Welcome to Trigeda Industries, Ms Griffin

by commandmetobewell

Summary

With the help of a close friend, Clarke manages to land an internship at Trigeda Industries, a multibillion dollar technology corporation, in an effort to pay off her student loans and get a reference for her résumé. What starts out as a seemingly boring job soon takes a sharp turn when she manages to get herself trapped in an elevator with an alluring and confident brunette that is single-handedly the most gorgeous woman she's ever seen.

So… just who exactly is this mysterious Green Eyes?
This is just smut.

It's 4:15am. I'm still slightly tipsy, and apparently I have an aesthetic for Fine Stud!Lexa smut.

A small disclaimer: I know almost nothing about dicks or the Daddy!Kink so if this is absolute trash, please feel free to ignore the entire existence of this piece because honest to God I have no idea what compelled me to even think about doing this, let alone staying up to write this in a single setting while mildly drunk. Then again, there's always a time to try new things, right? The fuck if I know I'm still baffled I did this. I'm going to sleep now and pretend this never happened.

My mother would be ashamed.

EDIT: I've fixed some of the (many) errors now that I'm sober and awake but holy shit what the fuck is 90% of this? I'm not shitting you when I say that I have absolutely zero recollection of writing this.

See the end of the work for more notes.
The Elevator

Chapter Summary

Clarke gets trapped with a mysterious woman in an elevator.

Chapter Notes

smutsmutsmutsmut

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Clarke stands at the base of the elevator with three other interns, feeling out of place.

Of course Wells Jaha just had to pick this place for her internship. It'll be good, Clarke! It pays well, Clarke! You can't go wrong, Clarke!

Yeah, sure.

 Granted, she should be happy -- more than happy -- considering that there's no better reference than Trigeda Industries and as an art history major in her last year of university, her CV can use all the sprucing she can get. It's just the environment that bothers her. She can practically smell the stink of arrogance in the three other interns, with their stupid spicy colognes and their overpriced business suits that could probably pay for three months of her rent. She's not dirt poor, but she's not exactly in the high class. Money isn't exactly something she can be waving around like these dickheads. Clarke scowls when one of the interns, the one with a beak for a nose and crooked teeth that remind her of a crocodile, flashes her a wry grin as if to challenge her presence.

"This way," the man who'd greeted them at the entrance grunts, "you will be debriefed by the director of human resources."

Clarke doesn't remember his name as he steps out, but she certainly knows that calling him Baldy might end up in her premature exit. It's not like she's going to last long here, she thinks to herself as she adjusts her pressed skirt and fiddles with the collar on her shirt. The three other interns pad after with their confident swagger that nearly breaks Clarke's resolve. They're lead into a conference room that overlooks the city skyline. Clarke's insides flip when she sees the view, of the tiny cars buzzing about in the busy streets several stories below. This would make for a perfect inspiration for her next piece.

Capitalism: A View From the Top.

Fitting, Clarke thinks, considering the system is a giant fucking turd-pile of nothing but corruption.

"Alright everyone take a seat," a raspy growl causes them all to turn around. A woman, maybe in her late twenties, stalks into the room wearing a well-fitted suit and three inch heels. Her cheekbones are high and sharp enough to cut through steel. Her eyes, a dark mocha with flecks of green and hazel, pierce through the four people. Clarke hears one of the interns beside her restrain themselves from wolf-whistling, but when she glances over, she's surprised to see that it's the
caramel skin brunette that'd nearly spilt her coffee on her earlier this morning. What was her name? Ragen? Ralen? Ray-something.

"My name is Anya," the woman with the amazing cheekbones says, "and I'm the director of HR. You're here for a six week internship, where you will be working within the higher team. All of you should be lucky, most of the newbies get stuck on coffee runs and insignificant busy work. Here at Trigeda Industries, you select few will be learning to shadow the executives in meetings and getting a chance to see how the corporate world runs internally."

"Sick," the beak-nosed man says. Anya glares over at him and Clarke has to hold back a chuckle when he visibly shrinks.

"Any questions?" Anya asks in a tone that suggests that if there are any questions, they shouldn't be dumb ones. Still a bit confused as to the business world, Clarke holds back the urge to question anything and instead keeps her mouth shut. The girl beside her is still eyeing up the director, who catches her gaze and narrows it slightly, but not in a threatening manner. Clarke raises a brow but the woman stands before she can think past the simple glance.

"Good," she says shortly, "wait here for Titus to pick you up and take you to your assigned desks."

Titus, Clarke thinks as she watches the bald man walk back into the room. So that's what his name was, she muses. He leads them through the busy offices until they come to the back. The beak-nosed man and his buddy are told to go towards the desks near the water cooler, while Clarke and the brunette are lead to the front where the CEO's secretary is sitting at her desk. He flashes her a smile, one that she doesn't reciprocate, and Clarke shivers.

"Indra," Titus says as he points to the two women, "I have the interns."

"And what do you want me to do?" She asks, quirking a brow as she keeps her attention on the screen, furiously typing away. "Set them to work."

"Want to give them an introduction as to what they're going to be doing?"

"No."

Titus grumbles and motions for Clarke and the other girl to their desks before giving them a rundown as to what their positions are. For the most part it's pretty clear. Clarke has to just shadow the executives, take notes, file a report, and bam, she's done. The other girl, that she's now learned to be named Raven Reyes, gets a similar deal and is told that she and Clarke will be working together in their first project. Titus leaves them, but not without passing another glare at an unbothered Indra. Clarke settles in her desk and tries not to gawk at the incredibly expensive equipment that surrounds her.

"Pretty cool for a first internship, huh?" Raven grins at her, waggling her eyebrows as she relaxes in her seat like this isn't some billion dollar enterprise. "It's basically every techies' dream job." Clarke only smiles and nods, cursing herself for wasting her time at Octavia's party instead of bothering to learn anything about the corporation. Raven doesn't seem to miss the blank expression in her eyes and the brunette throws her head back and chuckles.

"You have no idea where you are, do you?" Raven asks smugly, leaning forward on her desk. Clarke looks around before licking her lips.

"Is it that obvious?"

"Other than the fact that you don't seem to be nearly as excited as you should be and you probably
no clue who our boss is," Raven says, but as she goes to finish her sentence, she's interrupted by the sound of a throat clearing. Clarke snaps her head up to see Indra with a stack of papers, held out to Clarke's face. The blonde doesn't know what to do until Indra growls something and shoves the papers in her direction, urging her to take the stack.

"Marketing is on the fourth floor. Drop this off and pick up the package from Gustus. He'll meet you at the elevator," she grunts out, shoving them into her hands before stalking back to her desk. Clarke looks to the papers and then over to a chuckling Raven and sighs. She didn't even want this job.

Stupid student loans.

Clarke gets up and leaves behind a mocking Raven as she walks over to the elevator. She hits the button and waits until the doors open. The cubicle is empty as she rides down to the fourth floor, where low and behold, a stocky man who's probably an entire two heads taller than her, dressed to impress in a three-piece grey suit is waiting, talking to a woman who's got her back to her. Clarke waits patiently, not wanting to screw up her position at this random company with the smallest slip up of being rude. The woman he's talking to has a husky voice and as Clarke's eyes wander down those tight muscles barely concealed in her black suit, she can't help but marvel at the toned shape of her calves and ass. Again, she chastises herself and looks away with a blush.

This isn't college Clarke, it's the real world. Smarten up.

Clarke cringes at how much it sounds like something her mother would say.

"Do you need something?" Gustus speaks over the woman's shoulder, eyeing her both with amusement and annoyance. Clarke clears her throat and hands out the papers to him, watching as he raises his brow. Is that a common trait in the business world? She doesn't have time to ponder the thought because the woman that Gustus had been talking to has now turned to face her, and in that moment, Clarke's breath is completely taken away.

Clarke has seen many beautiful women in her life. Fuck, she's slept with plenty of beautiful women but none of them compare to this woman. Right off the bat, all Clarke can sense is assertiveness, authority, prowess -- something that soak's her panties even with the slightest glance at the woman's wavy chestnut locks that are thrown just right over her shoulder. Maybe it's something in the way she's leaning to the side with a hand in her pocket and her shoulders back -- the perfect pose for a a total power stance. Or maybe it's the freshly ironed white collar shirt that seems to hug her in a perfect fit, stretching across beautiful bronzed skin and tight muscles. Or it's the leather shoes or the slim pants or the fucking cufflinks. But Clarke knows that it's really not any of that. It's all in the eyes. Those blazing greens that seem to scour their way into her soul, that make her insides burn with want.

"Ms…?" Gustus trails off as he catches her attention again, this time slightly more annoyed than amused. Clarke gulps and hands him the papers.

"Griffin," she says as she nods to the package he's holding, "I'm the intern. Indra sent me to pick that up, I think."

"Right," Gustus says, still eyeing her warily as he hands over the box, "I wouldn't want to keep her long."

Clarke nods, knowing that it's best if she just walks away now before causing herself anymore embarrassment. She swiftly turns and heads to the elevator, only to find that the woman is standing there, apparently waiting for one. Clarke grits her teeth and prays to whatever Gods exist in the world that she's heading down (not that kind of down, Griffin, she scolds herself) and not to
the top floor. They stand side by side, with the other woman exerting an air of nonchalance as the soft ding startles Clarke from her thoughts. They both enter and Clarke's heart stops when she sees the woman push the top button.

"Floor?" The woman asks, and holy shit, Clarke is sure she's dripping now. It's all rasp and low and saccharine, and fuck, those eyes.

"Same one," she stammers out as she watches the doors close, "I'm the intern." Great work, Griffin, you can't even speak.

The woman lets out a soft chuckle but doesn't say anything as she lets her other hand slip into the opposite pocket. For some damned reason, they stop on every other floor, picking up and dropping off people along the way. The whole time Clarke notices how the mysterious woman greets them, like she knows all of the damned employees at this massive building. The people often joke and laugh with her, and Clarke realizes that the steely glances are nothing in comparison to that wolfish smile and the alluring sparks that flicker through those electric green eyes. Clarke has to gulp to hold herself together.

At the fourteenth floor, everyone gets off bare for the woman and herself. They continue to ascend towards the top, but then something screeches.

Clarke yelps and nearly drops the package as the lights and music in the elevator stutter and then power off. Of course, she curses as she sees the other woman barely react besides sighing and fumbling in her pocket for her phone, of course this had to happen now. She prays again, even swears to not party as hard, swears to think about med-school, so long as the elevator powers back on and she's not trapped with this gorgeous woman for another moment. "No signal," the woman mutters as she pockets her phone and looks over the Clarke with a concerned expression. If it weren't for the barely concealed, almost dirty, smirk that tugs at her lips, Clarke would've thought she was being genuine, but really she can breathe the teasing scent from where she stands. Clarke just stares on in confusion, a little displeased that the action wasn't what she'd thought of in her head. Pull it together, Griffin. Stop being a horndog for thirty seconds. Be strong for Mother.

Clarke can't help but scoff inwardly at that last part.

"How do you expect to fix it?" She asks as she watches Green Eyes unsnap her cufflinks and roll her sleeves up to her elbows, revealing one arm covered in tattoos and raging forearm muscles. Again, the blonde gulps and subtly closes her legs when she watches the woman approach the panel and pry it open. She reaches into the back pocket of her suit pants and whips out a mini swiss-army knife. She breaks into the lock on the electrical wiring and Clarke has to turn away at how those fine muscles bulge slightly as she works through the wires. Suddenly remembering that they're high up, Clarke panics.
"No offense," she says as she fights the urge to close the distance between them, "but do you know what you're doing?"

"Yes," Green Eyes offers slickly, not looking her way. Clarke rolls her eyes at the arrogance, but it still causes her palms to grow clammy.

“We should just wait for someone to help,” Clarke says as she pries off her own blazer at the heat of her blushing. Green Eyes just chuckles, deep and sweet.

“Something tells me that you’d rather get out of here as quickly as possible,” she says as she pockets the knife and begins fiddling with the wiring. Clarke furrows her brows in confusion. After a beat of silence, the woman turns and smirks at her, her eyes wandering up and down Clarke’s frame without shame.

“I can smell you from here.”

Clarke’s mouth opens in shock. “That’s rude, I don’t smell.” Green Eyes doesn’t respond, bare for the widening of her dastardly smirk, showing perfect teeth that Clarke can’t help but imagine nipping at her neck or biting her lip. She wards off the intruding thoughts and fights another involuntary blush. But it doesn’t matter, because Green Eyes is still staring at her with that stupid cocky grin that makes her stomach flip with a canting want, a fire that she can’t fucking tame. The air in the cramped space grows hot and tense, heavy.

And then, she’s shot to space when the brunette practically growls.

“Not that kind of smell, Princess.”

“Princess?” Clarke echoes breathily, but she gets no response – nothing but that chilling, almost animalistic stare that causes her throat to dry up.

She watches as Green Eyes leaves the panel alone and stalks over to her without breaking the stare. The blonde drops the package to the floor as the taller brunette corners her into the small space. Both of her hands slowly and smoothly glide up the corners of the elevator wall, showing off the biceps and deltoid muscles that ache to rip that thin collared shirt apart. She palms the fine mahogany until she’s pushing down on it, as if to refrain herself from the beast within that wants to just take the blonde quivering in front of her. But there’s that classy respect Green Eyes exerts to maintain just enough space.

Clarke is cornered and she’s frozen.

The brunette’s shirt is stretched tight around her toned arms, and the artist inside Clarke sends her eyes wandering down to the intricate right sleeve, to the designs of tribal tattoos that she wants nothing more than to sketch and memorize. They wind and dip into those rolled up sleeves at her elbow and she practically whines when she can see that there are more underneath the near-translucent material. Green Eyes dons a Rolex on the left wrist, silver and black and encrusted with small fucking diamonds and Clarke knows that this woman isn’t some intern or desk clerk. She’s gotta be somebody important.

Because really, what kind of woman that young owns a Rolex?

Green Eyes only smirks again at how Clarke’s gaze wanders, her teeth tugging her bottom lip into her mouth and lightly biting it with enough tease to cause Clarke to stifle a whimper. The brunette waits until Clarke’s eyes are back on hers before she leans a little closer, their foreheads just millimetres away. It’s then that the blonde can take in the slightest whiff of a spicy cologne. It’s an intoxicating smell, one that nearly has her crumbling to her knees.
And then Clarke can’t breathe because suddenly Green Eyes is leaning into her left side, her warm breath tickling the sensitive skin of her ear as she chuckles again, a growly rasp that sends shivers down Clarke’s spine and into her loins.

“Wouldn’t want to be the intern that gets caught fucking in the elevator, right?”

_Fuck, _she thinks as her face turns beet red, at least warn a girl first.

"I… I have no idea what you're talking about," Clarke stammers out but it's a lie. She can tell that Green Eyes knows it's a such a fucking lie, but she can’t help but keep her stare engrained to those burning green eyes when the taller woman pulls back with another airy chuckle. She swallows and rubs the back of her neck, trying to ignore how sensitive and slick her skin has become. The woman just leans back, all swagger and arrogance as her eyes continue blaze a path down her body. Damn her if Clarke gulps because _no one _has ever looked at her like this, all intent and predatory and so fucking _aroused._

"Of course," the woman replies with a smug wink, "I'm sure that it wouldn't matter if I told you that we're gonna be stuck in here for a few hours."

"Bullshit," Clarke hisses, still unsure as to why the proximity of the other woman has her heart leaping into her throat. "Fix it or shut up."

"You're telling _me _what to do?" Green Eyes practically growls as her hands press tighter against the walls. "Fix it or shut up."

"You're telling me what to do?" Clarke challenges back, though her voice cracks as she feels something brush against her tight-clad thigh. Surprise filters through her expression, and for a second she sees a hint of concern and… timidness flash through Green Eyes' gaze. Like she's prepared to be turned away from what's under her belt. The brief flicker of insecurity only further causes the blonde to preen in desire. Clarke smirks this time, letting her hips cant upwards in the slightest amount to chase the fleeting warmth that twitches against her thigh. Again, the brunette glowers and snarls, but the previous apprehension is gone. Her fingernails scrape down the mahogany walls as she bites her lip harder, her eyes taking on a searing expression as she inches even closer.

"Who do you want me to be?" Green Eyes asks smoothly, her gaze flickering to the blonde's lips. Clarke gulps and tilts her head down.

"Depends," she whispers as another twitch upon her thigh sends shivers down her spine, "but where."

Green Eyes only chuckles as she lets her thumb trace over the smooth line of her jaw. Clarke doesn't know when or how she'd managed to nod her head up and press her lips to the other woman's pair, but she realizes that there's nothing softer and sweeter than this mystery woman's lips. But then Green Eyes is taking control, and holy fuck, Clarke is _soaked._ It's a clash of teeth and tongue and it's rough and _hot _and when Clarke parts her mouth, her tongue is strong and deft,
licking against the roof of her mouth and then slashing its way across her teeth. It's the perfect amount of aggression and lust.

"Where?" Green Eyes whispers into her mouth like she's trying to draw the air from her lungs. Clarke can't keep her hands to herself this time as she reaches out and palms at her suit pants, her fingers scrabbling for purchase on the bulge that jumps under her trembling grip. Clarke closes her eyes and tries to control her breathing as she feels those soft lips begin to trail a line down from her mouth to her jaw, and then to her neck, and soon enough those damned teeth are scraping against her collar and Clarke is winded once more. Her hands tremble upon the brunette's belt, fumbling for the buckle.

"Easy baby girl," Green Eyes hums and Clarke can't hold back the mewl that leaves her lips, "slow."

Clarke just nods as one of the brunette's hands finds her own and draws it away from her belt and instead pins it above her head. The taller woman's hands are soft but calloused, the hands of a woman who makes things and now she can see the confidence. They're rough and experienced but so damned smooth and womanly in the same. A gentle thumb strokes over the fine hairs upon the back of her wrist as Green Eyes just leans her forehead against her own, pepperling light kisses to her nose and her cheek so softly, like she's about to break. And maybe she is, because the brunette's hips are snuggly pressed to her own and that bulge jealously twitches again. Clarke bites her lip to stifle the moan when she feels how hot and fucking needy she feels.

"Now tell me," Green Eyes murmurs as her lips find her own again, "where do you want me, Princess?"

"God," Clarke chokes out as she whimpers under the brunette's eager tongue tracing the line of her jaw, "everywhere. Fuck, just please…"

"Please?" Green Eyes asks as she cocks her head to stare into Clarke's pleading gaze. "Please what?"

"Fuck," Clarke cries out when that thumb strokes her hand again, "fuck me."

"I can feel how wet you are," Green Eyes sighs as she lets her other hand drop to sneak under her skirt, finding the result of their foreplay. "You soaked your panties didn't you, baby girl? You're absolutely drenched." The kink doesn't pass over Clarke's head, and even though she's usually the dominant one in her relationships, she can't help but melt under this girl's gaze. But when those fingers trace over the residue leaking from those wet undies, she cries out.

"Hmm," Green Eyes mumbles as she removes her slick fingers and raises them to her face. Clarke watches with wide eyes as those long, slender and boney fingers, absolutely coated in just the outermost layer of her lust, disappear into her mouth. Green Eyes's gaze stays glued to her own as she sucks.

"Delicious."

Clarke shivers again and bucks her hips upwards involuntarily. Green Eyes only chuckles and lays her slick palm against her lower abdomen, pushing down her hips before she leans down to kiss Clarke again, slowly and sensually, and that's when the blonde can taste herself. She's tangy and sweet with a pinch of salt, and when it's mixed with the brunette's own spicy flavour, she can't help but moan into that hot mouth in search of more. There's a squeeze to the hand that Green Eyes has captured and Clarke presses deeper into the kiss, her throat closing up again as she seeks more friction on her aching clit.
"Princess," the woman growls between kisses, "I said slow."

"Anyone could come," Clarke whines against those candied, slightly puffy lips, "we could get caught--"

"Ssh, baby girl. Why don't you let me take care of you and then we can worry about other people," Green Eyes assures her with a hum, pulling back to flash her a sweet smirk. Her eyes are dancing with raw power and control and Clarke can't help another tug against her nether regions. "How does that sound?"

"Okay," Clarke submits as she lets that deft hand crawl back under her skirt and palm the waistband of her panties. Her lips are met with soft caresses of assurance until Clarke slumps in the brunette's grip. As soon as she senses Clarke is relaxed, the tone shifts and Clarke gasps in pleasure.

In one smooth movement, Green Eyes peels her panties down and lets them drop to her ankles. They both look at the effect of their lust as some of it clings to the inside of her thighs while the slick continues to drip out of the apex of her legs. Clarke steps out of one of the holes as Green Eyes releases her other hand to place both palms on her hips. Her head nods upwards and she kisses Clarke roughly, all teeth and tongue again.

"Put your hands in my hair," she orders and Clarke obeys with a whimper, tangling her fingers through the soft silk of her scalp. Again, she removes their lips to stare into the blonde's shimmering blue eyes, searching for any sign of resistance or hesitance. A small spark blooms inside Clarke's heart at the silent consent as she nods, nonverbally letting her know that she is ready for whatever she has left in mind. Green Eyes' Cheshire cat smirk returns in full.

"Hold on tight," she murmurs, "and keep your hands on me, okay baby girl? Don't let go."

Clarke only nods as she watches Green Eyes kneel slowly, her hands palming down her thighs. Her calloused palms are so soft against her skin, all hot and rough as they duck under her skirt. Clarke gasps when those deft palms cup and groove at her ass with precise squeezes. She clenches her own fingers in Green Eyes' hair, earning a low growl from the other woman to not mess it up when she grips. Easing her hold, she feels those hands continue their gentle exploration. Fingers peel apart her moist lips and another growl sounds from the brunette's lips when she runs her thumb over her engorged clit.

Clarke feels one of her legs getting draped over the woman's shoulder, causing a small draft of cool air to brush against her lips. Green Eyes chuckles again as she continues her exploration, lightly fingering and playing with her moist folds. Clarke looks down to see those green eyes intent on her pussy, learning it and feeling it like she's got an exam on anatomy. A gasp parts her lips when the tip of her middle finger probes her tight entrance, lingering inside her clinging wet walls before withdrawing. One of the brunette's hands slides down to gently stroke her thigh before her head nods up.

