowly lowers Clarke’s pants. When she kneels down, she takes her time. Her girlfriend lifts her left foot up first and when she does, she holds Clarke’s foot in her hand for a few seconds and presses a tender kiss to her soft skin. When her girlfriend lifts her right foot up next, she repeats her movements.

Clarke looks down in awe at Lexa, who is knelt down in front of her and kissing her so tenderly, with so much care. There’s no doubt that she loves her girlfriend and that she wants a future with her, no matter how long it would take to build one. She’ll wait as long as necessary, as long as it
Lexa kisses her way up Clarke’s leg, adoring every inch of her girlfriend’s body. Both of them are only clad in their underwear now. She can see the wet patch of arousal on Clarke’s panties. When she reaches her girlfriend’s hipbones, she bites gently to tease her.

Clarke reaches out for Lexa’s hand, willing her to stand up. She cups one hand behind her girlfriend’s neck and rests the other at the small of Lexa’s back, while smashing their lips together. Her tongue is ravishing and needy, wanting to explore her girlfriend’s mouth like she never explored it before.

Lexa steps carefully, letting Clarke’s body move with hers. Since their eyes are closed, she has to make sure they don’t bump into anything, so her girlfriend wouldn’t get hurt. Even though she knows her apartment quite well, they have to break their kiss when they nearly trip over their discarded clothes.

Clarke chuckles lightly, pleased how Lexa circled one arm around her waist to prevent her from falling. She knows her girlfriend is always gentle with her, always making sure she wouldn’t get hurt. Deciding to be bold again, like she had been the first time she met Lexa, she takes her girlfriend’s hand firmly in her own and tugs her along, to walk towards Lexa’s bedroom.

Lexa wordlessly follows Clarke into her bedroom. She smiles at how fast her girlfriend opens the door and closes it again. They both know clearly what they want.

Clarke dips her fingers under the waistband of Lexa’s panties and strokes once, intending to merely tease her girlfriend. She pulls her fingers back and winks at Lexa.

Lexa lets out a low growl at the loss of contact. She pins Clarke against the door of her bedroom and takes her panties off, leaving her girlfriend naked in front of her. To tease Clarke back, she kisses her inner thighs. Her lips ghosts over her girlfriend’s sex, but before she can touch Clarke, she pulls away, giving her a taste of her own medicine.

Clarke whimpers at what almost happened. Okay, after being a tease she deserved Lexa teasing her back. She brought this upon herself, but that doesn’t mean she’s done teasing yet. Swiftly, she removes her girlfriend’s panties, smiling at the way Lexa is glistering.

“Mhm, Lex.” Clarke moans and bites her bottom lip. “I need you on the bed.”

Lexa gasps as Clarke moans, sending a new wave of arousal through her core. She backs her girlfriend up against her bed, holding Clarke to slowly let her lie down. When her girlfriend tries to switch their position, she stops her.

Clarke holds her breath for a moment when Lexa pins her down. Here she was, thinking she would be the one taking control. It’s interesting to see her girlfriend trying to be dominant.

Lexa caresses Clarke’s cheek with the back of her index finger. “Are you going to be a good girl, Clarke?” She asks, popping the K in her mouth just the way her girlfriend likes it.

Clarke moans when Lexa presses a knee between her legs, causing friction. “No, I don’t so.” She replies, whispering. At this moment she can only be bad, very bad.

“Are you telling me you’re going to be a bad girl?”

Oh dear god, Clarke did not see this coming. “Yes, very bad.” She says with a sultry tone, wanting to spur Lexa on further.
Lexa presses her knee down harder, increasing the friction for Clarke. For far too long, her girlfriend has been teasing her, messing with her mind and putting her at the brink of losing her self-control. Now she will have Clarke at her mercy and she has a lot of experience to tap into. She revels at every sound and every moan she receives from her girlfriend.

Clarke’s breath hitches in her throat when Lexa leans down and bites her earlobe, humming in her ear. She shouldn’t have underestimated her girlfriend, because she didn’t expect this at all, but she likes it.

Lexa circles her fingertip around one of Clarke’s nipples, leisurely slow. “In that case, I will have to punish you.” She purrs. With skillful lips, she kisses her girlfriend’s breasts.

“Ah fuck.” Clarke moans when Lexa takes one of her nipples in her mouth while rolling her other nipple between her fingers, pinching it lightly. “Fuck, Lex.” She moans louder. This is bad, her girlfriend is barely touching her and she can feel herself getting close already. “Lex, please.” She begs. “I need more.”

Lexa places her index finger against Clarke’s lips to silence her. “Patience, my love.” She husks, planning to take her time.

Clarke throws her head back when Lexa cups her sex, softly stroking her. Her girlfriend is going to drive her insane. She has waited months for this moment to happen, for Lexa to touch her like that.

Lexa kisses a trial of butterfly kisses all over Clarke’s chest. She smiles when her girlfriend bucks her hips upward, needing friction. “You are gorgeous, Clarke.” She whispers earnestly, as her eyes worship the goddess underneath her.

Clarke feels heat rushing to her cheeks at Lexa’s honest admission. “I love you, Lex.” She replies, pouring her feelings into those words, unable to ever add enough depth to them, because of how deeply she truly loves her girlfriend.

Lexa rolls a lock of Clarke’s hair between her fingers. “I love you too, Clarke.” As she speaks those words, she knows she’ll never get tired of saying them every day. She lowers herself and fights back a smile when her girlfriend opens her legs, so eager, so impatient, although she can’t blame Clarke. After all, her girlfriend did wait months for that type of release.

Clarke moans when she feels Lexa’s tongue flatting against her center. She has dreamed about this so often, but this is much better than all her dreams combined. Right now her girlfriend is an angel who is taking her to heaven.

Lexa moans upon tasting Clarke and she knows her girlfriend is her new favorite flavor from now on. Clarke tastes like a mixture of sweet and salty, mixed just right. “You’ve been eating fruit.” She mumbles, tasting the sweetness on her tongue.

“Yes.” Clarke replies. “I have.” She doesn’t convey the fact how much fruit she has been eating before she came over to Lexa’s place, or how Octavia and Raven had laughed when she sat at the kitchen table, eating five pieces of fruit while they gave her a knowing look because they knew she’d be going to her girlfriend’s place.

Lexa is sure Clarke would have tasted delicious either way, fruit or no fruit. She slips two digits inside of her girlfriend, pumping her fingers in and out.

“Ahh, fu-fuck.” Clarke moans. “Lex…” She cries out when she’s getting close. “Lex, I’m going to-ah.”
“Be a good girl, Clarke.” Lexa says, with a demanding tone. “Let go for me.” She moves her fingers faster and curls them, hitting the spot that will push Clarke over the edge.

Clarke screams as she comes. “Fuck! Lex!” She shouts loudly, unable to be silent.

Lexa has a bright smile plastered on her face. “Someone is loud.” She teases, surprised by how loud Clarke has been.

Before Clarke can react or come down from her high, Lexa’s tongue is teasing her clit. “Ah, Lex…” She moans. This feeling is too intense. She clamps her legs around her girlfriend’s head, but Lexa is relentless.

Lexa laps up all of Clarke’s juices and continues to tease her, wanting her girlfriend to cum again. She can tell by the way Clarke is moaning and trying to close her legs that it’s intense, but this is a little payback for how often her girlfriend has teased her, along with a little reminder for Clarke about who she’s dealing with.

Clarke sees spots and stars dancing in front of her eyelids and she shuts her eyes. She has never felt anything this intense ever before, never had such a skilled lover. “Fuck, Lex.” She moans. “Fuck!” She topples over the edge, into her second orgasm. “Lex, please.” She begs. “Too intense.”

Lexa pulls away, feeling like she has teased Clarke enough, for the time being. She can hear how loud her girlfriend is panting. Her pour young lover, struggling to keep up with her.

“God, Lex…” Clarke says while trying to catch her breath. “How do you even… I can’t even…” It is mind blowing what Lexa can do with her fingers and her tongue. “I might come here every night from now on, although I’m not sure if I can handle that, because fuck… god.”

Lexa feels a swell of pride upon hearing how pleasuring this was for Clarke. “I have wanted to taste you for so long.” She admits, happy that she finally got the chance to taste her girlfriend. “How are you feeling?”

“I feel like I’m in some kind of pure bliss. If I knew this is what you’re capable of, I would have never stopped you that night, weeks ago.” Clarke shamelessly admits. No, if she had known this, she would have had her way with Lexa when they first met at that club.