"Ready?" She whispers as she turns her head to kiss that lifted thigh. Clarke nods furiously, closing her eyes in anticipation. Green Eyes growls.

"Say it," she hisses into her creamy skin, "tell me, Princess. Are you ready?"

"Fuck," Clarke mewls desperately, "yes, yes I'm ready. I want you to fuck me, daddy."

The word leaves her mouth before Clarke can even register it, but before she can take it back, Green Eyes lets out a fierce growl and manages to somehow hike her other leg on her opposite shoulder and push upwards so she slides up the elevator. Clarke's eyes shoot open and she cries
out as she finds herself sitting on the brunette's shoulders with her pussy in her face. Sure, she'd seen those muscles, but this is a whole new level of strong and Clarke is weak. Green Eyes' palms are on her ass, her arms bent at a perfect ninety degrees to hold her up like she weighs next to nothing. Clarke's fingers tangle in her soft locks once more and she finds herself trembling in her new lover's grip. She looks down to see Green Eyes nod up, confident and arrogant with the result of her sneaky trick. Clarke's inner walls clench around nothing at that stupid cocky smirk that infuriatingly drives her up the wall.

_Literally._

"Don't let go," she hisses as she nips one of Clarke's thighs, "and don't scream."

Clarke isn't prepared for the incessant probing of Green Eyes' tongue. Her fingers had been all gentle and smooth, but her tongue is something else. She's everywhere in the span of a second, lapping up the juices that steadily pour out from her pussy's throbbing entrance. Her nose tickles the small patch of blonde curls just above her lips, her tongue flicking up and down her clit to further swell those puffy lips. Clarke moans against gritted teeth and squeezes at the brunette's hair once more, urging her to go deeper. The hands on her ass turn from soft palming motions to a death claw that has her yelping.

"Daddy please," she begs as she undulates her lips closer to Green Eyes' hot mouth, "I need you inside, please."

The hot tongue that had been tracing absent letters and circles finally obeys her command, lingering at the base of her pussy to test the waters. Clarke's legs jerk when she feels the slick muscle dip inside slowly, and then retract with twice the speed. She's being teased as the process repeats, leaving Clarke on a deadly edge. Her hands are clawing into Green Eyes' scalp, but she can't be bothered to listen to her orders right now. She just needs to come.

"Please," she begs in a hoarse cry, "please let me come. I'm so close."

One of Green Eyes' hands that had been gripping her ass suddenly sneaks in and Clarke moans when two fingers are thrusting inside her. The muscles of the taller woman's shoulders flex and stiffen to provide more friction, barely straining with the effort of holding her up. The brunette's tongue moves to her clit and lashes it without restrain, driving Clarke further up the wall. Her shoulders don't even shake as Clarke fits upon them, her head coming close several times to slamming back against the corner of the elevator's walls. She's right there, right on the edge of her orgasm, so close she can taste it.

And then, with a twist of Green Eyes' slender fingers and a firm slash of her wet tongue, Clarke is unravelling in those strong arms. Her legs tremble upon those sculpted shoulders and her mouth parts to let out soft pants and gasps amidst her harsh mewls. Her upper body is writhing and for a moment, she's terrified that she's going to knock them both over. But Green Eyes holds her, keeps her steady with a firm, wanton grip and helps her ride out the powerful orgasm. Her gaze stays pinned onto Clarke's mouth as it forms an 'o' and she lets out a breathy moan which earns a smirk from the brunette against her pussy. Her release dribbles down the brunette's chin but the taller woman manages to clean as much as she can, greedily lapping up the saccharine fluids like it's the first taste of water after being parched in a desert. It's so tender but dominant at the same time.

"Shit," Clarke gasps as she catches her breath, "fuck, that was… fuck…"

Green Eyes holds her up for a few moments longer, tenderly licking and easing the last few aftershocks from her core before she's lowered back to the ground. Clarke's hands slide down from her slightly mussed hair to linger on those shoulders that'd held her up. She palms over the slightly crinkled shirt and sighs as she feels the hard muscle flexing under her grip. Green Eyes'
hands tangle in her hair this time, angling her jaw so she can press a few well-placed bites to her neck. Not deep enough to leave a mark, but enough to stake her claim. Her chin is slick, spreading some of her release to her own skin with soft nips. Her kisses are still possessive, but they're softer now, laden with tenderness that makes Clarke's head spin because how can one go from fucking her brains out to loving her so gently in the next? Clarke's legs still wobble and Green Eyes allows a hand to drift downwards and soothingly rub at the tightly corded muscles in her thighs to ease the tremors. Clarke only gasps again with the light, barely-there touch, her clit throbbing as she feels the brunette's hard length pushing against the confines of her tight suit pants.

"You must be aching," she murmurs as she finally finds the courage to palm over the throbbing bulge, "having to hold this in while eating me."

"You asked me to do something," Green Eyes chuckles against her neck, "I don't half-ass my work, Princess."

"Hmm," Clarke smiles as she places her own tentative kiss on the other woman's neck, grinning wider as a soft growl lingers in her throat. She continues to palm over the bulge, her fingers tracing over the belt buckle as she waits for the brunette's consent. Green Eyes rewards her with another soft sigh and a faint nod as Clarke beams. She unclasps the belt and unbucks the support before fingering over the button and undoing it. The sound of Green Eyes' zipper being slid downwards fills the tense and humid air of the elevator, causing Clarke to bite the brunette's neck from sheer arousal.

As soon as Clarke finds the opening in the woman's tight boxers, her erection springs out. She looks down and gasps at the sight of the ramrod straight length bobbing upwards proudly. Obviously the brunette must've come from a religious family because she's fully circumcised. The head of her dick is an aching reddish purple, and a single vein clenches upon the side leading up to the head. The shaft gives a swift salute in greeting and Clarke can't help the soft giggle that leaves her lips at the sight of the mighty sword. Green Eyes has more than just a decent length, and even though Clarke did have a few guy flings, no boy she'd ever fucked has come close to the size of the throbbing rod staring back up at her, eager and hard, begging for her touch or mouth.

"You don't have to," Green Eyes hums as she continues her gentle pecks, "this is about you, baby girl."

_So not only is she a fucking top, she's a selfless service top, too._ Clarke can't help but smile as she nips the brunette's jaw.

"I want this," she whispers as she reaches out, hovering over the twitching length, "can I touch you? Please?"

The brunette only nods once, tucking her head under Clarke's jaw to continue her light pecks and sucks to the blonde's neck. Clarke gasps as she holds the heavy shaft in her hands, shivering as she feels the sheer weight and heat of the phallus. A drop of clear liquid beads at the top where the slit is and Clarke is quick to run her thumb over the head, spreading the pre-cum around before sliding her hand down. The brunette tenses slightly, her dick jumping in her palm. She squeezes gently and tugs the shaft upwards, coaxing more of that slick fluid from the slit and earning her another growl from Green Eyes.

"Does that feel good, daddy?" Clarke hums, stroking the kink she low-key has now grown fond of with this mysterious woman. "Does it feel good when I hold your dick like this? It's so big and strong. Bigger than anyone I've ever taken." The brunette growls again, biting into her collarbone when she gives a harder tug upon the rod. She continues to purr into the taller woman's ear, "I wonder if it tastes as good as I did?" The hand that'd been tangled in her hair clenches harshly and Clarke grins when the brunette pulls her head back to stare into the blonde's eyes, her gaze an
inferno of lust and assertiveness.

"Princess…," Green Eyes hisses her name between gritted teeth. Clarke only cocks her head innocently, giving another shameless tug.

"Yes?" She asks softly, leaning up to peck the other woman's jaw. "What is it?"

Lexa pauses for only a moment before she grabs Clarke's head and draws her into a heated kiss. The length bobs again in Clarke's palm when she involuntarily squeezes hard due the ferocity of the open-mouthed kiss. Clarke gasps as she feels the hand in her hair clench and tug downwards. Immediately, Clarke gets the hint and lowers herself to her knees, staring back up at the green eyed woman who stares at her so intently she's completely baffled that her entire body hasn't been set on fire from the heat in her eyes. She grips Clarke's hair again and inches her length towards her mouth.

"Suck me," Green Eyes orders with a low growl. "Take me in your mouth and suck me."

Clarke grins at the dominant rumble that sounds from her chest before she turns her head to give the woman's dick the attention it deserves. Her tongue peeks out and wets her lips before she leans her mouth down to give the aching head a gentle peck. A bit of pre-cum stains her lips as shekisses down the throbbing length to the base. When she gets there, with the brunette's dick nestled against her cheek, all warm and hot and heavy, she reaches down and grabs at the rest of the precious package. She fondles the average-sized sack before drawing her balls out and adorning them with soft kisses.

"I said," the brunette hisses between clenched teeth as Clarke feigns innocence and looks up, "suck me."

Not wanting to tease anymore, mostly because after that last stellar performance, teasing is the last thing Green Eyes deserves as a reward. She takes the head into her mouth and closes her lips around the flesh, sucking and stroking with her free hand at the same time. Her other hand palms at her balls, noticing as with each increased inch disappearing into her mouth, they tighten and tense with the brunette's approaching release. For her part though, Green Eyes has amazing restraint. She doesn't force Clarke on her cock, but she manages to keep a tight grip on her hair regardless.

"There you go, baby girl. That's the spot," Green Eyes praises as Clarke takes more than half of her dick into her mouth. Remembering her earlier college days, she breathes long and slow through her nose while relaxing her throat to ease the last few inches into her waiting lips. Her eyes flicker up to see the taller woman staring down at her in a mixture of both pride and awe as Clarke's lips reach the base, sucking and licking over the throbbing shaft.

"Good girl," the brunette sighs as she leans her head back and loosens her grip on Clarke's hair slightly, "your mouth is so hot and wet, Princess."

Clarke holds her there for a few moments before sliding back out so she can breathe and ease the burn in the back of her throat. To her surprise, she finds the brunette lenient with her slow approach. She continues to fondle her balls as she alternates between sucks and licks upon the upper portion of her penis. Her other hand strokes and squeezes, tracing the prominent vein whenever it shudders in her grip. Soon enough, Green Eyes is gripping the railing hard enough with one hand while her neck strains upwards. Her chest is a light pink hue, and Clarke can see defined abs underneath the hem of her shirt tensing and flexing as she allows the pleasure to wrack through her body. Picking up the pace, Clarke is determined to give just as good as a performance as her taller lover. Green Eyes growls when Clarke licks over her head and sucks harder, easing a few spurts of pre-cum from the slit. The bitter taste has a twinge of salt and
sweetness to it, and Clarke decides that there's no greater taste she's sampled thus far. She goes to continue her ministrations, but then the woman above her tenses, her grip upon her blonde locks tightening hard enough to cause Clarke to groan upon her dick.

"Wait," the brunette growls suddenly, "stop."

Immediately thinking that something is wrong, Clarke pauses her motions and removes her lips, trying to ignore how the string of saliva that snaps upon leaving her lips causes them both to shudder. Green Eyes reaches down and tugs her upwards to bring her into a fiery kiss, her hands sliding back under the nearly ruined skirt to rub her clit. It's then that Clarke sees her intentions and she shivers in anticipations. There's only one problem, however.

"I'm not on the pill," she breathes between each harsh kiss the brunette dons her, "do you…?"

At this, Green Eyes lips pull apart for another arrogant smirk. "Of course, baby girl."

She wastes no time in reaching for her wallet from her back pocket and fishing out a foil package. Clarke takes it from her hands before she has the time to put her wallet away. Green Eyes goes to say something but Clarke only shakes her head and drops back to her knees, wetting her dick again with a few more well-placed licks and sucks before she tears open the package and takes out the condom. She removes her mouth and looks up, watching the brunette's darkening, lusted eyes as her hands roll down the lubricated latex until the tight material snaps around the base of her length firmly.

"Go slow," Clarke hums as she stands and places her hands on the other woman's chest, feeling the hard muscles underneath flex and contract with her touch. She shivers as she leans in for another soft kiss with the woman with lusted adoration in her eyes. "I'm not much explored and you're big, okay?"

"Don't worry, Princess. I won't break you," Green Eyes assures her gently, pecking her lips as her hands slide around Clarke's waist and squeeze softly. "We'll go slow. Now turn around, baby girl, and grab onto that railing. Just like before, hold on tight and don't let go, okay?" Clarke melts at the soft tone.

"Yes daddy," she whispers as she allows the taller woman to turn her around so she's facing the mahogany walls while Green Eyes takes up her position behind her. Those rough but smooth hands palm over her ass a few times, squeezing and pinching every so often until Clarke's sodden and whimpering. She feels sharp teeth nip her behind and a tongue trace up the small of her back before those lips trace over her blouse and find her neck. One of Green Eyes' hands sneaks around her waist and her fingers find the hard bud of her clit, rolling it between her fingertips a few times before nipping her ear.

"Don't forget to breathe," she whispers softly as she brings her length up to her swollen lips, "relax, baby girl. Daddy's got you."

When the head pushes through her entrance, Clarke cries out and bows her head. The brunette is murmuring sweet assurances into her ear as she lets the tip rest in her pussy, waiting until the walls unclench and quiver to allow for more of her to slide through. She never eases up the pressure on her clit, ensuring more wetness to seep through and lubricate the throbbing length. Clarke bites her own wrist to prevent herself from screaming in pained pleasure. One of Green Eyes' hands leaves her ass and rubs a soothing line up and down her back, her movements stilling as Clarke adjusts to the full length now sitting and absentely twitching inside her slick heat. Clarke whimpers and tries to move, to ease the burn, but the brunette holds her gently.

"Breathe, Princess. Just breathe," Green Eyes coos soothingly, "good girl. You're such a good girl
taking me in, sucking me like a pro. You're beautiful."

"Fuck," Clarke hisses against her skin as she involuntarily clenches around the length, "I'm so full, daddy. I'm full and it feels so good."

"Hmm," Green Eyes murmurs as she starts to thrust her hips slowly, "so wet and hot. You're so tight, baby girl."

"It's been awhile since anyone's been inside me," Clarke replies through bated breaths when the slight thrusts pick up the pace and depth. "But... fuck, you're so deep inside me, damn. I can feel you twitching inside me. You're close, aren't you?" Clarke asks the question and cocks her head over her shoulder to see Green Eyes' brows furrowed in controlled torment. She's letting her adjust by being the selfless top, but Clarke can tell with how her neck veins stretch and strain from under her jaw, all she wants to do is take Clarke and rut like a mindless animal and she's a bitch in heat.

The thought causes her to clench down on her dick and Green Eyes growls again.

"Do it," Clarke hisses as she nods over her shoulder at her lover, "fuck me, daddy. Fuck me hard and fast and oh--"

Clarke doesn't get to finish her statement because as soon as she'd been given the go ahead, Green Eyes takes off in a brutal pace. Clarke can't hold back the screech this time as she feels white heat pool in the base of her stomach. It's only now that she feels the subtle curve that's hitting that soft, spongy curve at her front wall. She cries out as the brunette slams into her, hitting the spot over and over again like it's the only thing she knows. The hand that had been on her back now grips her ass and claws into the creamy flesh, causing Clarke to clench down again and howl out in agonized lust.

"Oh fuck, oh... Jesus fuck," Clarke swears profanely as Green Eyes changes the angle last minute, driving as deep and hard as she can. "Oh shit just like that, yes daddy! Yes, fuck me just like that. Oh God, I'm coming. I'm coming... fuck! Christ." Clarke yelps out the last part as her entire body spasms. A grunt and low growl from behind her, coupled with the aching barely-there feeling of her dick twitching inside her hot walls, lets her know Green Eyes is there with her. Another painful claw into her ass has Clarke spasming over the ramrod pole that penetrates so perfectly. They ride out their orgasms together, with the brunette going from a rutting pace into something more of a subtle, slow thrust until neither of them can take the stimulation.

"Damn," Green Eyes beams from over her shoulder, leaning down to press a kiss to her reddened and scratched up ass cheeks, "you did so good, baby girl. I'm impressed." Clarke blushes and smiles sheepishly as she feels those soft hands lovingly rub away the lingering tremors in her back and thighs. The brunette allows herself to stay inside for a few moments longer, until she softens down to a semi and reluctantly pulls herself from the hot walls. Clarke moans in disappointment when she feels the emptiness that follows, and she suddenly wants nothing more than to get her lover back inside.

Before either of them can speak, the lights in the elevator flicker on and a humming sound ensues.

"Told you," Green Eyes smirks as she looks up at the lights and then back at the blonde, "I have perfect timing."

Clarke only shakes her head with a soft laugh as she watches the brunette take care of other business. Green Eyes rolls the soiled condom off her length and Clarke tries to tear her gaze away from its contents, of how... endowed (for the lack of a better word) her lover is. Her walls involuntarily clench down on nothing with the envy of not having experienced the true warmth of Green Eyes spilling into her deepest places. The thought alone makes her tremble. After flashing
her a knowing smirk, the brunette confidently strides over to the small trash bin in the corner of the lift and deposits the evidence of their tryst without so much as a concern for being found out. Clarke continues to stare at the bobbing length as she turns around, its gait slightly reduced in size but still proud, long and thick. The brunette follows her gaze and chuckles again as she goes to tuck herself back into her briefs before teasingly doing up her pants with slow and calculated movements. She smiles when she sees that her neither her pants nor her shirt had been particularly damaged during their little copulation. After she's back in business mode, looking like the past few hours had not even happened, Green Eyes stalks over to her and gently eases Clarke to a standing position. She picks up the sodden pair of panties and gives another quiet chortle, causing Clarke to blush furiously.

"I'll get you a new pair," the brunette says sympathetically as she folds the underwear up and, as Clarke's eyes widen with awe and surprise, she tucks them into her back pocket with a sly, satisfied grin, like she'd just won a fucking medal for her efforts. She nods down to Clarke's ruffled skirt and helps straighten out the kinks before murmuring, "perhaps something in a different colour. I can see you in something dark… like a midnight blue."

"Not even asking me on a date and you're already planning what I'm wearing," Clarke chuckles absently as watches Green Eyes pad over to the open panel of the elevator's electrical circuitry and shut it. She rolls her sleeves down, snaps up her cufflinks and picks up her blazer from the railing to slip it on, knotting the first button with her cocky swagger. It's miraculous that she looks as nonchalant and unaffected as she does, while Clarke feels like she'd just been through a damned marathon.

"You let me fuck you without ever asking my name," Green Eyes grins wickedly as the elevator rumbles and begins to move upwards. Clarke quickly reaches down and grabs the box she was meant to deliver to Indra and tries to not let the words melt her into the floor. She straightens her collar and runs a hand through her no-doubt mussed hair and prays that she doesn't smell too much of sex (it's a false hope, but it's all she has) when she hears the elevator ding.

"What is your name?" Clarke asks curiously as the doors open and they step onto the main floor. There, waiting with disappointed scowls are Indra and Anya. Clarke gulps under breath when she sees the knowing glance pass between the two women and then fall onto the brunette still standing with a smug grin beside her. She swears she can hear Anya mutter something about 'not even twenty-four hours' under her breath as she glares in Green Eyes' direction.

"Sorry about the malfunction," Anya says with a bit of a bite to her voice as she stares at the package in Clarke's hand, not bothering to address the shocked expression on the blonde's face. She takes the box from her hands and mutters something under her breath before stalking back to her office, leaving the boss (the word still sounds so foreign in Clarke's mind) and the intern standing in the middle of the reception lobby. Clarke gulps and feels herself tremble slightly before she musters up the courage to look up to the still-grinning woman. She doesn't understand. How could she be so damned unaffected?

"Lexa Woods," Green Eyes says with a chuckle as she extends her hand, the hand that had, only moments ago, been exploring the most intimates of intimates -- that had brought her to an immense amount of pleasure that had rendered her legs to nothing but jelly. Lexa only chuckles, "CEO of
Clarke looks at her hand and then at Lexa's face, gulping nervously. "Am I going to get fired?"

"Fired?" Lexa asks, cocking her head in mock confusion, her cocky grin still plastered to her kiss-swollen lips. "Why?"

Clarke's eyes want to bug out of her head. Is this woman really the CEO? She can't even come up with a response, which only further eggs her on.

"Maintenance is on the basement floor. Take Reyes with you," Lexa chuckles again as she lowers her hand, accepting that Clarke isn't going to shake it. The puzzled expression doesn't leave her lips as Lexa rolls up her sleeve to glance at her watch before nodding back up at her with a wolfish smirk.

"Excuse me," she says as she nods towards the boardroom, "I have a meeting to attend to. I'm a stickler for perfect timing."

The words bleed into her skin and Clarke can't help the shiver that tingles down her spine when Lexa winks at her before turning around. She's still standing there when Lexa pauses, her hand sliding into her pocket, the pocket that Clarke knows is where she's got her soiled panties from their tryst. She stands and leans with that full confidence, head boss swagger as she smirks in the baffled blonde's direction, nodding her head up slightly.

"Welcome to Trigeda Industries, Ms Griffin," Lexa says with another shit-eating grin, "I hope you enjoy your placement." When Clarke only lets out a choked sound as a reply, Lexa just chuckles and points at her nonchalantly. "Don't worry, Ms Griffin. Midnight blue, I'll remember."

She adds a subtle wink when Clarke visibly flushes because fuck, how is she so damned smug?

Before Clarke can finally find the courage to respond, Lexa turns around and walks, all long strides and stiff back towards the boardroom full of middle-aged men that await her arrival. Clarke blinks a few times, trying to figure out if the past few hours had been a dream or illusion. She barely stumbles over to her desk, still sore from the pounding she'd been given by her fucking boss in the elevator. She slumps into her chair, the shock not fully dissipated. The sound of her breathy sigh grabs Raven's attention, who takes one look at her and gasps, both in surprise and confusion as she sees Clarke's state and how she'd changed in such short time.

"What the hell happened to you?" She asks with a cocked head. "Did you get lost?"

"Something like that," Clarke rasps out as she looks over to Raven with befuddlement. Raven still stares on before she takes a whiff and her brows raise knowingly. Clarke has two seconds to reach out and cup her mouth in a forceful grip before Raven's laughter can echo through the main office area.

"Damn Griff," Raven chuckles when Clarke finally feels comfortable to let her go, "thoroughly fucked looks good on you."

"Shut up," the blonde growls as she blushes, her core clenching around the invisible length that she yearns for. Raven giggles and shakes her head.

"So..." she says as she leans in to whisper, "who was it?"

Clarke takes a moment to allow a faint smile to play at her lips as she looks at her co-worker. The memories of green eyes and chestnut hair, of strong hands and hard thrusts come flashing through her mind. She looks up over her cubicle to the boardroom where the brunette that'd pounded her
senseless is conducting her meeting. She shivers as she remembers the feeling of Lexa's hot tongue on the apex of her thighs, *inside* her, reaching and probing and licking and fucking *eating her out* like she was the last meal she'd ever have. She shivers and gulps before she turns to face an eagerly waiting Raven.

"Well," Clarke whispers as her borderline-excited tone piques Raven's interest, "what do you know about Lexa Woods?"

Chapter End Notes

always sinning @ a-class-act-president
Of all the things in the world to hate, Lexa hates mornings.

"Nice day, eh Lexie?" Anya chirps teasingly as she watches Lexa park her Maserati Granturismo in the spot next to her Aston Martin. Lexa only grunts and exits the car with a scowl on her face. Anya can't help but chuckle and the look on her face and the fading love-bite at the corner of her shirt that had been blossoming since her encounter with Clarke in the elevator a week ago. The CEO continues to glare as she locks the car and joins Anya at the lift.

They ride up the elevator in silence, and the entire time, Lexa can't help but think about the events of the last few days. Of Clarke upon her shoulders, of her beautifully salty taste. Of the wet and hot tongue as it lapped over her dick, and finally, of that tight, clinging warmth of her silken inner walls. The thought alone gives her Dick a slight twitch with the memory. To distract herself from her steamy memories, Lexa tips her coffee mug to her lips and drinks the bitter liquid while Anya continues to look on with an equally mystified and amused expression. Lexa lowers her mug and growls in her direction.

"What?" Anya asks as the elevator dings and they arrive to the top. Lexa doesn't say anything as she just brushes past, nodding her head to where Indra and Titus are standing by the front of her office, deep in discussion. The bald man hands her a bunch of files, grumbling something under
his breaths.

"Words, Titus. It's too early for guessing games," Lexa sighs as she accepts the files and skims through them. A frown takes over as she reads the contents before furiously glaring up at her advisor. "Nia again? How many times must I tell her that I have no interest in carry through with that pact my father made." Titus flinches and Indra visibly stiffens at her clipped tone. She doesn't yell -- no she never yells -- but her low growl is more intimidating than anything.

"I'm sorry, Lexa--"

"Sorry won't cut it," Lexa mutters as she folds the papers under her arm and shakes her head, "call their department head and schedule a meeting."

"Surely that's not--"

"Now, Titus."

"Okay," Titus acquiesces and Indra follows, leaving Anya staring into Lexa's back with a slightly shocked expressions.

"Did you wake up on the wrong side of the bed, Commander? Or let me guess, she stole your side."

"Why must you call me that?" Lexa mutters as she moves past the older woman and into her office to drop off her briefcase and coffee mug. At the question, her dick flicks against her thigh and Lexa has to stifle her low whine at how it throbs lightly. It's not even nine in the morning. Anya, who's known the other woman for several years now, suddenly realizes why Lexa is so agitated -- and no, it's not because it's fucking early in the morning.

"A week?" Anya breathes out as she inches closer so she can cock her head at her boss in genuine awe. "You've not gotten laid in a week?!"

"You sound surprised," Lexa replies nonchalantly as she straightens and places that impassive mask back over her face, walking around the desk to plop down in the leather chair and pull up her computer. Anya just remains standing at the front of the mahogany table, chuckling lightly.

"Your shift--"

"Starts in ten minutes," Anya says, glancing at her watch, "so I'm not your employee right now. Tell me, what the hell is going on?!"

"Nothing."

"Lexa, I know you. I know her," Anya says, brows furrowing towards Lexa's crotch. "She's not used to being hung out to dry for a week."

"I don't sleep around that much."

"You have a new girl almost every third day, if not every night." Lexa's steely gaze flicks to the clock on the wall and Anya gulps, knowing that she's cutting it close. As soon as Lexa's in business mode, it's a different relationship. So, she quickly thinks on her feet and安排s for another question.

"You know I've never been one to like your one-night stand business, but I never thought you'd go cold turkey, Commander."
"Don't call me that."

"Why are you doing this?" Anya blurts out, eyes nervously flickering to the clock. "Is it your… you know… again?"

"No," Lexa growls and then stands, palms flat against the wood as she glares at Anya with a death stare. The clock ticks and Anya takes a step back, straightening and placing on her own stoic expression while Lexa stares her down. They stand a few minutes in silence before Anya takes a breath and lowers her stare, subtly exposing her throat so that Lexa may lean back and calm down. Again, her penis throbs with the sight of her friend submitting.

"Leave," she says in a tight voice, "you need to get me an appointment with Azgeda Inc. I won't accept no."

"Got it, boss. Anything else?" Anya asks, nodding in her friend's direction. Lexa just sighs and shakes her head.

"No, that's all," Lexa murmurs as she sits back down. Anya goes to leave when Lexa rubs at her brow and quietly barks, "wait."

Anya turns just a quarter, raising a brow. "Yes?"

"I'm sorry," Lexa says softly, looking up with genuine concern and worry, "and… it is… I think."

Anya just nods in sympathetic understanding before leaving. Lexa reclines into the seat and looks at her computer, deciding to delve into her work to avoid paying attention to the bulging semi she's nursing within her suit pants. Still, she's hit with thoughts of Clarke, of her hands so soft and silken as she'd held them in her own hands, how they'd squeezed and rolled her balls between her delicate fingertips; her mouth so gentle but lust-crazed in the same, working furiously up and down her hard length, her tongue tracing her vein; and, oh God her slick and tight, sweet pussy enclosing her cock in warmth and heat--

No, Lexa growls as she feels another twitch, not her pussy. Not Clarke. Work, Lexa. You have a company to run.

The CEO only glances back at the clock and sighs.

It's going to be a long day.

Lexa takes a breath, refocuses, and then opens up a few of her spreadsheets. In an instant she hears the ding of Anya emailing her the information for her appointment with Nia's company. She plugs the notification into her iPhone and then sets the mobile back. For most CEOs, this kind of work is delegated to people down the ladder, but Lexa's work ethic has always been more along the lines of 'don't make them do what you wouldn't do yourself'. If they have to file boring paperwork, she will do the same. And in all honesty, boring seems much more appealing then the direction of her current thoughts.

Lexa works solidly without interruption for four hours. By now, most of the office is bustling, but the noise is but white noise to the concentrated young woman. She doesn't even need a calculator as she moves on to the expense reports. The benefits of being a child prodigy, she scoffs as she makes it through the first spreadsheet in a matter of minutes before sending it off to Titus for second assessments. She quickly writes up her reports and reads over a few grant proposals from a few of her most dedicated non-profit organizations, approving what she can and sending the others to Gustus for review.

As soon as it hits one in the afternoon, Lexa finds herself sighing in relief as she's discovered her
boner to have miraculously disappeared. She stands and stretches, groaning at the click in her shoulders from sitting all day. Her gym session this morning had been extensive due to her... pent up energy, so she was still a bit sore in some places. Seeing as though her mug is empty, Lexa bounds up from her seat and ducks out of her office in the direction of the break room. She adjusts her tie and nods to her employees as they greet her in the halls, her calm and cool facade setting her back into a sort of normalcy. While she seems collected on the outside, the beast inside of her that aches for something more, is shamelessly searching for Clarke.

Well, low and behold, as Lexa opens the break room door, she gets her wish.

Clarke is talking to Raven against the coffee machine, talking about something in a low voice. The agitation is gone in an instant, only to be replaced by sheer want. Her eyes darken but she refuses to move in the blonde's direction. Clarke, however, looks over at her with a timid expression, still a bit flustered to see her. Lexa ignores the snickers from the caramel brunette beside her and instead smirks confidently at the blonde. In an instant, her mind shuts down and she walks over to Clarke on instinct, slowly unscrewing the lid of her mug before nonchalantly reaching for the coffee pot.

"Griffin," she says in a low rasp, barely nodding her head in the intern's direction. Clarke just gulps and nods back, muttering about how she needs to get something from the fridge. The sudden shyness has Lexa chuckling as she leans against the counter, knowing exactly as Clarke's head slightly cocks to look in her direction, that her move to show off the lean ridges of her body has worked to pique her attention. A throat clearing doesn't even startle her.

"You done with that?" Raven asks as she points to the coffee pot, holding an empty mug. "Mama's gotta get her fix."

"Of course," Lexa says, flashing her a smile. Raven flushes a bit at the sound of her voice and again, Lexa can't help but chuckle.

Yeah, she's still got it.

This time, however, when she looks back up to Clarke, she notices that she's standing with another intern now. Raven's moved off to the side to where she can see Anya slipping in to grab her lunch. She doesn't pay the other intern or her friend attention because her eyes are glued to the scene in front of her. The other intern standing with Clarke -- what was his name again, Finge, Flint-something -- is standing close, a bit close for her standards, flashing the blonde a cocky smirk. His hand is placed on the table behind her, causing him to lean closer in his direction. The only thing that relieves her of her worries is the disgruntled expression on Clarke's face as this beak-nosed bastard continues to chat her up. His stupid shaggy hair waves as he chuckles at one of her jokes (that Lexa can see from the way Clarke subtly frowns, was not intended to be a joke) before leaning a bit closer. Lexa grips her coffee mug tighter. She keeps her stare calm and unaffected when Clarke glances between her and the shaggy-haired moron, not sure if she should intervene yet.

Meanwhile, Raven is sitting at the table where a scowling Anya glares daggers into Lexa's rigid back.

"So," the younger brunette says as she slides into the seat next to the director, "when do you think she's gonna walk over and kick his ass to the curb?"

Anya raises her brow at the intern, about to question her on her boundaries as an intern and the sheer level of inappropriateness against her boss -- the boss of the bosses -- but before she can even purse her lips, the sound of the shaggy-haired intern standing by Clarke barking out a low, presumably sexual, innuendo at the blonde has both Raven and Anya turning their heads. It turns
out, as Anya fights the urge to roll her eyes, they aren't the only ones.

"I work with children," she mutters under her breath, but somehow Raven still manages to hear it. They just stare at their CEO, watching intently.

Lexa stalks forward, abandoning her coffee mug on the table and steps into both Clarke and Flint's space. At the sight of the CEO approaching, the man backs off and gulps, hiding his nerves with a run of his grubby hand through his mop of hipster length hair. Lexa refuses to snort like a petty child and instead to traverse the more… professional route. She folds her hands behind her back and straightens her spine, subtly asserting her dominance.

"I don't believe we met," Lexa says calmly, offering Flint a tight-lipped smile, "you must be the other intern. Flint, right?"

"Finn," the man practically croaks. It takes everything in Lexa to not laugh as she nods stoically when he clears his throat. "Finn Collins."

"Collins," Lexa says, testing the name on her tongue. No wonder.

"As great as your qualifications are, Mr Collins, Trigeda Industries prides itself on keeping a comfortable and respectful work environment," Lexa says coolly, her eye contact never leaving those muddy brown eyes. Finn gulps again as Lexa takes a step forward, getting into his personal space a bit. "I do not know if you read the terms and conditions, as well as the code of conduct, upon accepting this internship, but the violation of this comfortable safe space will result in consequences. Here at Trigeda, I take these offences very seriously. Is that clearly understood, Mr Collins, or should we go over it again… perhaps in my office?" Lexa ignores the rolling of Anya's eyes and Raven's snickering from across the room as she continues to impassively stare at Finn.

"Uh," Finn stammers as he begins to sweat a little, "yeah, no yeah, I meant no harm, Lexa--"

"Ms Woods," Lexa corrects between gritted teeth. "We are not friends, Mr Collins, no matter how powerful and influential you may think your father be, Ark Enterprises doesn't hold a candle to Trigeda Industries. Your father's company serves as a wonderful asset, but they are negligible. Do you understand?"

"Is that a threat?" Finn asks, aghast. Lexa relaxes her face and smiles again, flashing her teeth in a wolfish smirk.

"No," she says sweetly as she steps back, "it's a fact."

Lexa can see it's taking literally everything in the boy to not piss himself. She steels herself again and tells him strictly, "if I see you harassing another one of your co-workers, I will have no choice other than to relieve you. Thousands of people applied for this internship opportunity, Mr Collins. It would be… fortunate for one of them if a position were to open suddenly, wouldn't it?" Lexa asks the question with an innocent, cocked head. Finn gulps again, pulling at his tie loosely as the sweat starts to matt the loose fly-aways of his stupid fluffy hair. He averts his gaze and mumbles another apology before ducking out. Lexa follows his leave until he's out of view. She glances to where Anya and Raven are staring -- the latter with wide eyes and awe in her face, and they get
the hint. It takes but a few moments for them to pack up their stuff and leave the break room, allowing Clarke and Lexa a moment alone.

"You didn't have to do that you know," Clarke mutters as soon as the tense air between them settles, "there was no need. I had it covered."

"I don't tolerate a breach of the rules," Lexa offers in return, voice still neutral as she raises her brow and unclasps the hands behind her back. Clarke snorts.

"Are we really going to go there?" She asks, crossing her arms upon her chest. "You fucked me in the elevator. I think that's more than a breach."

Lexa waits a moment, her lower abdomen pooling with white heat at the spark of defiance in the blonde. Usually her partners are submissive in and out of the bedroom, but Clarke, no Clarke is different. Clarke drives her insane, releases the beast inside of her that tempts her into an unknown abyss of desire. Clarke releases the daemons that scream at her to just grab and fuck and rut like some sort of animal. But at the same time, as she stares at Clarke now, the blonde offers her a kind of balance that no one ever had before. It's a drug and Lexa's already decided that she's hooked -- no, she's fucking addicted to Clarke.

So Lexa plays it cool and smiles again, leaning back and placing a hand into her pocket to subtly adjust her twitching length that aches to break free from the confines of the tight, binding material. Clarke's eyes don't leave hers, but she can see from the slight hesitation in her blink that the blonde knows exactly what she's doing. Lexa smirks again, all confident and assertive as she removes her hand from her pocket and mimics Clarke's stance with a grin.

"Tell me Clarke," she accentuates the 'k' in her name, making it pop sensually like it's velvety champagne, "the elevator. Did I make you uncomfortable?"

At this, Clarke visibly flusters, not expecting the question. She opens her mouth and works her jaw a few times before she screws up her face and stammers.

"Well… no, but--"

"Tell me," Lexa whispers as she leans in a bit, still maintaining a good distance to make sure she's not overcrowding the blonde, "did I respect you?"

Clarke growls at the seeping notes of lust that hang off her words. At the silent question of did you want it, too? She drinks in the question and digests it fully.

"Yes."

"Then tell me Clarke," Lexa smirks again, leaning back to rest the small of her back against the counter, "did I breach the rules?" She makes sure that there's an open end to the question, to allow Clarke to defy everything she'd said if necessary. As much as she's entranced by this fireball of a blonde, she wants to make sure that she is not a Finn Collins herself. Clarke only sighs and looks down, a slight pink hue taking over her cheeks as she catches the subtle bulge that presses against Lexa's hip. The curve is barely visible under the dark pants, but from how close she's standing, Clarke can see it straining -- aching.

"Clarke," Lexa hisses her name almost desperately. The blonde's eyes jerk up and Lexa's surprised to see how dark they are, how they're viciously narrowed.

"What about you?" Clarke asks as she takes a step forward, eyes skimming over her shoulder to check the door, "is this something you usually do?"
"I don't understand," Lexa feigns innocence, but Clarke only chuckles with a rasp. She nods her head up, matching Lexa’s cocky stare with one of her own.

"Dumb doesn't look good on you, Ms Woods."

Lexa is barely able to fight off the shudder that runs down her spine at how Clarke pronounces her name. The sound of that husky voice has her reimagining their time in the elevator flashes through her mind and she can't hold back the low growl this time. Clarke shivers and inches closer, eyes flickering between her eyes, her lips, and oh God, her cock. Everything inside Lexa is holding back from grabbing Clarke and pinning her to the wall.

"Do you have a better look?" Lexa asks smoothly, letting her voice drop a semitone. "Something more… aesthetically pleasing?"

"Fuck," Clarke near whimpers as they inch closer than before. It's now that Lexa realizes that she's fully hard. If she has a chance of getting out of the break room unnoticed and out of both Anya’s teasing stare and Titus’ disapproving one, she needs to get off or think of something so vilely disgusting to ease the raging boner between her legs. Of course, Lexa prefers the former to the latter; Clarke's hips are so subtly pressed against her own, non-consciously rocking against the growing bulge -- it’s hard not to. Both of Clarke's hands are firmly gripping the wooden counter behind them.

"Tell me baby girl," Lexa growls salaciously as she leans into her ear, another toothy smirk curling her lips upwards, "what looks good on me?"

"God," Clarke practically whimpers as her fingernails scrabble against the wood, "fuck, no, we can't do this. Not here, not now."

"Can't?" Lexa asks in a whisper, her lips still hovering over the blonde's sensitive ear. Her breath tickles the fine hairs as she hisses, "or don't want to?"

Clarke sighs as she allows the subtle ask for consent filters through her ears. Lexa waits, patient and in control like always, as Clarke shuts her eyes tightly. Lexa drinks in every feature, from the crinkle at the corner of her eye to the way her top lip curves upwards in pent up frustration. Finally, after what seems like hours, those blue eyes -- now nearly obsidian from desire -- flash open and stare into her own blazing green pair with an inferno of need and lust.

"We could get caught," Clarke says as she looks over Lexa's shoulder again. The CEO only chuckles, pleased when she sees Clarke's knees tremble.

"Twenty-five minutes," Lexa whispers as she leans in to take Clarke's earlobe in her teeth. "The copy room in the back is free for twenty-five minutes."

"Like you can fucking control that," Clarke rasps in a soft chuckle as her hands finally detach from the counter to finger up her thighs, her index finger subtly tracing the throbbing head of her dick through the material of her suit pants. Lexa tugs on her earlobe a bit tighter, eliciting a quiet moan from Clarke.

"I'm the boss," Lexa growls, all low and dominating, "I control everything."

Clarke doesn't even respond with words -- how could she after that -- as she surges upwards and takes Lexa's mouth in her own. Her hands claw up and down that shirt, sliding up and down over the front of her waist as she feels that familiar bulge, the notion that the part of Lexa that had caused her a week of agony, of wanting and yearning, would soon be reunited with her canting pussy. She can't help but reach up and grab at that slim black tie and tug Lexa's head down,
forcing open the other woman's mouth with her own so she can deepen their kiss. Lexa's hands slide down from where they'd been respectfully lingering at her hips all the way down to her ass, cupping and squeezing with canting need. Clarke's torso bucks into the bulge and they both groan into each other's mouths, their eyes closing as their kisses turn into a clash of teeth and tongue, all needy and pure desire.

Clarke tugs again on Lexa's tie and with her other hand, reaches down and cups Lexa's erection in her palm through her pants. The other woman snarls viciously, like some rabid animal, and the sound drives Clarke up the wall. The next thing she feels is the ground leaving her feet as Lexa hoists her upwards and spins her around to pin her to the wall. Her hips are grinding so slowly and sensually that Clarke can't help but open her eyes and look down to the smooth roll. It dawns on her that Lexa is fucking flexible -- she puts that in the back of her head for later -- as well as incredibly strong.

"Copy room," she hisses into Lexa's searching mouth as she remembers just where they are, "either fuck me there or leave it."

"No," Lexa growls as she shoves her harder into the wall, "I will fuck you where I want, when I want. Got that, baby girl?" Clarke whimpers at the low rumble reverberating off the brunette's chest. Clarke tugs again on the tie and grinds her hips into Lexa's waist, rubbing her centre against the head of Lexa's dick. It's so hot, so unbearably hot, that Clarke isn't sure of how their clothes haven't just incinerated from the sheer force of the immense friction.

"Daddy," Clarke whines into Lexa's ear as the brunette's hands squeeze her ass again, "please. I need you."

"Where?" Lexa hisses as she nips down Clarke's neck, nosing the soft of her throat as she thrusts again. Clarke fists a hand in the mane of Lexa's chestnut locks, tugging harshly to elicit a harsh snarl from the brunette. She moans as she feels her clit rubbing against her soaked panties, aching for her lover.

"Inside," Clarke gasps between choked breaths, "inside me, inside my cunt--"

Lexa practically tears the fabric of her pants off at the word, taking her from the from the wall and walking over the door of the copy room. Clarke keeps her eyes on Lexa's determined viridescent stare as she hears a door being slammed open. It registers to her then that Lexa's kicked the door open and the thought only causes her inner walls to traitorously clench down upon nothing. Her clit throbs to the increase in her pulse and she preens into Lexa, begging her nonverbally to take her, to devour her and fuck her as she'd done a week ago when they'd not even known each other's first names.

"Twenty minutes," Lexa breathes between controlled kisses, her tongue lashing against Clarke's own, "if you want this--"

"I want it," Clarke moans as she clutches at Lexa's tie again, rearing back against the other woman's waist, "fuck I want this so badly, daddy."