Lexa thrusts one finger inside of Clarke, feeling her slick wetness and her heat. She smiles as her girlfriend gasps. “Are you ready, Clarke?”

“Wha-what?” Clarke replies shocked. She just had two very intense orgasms that she’s trying to come down from. Now feels like a bad time to mention something she brought with her, although she’s curious to know Lexa’s reaction. “I uh… you know that plastic bag I brought with me?”

“Yes.” Lexa replies, having seen the bag. “What about it?” She wonders what Clarke has brought with her, because she has no clue.

Clarke sits up a bit and smiles bashfully, feeling nervous. She’s not sure how Lexa will react or if her girlfriend would even be okay with it, because she doesn’t want to send the wrong message. “Well I uh… I brought a toy.” She answers shyly. “I don’t know how you feel about toys. If you don’t like it, then we don’t have to use it.” She doesn’t want to give Lexa the feeling like she would need or desire something like that, because she’s bisexual. The toy has nothing to do with her sexuality, but she has had girlfriends in her past who accused her of wanting it because she would want a guy.

Lexa can tell Clarke is nervous to even suggest this. “I have used toys before, Clarke.” She
assures her girlfriend, since it’s not new territory to her. It has been a while since she used any, but
it’s not something she would be unfamiliar with. “If you want to use toys, we can.” She’s not
going to withhold Clarke from trying what she likes.

Clarke leaps up from Lexa’s bed, feeling more confident now after having heard her girlfriend’s
reaction. “Okay wait here, I’ll go get it.” She says quickly before running out of Lexa’s bedroom.

Lexa licks her lips while she watches Clarke walking out of her bedroom. This is going to be a
long and interesting weekend, yet nowhere near long enough. Her time with her girlfriend always
ends too soon for her liking.

Clarke walks back into Lexa’s bedroom with a harness that has a dildo strapped on to it. To say
that she had certain expectations for this weekend would be an understatement. “Is this okay?”
She asks her girlfriend, wanting to be sure Lexa doesn’t mind.

Lexa nods and holds her hand out.

Clarke gasps as she sees what Lexa wants. “Lex, you already got me two times.” She says,
shocked at what her girlfriend wants to do.

“I have some catching up to do.” Lexa replies, not giving up. “This weekend I want to pleasure
you.” She wants to make sure Clarke thoroughly enjoys this weekend.

Clarke gives in, because Lexa is right. It’s not fair how several times she teased her girlfriend and
made her orgasm, while Lexa couldn’t reciprocate. She lies down on her girlfriend’s bed and
watches as Lexa puts the harness on. Nobody ever used something like that on her, but it was her
idea and she wants it. Sizing the dildo up, she realizes she probably should have bought a smaller
one.

Lexa kisses Clarke’s jaw and positions the head of the dildo at her girlfriend’s entrance. “Are you
sure about this, Clarke?” She asks, needing Clarke’s consent before even thinking about going
further.

“Mhm.” Clarke bites her bottom lip. She’s sure she wants this, since she’s already dripping wet
and probably thoroughly ruining Lexa’s sheets. “Just, go slow.”

Lexa slowly eases the tip in, carefully watching over Clarke, to see how her girlfriend is taking it.
When she sees a dreamy smile on Clarke’s face, she gently moves the dildo in deeper.

Clarke moans as it stretches her. “Ah yes… Lex…” She cries out, wanting and needing more.
“Ke-keep going.”

Lexa pushes it in deeper, supporting herself with her hands so her weight doesn’t lean on top of
Clarke.

“Kiss me, Lex.”

Lexa obliges and leans down, sliding the dildo fully inside of Clarke while their lips meet. She
holds still for a while, letting her girlfriend adjust to the size and depth. “Does it hurt, my love?”
She asks, while caressing Clarke’s cheek.

“A little bit.” Clarke replies earnestly. She knows she just needs some time to get used to it. “You
can move it slowly.”

Lexa listens to Clarke’s words and moves slowly, thrusting it in and out. When her girlfriend
moans and asks her to go a bit faster, she picks up the pace.
Clarke tangles her legs around Lexa’s and as carefully as possible, switch their position so she is on top. She cups her girlfriend’s breasts and kneads them, while slowly lowering herself on top of the dildo.