"Off," Lexa snarls as she scrabbles at her pants, setting her down so that Clarke can undo her pants button. Lexa works on her own suit pants, nearly whining in relief when she doesn't bother to slide her pants down. She just undoes her zipper and button and reaches inside for her throbbing erection and pries it out. The brunette glances down to the reddish-purple slit, groaning as a weak pulse of pre-cum floods from the slit, sliding down her cock. She quickly reaches into her wallet for a condom and grabs at one, not looking at the wrapper as she practically shoves the wallet back into her pants.
When she looks to Clarke, she growls as she sees that Clarke's fingers are between her legs, rubbing at her engorged and slick clit in furious circles. Unlike the elevator, she doesn't have the courage to tell Clarke to slow it down. Instead, she just gives her cock a few stiff jerks before ripping the foil of the condom off with her teeth -- an action that renders Clarke into eliciting a slew of mewled curses. She rolls the latex on and approaches Clarke, pinning her against the wall of the copier room so that if someone should intrude, they'd be able to hide in the small cubby near the back of the printers.

"You wet enough, baby girl?" Lexa coos as she leans in and nips Clarke's jaw -- not hard enough to leave a mark (which she desperately wants) -- before she grips her dick a little harder, groaning as she nuzzles it against the inside the soft skin of Clarke's thigh. At the faintest touch, the heat pressed so close to slick heat, they both groan and gasp. Without answering, Clarke takes her drenched fingers and holds them to Lexa's face, fire dancing in her eyes.

"Taste and tell me," Clarke whispers as Lexa doesn't hesitate to take those two fingers into her mouth and suckle them fondly, taking in the sweet and dizzying taste that is Clarke, her drug. After she gets her fix, she nips at Clarke's fingers, all the while keeping their stares locked. Clarke removes her fingers and then sticks them in her own mouth, a sight that causes Lexa's nostrils to flare and another growl to rip its way from her throat.

"Do you think you can be quiet?" Lexa asks in a low rasp, using one hand to pin Clarke's hips to the wall and the other to guide herself to those glistening, slick folds that are practically singing her praises and begging for her to sink inside. Clarke nods and bites her lip as she feels Lexa's head slip over her clit a few times before the entire length slides up and down the slit of her swollen folds, lubricating them both in her slick for easier entrance.

Turns out, Clarke Griffin is a liar.

The minute the head sinks inside, she fucking yelps. Lexa doesn't startle, but she glares up at the blonde and silences her with a harsh kiss to drown out the remaining noises while she sinks inside. She goes as slow as possible because she doesn't want to hurt Clarke, but the niggling urge to just thrust nearly causes her resolve to break. And the noises Clarke is making don't make it any easier. She can't keep her mouth on Clarke's forever, not if she wants to breathe or trail her lips... elsewhere -- *a tempting thought*, she deliberates as she glances to the enticing cleavage beneath that collared blouse.

And then, Lexa's expression turns damn near predatory when she spies Clarke's panties.

As she starts to thrust, long and hard and slow, Clarke's moans and whimpers only increase in volume. Taking drastic measures, Lexa swipes the panties from the table and balls them up, pausing in her thrusting to make sure that Clarke is on board with her idea. Upon seeing no flicker of doubt (in fact, she sees something a bit more... *opposite*), Lexa wads up the lace material and holds it to Clarke's lips, giving her an intense stare that communicates the message clearly. Clarke gasps softly as she parts her mouth and nods, keeping her eyes on Lexa the entire time as the brunette places the wad in her mouth. Upon catching the faint tang of her own juices in the material, Clarke closes her eyes and whimpers, assuaged only by the gentle nips by Lexa upon the base of her throat, which then work their way up to her jaw. Clarke opens her eyes again and nods at Lexa to pick the pace back up.

Lexa's thrusting picks up its pace rapidly. She's not an idiot, she knows her employees schedules and she knows that they don't have time for their routine foreplay. At this point, they're both grinding against each other in a messy and undignified manner because they just need to get off. Upon noticing the tensing of Clarke's thighs and the fluttering around her cock, Lexa decides to go for the final blow. She reaches under Clarke's thighs and hoists her up mid-thrust, only to pin her back against the wall and ram as hard and as fast as she can go. The panties in her lover's
mouth drown out the sound, but Lexa knows for a fact that if she hadn't been gagged, the entire damned building would know of their escapades. The thought gives her a pleasant shiver.

Not even a minute later, Clarke's nails are clawing down the material of her shirt and she's burying her face in Lexa's neck. Those inner walls flutter and quiver around her length before they suck her in with the sheer force of the orgasm. Lexa rests her forehead on the cool wall as her release follows simultaneously, her balls tightening up around the base of her cock as she shoots jet after jet into the condom. Her mind entertains the thought of being able to really feel Clarke's silk haven, to really spurt and release deep inside of her, to fill her with her seed, but she erases the idea when she hears the agonizingly needy whimper that comes from Clarke's muffled voice. Lexa keeps herself still so that Clarke can continue her clenching and unclenching until the tremors of their combined orgasm have faded. Only then does Lexa pull her head from the wall and press it to Clarke's trembling one instead.

"Ugh," the blonde mutters as her free hand pries the sodden panties from her mouth, "did you have to ruin another pair? I actually really liked these."

Lexa chuckles as her fingers lightly stroke the soft flesh of Clarke's ass. "The first time was all you, Clarke."

Another clench around her length nearly pulls Lexa back to hardness, but she fights it. They don't have time.

(But it's a bit of a ego-booster when just her name causes her to react that way.)

"I never got the one you promised," Clarke softly laughs as she pecks Lexa's nose, "what was it that you said again? Which colour was it?"

Lexa sighs contently, losing herself in the gentle kisses layering upon her cheeks, nose, and jaw. "Midnight blue."

"Mm," Clarke hums as her lips meet Lexa's own, adorning her with a sweet and slow kiss, "I might need it soon if we keep this up, Ms Woods."

"God," Lexa rasps as she blinks open her eyes to look into those softening blue hues. "I'll buy an entire store if we keep this up."

"Promises," Clarke laughs again as she gives Lexa one more kiss to the forehead before she shifts in her arms, aching to be put down. Lexa is reluctant to slip out of the wonderful warmth and proximity of their bodies, but she remembers that they don't have the freedom to do everything here. With a heavier sigh, Lexa slowly lets Clarke's feet graze the soft carpet of the ground before leaning her head down and pressing their lips together sweetly again. Now that she's softer, her dick slips from the tender embrace of Clarke's walls, and they both gasp into each other's mouthes at the emptiness and longing.

And then, the tender moment is replaced by lightheartedness as Clarke snorts in laughter. Lexa frowns, unsure of what's funny.

"Is that," Clarke giggles as she looks down to the softening length between Lexa's legs, "is that a glow-in-the-dark condom?"

Lexa's eyes widen comically as she looks down and stares at the neon green latex. The brunette groans and Clarke laughs harder.

"I'm going to kill Anya," she mutters under her breath as she remembers how her friend had bought her the items as a gag gift. She's about to pry it off when Clarke shakes her head and
reaches out to the light switch with an amused and curious expression upon her face. Lexa frowns and crosses her arms.

"Seriously, Clarke?"

"What!" Clarke says as she hovers over the light switch. "I'm curious. I've always wondered if they work."

Before Lexa can protest, the blonde clicks the light off. Low and behold, Anya's gift is… surprisingly effective.

"Whoa," Clarke whispers as she fixates her stare to the apex of Lexa's legs, "you're uh… you… just… whoa."

Lexa arches a brow, a little apprehensive of what the blonde means to say. She gulps down the insecurity as she follows Clarke's gaze and--

Oh.

A tint covers Lexa's cheeks, and she's a little grateful for the dark right now, because yeah, that's a bit… uh, excessive.

"Do you always come this much?" Clarke asks with a bit of awe behind a soft chuckle. Lexa nods her head up, silent. Clarke gets the message and her eyes widen almost comically. They're still standing in the dark, half naked talking about the crude volume of Lexa's… load in the middle of a photocopy room.

"Did you not get off?" Clarke breathes out as she reaches out and gently trails her fingers up Lexa's jaw, bringing their gazes to meet once more. "I mean… I think that's impressive, Lex, but it can't be healthy can it? I mean…," she peters off with a flush as she bites her lip when Lexa's brows furrow.

"I don't exactly have a lot of free time, Clarke. I'm a CEO," Lexa mutters as she reaches down and rolls the condom off and throws it and its contents in the trash bin. Clarke rolls her eyes at the evading answer as she picks up her own pants and shimmies them up her legs until she can do them up. She hates the sensation of the thick fabric rubbing against her raw clit, but as she looks to her near-destroyed panties, she knows she has no other option.

"That explains sex in public places, I guess." Lexa allows herself a soft chuckle at the joke the blonde makes, her gaze softening when she watches as Clarke pulls her lip into her mouth and tries to hide her smirk. Sighing, Lexa reaches down and tucks herself back inside before zipping up.

"We should get back," Lexa tells her as she straightens her tie and adjusts her shirt so it's not crinkled, "before anyone notices."

Clarke's still looking at her like that though, and she almost doesn't want to leave.

(Neither does Clarke.)

"Right," the blonde ends up caving as she nods, breaking their intense gaze, "I have a report to do with Raven, and if I'm gone, she won't let me off."

"She works hard," Lexa observes with a nod, slipping back into her CEO mask, "as do you, Clarke."
Clarke smiles at that, genuine and pure as her eyes flicker back to Lexa's lips. "Thanks. I guess it's not so bad here after awhile."

"I hope so," Lexa nods back as she flicks on the light and they exit the copier room and walk back into the break room. There's no one in the room so before Clarke goes to open the door into the hall, she darts back and leans up to chastely kiss Lexa's cheek. This time, the brunette can't hide her blush as she awkwardly shifts on her feet for a moment, which earns another soft giggle from Clarke's who's lips find her own in a farewell peck.

"I'll see you out there," she murmurs as she peels away with a subtle wink, "boss."

And yeah, Lexa is definitely addicted.

After she's left dumbfounded in the break room when Clarke walks away, Lexa takes a minute to adjust herself before she walks out, the mask of her role impassively placed over her face. She saunters back into her office and plops down on the seat, feeling relieved that the pent-up frustration has been released. She thinks of Clarke a few more times, but she manages to keep her thoughts relatively appropriate. She drives through her work with a steady pace, banging out exactly what she'd put upon her to-do list the previous night. After she's done, she makes her notes for tomorrow in her journal.

Just as she's jotting down the next few points, there's a soft rap at the door. 

Lexa nods her head up and smiles when Anya leans against the doorframe. The older woman only smirk with a raised brow as she stares at Lexa.

"That's better," Anya says as she enters the office. Lexa frowns in confusion as she leans back in her seat. Anya plops down on a chair and grins.

"When you've gotten laid," the blonde elaborates with a shit-eating smirk, "you're better when you've nutted, Lexa."

Lexa visibly blanches at the word, fake-retching to emphasize her point as she screws up her face. Anya only rolls her eyes and groans.

"Come on, Lex. How long have we known each other?" Anya says as she sits up and leans forward. "If I remember our college days--"

"I thought we agreed to never talk about those days," Lexa cuts her off with a fierce blush, rubbing the back of her neck. Anya chuckles again.

"Are you going to deny it wasn't fun?"

"Are you?"

"You have special equipment and you know how to use it," Anya says with a nonchalant shrug, still grinning, "I can't say it wasn't fun, no."

"Well," Lexa looks at her with feigned disinterest, "you were bland, sadly."

"Bland?" Anya guffaws with a shake of her head. "I fucking sucked you dry while you stressed over your papers. Don't even get me started on the countless hand jobs, especially the ones in the back of Marketing with Velmer. That class was boring as shit, remember? Don't hide it, Lex. We had our fun."

"Maybe," Lexa teases as she starts putting her stuff away, "just a bit."
Anya frowns and shakes her head. "You're a little shit, you know that? Admit it, you liked fucking me."

"It did the job," Lexa beams again with a smirk, which only causes Anya to grab one of the mints on her desk and chuck it at her.

"Asshole."

"Bitch."

"Dickhead."

"Cunt."

"Alright, truce," Anya says between chuckles as she waits for Lexa to power her computer down. "Hey, you coming to Grounder's?"

"Anya," Lexa says, her voice taking on a more serious tone. Anya sighs and stands, walking over to Lexa and laying a hand upon her shoulder.

"Lexa," she whispers softly, a little more tenderly, "it's been five years. I promise, I've got your back."

"I dunno," Lexa mutters as she looks to her books, prepared to start her excuse. Anya doesn't let her though as she claps her shoulder.

"Clarke's gonna be there." Lexa's head shoots up and Anya laughs so hard Lexa flushes a little. The blonde grins as she shakes her head.

"I knew it was the blonde," Anya says as she beams, "Raven owes me twenty dollars."

"Are you betting with my interns, Anya?" Lexa jokes as they make their way out of Lexa's office and towards the car park. Anya just shrugs as she points to Lexa's car. The brunette gets the message and nods. Anya locks her stuff in her own car before locking it and hopping in Lexa's own. As soon as the engine roars to life, Anya's shit-eating grin spreads across her face. Lexa only shakes her head and chuckles, reaching for her polarized road-glasses.

"I swear you only like me for my car."

"It does the job," Anya quotes the brunette back as they drive towards the bar. Classic jazz filters through the radio, the only acceptable music when Lexa drives and Anya never changes it. They don't talk, for their friendship often relies more on the silence and words passed through the invisible medium. Eventually Lexa approaches the bar, gripping the steering wheel just slightly tightly, but it's enough for Anya to turn her head and pass her a worried gaze.

"We can turn around and go," Anya tells her as she sees the slight widening of Lexa's eyes, "Lexa, we don't have to do this if you're not--"

"No," Lexa gulps as she parks the car and turns the engine off, "no, I'm fine. Let's go."

They both exit the car, still in their business attire as they enter the bar. Lexa takes a minute to stand in the entrance, to simply take in the surroundings. The building has changed a lot, especially in the last five years. She walks through to where Anya is talking with Gustus and Indra, who, as she approaches, pass her a gentle wave and kind smile. Lexa smiles back and sits on the stool, pushing down memories and tremors and urges as the bartender, Xeneth -- it still baffles her that she remembers everything about this place when she doesn't want anything to do
with it anymore -- offers her the usual.

"No thanks," she says and Xeneth is nice, sweet and just nods as Lexa confirms, "I'm the designated driver. I'll take a glass of orange juice."

The bartender nods and whips it up in no time. Lexa tips her graciously, because even though it's just orange juice, it's so much more. She can see when Xeneth gives her another soft smile before tending to the others. Grabbing her drink, Lexa stands and starts to wander around the bar until she spots the familiar blonde tresses of Clarke standing with Raven and another girl with long black hair. She clutches her glass a little tighter when she hears the soft cadence of the beautiful intern's laugh when Raven tells her a joke. The girl beside the brunette laughs too before glancing in Lexa's direction.

And surely, that leads to Clarke noticing her, too.

"Boss!" Clarke hollers out, slightly slurred. Lexa wants to chuckle, she really does, but all she can force out is a soft rasp. She makes her way over, enraptured in Clarke's dazed blue eyes that pool with affection and muddled desire. She reaches them and Clarke immediately reaches out to graze her arm before nodding in the shorter woman's direction. She seems younger than Clarke by a year or two, her eyes green and bright with confidence.

"Octavia," Clarke says to the brunette, "this is Lexa, my boss. CEO. The real deal."

They shake hands as Octavia says (almost knowingly), "Ms Woods. I've heard a lot of things about you. Clarke never shuts up about you."

"You are…?" Lexa asks, trying to find the connection without panicking. Octavia nods in the direction of the slowly bumbling blonde.

"That idiot's roommate," Octavia clears up as she gives a raspy chuckle, "and her best friend. Sisters-from-another-mister, you know?"

"Really?" Lexa says as she looks between the two of them. "I never would've guessed…"

"No, no." Octavia smiles at her and leans against the pool tables. "Her parents adopted me and my older brother when we were kids."

"Ah," Lexa catches on and takes another drink. She goes to continue the conversation when Clarke slides into her side slightly.

At this, Lexa eases a little and slips the confident mask back on. Her nerves are settled when Clarke's hand rests in the crook of her elbow. She doesn't have the heart to tell her that even though they're not in the office, she's still Lexa Woods, CEO of Trigeda Industries, the woman with a million cameras upon her, the woman who doesn't have the ability to be so carefree. But Lexa manages her neurotic thoughts for the evening because damn her if she deserves to relax, to not worry. She sips from her orange juice and Clarke giggles. Lexa only raises a brow at her in confusion but also amusement.

"Something funny, Griffin?" Lexa asks as she glances up to see Octavia talking with one of her chief architect, Lincoln. Clarke snorts.

"You're drinking orange juice," Clarke drunkenly points out. Lexa feels the seize in her chest, the fear that is ever present, but her mask is solid. It's always been solid. She doesn't get to have insecurities. She is Lexa Woods, remember? She steels herself and offers Clarke another gentle smile and a nod.
"I am," she concurs as she takes another sip, "you're drinking… rum and coke?"

"I was," Clarke slurs as she points to the empty glass with a pout, "but it's gone now."

Lexa's nerves ease again when Clarke smiles at her because fuck, those eyes are so damned blue. Have they always been so blue?

"I'm going to get some water okay?" Clarke hiccups as she pats her arm. "Stay here. I want… I want to play pool with you."

"Alright Clarke," Lexa chuckles as she lets Clarke stumble slightly over the bar again to where she slumps down and gets her water. She wants to follow, but figures she may as well give Clarke some time to sober up with the water. As she waits, she spots Raven walking over to her, looking a bit timid.

"I won't bite you," the CEO jokes as Raven relaxes slightly. The brunette rubs the back of her neck and chuckles lightly.

"I know, I just… I just wanted to say thanks so much for giving me this opportunity," Raven says sincerely, like she's rehearsed this for a long time (and maybe she has) and Lexa just looks at her sympathetically, nodding at her in understanding. When Raven looks to her glass, her eyes mist a bit.

"I get it," Lexa tells her as she finishes off the rest of her drink, "you're a remarkable case, Reyes. I picked your application out myself."

At this, Raven's eyes widen. "You're shitting me."

"No," Lexa smiles gently, "you're at the top of your class in MIT, you've surpassed all the standards set by most young engineers at your age, not to mention you are incredibly hard-working, always using the best of your surroundings to circumvent any problems. Of course your application came easy to us."

"Wow," Raven says with a beaming grin as she processes the information, "thanks, Ms Woods."

"Lexa," the older woman corrects with a chuckle, "Ms Woods only in the boardroom, Reyes. You're not under scrutiny here."

"Lexa," Raven tests her name with a firm smile, "well, still. Thanks. It means a lot, you know?"

"Of course," Lexa says as she looks up over the brunette's shoulder to where Clarke is sitting. Only, she's not alone.

No, that fuckboy Finn is sitting next to her, a bit too close for Lexa's liking.

"Excuse me," Lexa says to the intern and Raven just nods in understanding, turning to talk to one of the other interns -- Monty, as she recalled earlier -- about something to do with angles and velocity when playing pool. The boy just grins back and starts to set himself up for the next shot.

Lexa sets her empty glass down on the end of the countertop and maneuvers over to where Clarke and Finn are sitting. The blonde looks a bit better than before, but Lexa can see that she's still a bit buzzed from the drink. Finn, however, is more than tipsy. He is leaning closer than he had this afternoon in the break room. His hand softly grazes Clarke's own and the girl pulls back, telling him that she's not interested, but Finn's eyes only darken with fury. Lexa growls low in her chest, her own anger bubbling, not just from this afternoon, but now. She stalks over as he raises his
hand to claw out for Clarke's arm.

Before he can let his hand grab or even touch the blonde, Lexa steps in between them and grabs his wrist, twisting fluidly like any standard lock. She snaps his arm behind his back with not enough force to break any bones, but enough to cause massive discomfort. The weak son of a bitch whimpers like a kicked puppy while Lexa glares into his back, her own body still protectively placed in front of Clarke's frame. She clenches her grip around his wrist.

"Mr Collins," she growls into his ear as he protests and whines, "I gave you a warning earlier, one that was a big stretch on my part. And still, you defy me." Finn struggles in the grip, trying to use his weight and height to throw them to the ground, but he can't move his lumbering gait while inebriated.

"F-Fuck you," Finn spits out as he cocks his head back as far as he can, "you f-fucking half-breed dyke bitch. My father would never allow for this."

"He wouldn't?" Lexa asks calmly, not bothering to notice how everyone in the bar has stopped to watch them. "Well, that's too bad."

Before Finn can reply, Lexa hoists him up and marches him towards the door like the piece of human vermin he is, before kicking open the door and throwing him out onto the street. She can hear the shocked gasp of Anya and Gustus from behind her, but she doesn't bother turning around. She waits until Finn lolls like a damned child onto his back so that she can tower over him before kneeling at his side. He dazedly stares up at her as she smiles again. She reaches into her suit jacket pocket and pulls out a business card before tossing it to the boy's chest. She rises stiffly, dusting off her palms.

"That's my number. Tell your father to give me a call and I'll be more than happy to talk," she answers curtly before she shrugs, "if not, well, sue me."

She turns around and goes back for the door, but then smiles and cocks her head over her shoulder to nod down at him.

"Oh wait," Lexa says with feigned innocence, "he can't."

Finn just groans and continues to lazily fit upon the pavement while Lexa marches back inside the bar, green eyes ablaze with a spectrum of different emotions. Most of them are pretty clear, a clear warning to stay the fuck out of her path or face the same fate as the moaning loser on the bar's front step. To the blonde that stands in front of her though, now completely sober from having watched Lexa hand the boy his ass on a silver platter, looks far from terrified. Neither of them speak as they look at each other, silently communicating through the heavy, lusted gazes they send each other.

"Octavia," Clarke says, not bothering to turn her head to actually find the girl, "I don't need a ride home."

"Um," Octavia pipes up from where she'd been standing with Lincoln. She takes one look at the two of them and it clicks. "Oh."

Lexa just looks at Anya and the blonde gives her a smirk and nods. "I'll catch a ride with Gus. Get out of here."

Clarke and Lexa don't need to be told twice as they exit through the main doors, stepping over Finn's near-passed out body, and into Lexa's Maserati. Clarke runs her hand over the leather as she settles in the seat, pretty unsure of how she'd imagine herself sitting in the million dollar car of
one of the most famous CEOs in the world. And as she watches Lexa drive, with one hand on the steering wheel and the other over the armrest in such a casual but sexy manner, Clarke can't help but cross and uncross her legs in pure torment. Lexa seems to notice, and Clarke grins when she makes out the shaft between her legs stiffen underneath the material of her pants. The soft jazz sets the mood so right, especially as Duke Ellington's, "In a Sentimental Mood" begins to filter through the subwoofers. As if a gift or an omen from the Gods themselves, the sensual pattering of the rain taps against the windows.

Considering there's no one on the roads, and for one, Clarke has no idea where the hell they're fucking going, the blonde decides to let the small trace of liquid courage left in her body run free. She slides her hand over the armrest and brushes the fine hairs on the back of Lexa's wrist, pleased with the soft growl that answers as a response. She continues to slide her hand further across until she's resting it on Lexa's thigh, stroking a line up and down softly. Lexa's hips raise slightly, but she maintains her gaze to the road, furiously intent on ignoring how that pale hand creeps higher and higher until--

"Clarke."

There it is, Clarke grins as she watches how Lexa lets out a breathy gasp. She pauses for a moment, letting her finger tips graze over the bulge of Lexa's family jewels, softly tracing the throbbing outline of her hard cock. Lexa's eyes are substantially darker now, but she doesn't make an effort to protest the movements. Deciding to be frisky, Clarke turns her gaze to look out the windscreen, her fingers popping open the button and then slowly, sensually, driving the woman's zipper down. Lexa's breathing is quickening but she's still focused on the road as Clarke traces the waistband of her briefs.

"You're so hard," Clarke whimpers as she slides her hand down to cup that hot, heavy length. "God, you're so big and hot -- so hard.

Lexa grits her teeth as Clarke's hand starts slowly jerking her off in the car, taking a steady and hard rhythm. Her hips tighten and tense as Clarke picks up the strength and pace of the strokes, before she pulls away to look down at the bobbing length, saluting and eagerly awaiting the next touch. A giggle leaves the younger woman's lips as she takes her index finger and just skims the prominent vein that juts from the base to the tip before her thumb curls over to collect the leaking pre-cum and folding her hand to slide it down the aching shaft. Lexa's growls grow louder and the grip on the steering wheel increases to the point that Clarke can make out the bulging muscles in the brunette's arms from under her shirt. A flood of wetness hits her at the sight.

"Do you get this hard for anyone else?" Clarke asks in a low voice, feeling her own jealousy wash over her in subtle waves. "Does anyone else ever make you leak this much? Does anyone make you this fucking hot and heavy? Does anyone else make you come like you came earlier today?"

The questions are riling both of them up, but Clarke doesn't want to stop, not anytime soon. Lexa, on the other hand, has other plans.

The brunette suddenly veers off into a side street before pulling over to the side of the road and putting the car in park while powering the engine off in the same time. The movement soaks Clarke's new pair of panties, but before she can go to compliment Lexa on her smoothness, strong arms grab at her hips and suddenly she's being lifted into Lexa's lap like they're both horny high-schoolers. Clarke whines and preens as Lexa's mouth immediately finds her neck and lays a thousand bites and kisses to her pale skin, her hips grinding up into Clarke's still stroking hand. Lexa's hand goes to snake between Clarke's thighs, to where she's exposed underneath her skirt, but the blonde swats her hand away and growls, gripping Lexa's cock tighter and rousing a sharp growl from the brunette. She grinds her hips down on the length, but doesn't seem to have the intent of letting Lexa inside just yet.
"Does this seat go back?" Clarke asks, not stopping her strokes. Lexa can't speak, bare for the nod she gives as she adjusts the seat and leans it backwards. At any other moment, Clarke would've laughed considering that she's stroking Lexa's dick in Lexa's Maserati that probably costs like two of her college tuitions, but as she looks to Lexa, every single rational thought that she's ever had flies out the window and she's left a panting, canting mess.

Unlike the last time Clarke did this, the blonde reaches out for the waistband for both her pants and briefs and yanks them down to mid thigh. Lexa's head jerks backwards as she fights to keep control of her desire. Clarke only beams as she adjusts herself so that she's kneeling between Lexa's legs. The brunette's eyes glaze over with lust as Clarke peppers kisses up her bare, muscled thigh. Her lips catch on a few ridges -- that she soon learns with soft laps of her tongue are scars -- before she makes her way up to the elephant in the room. Her right hand finds the base of Lexa's dick, squeezing firmly. Upon response, a flood of pre-cum drips out of the divot at the top of the purplish head, staining her hand and making the stroking that much slicker.

"Fuck, Lexa. It never fucking ends," Clarke muses in awe as she watches another weak pulse shoot from the edge. This time, Clarke's free hand skirts past the small patch of curly hair near the base of her dick and up her pubic bone. She slides her hand under Lexa's shirt, moaning without restraint when she feels the tensing, rock solid muscles of her lover contracting and flexing with each heaving breath. She looks to Lexa's narrowed gaze and beams.

"You're so ripped," she groans as she leans her head forward and kisses up the lower half of her abdomen, pushing that shirt upwards. "Fuck."

A few tattoos adorn her ribs, along with a few more scars a little larger in size and shape, but Clarke kisses over everything. When her lips graze over a particular scar, right above her stomach, Lexa tenses and not in the way she wants. Deciding not to linger too much on the brunette's markings, she drifts her head back down and situates herself on Lexa's thigh, resting her cheek on the hard muscles there while kissing the insides of the woman's thighs. Her hands lazily pump the shaft up and down, teasing the older woman to no end. A beaming grin spreads across Clarke's lips as she gently leans forwards and peppers kisses down from the head to the base and repeats the motion, only the second time Clarke smirks and dips past the base to suckle at her balls.

"Fuck," Lexa nearly whines as she feels the dual sensation of her cock being milked while her balls are being sucked, "Jesus fuck, don't stop."

"Daddy?" Clarke asks, letting her tongue swipe over the curve of her balls. Lexa just calms her breathing and closes her eyes, placing a soft hand on the golden tresses that spill out over Clarke's shoulders and tickle the sensitive glans of her cock's head. She moans as Clarke continues her ministrations.

"You're doing so great, baby girl. Your tongue is like heaven," Lexa breathes out as her abs continue to flex under her loose shirt. "God, I'm so close."

"I want you to come, daddy. I want you to come," Clarke breathes the last repetition with a lap over the head before she hisses, "in my mouth."

"Christ," Lexa moans as she bucks her hips up in response to the oral stimulation. She looks down, a bit worried. "Baby girl… are you sure?"

"I want it, daddy." Clarke's voice is firm as she increases the pacing of her strokes. "I want your come in me. I want all of it. Please, daddy."

"Shit," Lexa curses again as Clarke's warm lips envelope her penis, easing downwards and sucking like this what Clarke was born to do. She tries as best as she can to not squirm on the
leather seats, but she can't help it. That talented tongue and those deft, soft hands are rendering her closer to the edge. Upon feeling the tensing muscles beneath her, Clarke doubles her efforts, determined to bring Lexa to the edge and over it until she's a mess in the seat.

"Oh God… fuck, baby girl," Lexa sighs as she clenches the blonde's hair tightly, "I'm coming, fuck. Oh Jesus fucking hell… oh God--"

Clarke prepares herself well for the first spurt that hits the back of her throat. She relaxes the muscle and focuses on stilling her mouth movements while still fondling Lexa's cock and squeezing. The salty, tangy with a hint of bittersweet texture floods her mouth and Clarke is surprised she's not gagged from the amount of come she's pulling from Lexa's cock. The jets seem never-ending, and Clarke can't help let a few thick ropes leak from the corner of her mouth and dribble down her chin. After a few more moments, the jerking shots taper off and Lexa collapses into the seat, completely breathless.

"Damn," Clarke mutters in awe as she removes of her hands from Lexa's still throbbing dick to wipe up the excesses cum. She slides her soiled finger into her mouth and savours the taste of Lexa. It's earthy and grounding, something very Lexa-esque. The woman in question just watches with wide, proud eyes as her hands continue to stroke through those tangled blonde locks, pulling free the knots and kinks in her scalp. Clarke grins up at her softly.

"Clarke," Lexa whispers softly as she gazes deeply in her eyes, "that was…"

"I know," Clarke only confidently smirks as she climbs up to sit on Lexa's lap, only to find that her mighty sword is still as ready as ever. Clarke folds herself in Lexa's arms and looks between them at the shaft caught between their legs, proudly standing to attention under her gaze, like in search of more. Clarke lets an absent hand wander to play with the hard dick while her lips started their attack on Lexa's neck and jaw, pecking light kisses at any patch of skin.

"How are you still hard?" Clarke murmurs with an agonizing whimper. "You're so ready, aren't you? I knew you were fit, but fuck, this is… damn."

Lexa just hisses when Clarke gives her dick another harsh tug. "Clarke."

"Doesn't it ever get hard to breathe with these pants?" Clarke continues to whisper the dirty nothings into her ear. "Do you ever feel like your dick is being constrained. Fuck, daddy, don't you just want to find someone to take care of you, to let them let you come all over them?" Lexa moans at the words, her hips bucking up in response. Her hands finally move from where they'd been tearing out the armrests to claw at Clarke's ass.

"What are you doing?" Clarke breathes out as she watches Lexa move her off her lap and reach for the keys. Reluctantly, her hand gets pried away from Lexa's most prized possession. The brunette, either through forgetting or not caring, doesn't pull her pants back up to cover her raging erection as she starts the car and pulls back onto the road. Clarke isn't one to question, for she's more concerned that Lexa still has her pants half off and is driving.

Lexa drives to this mountainside just on the outskirts of the city, still not bothering with her pants. Her member hasn't softened, and if anything, it's picked up its own desire. Clarke keeps aching to hold it and put it back inside of her where it belongs, but she refrains for their own safety. It isn't until they wind up to the top of the mountainside, Clarke looks upon a massive estate overlooking the metropolis. The statehouse is surrounded by the forest and no neighbours in the vicinity. Lexa drives the car to the front lot and powers it off before she finally pulls her pants up and exits the car.

Clarke goes to follow when suddenly, Lexa is on the other end opening the door for her. Clarke
pulls herself from the inside of the Maserati, but before she can go to thank the older woman for opening the door, Clarke's being pressed against the car with harsh nips cascading down her neck and into her chest where one of her shirt buttons had popped open. Her hands sneak around to Clarke's hips, holding her to the back of the matte black sports car.

"You drive me insane," Lexa growls against Clarke's neck, her hands finding purchase under her shirt to trace the contours of her soft belly. "Your skin is softer than silk, your hands gentler than those of a doctor, your mouth -- God, your mouth is something else, baby girl. But I need you to know one thing." Clarke just nods, at a loss for words as Lexa continues to kiss her so tenderly but just as intensely under the faint drizzle of rain. Her hands finally run up her sides and thumb under the wire of her bra, a low raspy chuckle rumbling against her chest which causes Clarke's eyes to squeeze shut in anticipation.

"I have very… specific tastes," Lexa mutters as she continues marking Clarke, a little harsher than their tryst in the break room. Clarke can hear the unasked question filtering in the space between them. I'm letting you in, but I don't know if I'll be able to let you go. Tell me, will you stay or will you go?

"Show me," is the only two words Clarke can breathe out before Lexa snarls and takes those puffy lips in her own pair, kissing her fervently. Somehow, the older woman manages to drag them into the house and up the steps. As they enter the living room, they start peeling apart their outfits to litter a path of clothes behind them, as if to find a way back out through the labyrinth of this estate. Clarke's top is shed first, followed by Lexa's shirt and tie.

It's in the faint glow of the moon through the windows that Clarke sees the outline of Lexa's body. Her arms are sinewy muscle, pulled taut around her skin as if painted on. Her right arm's tattoo runs up to her shoulder. There's a massive one on her toned back, as well as a few small ones that are over her chest. Her abs are a defined six-pack, the evidence of a woman who treats her body as her temple. The tan flesh stretches and constricts with each heaving breath, and Clarke can't resist but to reach out and graze her fingertips over the searing flesh, committing the sight of art and scars to her mind forever.

And then Lexa's hands are on Clarke's belt and they're stripping her pants together, leaving her lacy black underwear on. Lexa chuckles at the sight of it but leaves it on as she reaches under Clarke's thighs to carry her through the house. They kiss the entire way to the steps, and on occasion, Lexa will slam them against the nearest wall and just grind against her, all bare skin and slick sweat binding them together. Clarke's legs stay wound tightly around the other woman's waist, as if letting go would result in this maze swallowing her whole and devouring her until her last breath. Her arms are tangled over Lexa's set shoulders, with one hand weaved in her chestnut mane and the other raking a path of new battle scars down the older woman's back as they finally make it up the steps and into a massive bedroom. Because they're kissing so heavily and deeply, Clarke doesn't take in the sheer size of the bedroom.

Lexa deposits Clarke on the bed roughly before she stands and watches the blonde as she splays out on her sheets. Clarke stares up at her, driven mad with lust at the sight of Lexa standing there like some damned Greek god with her heaving muscles and the slightest sheen of sweat. She scrambles up the bed and sits so she can reach out and hook her hand in Lexa's half-open pants and drag her closer. She winds her hands around Lexa's waist and palm her ass as she adorns those lower abdomen muscles with nips and kisses. She traces a path of bites down to her public bone before she bites Lexa's hip.

"Off," Lexa growls as she gently pulls Clarke's hair back so they can look at each other for any signs of discomfort. "On the bed, baby girl."

Clarke obeys and waits, watching as Lexa strides over her drawer and grabs a few items. Clarke
eases up onto her forearms as she watches Lexa deposit the times onto the bed. Her body shivers with anticipation as she glances back to see Lexa staring at her with a serious expression. The woman sits down on the bed and reaches out to run gentle and soft lines upon Clarke's calves and thighs and then to her stomach before she pulls the woman in for a tender embrace, rolling over so that her weight pins her down to the bed. Clarke only looks up into Lexa's gentle green eyes and feels her heart burst with warmth. The older woman leans down and presses their foreheads together, content to just match their heartbeats and breathe each other in.

And then, the question that makes it all come back to life is asked by Lexa.

"Safe word?"

Clarke's eyes flash open to see Lexa staring down at her seriously, and she can't help but lean up and kiss her lips slowly and gently.

"Pineapple," she murmurs against Lexa's lips as they kiss again, picking up in heat and intensity. Lexa nips down her neck and subtly grinds into Clarke's midsection, bringing out another preening moan from the aching blonde. Lexa grins like a wolf into her shoulder, placing a harder bite when Clarke whimpers in pleasure. She continues her ministrations, alternating between soft and hard bites before she reaches Clarke's bra.

"I want you naked, baby girl," Lexa hums as she draws them into a sitting position, "I want your skin on my skin. I want you."

Clarke hides her face in Lexa's neck as the older woman's experienced hands glide up her sides to easily unsnap her bra and let it fall. To make Clarke more comfortable, she takes off her own sports bra and brings them back for another embrace, their breasts pushing up against each other as they adorn each other with loving touches and kisses. Eventually, Lexa's kisses trail down from Clarke's neck to her breasts, alternating kisses between both nipples. Her fingers worships the hardened, pink nubs with precise pinches and rolls -- followed by the occasional stroke or tug. The movements are short-circuiting Clarke's brain as Lexa's mouth moves lower until she's somehow curled over so that her nose tickles the waistband of her underwear.

Yeah, Clarke realizes as she makes out the many muscles in Lexa's back working, she's definitely flexible.

A hand glides up her stomach and then Clarke is pushed on her back, forced upon her forearms to watch as Lexa keeps kissing her stomach until she reaches her underwear again. Green eyes that burn with nothing but tantalizing desire flicker up at her once before Clarke watches with a hitched breath when Lexa's pearly white teeth peel back from her lips and latch down on the edge of her underwear. A flood of wetness escapes her as she watches that lithe body drag her panties down with her fucking teeth until she's at the edge and, with a flick of her head, tosses it somewhere in the room.

"Nobody else gets to touch your body like this," Lexa growls as she roams her hands up Clarke's thighs and sides, "nobody gets to stake a claim over you like this, baby girl. You're mine, but you belong to you first and foremost. No man or woman should ever make you feel any different."

The words are coated in dominance and authority, but they're so pure and honest in the same. A tear nearly wells in Clarke's eyes as she hears the unspoken words.

You're mine, but I don't own you.

No one owns you.

"Clarke," Lexa growls from between her thighs, "say it." Clarke's lungs shudder with effort of just
"I'm yours," she breathes out as she meets those viridescent depths that burn a path into her loins, "but you don’t own me."

Lexa practically grins like a Cheshire cat as she nods and rewards her with a kiss to her clit. "Good girl. Now, I'm going to treat you right."

"Please," Clarke begs as she feels that hot tongue trace up her slit, "please daddy, I need you inside me."

"Patience, Princess. Relax for me," Lexa coos softly as she continues her gentle exploration with her fingers. Her other hand reaches for one of the items she’d brought from that drawer. Before Clarke can question what it is, Lexa does something with the object and suddenly a low vibrating sound pours through. Clarke practically shudders in anticipation as Lexa’s eyes look up to her once more for reassurance that she consents to her using the toy.

"Please," Clarke begs again in a low whine, "please, just let me come."

Lexa's grin spreads wider than the moon shining in the reflection of the window.

Upon the first touch of the vibrator, Clarke yelps, but Lexa just hums soothingly, easing her through the strange sensation. One of her palms remains flat against her lower abdomen, pressing down on it ever so slightly so that she can increase the pressure against her front wall. The small vibrator glides over her clit but never lands directly upon the exposed head of the tiny nub. It's mind-blowing to Clarke that they've had sex twice and Lexa knows that direct stimulation is too much, that she loves it all drawn out and teased, that she's a stickler for Lexa's warm breath on her clit as she laps at her folds.

It takes maybe two minutes before Clarke is coming, and to her surprise, Lexa lets her.

"There you go, sweetheart. That's a good girl," Lexa hums as she adjusts the settings so she can ride out the shockwaves. "You're so good, taking those vibrations. Next time we'll work on lasting longer, okay baby girl? Breathe, Princess, you did really well." The praises bring out a new side of Clarke that she herself isn't even sure how they existed. She's never one to have liked being coddled, but with Lexa staring at her like that, saying things like that -- well, who couldn't fucking come after two minutes? Clarke's body threatens to melt into the sheets but Lexa shakes her head, telling her she's not done.

Clarke beams as she watches Lexa sensually strip off the rest of her clothes before reaching for the box of condoms and she pulls out a strip of them. She tears off one of the small foil packages before tossing the box and strip of condoms to the corner of the bed they’re not going to use. The thought excites her at the purpose of not putting them back in the drawer. Lexa smiles down at her knowingly as she reaches out for the bottle of special stimulating lube before she pours a gob of it on her hand and returns to Clarke’s still throbbing pussy. Even though she's wet, Clarke can't help but enjoy the warming sensation of the lube as Lexa massages it up and down her folds to get her as slick as possible. It makes little sense because she's already dripping.

But then, she sees Lexa reach for a different lube bottle and Clarke's brows raise in curiosity.

"Are those the special ones?" Clarke asks as she watches Lexa roll the condom on her member before plopping a bit of the lube upon her own part, spreading it around smoothly. Lexa offers her a wolfish grin, choosing to respond instead by leaning down and kissing her way up to Clarke's front.
Yes it is, Lexa kisses into her skin.

By the time their lips meet, Clarke's certain there's not a single inch of skin left un-kissed by the CEO. Lexa's hand comes up and takes both her hands to pin them above her head while her other goes to adjust her member, dragging it up and down Clarke's slit and teasing her clit a few times before the head presses against her entrance. Upon the first contact, coupled with the special stimulation lubes, Clarke feels every nerve ending on her body being flung into space. She keens upwards, moaning into the starry night as Lexa pushes inside of her, those green eyes watching her every reaction. The blonde's fingers claw into Lexa's wrists where they hold her hands up and those nails fully clench down as soon as the length is fully inside.

"You take me in so well, baby girl," Lexa hums as she leans down and continues to mark alternating gentle and rough bites to Clarke's collar. "Your pussy is so warm and tight for me. It stretches for me, doesn't it? Your cunt takes me in so tightly that I feel like I'm a part of you." The words are quietly burned into each patch of skin Lexa kisses. The brunette starts up a slow and steady pace, grinding her hips into the younger woman so that their skin may meet and they both can set each other aflame. Lexa's kisses move from her neck down to her breasts, and when she lets go of Clarke's hands, the blonde obeys.

"Your tits are perfect," Lexa murmurs as she sucks upon one of her hardened nipples while rolling the other in her fingers. "They're a perfect size, baby girl, like they were meant to be held by my hands. Hmm, do you like that? Do you like it when I squeeze them and hold them like this?" Clarke whimper and nods, feeling Lexa twitch inside her and then picking up the pace again. The meticulous torture upon her breasts ensues until the white heat that pools in the bottom of both of their stomachs becomes near unbearable. Clarke looks pleadingly at Lexa and the girl grins, giving her a short nod.

"You can do it, baby girl. You can come," Lexa gives her permission in a growl as she leans down to capture Clarke's earlobe in her teeth, tugging harshly. "Come, Clarke. I want you to fucking come all over my dick. Come, baby girl, you can do it." With that, Clarke's hips buck upwards and she screams with the unrelentingly deep Lexa's thrusts become. All she can feel is Lexa inside of her, Lexa a part of her. It drives her mad with desire and longing. When it draws towards the end of the worst of the tremors, one of Lexa's hands reaches up and gently intertwine with Clarke's fingers and draw her arms over her back.

"This time," Lexa whispers as she hisses into Clarke's ear, "I want you to let it all go, baby girl."