Lexa’s mouth runs dry when she sees Clarke’s breasts bouncing. Her fingers ache and she brings her hands up to hold her girlfriend’s amazing soft and creamy looking breasts.

Clarke cries out when she feels her orgasm building. She smiles when she hears Lexa moaning loudly. “Who is loud now?” She teases, but is quickly silent when she’s getting close. “Cum with me, Lex.” She pleads.

Lexa lightly digs her nails in Clarke’s hips. “Ooo-ooh, Clarke.” She moans as she comes. “So good.” She sees the sheen of perspiration which glistens on her girlfriend’s tummy and breasts.

Clarke falls down on top of Lexa, feeling spent. Beads of sweat decorate her body. She pushes herself up, off of the dildo and takes the harness off.

Lexa is speechless when Clarke lowers herself between her legs and grasps her thighs firmly with her soft hands.

Clarke licks Lexa’s center, wanting to taste her, eagerly lapping up all of her sweet nectar. She gives her girlfriend long slow licks with varying depths, listening as Lexa moans for her. With nimble fingers and expertise, she spreads her girlfriend’s folds, revealing the sensitive bud.

Lexa breaths become more quick and shallow with each lick and thrust. She can feel Clarke slipping two digits deep inside of her, pumping at a pace that sends her arousal through the roof.

Clarke flicks her tongue around Lexa’s clit and sucks on it, knowing that soon she’ll send her girlfriend over the edge and taste her again.

Lexa’s body is heaving. “Cla-arke.” She cries out, as she builds towards her climax. Nobody has ever been this good in bed before. How wrong she was when she thought she would go to hell when truly Clarke is sending her to heaven. “Ahhh, Clarke, yes.”

Clarke licks more hungrily, wanting Lexa to cum for her, and cum she does. Her chin is coated with her girlfriend’s wetness. She cleans it up with her finger and savors every drop. “We should take this into the shower.” She suggests, knowing they both can use a shower at this point.

Lexa smiles and pulls Clarke into a bruising kiss. She readily allows her girlfriend’s probing tongue into her mouth, to deepen their passionate and heated kiss. Having a secret has never felt so good.

Clarke lightly bites Lexa’s bottom lip, teasing her again. She’ll never get enough of her girlfriend and she will always want more. When their kiss breaks, she takes Lexa’s hand in hers to guide her towards the bathroom, taking the lead again.

Lexa squeezes Clarke’s hand and tugs hardly, making her girlfriend stumble back into her arms, purposely reeling her in. She winds her arms around Clarke’s waist and kisses her, pouring all her love into their kiss.

Clarke is grinning mischievously while her eyes sparkle as she slips into the bathroom with Lexa. “Our little secret.” She husks. “I love you, Lex.”

Lexa kisses Clarke’s neck, brushing her girlfriend’s hair out of the way. “I love you too, Clarke.” She replies as she etches every ounce of love into Clarke’s skin with every kiss.
Clarke spins around and their eyes meet. Their eye contact is intense. She ghosts her lips over Lexa’s, barely brushing.

Lexa takes Clarke’s angelic face in her hands, softly brushing her thumbs over her girlfriend’s delicate skin. She leans in and tastes Clarke’s sweet lips.

Clarke wraps her arms around Lexa’s waist and holds her tight against her warm naked body. Their tongues intertwine, dancing around like they haven’t before. She drops her head against her girlfriend’s shoulder and lets out a slow breath.

Lexa is thinking about how lovely Clarke smells. She kisses the crown of her girlfriend’s head and guides her towards the shower, turning the knob on to let the water stream down. Clarke is like delicious forbidden fruit, only for her to taste. This moment all of this is their little secret.

Clarke holds Lexa tightly and vows to herself she will never let this treasure go. With every breath she has, she will love her girlfriend and she will let Lexa know how much she means to her. She can feel it in her heart that her girlfriend is the one and for as long as her heart beats, it will beat for Lexa.

As they lean in towards each other once more, their love for each other is passed on, with nothing more than the brush of their lips.

Chapter End Notes

So... that's a wrap. I hope it was satisfying enough.

666, I'm such a devil. ;)

End Notes

I like Teacher/Student combinations (in fiction).

Kudos and comments are appreciated. I'd like to know your thoughts. :)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!