Clarke doesn't have time to react before Lexa takes off into a brutal, swift rut. All she can do is cross her legs around Lexa's waist and lock her ankles over that toned ass. Her fingernails, however blunt they are, claw tread marks into the intricate tattoos in Lexa's back, creating her own story and weaving it among Lexa's own. She gasps and sighs and moans with each guttural groan and grunt that leaves Lexa's lips. She can feel that she's close, and she knows that Lexa's not far behind. She tightens her inner walls and Lexa fucking howls like an animal, driving Clarke to the brink and pushing her over finally.

They unravel together in a shuddering heap, all twitching limbs and jerking muscles. Still, Lexa maintains a steady descending pace until neither of them can handle the stimulation any longer. Lexa collapses in a heap upon Clarke's sweaty body, with the blonde breathing far heavier than the in-shape and extremely-fit brunette. By the time Clarke has caught her breath, Lexa has pulled out, discarded the soiled condom, and is reaching for another.

Curiously, Clarke looks up to the brunette with a glazed expression. "How long can you last?"

Lexa pauses in rolling on the next latex before flashing a wry grin towards the box. "Until we run out or pass out. Whichever comes first."
Clarke's almost certain she's never heard anything sexier in her life as Lexa's hands maneuver her onto her stomach and then pull gently to get her on her hands and knees. She moans in anticipation as she feels that still-hard length reenter and plunge deep into her walls. Again, Lexa's pace is steady and quick, the front of her thighs slapping against the backs of Clarke's own. Her hands claw and leave marks into the swell of the blonde's pale ass, knowing that the marks on Clarke's neck aren't enough. She wants Clarke, all of Clarke, and she doesn't want anyone else to even think of coming near her. It takes an even shorter time to come undone in this position, in which Lexa can reach that deep spot deep inside Clarke's front wall. The blonde surprises herself when she feels her wetness dribble down her legs and unto the pristine maroon red satin sheets. Lexa, as smug as always, just sings her praises.

(In the end, they run out at the same time their bodies finally collapse into each other and fall into a deep slumber.)

The next morning, when they arrive at work, dressed both in Lexa's attire, no body dares speak up. Indra and Titus look disappointed but apathetic considering Lexa's position and rank outnumbered them. But, it is Lexa that everyone is drawn to. The way that she places herself beside Clarke in subtle possession. Her smile is the same, her CEO mask the same, but everyone knows that something changed that night at the bar. It's not just in the way that the older brunette acts, but, as Clarke horrifyingly discovers when Anya nods at her and then looks to Lexa to mutter, 'seriously'?

Lexa Woods, CEO of Trigeda Industries, one of the most influential people in the business world, marked her.

Lexa's only response is a shrug before she walks off towards her office to arrange more things for her meeting with Nia. But she doesn't go without passing a knowing, cold smirk in the direction of Finn Collins. The man is in the middle of packing up his things when Lexa passes him the glare, the top-dog, alpha-like instinct within her that lets him know subtly that he failed, that he should know better than to mess with another woman's girl, especially if that other woman is Lexa Woods and her girl is the gorgeous and most amazing Clarke Griffin. Clarke should find it disgusting, the stupid pissing contest.

But honestly, there's nothing that turns her on more.

At the end of the day, Clarke goes home, looks in her bathroom mirror and she grins at those marks.

I'm yours, she remembers her own words, but you don't own me.

"Clarke?" Octavia knocks upon the bathroom door. "You've got a package."

The blonde frowns as she opens the door and accepts the package from Octavia's reach. The covering is plain brown wrapping, but when she looks to the sent address, she realizes that there is none. Frowning again, she peels open the wrapping until she finds a box with a note attached to it. She slides the small white paper card from the string of the box and opens it. Her heart skips a beat and her eyes light up as she beams at the note.

Blue,

Because I never did get to ask you on that date.

xxx-xxx-xxxx

L.W.
Clarke smiles at the beautiful handwriting and makes a mental note to text Lexa later. She tucks away the note before she undoes the strings and opens the box. She takes apart the tissue paper and gasps, glancing inside to see two sets of midnight blue panties that must cost at least her entire wardrobe in the gorgeous, actual lingerie-quality lace. She fingers the material and grins like a fool, unable to believe that Lexa would go all out like that. But then, as she's adjusting the box, she notices writing on the back of the white card. Clarke flips it over and blushes at the inscription on the back.

*I'll try not to ruin these ones, I swear.*

Chapter End Notes

Hahahahahahah I'm going to hell.

As always, come sin with me @ a-class-act-president on Tumblr!

If you've got prompts, feel free to send them my way! I'll try my best to write them.

Leave a comment if you can! :) Thanks so much for all the sinsational feedback on that last chapter holy heck nearly 700 kudos that's a record for me holy shits!!! Still not over it haha. I'm still getting back to y'all :P
Seventy-Two Hours (Part One: Trust)

Chapter Summary

Trigeda Industries holds a fancy gala and Lexa asks Clarke on a spontaneous "first date".

Chapter Notes

Trigger Warning: Mentions of Previous Alcoholism, Violence, and Minor Character Deaths.

Based off the prompt by pamrenaa on Tumblr: "So how about Lexa asks Clarke out to cabin for wkd. We learn the story behind the scars, see Clarke draw and Lexa finally fuck Clarke raw like she been dreaming about on that fly ass bed above the forest in the middle of downpour! All the tropes in one!"

Based off the prompt by anon(s) on Tumblr: "You should do the next chapter on their first date. Lexa is kind of nervous which is really weird because wtf she's never nervous and Anya helps her get ready and teases her as she fixes her tie and of course Clarke and her banter the entire time and at the end of the night when they head back to Lexa's place they totally plan on having sex but before they know it a heated make out session turns into them talking about everything and nothing and Lexa opens up a bit and cuteness ensues."

So this chapter is a bit more plot-heavy and angsty than the last two, mostly because as much as I love the filth, this story has to have a good foundation, too. There's still smut, but it's not filthy as much as it is love-making (because these two nerd deserve it, tbh). The next chapter is full of filthy smut don't worry.

Also if you've not read my tumblr post regarding the tag-change of this fic, I highly recommend that you do that if you're wondering what happened to all my weird BS tags, lmao. Also, I really want to remind you that all the kinks expressed in this story will be written consensually without power dynamic abuse. Or I will do it to the best of my ability. Yell at me to your hearts content if this doesn't happen, I mean it. Respect and consent is really important to me, as well as safe-sex practice. I hope this clears this up a bit.

It's currently almost 7am, and yes I pulled another 16k word all-nighter. It's okay, I don't have class tomorrow so I'm gonna sleep until I can work off the random amounts of angst I poured into this :P

Thank you all for your comments and kudos. They mean the world to me. The more you guys leave the more I am inspired to pump out more updates. It's the best thing to read, I mean that in complete honesty. Thank you so much for your support on a fic that started out as a drunk piece of shit to… well, this.

Cheers! :)

Clarke's sitting at her desk, typing up a finance report, when Raven plops down in her desk beside her.

"Morning, Princess." Clarke raises her brow at the teasing term as Raven grins at her, her pearly teeth showing through that dastardly smirk. Clarke blushes slightly at the knowing and ribbing gaze as she turns her attention back to her computer. Raven chuckles and swivels her chair slightly.

"So…," Raven trails off, still looking at the blonde cheekily.

"No," Clarke grunts as she blushes again, "I'm not telling you anything, Reyes."

"C'mon," Raven practically whines as she rolls her chair forward to catch Clarke's attention. "Just a little detail? Please."

"She's our boss."

"She's also fucking you," Raven smirks again as she eyes those fading love bites around her collar, "fairly well -- if those are anything to go by."

"Raven," Clarke mutters again as she subtly adjusts her shirt collar. "It's been nearly six days, can't you leave it?"

"Tell me how many times she's made you come and then I'll drop it forever."

"Fine," Clarke groans in exhaustion before turning to her smirking friend. She goes to answer, but then she frowns. "Actually, I don't know how many."

Raven has a straight face for a moment before she bursts into laughter. "You're shitting me. Big bad CEO is also a sex master? What are the odds?"

Clarke growls and groans again, but Raven only laughs again. They're about to delve into more of the lewd conversation when suddenly something plops down on Clarke's desk. The blonde and the brunette look up, startled, to see Indra scowling down at them. Clarke gulps and takes one of the formal-looking cards and inspects it. She frowns at the sight of it and then looks over at Raven, who's taken her own in confusion. Indra only scoffs lightly.

"Seven o'clock sharp," the secretary mutters before whipping around. Raven is still looking at her card in shock.

"Why are we getting invited to a gala?" She asks, a bit befuddled. "We're just interns."

"Beats me," Clarke says, though it's a bit of a lie. Lexa's been talking about this gala for awhile now. Since their last session at her mansion, they'd both been too busy to reconvene. She knows, from Lexa's eloquent and rather poetic texts, that they're both in dire need of each other's company. This gala serves to remember Lexa's late father, Alexei Woods, the original founder of Trigeda Industries. She'd not seemed all that excited about it, though.

"Actually," Raven smirks, drawing Clarke back into the present, "I think I know why."

"Shut up."

"No, no, hear me out!" Raven says, waving her hands in front of her. "You're her like… whatever
you are to her. If you went alone it would be weird."

"Raven…"

"No, this is like your woman asking you on a date!" Raven jumps to the conclusion with an uncanny amount of pride. Clarke raises her brow at the absurdity of the statement, but before she can speak, the sound of someone clearing their throat interrupts them. Stifling the urge to mutter another obscenity, Clarke nods her head upwards only to pale at the sight of Anya and Lexa towering over their desks. The former bears a smirk at the young engineer beside her, while Lexa looks as stoic and impassive as usual. Clarke gulps and blushes when her green eyes soften as her gaze flits to her own.

"The gala is a mass invite," Anya says as she raises a brow to the still-smirking brunette. Something flashes through Anya's glance, which perks Clarke and Lexa's interest. This time, Raven blushes as Anya snaps her stare away from the flustered brunette and looks at Clarke without so much as a smile before she's turning away. Lexa looks at her back and sighs, but then smiles gently at Clarke, causing the blonde to smile back with a fluttering in her chest.

"Ew," Raven mutters under her breath, out of earshot of the brunette but not the blonde. Lexa just peers at them curiously.

"How is work?" She asks the both of them genuinely, but her eyes are only for Clarke. Raven rolls her own, fully aware that Lexa's too enraptured with her friend to notice. Clarke's swooning just as bad as she replies a quiet acknowledgement of how work is fine and they're finishing their next report. Finally, after what seems like years, Lexa tears her eyes away from the artist and glances over to Raven with just as gentle of an expression upon her face.

This time, Raven gets a bit flustered.

"Anything you two need?" Lexa asks, palming the top shelf of their cubicle with an encouraging and warm smile. Raven just shakes her head as she tries to avoid looking at the way Lexa's arms fit her shirt so snugly, or the faintest glimpse of those tattoos underneath the right sleeve. Clarke visibly stiffens in jealousy in the corner of her eye and she gulps and shakes her head again, offering Lexa a timid smile before the CEO nods at them both and walks away.

"She's off the table," Clarke says with as much restrained bite as possible. Raven rolls her eyes and snorts, but still blushes.

"Easy tiger, she's not the one I'm interested in bagging." Clarke's brows perk at this and now it's her turn to smirk.

"Anya?"

"Shut up," Raven grumbles, regretting that she'd let that information slip. Clarke laughs as she shoves her friend's shoulders.

"She's hot, I'm not gonna lie. She just seems a bit…"

"What?" Raven quietly grumbles. Clarke offers her a smile as she looks up to see the woman in question talking to Lexa by the water cooler. The CEO is making small talk with Monty and Jasper -- two of the other interns that are gawking over her. She knows Lexa's preferences by now so she can't help but just chuckle at the scene of Lexa gently talking them down. Anya, however, seems to have stopped talking to Lexa and is glancing over at them again.

"Ugh," Raven groans as she slams her head on her desk, "she's so… ugh. I want to fling myself into the sun."
"Talk to her," Clarke suggests. Raven just cocks her head on the table, a deadpanned expression plastered to her face.

"I can't just talk to her, she's like our boss. I mean you and Lexa can get away with it because she makes the rules, but Anya doesn't. Besides," Raven pouts as she continues to have a staring contest with the older blonde, "I don't even know if she likes me like that. She probably thinks I'm a dick for nearly wolf-whistling at her when we first met." Clarke giggles at that, shaking her head as Raven moans again into her desk, frustrated by the situation.

"Talk to her at the gala tonight," Clarke offers to say as she starts filing her paperwork, "who knows, you might be wrong?"

Raven snorts and sits back up with a cocky, lopsided smile. "I'm Raven Reyes. I'm never wrong."

Clarke just hums, her gaze flitting back to where Lexa is gazing over Monty's shoulder at her, a fond and warm expression in her green depths. She feels like she's in high school all over again, crushing on that girl in her history class. She gets that same fluttering feeling in her chest when she reimagines Lexa's lips upon hers, and then all over her body, her hands holding hers, those gentle palms skimming down her body...

"Wouldn't it be nice to be wrong, though?" Clarke muses in an airy tone, sighing as she watches Lexa smile in her direction.

"Yeah," Raven murmurs back as she glances over to where Anya is staring at her with a similar expression, "it sure would be."

They eventually get back to work when Lexa and Anya retreat back to their offices. She and Raven butt heads a few times over different project proposals, but manage to get something good enough to pass up as a trial run. She saves the document on her computer and tells Raven that she'll run to the copy room to grab the booklet. She stands and walks over to them, passing a glance to Indra on her way. As per usual, the stoic woman doesn't nod or even smile, and Clarke makes it her goal to at least do that much before the end of her internship. The thought of her job being terminated makes her gulp.

It's not that she doesn't know that she's only here temporarily, but it still hurts all the same. She's made friends with Monty and Raven, and Jasper's not bad either. Gustus, as she's come to learn from her many trips down to the fourth floor, is actually a very down-to-earth man. It's not just the people either, but the flexibility and accommodation, too. And she won't lie, dressing up all formal like this is pretty satisfying, too. She smiles as she passes another man, Fio, before ducking into the copy room. She plugs the information into the printer and waits for the machine to start its job.

"Funny I find you here," a familiar sultry voice draws her from her thoughts. Clarke blinks and looks over to the doorway to see Lexa leaning on the side, both her hands in her pockets and a wry grin on her face. To anyone else, it would look like arrogance, but when she sees the gentle and affectionate gaze in those beautiful viridescent eyes, Clarke knows that the swagger she puts on is all for show. Of course it's a show that is definitely entertaining, but still.

"Come to print something?" Clarke questions with a teasing raise of her brow. "Or something else, boss?"

"Clarke," Lexa murmurs softly as she walks into the copy room, slowly shutting the door behind her. Clarke beams as the other woman approaches her gently, keeping her distance and maintaining respect. The blonde hums in appreciation as Lexa waits for her to make the next move. Clarke looks over her shoulder at the clock, noticing what time it is with a grin. She is about to suggest
they get on with their usual meeting, but Lexa has other ideas.

"Are you coming to the gala tonight?" Lexa asks, leaning against the wall as her hand gently reaches out to allow her fingers to skim over the fine hairs on the back of Clarke's wrist. The blonde shivers and Lexa looks hesitant, but Clarke just nods and smiles in her direction, both answering her question and allowing her touches. She's noticed this about Lexa since their first hook-up in the elevator. It's not that she's more reserved, she's just more... conscientious. It's endearing really, the consent and acceptance that she's constantly seeking, something that no one else in Clarke's life had done before.

"What are you wearing?" Clarke asks, changing the topic away from her dirtying thoughts, seeing as though it doesn't seem that Lexa has come in here for a quick bang. She focuses her full attention upon the brunette, feeling her heart constrict as she remembers that the man being honoured tonight is Lexa's late father. The older woman sighs and shrugs, reluctant to pull her hand away from Clarke's own as she straightens her back and leans off the wall.

"Probably black," Lexa mutters as she adjusts one of her cufflinks on her navy shirt, "a tuxedo if Titus forces me, which is a more-than-likely situation."

Clarke hears the annoyance in her voice and chuckles. Lexa smiles a bit brighter at the noise as she nods her head up, gazing up and down at her.

"And you?" Lexa asks quietly as she lets her eyes roam free over Clarke. The blonde blushes and shrugs, suddenly remembering that she's not rich like Lexa. Her mouth drops a bit and she turns away, slightly ashamed. Lexa, having noticed the change in expression, clears her throat and rubs the back of her neck awkwardly as she tries to reword her question. Clarke just mulls over her options, quickly remembering that Octavia had a nice dress from back when she'd attended a formal banquet with Bellamy at the police station. She'll just borrow that one, and it helps that it's black too.

"A dress," she says, allowing Lexa to relax slightly, "black, probably."

Upon hearing the gentle tease in her voice, Lexa lets out an inaudible sigh and nods stoically. She awkwardly mutters something about needing to get back to work before she turns on her heel. Clarke rolls her eyes and reaches out to grab her arm to yank her back before she can leave. Lexa's breath hitches as she glances down at her grip on that fitted shirt, and Clarke nearly moans as she feels tense muscles flexing under her palms. Lexa's eyes go from nervous to predatory and Clarke's eyes flicker down to her crotch, waiting for that familiar sight of the hardening bulge that always drives her up the wall.

"Clarke," Lexa breathes out in a soft rasp, "I have to go. Conference call."

"Oh," Clarke says, letting go immediately. She's flustered that she thought she misread the context. "Sorry, I didn't--"

Before she can say anything, a soft but calloused hand cups her face and tips it upwards, and the gentlest kiss takes her by surprise. Clarke melts into it immediately, her free hand coming up to rest in the crook of Lexa's elbow as her mouth moves slowly and sensually against her own. Her stomach pools with want -- but it's a different kind of want. It's like... indescribable. All she wants to do is keep Lexa's mouth on her own until their last breath.

"Conference call," Lexa murmurs as she finally lets their lips detach, "but I will see you tonight."

"Yeah," Clarke whispers breathily as Lexa gives her one more soft peck. She's left dumbfounded when Lexa removes her hand from her cheek and squeezes the one that had been in her arm
before tilting it up to her mouth so she can lay a kiss to her knuckles. Clarke's speechless and flustered beyond hell when Lexa's signature smirk tugs at her lips and she drops her hand slowly before walking backwards to the door. Clarke gulps as she watches Lexa push the door open with her back before heading out and back towards her office, leaving Clarke alone in the copy room with the new sets of printed booklets.

Clarke gathers them up quickly and tries to wipe the blush from her face and ignores the pounding between her legs as she darts out of the room. She jogs back to where Raven is talking with Monty before she sets down the catalogues. Raven takes one look at her and smirks, but the glare that Clarke offers in return nearly scalds her. Deciding that living her life is worth more than being burned alive by Clarke, Raven turns the attention back to Monty. Clarke settles back in her desk to try and think about work, but all her mind decides to replay is the sensation of those velvety lips soothingly kissing her own.

It's never occurred her to wonder if perhaps Lexa doesn't want anything more from this thing they have, other than sex. The thought makes tears burn in her eyes that Lexa probably's got a reputation of hitting and quitting, or at least that's what Raven had once told her. The engineer knows practically everything there is to know about one Ms Lexa Woods from magazine articles and news reviews. Lexa Woods, a playboy-esque philanthropist with a new woman on her hip every week, as Raven had described to her on their first day after Clarke had asked about her, cocky and arrogant but gets the job done. Clarke wants to hang her head in shame for not having listened to her engineer friend. Lexa probably sees her as a toy, no longer shiny or appealing.

"I'm an idiot," she mutters as she grits her teeth and glares at her computer, "stupid fucking idiot."

"Clarke?" Raven asks, and Clarke turns, noticing that Monty is gone. "You okay, Princess?"

A sharp laugh from above the cubicles brings Clarke's attention upwards to see a young brunette chatting with Lexa. Jealously and anger burbles up within the blonde as she sees Lexa offer the younger woman a smirk before clapping her shoulder and nodding at her proudly. A growl plays at her lips and she barely recognizes Raven's calming hand on her tensing back as she watches the two women openly flirting right before her eyes.

"Conference call my ass," Clarke snarls as she turns her head away and looks back at the books, "fuck the gala."

"Hey, listen. I'm sure they're just friends," Raven assuages, brows furrowing in worry as she sees the distraught worth lingering on Clarke's face. The blonde only shakes her head and blinks back the hurtful tears. She swallows down the pang of sadness and turns her attention to their project. Raven looks torn between going over to Lexa and handing her ass and comforting the woman beside her. She pushes away her frustration and does the latter.

"I have an idea," Raven says as she nods over to where Lexa is still talking the younger girl, "we go to this gala looking like fucking bosses and she'll have no choice than to grovel at your feet for forgiveness. You and me, we'll hang together, okay?" Clarke sniffles and looks at the young engineer with a sad smile. She sighs and fingers at the edge of the stack of papers on her desktop, swallowing thickly as to prevent her voice from trembling when she speaks.

"What about Anya?" Clarke asks sincerely, knowing just how much the older woman wanted to explore that potential relationship. Raven offers another half-lipped smile as she leans forward and discreetly presses a kiss to Clarke's forehead and rubs her back. Clarke smiles again, appreciative of the comfort.

"Another time," Raven mumbles as she squeezes Clarke's hand with her free one, "you're my friend, and bros before hoes, always."
Clarke can't help but chuckle through her sniffles at that, shaking her head and rousing a wider smile from Raven. "Are you like, twelve?"

"Maybe a bit," Raven grins cheekily as she leans back into her chair, "but youthfulness is an attractive trait."

Clarke nods and sighs, letting the good feelings take over before she draws a breath and smiles fully. She nods at Raven and reaches out to squeeze her hand, pulling a calm smirk from the other woman. "Thanks," she says softly, "you didn't have to." Raven shakes her head and squeezes back.

"Of course I did," the brunette offers softly, "you're one of my best friends."

Neither of them notice Lexa and Anya looking at them over the tops of the cubicles as they lean in and hug tightly.

"Hey," Anya whispers to her best friend, knowing that seeing all of that unfold couldn't have been well-received from the brunette. Lexa's jaw just hardens and sets as she swallows and turns away. Anya sighs and ducks after her, closing the office door behind her as Lexa plops down at her desk wordlessly.

"Lex," Anya says as she takes a seat on the opposite end, waiting for Lexa to turn and look back at her. "Lexa, look at me."

"You were right," is all Lexa says, her glare intent on the mahogany of the desk, "I was being stupid in assuming that she… that I stood a chance."

"You don't know that," Anya tries to say as gently as she can, "maybe she and Raven were just talking about something and they got emotional. I think you're reading too much into this, Lexa. You guys have chemistry, it's hard not to see that with the way you act around each other. It's kind of gross, actually." Anya's brows furrow upwards in a crinkle of mild disgust as she recalls seeing Lexa covered in her own love bites after returning from the copy room. Lexa just absently plays with some of the items of her desk, meticulously straightening and fixing them until they are organized.

"Does it matter?" Lexa nearly croaks the words as she finally glances up to Anya, eyes hollow with a brokenness that Anya had seen so many times before and each time, it wrenched her gut in the same way. But this time, this time it's a hard knife to the heart, a cut so deep that the blonde stutters on a breath. Lexa knows that Anya can see it, and as best as she's tried to hide her emotions, her heart has always been on the sleeves for the crows to peck at.

"I'm her boss," Lexa mutters as she straightens her tie and sighs, "we can't... we never could've gone past whatever happened."

"But she makes you happy," Anya urges in a raw, strained voice. "Lexa, in the last week you've already looked better than when--"

"Don't," Lexa snarls as she whips her head upwards, those green eyes glazed with fury and sorrow. "Please, don't."

"I know," Anya says gently as she reaches out and touches Lexa's hands, "but you need to let it go, Lexa. You can't drown in it forever."

At this, Anya and Lexa both stiffen. Immediately a look of sincere apology takes over the former's face, but it's too late. The damage has been done and Lexa's eyes harden, the impassive glare that
Anya remembers all too well covering those once vulnerable green depths. She doesn't have to say anything for Anya to know that she'd gone too far. The blonde stands and clears her throat, murmuring a quiet apology before ducking out of the room and closing the door behind her. Lexa waits for a few moments before she stands up and paces around her room angrily. Old memories are tickling at the back of her head, aching to be let in. Her hand clenches and unclenches, reaching for something that she knows isn't there, something that should never have been there.

"I'm so sorry," she chokes as looks out to the city below her, "I never asked for this."

Lexa stands at her window in silence for awhile before her phone rings, startling her from her deep thoughts. She swallows down the painful memories and reaches into her pocket for the mobile. She notices the number and her stomach flips. She slides the screen to answer and holds the phone up to her ear.

"Hello?" She asks, her voice but a croak from trying to hold down the emotions.

"This is Fraser View Medical Clinic. Is this Ms Alexandria Woods speaking?"

"Yes," Lexa answers as she runs a hand through her hair. "Yes, this is she."

"Good evening, Ms Woods. My name is Jacqueline calling on behalf of Dr Harmond. I just wanted to let you know that your recent blood work came in and the doctor would like to speak with you as soon as possible regarding your results. Is there a specific time and date that works best for an appointment?"

Lexa sighs and fiddles with her tie anxiously.

"Sure," she rasps as she flips through her journal until she spots an open date. "How's the fifteenth at four forty-five sound?"

The sounds of typing filter over the static before the nurse returns to the line. "Sounds perfect, Ms Woods. We'll see you then."

"Thanks," Lexa sighs and puts the phone down before hanging her head. Knowing that worrying about it is pointless so she sits back down in her desk and brings up her recent work. She emerges herself into it, focusing all of her concentration into spreadsheets, grant proposals, projects, etc.

Lexa works until Anya knocks on her door and lets her know that they need to leave now in preparation for the gala. Lexa just wordlessly nods as she begins to pack up her stuff while Anya watches in silence. There's a tense rift between them as Lexa locks up and gathers her blazer in her arms and tosses the strap of her computer bag over her shoulder. She tucks her phone in her pocket and joins her best friend at the door. She locks her office behind her before the two of them make their way down the empty cubicles and towards the elevator. Anya stands beside her, stoic and strong as always, and in that moment, Lexa forgets about their previous little strife. When the doors open and they step inside, she finally decides to talk to her best friend.

"I got a call," she says, breaking the silence as she keeps her gaze planted to the numbers at the top of the box, "from the doctor's office."

Anya's eyes flash and she cocks her head worriedly. "Did they…?"

"Didn't say," Lexa murmurs as they reach the ground floor, "just made an appointment for as soon as possible."

"Lexa…," Anya trails off as she reaches out for her friend, but Lexa is already stepping out of the elevator doors and is heading down towards her car. Anya follows with her head bowed as she
watches Lexa set her things inside the vehicle before waiting for Anya to join her. Before the older woman can get into the car, she walks up to Lexa and pulls her in for a half hug. They're not big on physical contact -- not since they'd been in college -- but Anya knows.

Anya always knows.

"I don't want to go to this gala," Lexa murmurs into her best friend's shoulder as she finally accepts the hug, "I thought it'd get easier but…"

"I know," Anya mumbles as she gently strokes the thick mane of Lexa's hair, "but we get through it every year. This year is the same, okay? Together."

"Yeah," Lexa sighs as she lets go of her friend and gestures to her car, "I guess we should get ready. Last time Titus nearly shot me for coming late."

Anya's lip curls up at the faint chuckle that leaves Lexa's lips when she moves around to throw her stuff in the boot of the Maserati. After depositing her work gear, she climbs into the passenger seat after Lexa hops into the driver's seat. The car powers on with a soft hum as Lexa reverses out of the empty parking lot and drives down the parkway and towards the street. Anya leans her head on her arm before smiling at Lexa again, causing the brunette's brow to perk at her. Anya offers her a teasing smile and Lexa tries to fight off her own, which only causes the blonde to chuckle. Before long, the hard feelings between them are lost and they're teenagers again, back when they'd been off on their own in college with their countless adventures.

"I'm sorry for snapping at you," Lexa says after sometime when they pull up the long, winding driveway to her mansion. "I was… I…"

"I'm over it if you are," Anya offers instead, her smile soft and warm. Lexa nods and powers off the car and hops out, letting Anya trail behind as they make their way into the house. Anya reaches the kitchen first, insisting that she'll whip something up to eat while Lexa showers and gets ready for the gala. Nodding her appreciation, Lexa bounds up the steps and heads in the direction of her bedroom. She tries not to think about Clarke as she bounds up the steps. As soon as she enters the massive bedroom, she sighs and rubs the back of her head, swallowing lightly as the nervousness takes over again.

Without thinking, she reaches into her pocket and fishes out her phone.

Hey, she texts Clarke, I am looking forward to seeing you tonight xx.

Her thumb hovers over the send button, unsure if she should send the text message or not.

Throwing caution to the wind, Lexa presses her finger down. She waits for a few moments, her heart jumping as the small text saying delivered hangs underneath her message. It takes everything inside of Lexa to not call her and plead for her to explain what she'd done, to ask Clarke to take a chance, but she can't do that. She can't expose herself… well, not after what happened last time. She just sucks in a breath and continues to wait until she can't take it.

Sighing in defeat, Lexa tosses her phone on the bed before grabbing her underwear and walking to the bathroom.

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"You gonna get that?" Octavia asks as she helps Clarke do up the back of her dress. Clarke just shrugs as she looks at herself in the mirror, all dolled up and drop-dead gorgeous, but she feels a bit empty on the inside. She should be excited for this fancy-ass gala, but instead she finds herself dreading it.
"This is so high school, you know that right?" Octavia says as she steps back from Clarke's zipper. "I can practically see Wells' face as you turned him down to prom. All that prepubescent hormone crap with the unnecessary angst. You're twenty-two, Griffin. C'mon, you look fabulous. Don't let some hotshot CEO get you down. Have fun, find a cute guy or girl, and don't let this get to you, okay?" Clarke only nods, accepting the hand that Octavia offers so she can stand. Clarke stares at herself in the mirror and looks at herself, ignoring the faint red rims of her eyes from the crying she'd done in the bathroom.

"Do I need to kick her ass?" Octavia asks as she sees the glassy look in her eye. "Because I don't care if she's a rich bitch--"

"It's okay," Clarke says, offering her a sad smile, "we were just fucking around anyways. I doubt it meant anything to her."

"It means something to you," Octavia says as she reaches for Clarke's phone and hands it to her, frowning at Lexa's name on the dashboard. "And unless she's texting you to laugh in your face, I think that it means something to her, too." Clarke just sighs as she accepts the phone and unlocks it to pull up Lexa's message. Octavia hides the smile on her face when Clarke blushes at Lexa's message on the touch screen, and quietly slips out of the room.

I can't wait to see you, too. You still wearing a tuxedo?

Clarke nearly giggles when she sees the immediate bubble of three grey dots appear in the left hand corner after she sends the message.

Sadly. Titus wasn't keen on my idea of attending in khaki shorts and a Hawaiian shirt.

A laugh leaves her lips, and no matter how much she wants to ignore how much seeing what she saw today hurt, she misses Lexa too damned much.

Khaki shorts? She types back with a shake of her head. What are you, a suburban dad? And here I thought that you had a fashion sense.

The bubbles appear again and Clarke bites her lip in anticipation.

Yeah, well, these events are overrated anyways. Once I can, I'm changing it to casual attire. What about you? Still the black dress?

Clarke glances up in the mirror, and for the first time since she put it on, she smiles genuinely at what she's wearing.

Sadly. I don't own anything classier, for I am still but a broke-ass college student.

"Clarke!" Octavia hollers from downstairs. "Raven is here!"

Got to go, Clarke texts before Lexa can respond, I'll see you in a bit.

Clarke walks down the steps as best as she can in the tight-fitting dress. Octavia is a bit smaller than her, but the dress luckily is a size too big for the brunette. It fits Clarke just snug enough to be comfortable and sexy at the same time. When she sees Raven at the door, dressed in a slim-fitting suit and her hair pulled back into a neat ponytail, she can't help but laugh and blush at the sight of the other woman. Raven scowls when she sees Clarke slip on four-inch heels, thus making her tower over the engineer. Clarke approaches her friend and reaches out to adjust her snazzy red tie around her collar.
"You look handsome," Clarke says as she takes Raven's arm. "Who knew the dirty mechanic could clean up so well?"

"Shut it Griffin," Raven mutters teasingly as she takes a second to ogle the other woman's outfit. "You look pretty damn on point yourself."

"Dressed to impress?" Clarke asks as they make their way to Raven's car. The brunette opens the passenger door for her and beams with a nod.

"Dressed to impress."

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"I hate this thing," Lexa mutters as she stands at the front of the massive hall dressed in her tuxedo, "Titus doesn't understand I'm allergic to it."

"To what?" Anya snorts from beside her, fixing the strap of her carmine dress as they continue to greet various important guests. "The only thing I know you're allergic to is isn't something Titus can fix." Lexa rolls her eyes at the comment, unable to stop the blush from forming on her cheeks as another investor says their hello. She ribs Anya subtly as soon as he's out of sight and the older woman only grunts and rolls her eyes at her friend's prudishness.

"The Commander's a bit sensitive," Anya says nonchalantly as Lexa's blush spreads a bit further upon her cheeks, "so what?"

"Why do you have to call her that?" Lexa grumbles as more guests start flowing through the entrance. Anya chuckles and grins dastardly.

"Because, she does this little thing when she gets excited and she salutes--"

"Commissioner Kane," Lexa blurs out suddenly, ignoring her best friend's antics as she greets the man entering with his top detective at his side. Lexa extends a hand and Kane shakes it firmly, giving her a gentle smile as he looks to both her and Anya with a wide grin.

"Always inseparable, you two. It's nice to know that not much has changed over these years," he comments with a gentle smile. Anya and Lexa smile at each other politely before Lexa lets go of his hand and extends it to his detective. He grins at the sight of her as they shake hands.

"Blake," Lexa chuckles as she releases his hand so Anya can take it, "always a pleasure to see you."

"Likewise, Woods. How's things?" Bellamy asks as he lets go of Anya's hand. Lexa smirks and folds her hands behind her back.

"Same old. Nothing but political dogma and the odd influx of corporate bullshit. How are things on the streets? Has the recent transfer of funds helped?" Lexa asks, back to business. Bellamy and Kane nod and smile at her as they begin to converse about the benefits of having been given a pension plan and additional healthcare over the imposed raise in weapons and equipment that their rivals, Azgeda Incorporations, was willing to offer in their stead.

"As always, you think of the long-term benefits for the people," Kane praises her as they shake hands again, "you're a visionary, Ms Woods."

"Nonsense," Lexa disagrees humbly, "I'm merely doing what's right for our people. It's important that they're well protected, all of them." Bellamy and Kane offer another smile before they relax a bit and start conversing about other things. The topic of the recent football game comes up, and
Lexa finds herself tuning her attention away from the casual conversation as she scans around the room to make sure she's greeted all of her guests.

Just as she thinks she's done a full sweep, her eyes catch the familiar form of a particular blonde. Lexa's mouth goes dry and she manages to catch her jaw before it hits the marble floors. She's dressed to the nines in a gorgeous, well-fitted black dress that goes down to her knees. It's strapless, which shows off those gorgeous collarbones that Lexa remembers adorning with her own markings a few days ago. The thought makes her dick twitch slightly in her pants and she grits her teeth, refusing to let thoughts of the blonde embarrass her in public.

It doesn't matter, however, as she catches the sight of Clarke's arm in Raven's as they walk through the hall together, stopping to talk with Monty and Jasper at the front. A stirring of jealously creeps over Lexa and she suddenly wants nothing more than to walk over and take Clarke in her arms and show the world just how much she wants the woman as her own. Her memories of Finn creeping too close wash into the mix, leaving her more furious than when she'd started. She knows that Clarke does not belong to her, and she never will because Clarke is her own woman and not an object, but she misses her.

You're getting attached again, the small voice in the back of her head scolds, you're getting attached to the impossible.

"Clarke?" Suddenly the blonde's name is being called and it isn't by her or Anya. Lexa turns to see Bellamy standing with a gawking expression, one that she wants nothing more than to rip off his face. It doesn't matter that they're close friends, the way he looks so happy to see her makes her stomach twist.

"Bellamy?" Clarke asks as soon as she nods her head up in their direction. She tries not to smirk proudly when Clarke visibly flushes at the sight of her in a tuxedo, but she can't help but puff up her chest a bit. She can practically feel Anya rolling her eyes as she stares into her back. Clarke and Raven bound over and Lexa has to bite the inside of her cheek when Bellamy goes in for a hug -- a hug that Clarke returns with a beaming smile.

"What are you doing here?" Clarke asks, placing her hands upon his arms and staring at him proudly. Bellamy only chuckles and nods at her.

"I could ask you the same thing," he says as he grins at her, eyeing her dress with a raised brow. "You're looking great."

Lexa has to stifle her growl.

"It's O's dress if you can't tell," Clarke teases as she shoves him lightly, "she leant it to me for the night. You know my stance on dresses."

"Oh really?" Bellamy raises his brow with a smirk. "I think I remember a few times you were eager to wear a dress."

"Ahem," Anya and Raven both clear their throats at the same time. Clarke and Bellamy break away from their conversation to see Lexa standing perfectly rigid with her hands still behind her back. Bellamy offers her a kind smile, one that the brunette, much to his surprise, isn't willing to return so quickly.

"Oh!" Clarke says with a bit of a blush as she recognize that near-feral look in Lexa's eyes as she stares at Bellamy with mistrust. "Bellamy is my older brother -- well, my adopted older brother. The girl you met, Octavia, that's his younger sister. We all grew up together." At this, Lexa visibly
relaxes and lets out soft breath, her kind demeanour returning instantly upon recognizing the lack of threat from the detective. Bellamy offers an awkward smile.

"Well," he says as he looks between them, definitely sensing something, "Commissioner Kane and I better say hi to the rest of the crew. It was nice seeing you here, Clarke. We need to catch up soon, I feel like we've not talked since you moved. And Ms Woods, thank you again for the funding. It's much appreciated." Lexa nods at him and goes back to her friendly self as she takes his outstretched hand and shakes it as firmly as she'd done the first time.

"Of course," Lexa says with an appreciative nod, "the station has done a lot for our community. Keep up the good work, Blake."

"No need to worry about that," Bellamy replies before he nods to Clarke with toothy, teasing grin, "we'll talk later, Griffin."

He and Kane bound off towards the direction of a few other EMTs and the local Firehouse Station's representatives. Lexa turns her attention back to Clarke, who is now eyeing her with that same level of want and lust as she'd had only days ago. Again, her cock twitches jealously as she watches the blonde pull her bottom lip into her mouth and bite down upon it gently. Anya clears her throat this time, reminding her that they aren't alone in the hall. Raven only smirks at the two women before glancing at Anya, dressed to the nines in her silky red dress, a colour that matches her tie almost perfectly. Upon noticing how they are coordinated, both women blush and cough awkwardly, thus breaking whatever trance Lexa and Clarke had been in previously.

And now, it's Lexa's turn to tease her best friend as she spies Anya's blush.

"Did you guys organize this?" She asks with shit-eating grin as she points between them. "I think it's perfect."

Clarke notices the ribbing and decides to pay Raven back for the consistent prodding from earlier. "Yeah, how long did it take to plan?"

"Say one more word and the Commander will never rise again, I'll make sure of it." Anya says the words in a low whisper, but she smiles through it. Just the mention of something happening to her precious family jewels has Lexa gulping and both Clarke and Raven stifle their giggles at the slight paling of her face. She regains her composure almost instantly as she shrugs it off and turns back to Raven with another amicable nod.

"You look dapper, Reyes. I am impressed," Lexa chuckles approvingly, noting the blush that covers Raven's cheeks at her compliment.

This time, it's Anya that has to stifle the growl.

"Thanks Ms Woods," Raven grins as she tries not to fidget nervously in her suit. Lexa raises her brow and Raven shakes her head to correct herself. "Sorry, I meant Lexa. I'm still trying to get that into my head." Lexa only hums, before her eyes shift over to where Clarke is standing, still staring at her.

"You look beautiful, Clarke." Lexa says the words in a low, raspy voice -- one that is intended for her ears only. Clarke shudders as Lexa's eyes flash with a bit of tease and a hint of that lusted possessiveness that the blonde loves so much. Raven and Anya look at each other and smile before slinking away, leaving the two women alone. Not that either of them notice their friends leaving, for their eyes are for each other and each other alone.

But then, they're both reminded of what happened earlier that day.
"I like your bow tie," Clarke says awkwardly as she looks away from Lexa's searing gaze. "It's... snazzy."

Clarke visibly cringes when the words leave her mouth. Great one, Griffin. You're about as smooth as crunchy peanut butter, you fucking idiot.

Before Lexa can go to reply, Titus walks in on their conversation and looks at Clarke disapprovingly. The intern gulps upon witnessing his stern gaze, her anxiety only lifting when she notices how Lexa subtly places her body in front of her own so that the glare is intercepted. Titus speaks in a low voice, his words fast and quick as he nods towards the stage. Lexa sighs as he leaves, causing Clarke's heart to jump up and pound against her chest in worry.

"Everything okay?" Clarke asks, suddenly remembering just why this gala is being held. Her heart twinges when Lexa just swallows and nods.

"Yeah," she says as she offers Clarke a small smile, "I've got to go. Duty calls. I'm sorry, Clarke."

The blonde shakes her head in understanding, forcing herself from reaching forward to comfort Lexa. The brunette smiles again as Clarke nods to the stage and gives her an encouraging smile once more.

"You've got this," Clarke says, although she ignores the idea that Lexa's done this many times over, "we'll talk after, I mean... if you want?"

"More than anything," Lexa replies a bit quickly, surprising the both of them as they blush. Lexa clears her throat and nods at her as she begins to weave her way through crowd and makes her way towards the stage, the impassive CEO mask placed back upon her stiff frame and strong back. Clarke can't help the slight tingle that aches between her legs at the sight of the brunette being called to the stage to make her speech.

"So..." a familiar husky voice interrupts her from watching Lexa speak, "gonna explain what all this is about?"

Clarke looks over to where Bellamy is approaching with two gin and tonics. He hands her one and she chuckles, shaking her head. "You wouldn't believe me if I told you." Bellamy just scoffs in disbelief, taking a sip of his drink as they both continue to look upon Lexa as she talks about the current quarter. There's something undeniably arousing about the way she spews the numbers and facts with that authoritative tone of voice. Again, Bellamy chuckles.

"So if you were to tell me that you two were getting it on, I wouldn't believe you?" Bellamy smirks as he asks the question. Clarke splutters on her drink and looks at him in shock and awe that he figured it out so quickly. The man only rolls his eyes as he takes another swig from his drink.

"H-How?" Clarke asks, baffled. Bellamy just shrugs as he glances at Lexa.

"She was different around you. She seemed more... relaxed," Bellamy opts for the word as he smiles at the CEO, "she looked happy, genuinely."

"You know her?" Clarke asks in a quiet voice, fingering the rim of her glass.

"She's the CEO of Trigeda Industries, a multibillion dollar company. Of course I know her. Everyone does."

"I didn't," Clarke admits as she drinks more of the liquid courage, "I banged her in the elevator without knowing her name."
Bellamy looks on in awe but Clarke just smirks at his expression. "Now that I don't believe."

"Oh yeah," Clarke beams proudly as she downs the rest of her drink, "and I don't plan on letting her go."

"But you know about her reputation, right?" Bellamy asks seriously, nervously glancing at his adopted sister. "Clarke, she could seriously--"

"Lexa's not like that," Clarke defends her -- not that she knows why -- as she glares at her brother. "She's kind and sweet and--"

"A billionaire playboy with a dick?" Bellamy snorts with a teasing chuckle. "Clarke, I'm being serious. She's bad news."

"How do you know about her penis?" Clarke asks, putting the latter half of what he said in the back of her head. The last thing she needs to do is start a fight. Bellamy looks over at her in confusion, as if he's contemplating how she's asking him such an absurd question. He nods in Lexa's direction.

"Everyone knows," he answers in short, "she's Alexei Woods greatest product."

"Product?" Clarke demands in a low hiss, disgusted by the choice of words. "She was his daughter--"

"Clarke," Anya's stern voice interrupts as they both whip around to see the woman approaching with Raven in tow.

Anya's eyes flicker down to the glass and a flash of worry passes over her eyes, one that leaves Clarke a bit confused. The blonde is about to say something when suddenly the audience applauds. The four of them look over to where Titus is shaking Lexa's hand and she's being ushered off the stage by Gustus and Indra. Bellamy mutters something about taking his leave and slips back into the crowd without Clarke getting a chance to confront him on his choice of words. She goes to say something when suddenly Anya's hand reaches out and she points to the empty gin and tonic in her hands.

"How many have you had?" She asks in concern. Clarke frowns at her. Does she think I'm incapable of holding my own liquor?

"One," Clarke barely scowls as she says, "why? Am I not allowed to drink?"

She's being a bit too snarky for an intern talking to one of her bosses, she knows this. But something about what Bellamy said is still not sitting right with her and she's lashing out. Even Raven looks a bit surprised at her outburst, but Clarke doesn't want to speak with them. Instead, she makes her way over to the bar and slips from their gazes. She needs some space… and maybe another gin and tonic. The bartender whips one up quickly and she downs half. She sits upon the stool, listening to the absent conversations that hang in the air around her. Clarke just focuses on the slowly petering frustration.

It's when she's nursing her third drink, does Lexa approach her. She looks hesitant in that beautiful tuxedo, and for a minute, Clarke feels pity. She wonders if everyone at these galas judged her the same way that Bellamy had done. Maybe it's the alcohol, but all Clarke wants to do is get up and hold onto Lexa to forever and assure her that she's not just a "product" -- that her life has so much more meaning and worth, at least in her own eyes. But words can't form and Clarke's still hung up on the past, a bit confused and battered by it all. She just offers a consensual and accepting smile, easing Lexa's nerves.
"Let me guess," Clarke says as the bartender puts out a napkin, "a scotch on the rocks. It's either that or a whiskey neat."

Lexa smiles, but it doesn't reach her eyes. "No."

"Vodka?" Clarke asks, cocking her head. "You know, with the fruity cocktails?"

Lexa sighs as the bartender comes over, flashing her a warm smile. Lexa just quietly requests for a glass of orange juice. Clarke watches as it's served up in a tall glass before placed on the napkin. Lexa takes the drink and downs a few sips, her fingers absently playing with the corner of the paper as she smiles again at Clarke, a little more confidently than before. Clarke leans over and checks out the juice to make sure that she's not having a mimosa.

"I don't drink," Lexa says finally after Clarke's done her inspection. Clarke frowns, her brows furrowing.

"Why not?" Clarke asks with a bit of a baffled chuckle. "Aren't you big business tycoons supposed to be into the whole scotch and cigars thing?"

"It's a part of the aesthetic," Lexa agrees as she remembers all of many investors and their habits, "one that I don't partake in anymore."

"Not a big fan on the bitter taste?" Clarke jokes as she nurses a bit more from her own gin and tonic. Again, Lexa's smile is tight-lipped and small.

"I don't drink," she repeats with a shrug as she looks to the napkin, "because I'm an alcoholic. I've been clean for four and a half years."

At this, Clarke's heart does stop beating. She doesn't know when the thumps had ceased. Maybe it was the admission of such personal information or maybe it was the slight crack in Lexa's voice as she'd said it. All she knows is that she's now staring at her own drink, and then remembering Anya's face, and then their night at the bar six days ago, how tense Lexa had seemed and now it all clicks and Clarke feels nauseas and so damned heavy with guilt.

"I'm sorry," she blurts out as she looks to where Lexa's drinking her juice, "I didn't know, honest to God."

"I'm surprised," Lexa says with a quiet chuckle, setting her glass down. "It's all the tabloids talked about for years."

"I… uh, actually, didn't know who you were," Clarke stammers a bit nervously, sick with shame once more as she catches the raised brow of her boss. Lexa, however, doesn't scold her -- she does the opposite. A genuine smile, one that does in fact reach her eyes this time, causes that churning to ease in Clarke's mind. Lexa nods and sips at her juice, still smiling. Clarke decides then and there, that if she were to die right now, this would be the perfect last image. She looks to her own drink and sets it aside, deciding that suddenly alcohol doesn't seem like the best idea, and not just because of Lexa.

"You don't have to do that, you know. I'm not gonna suddenly go into an anaphylactic shock at the sight of your drink," Lexa chuckles as she sees the level of discomfort on Clarke's face. "I didn't tell you that to get you to stop drinking. I just figured I'd clear up the reason why since you were intent on having one." Clarke winces at the words, even though Lexa speaks with good intentions and not at all with even the slightest hint of malice.

"And for the record," Lexa says as she takes her orange juice back into her hands, "I like that you don't know who I am. It… changes things."
"In a good way?" Clarke asks, finally finding her voice as she glances at the CEO. Lexa smiles again, radiant and pure. It melts Clarke's heart.

"In a good way," Lexa echoes as she finishes off the rest of her drink before setting it down, "about everything, really."

Clarke finally allows herself to smile at the way Lexa stares at her, all gentle eyes and warm glances. It's not that she doesn't hate the stoic expression and smouldering gazes they exchange in the office, this right here, the softness and vulnerability that peels away like it's revealing a gift only intended for her eyes -- this is who Clarke has come to fall for, as much as she begrudgingly wants to deny it. She's falling for the girl that blushes when she pecks her on the cheek but can fuck her senseless in a copy room. She's falling for the girl who texts her back immediately like they're back in high school.

She's falling for Lexa Woods, the woman who is kind and caring, the woman behind the mask.

"Do you trust me?" Lexa suddenly asks her, pulling Clarke from her daze. The intern giggles as she leans a bit into Lexa's presence.

"How could I not?" Clarke rasps as she finds herself drowning in those sea greens again. "After everything we've done, I am sure that I trust you."

Lexa's eyes flash with excitement at those words as she grins, a bit nervously, before asking, "go out with me?"

"On a date?" Clarke asks, smirking when she sees the blush tinting the brunette's tan neck. Lexa mulls it over, but then she surprises them both.

"No," Lexa says, but as soon as Clarke begins to frown, she corrects herself. "Not a date. Go out with me. Seventy-two hours of your life."

"Lexa," Clarke says as she cocks her head, "I'm not sure I understand…"

Sighing, Lexa leans forward and takes one Clarke's hands in her own before lifting it and cradling it gently in her slightly larger palm. "Give me seventy-two hours with you. Nothing of the outside world. Just you and me together alone, away from it all. Three days, Clarke. Go on an adventure with me."

"Lexa," Clarke chuckles when those velvety lips press a soft kiss to her knuckles, "you're insane, when would we even leave? Where would we go?"

"Now," Lexa murmurs into her skin as her eyes dart back upwards, "no one would notice because it's the weekend."

"You didn't say where," Clarke replies, trying to hide her own smile when Lexa beams at her when she doesn't deny the first question. Lexa takes her hand and kisses it again before sliding off the stool and easing Clarke off her own. She still looks a bit nervous as she pulls Clarke to her feet.

"Take a chance on me, Clarke." The blonde laughs again as their fingers intertwine and their heads lean against each other. Everyone has made their way to the dance floor or dinner tables by now, because they're the only ones standing in the bar, bare for the woman tending. Though, she just takes a look at them and smirks before sneaking away to allow them some privacy. Clarke can feel the soft and warm patterings of Lexa's breath upon her lips and she sighs, leaning a bit closer to the woman who smells of freshness and a tang of spice. One of her hands drifts down Lexa's
front and fiddles with the bow tie.

"Did you just quote ABBA, Lexa?" Clarke murmurs as she closes her eyes, her voice a raspy chuckle. Lexa hums in agreement as they sway with each other to the faint music that plays from the rooms across the hall from the live band. Clarke opens her mouth and gasps when one of Lexa's hands sits respectfully at her hip, while her other one still holds the one close to their chests, her thumb running lines over the back of her wrists soothingly.

"Come fly with me," Lexa mumbles as she inches closer, "come fly, let's fly away."

"Sinatra," Clarke sighs as she barely feels the first graze of Lexa's lips upon her own. "Smooth, Lex."

"Go on an adventure with me," Lexa repeats as she chastely kisses Clarke's upper lip, "three days. It's all I ask."

Clarke knows that she should let someone know about this, that she should ask Raven or Bellamy or even Octavia if it's okay to just escape the world for three days with a near-stranger that you've been fucking at work and once at her own mansion -- that near-stranger that just so happened to be a billionaire and her boss -- but this near-stranger isn't a near-stranger, though. When she looks at Lexa, she feels a sense of familiarity and home, like they've done this before. Maybe that's why Clarke can't see a reason to say no, can't see a reason to think about potential consequences.

Maybe that's why Clarke trusts Lexa.

"Okay," she whispers as she leans forward and takes Lexa's lips in her own in a soft kiss, "okay, I'll go away with you for three days."

Lexa smiles harder and brighter than Clarke can ever remember. They kiss again, lost in each other as they still sway under the influence of the music in the distance. Clarke's arms weave over Lexa's neck as the older woman's hands find purchase at the round of her hips. They exchange soft pecks, occasional breathy chuckles, and ever so often, a few sweet nothing's between tangled tongues and locked lips. It isn't until the song is over that Lexa makes a move.

"Let's go," she whispers as she takes Clarke's hand in her own. Clarke chuckles and lets Lexa lead her like a giddy teenager towards the side entrance of the building. As soon as they're outside, Clarke tugs Lexa back into her arms for another kiss, laughing as their bodies sway from side to side. It's not even lusted as much as it is playful and young. It's teasing and light and just so... so beautiful. Clarke is certain she's never felt more carefree and peaceful.

"Wait, Lexa," Clarke giggles between kisses, trying to calm her lover's kisses, "don't we need to get changed or pack?"

"No," Lexa murmurs as she tugs on Clarke's earlobe lightly, "trust me, Clarke. That's all I ask of you. Trust me."

"Always," Clarke whispers without registering the word leaving her lips. This time, Lexa pulls away and glances down at her emotionally, her eyes misting at the admission. Clarke just nods, confirming to the brunette that she has no intention of taking the word back and hiding it deep inside her chest. She leans up and kisses Lexa deeper, cupping her face with one hand and pressing a hand to the top of her chest with her other hand to seek out her heartbeat.

"Let's go then," Clarke says the words this time as she keeps her body pressed to Lexa's, "adventure awaits, Ms Woods."

Lexa smiles and gives her a final, chaste kiss before leading her to her car. Clarke is a bit surprised
she doesn’t have a driver to chauffeur her around, but she figures that Lexa’s not much to flash her wealth. From what she's known, she's a people's person. She tries to eliminate the power system within her corporation, to create as much of a socialist environment as possible. It's admirable, really, of how much Lexa strives for equity and equality. But she figures that she still takes something for herself as they hop back into the Maserati, the car that has fond memories for both of them.

Lexa flicks on the radio and instantly, jazz music filters through the system again. She drives with confidence, all smartly dressed in her slightly ruffled tuxedo (no thanks to Clarke's fumbling hands), as they ride down the highway. Clarke's head is propped up against the door, her eyes tracing the night sky as her heart lulls itself into a steady beat to the soothing music. Billy Eckstine's, "I Want to Talk About You" begins on the next track and Clarke smiles at the classic jazz. She'd pegged Lexa to listen to this kind of music, but she never thought that the old stuff could be so relaxing and calming.

As if on demand, Clarke watches as slow patters of rain begin to tap against the glass. She reaches up and follows them with her finger, smiling as they dip into the plastic crease of the window. She wants to sleep, but she doesn't want to miss a thing about this spontaneous adventure. She cocks her head to the scout leader herself, watching as Lexa drives with a soft face of relaxation. Her eyes are gleaming in the moonlight, but her pupils are still dilated. One hand rests on the arm rest and Clarke can't help but be curious when she shifts in her seat so she can reach down and intertwine their fingers again.

"Don't tell me about a night in June, or a shady lane beneath the velvet moon."

"Don't tell me," Lexa hums to herself, her voice saccharine sweet and low as she sings, "cause I want to talk about you."

The rest of the song is spent in silence, bare for the occasional hum from Lexa as she sings along to the lyrics. Her voice is gorgeous and raspy, a tone that Clarke isn't sure she could ever grow sick of no matter how much she listened to it. At the end of the song, as it's brought to a beautiful ending, the song transitions into a lyric-less tune that's a bit more mellow and heavy on a piano. She recognizes the tune, but can't put a name to it.

"In a Sentimental Mood," Lexa murmurs gently as she raises her hand to kiss her knuckles again, "Duke Ellington."

"This was playing when…," Clarke can't finish hers statement because she's blushing hard at the memory. Lexa only chuckles and nods, but Clarke doesn't miss the subtle tightening of her pants as they both think about what happened the last time this song came on in the car. It's a mysterious tune, one that Clarke thinks to be a mix of dirty and smooth in the same. She can just imagine sitting in a speakeasy, clouded in the fog of cigar smoke.

"That's the beauty of music -- jazz especially," Lexa remarks as she notices the dazed look in the blonde's eyes, "let your wind wander, Clarke."

And then, those unspoken words hang in the air: lose yourself in those memories.

Clarke does, and Lexa can see that she does, from the way that the grip on her hand increases in the slightest bit. Her cock hardens as her own at the thought of the last time Clarke had sat with her in the car, of how she'd taken her in her mouth and finished her. More blood rushes to between her legs but she doesn't fight the relaxing aid of the music. She's nursing a decent semi, not all that uncomfortable, but she knows that if she lets herself go any further into the abyss of her mind, she won't be able to prevent herself from becoming fully hard and ready. There's still for that, later. Lexa smiles at the thought.
They drive for hours, in silence or humming to tunes, until Lexa's taking the car up into the mountains again. Yet, from what Clarke can recall, it's not in the same direction as her mansion. She wants to question the brunette, but then she remembers what Lexa had asked of her earlier. She just decides to put her fears in the back of her heads (the little ones that exist, at least) and relax back into the seat. Lexa drives up to a gravel path, and for a moment, Clarke is confused because this is a Maserati Granturismo and not a Land Rover. But Lexa doesn't hesitate to continue driving her car upon the rocks.

Finally, they reach a clearing in which nothing surrounds them.

Okay, so maybe Clarke was a little eager on jumping the gun.

"You think I've brought you here to kill you," Lexa laughs as she powers off the car. Clarke looks over at her, unsure of what to say.

"Have you?" Clarke asks, a bit fearful now. Lexa smiles at her, sweet and confident but still soft and gentle.

"Not that kind of death," Lexa says mysteriously as she gets out of the car. Clarke sits, dumbfounded as Lexa comes around and opens the car door, holding out her hand for Clarke to take. The blonde reluctantly accepts because they are in the middle of nowhere and really, the situation seems a bit ridiculous considering they're both in formal wear while surrounded by trees and leaves and maybe some wild animals that could eat them.

"Then what kind?" Clarke asks, her breaths coming out a bit shakily now. Lexa only smiles and leans in to gently kiss her forehead. She doesn't respond bare for that soft gesture before she's taking Clarke's hand and leading her to the wide trunk of a tree. Clarke continues to look dumbfounded as Lexa's hands finger over the bark until she hums in content. She watches as the woman reaches into her pocket for something small -- what looks to be a key -- before she slides it into a grove in the wood. There's a soft click and Lexa pulls back, flashing her another smirk that's oozing with prideful confidence.

So, as it turns out, Clarke discovers that this tree isn't really a tree at all.

Lexa pushes on the wood and it caves inwards, like a door. No, it is a door. A warm light suddenly floods the inside of the bark and reveals a winding staircase. Lexa steps inside before turning to face Clarke with another smile, nodding up the steps. Again, she can hear her voice from hours ago.

_Do you trust me?_

Clarke steps into the tree and allows Lexa to lead her up the winding path of stairs until they reach another door. Lexa inserts another key and unlocks the door before pushing it open and stepping aside, gesturing for Clarke to take the first step. Still a bit apprehensive about the entire situation but a bit giddy from the alcohol, Clarke decides to be brave. She steps into the darkness and takes a breath, diving off into the deep end of Lexa's mysterious side.

And then, there is light.

But it's not overwhelming. It's a calming, late-morning kind of light. Clarke looks around at her surroundings in awe. In front of her is a small living space, adorned with two plush couches and a glass coffee table with neatly stacked books on top. There's a small kitchenette in front of her, and from what Clarke can make out, there's fresh fruits and nuts all laid out in neat jars and decorative bowls. Clarke steps in a bit more, in awe at the openness of the entire building -- if it could be considered as much. The soft click of the door closing has Clarke turning her head to see a gently
smiling Lexa peering at her.

"A treehouse," Clarke says with a bit of an airy chuckle, "it's a real-life treehouse."

Lexa nods and sets the keys on the mahogany table beside the door. Clarke continues to explore through the room, in awe to find that there's running water in the sinks and electricity in the lights and kitchen. She's so confused. The entire room smells of oak but it's not overwhelming. It's then that she realizes that while the foundation is the tree's root themselves, the actual house is what it is -- a house. It's just held up on a few sturdy branches. But that's not what catches Clarke's eyes the most. She moves to the furthest end of the house to find a bedroom, more gorgeous than she could've imagined.

It feels so warm, so cozy unlike the bareness of the mansion. A red and gold Indian print cloth covers the mattress against the one wall, causing the bed to face the open balcony that gives way to the most amazing view of the forest and mountains. Two wooden armchairs are against the opposite end and a few candles decorate the blank spaces in between. A lantern-style lamp hangs from the ceiling and there's a heated lamp on the balcony. On the other corner there's an enormous wooden closet, intricate in its design. Clarke wanders over and traces the grooves in the wood, eager to learn the imprints.

"Beautiful," she murmurs as she turns to face Lexa, still at a loss for words, "this... it's beautiful, Lexa."

"They say that beauty is in the eye of the beholder," Lexa murmurs as she steps forward and guides Clarke to the balcony. They look upon the stars that litter the sky, fully exposed and naked without the harsh glare of the city lights. However, Lexa's eyes are not on the skies, but upon the blonde.

"If that is to be true," Lexa murmurs as she takes Clarke's hand in her own and gently winds their fingers together, "then there's no last image I'd rather have remember than the one of you, Clarke. All of this is material, malleable, tangible, but you, you are irreplaceable. You are special."

"God," Clarke whimpers as she feels Lexa's arms wrap around her middle and draw her back against a strong chest. She rests her chin on Clarke’s shoulder and angles her head to press a soft kiss to the exposed nape of her neck. The action stirs another whine from the blonde as they sway in the darkness.

"You asked me what kind of death," Lexa whispers into that sweet pale skin, "I wish to give you the answer now."

"Lexa," Clarke hisses as she leans back into her lover's touch, "please... oh--"

"La petite morte," Lexa hums in perfect French, all rasp and lust, "do you know what that means, Clarke?"

"Mm," Clarke mumbles as she feels talented and soft hands trace up and down her sides, still remaining respectful in their motions. She never wanders too far as Clarke's ass begins to non-consciously grind into her hardening bulge. Lexa reaches up and angles Clarke's head so their gazes can meet again.

"Tell me," Clarke whispers as she tangles a hand into Lexa's hair and draws her into a passionate kiss, "tell me what it means, Lex."

"It means," Lexa breathes between soft and slow kisses, lightly backing Clarke towards the bed, "I want you to come."
All resolve that Clarke had once contained suddenly falters when her knees graze the back of the bed. Lexa's kisses aren't like they usually are, however. These aren't just lusted, but there's an underlying sensation of something else -- something more. Something that makes Clarke's heart knot up inside of her chest and tense, like the feeling she'd gotten when her father first let go of her bike and she rode it without his help. It's like the time that she peeked inside her mailbox after weeks of rejection and apprehension and found her acceptance letter to her first choice university. It's like… flying without the fear of ever falling. The way that Lexa's hands hold her body, as if to be her parachute that slows her descent, completely causes her to unravel at the seams.

"I want you," Lexa murmurs against Clarke's lips, all shaky with more nerves than she'd wanted to allow, "I want you and me, sweetheart."

"Lexa please," Clarke gasps as she feels Lexa's warms hands cupping her jaw before they're falling backwards. Before her head hits the bed, Lexa's hand is behind it and holds it like she's cradling a precious piece of cargo. They make out on the bed slowly, their hands wandering through clothing in absent patterns, simply lost in the feeling of each other. Lexa's lips gently make their way to her jaw and neck, her hips grinding lightly against Clarke's own.

Clarke's hands find the hem of Lexa's shirt first, her fingers playing at the blazer until Lexa takes it off and folds it upon the chair. The shirt goes next, followed by the bow tie. Clarke hums in appreciation at the sight of those delicious abs on display as Lexa reaches for Clarke's dress and helps her sit up so that she can unzip it. With a bit of work and some laughter, they both work together to get the blonde out of the material. Lexa's eyes widen slightly when she makes out the blue panties she'd sent the blonde. Clarke only smiles at her, reaching up to cup her jaw and draw her into another loving kiss.

Lexa's hands palm the soft of Clarke's stomach, her thumb tracing the hem of the panties before Clarke grunts at her to take them off. She works them off her legs slowly, taking her time to drink every inch of Clarke in and engrain the image into her memory forever. She pries off Clarke's heels and places them neatly to her own shoes that she'd taken off before they'd made it to the bed. Clarke's hands move to Lexa's tuxedo pants, un buckling the belt and shoving them downwards until the two of them are both stark naked as they'd first come into the world. Lexa's body hovers over Clarke's own, her gentle eyes searching her partner's pair for any sort of resistance or reluctance. Clarke just smiles and nods her head upwards to bring Lexa in for another loving kiss.

Outside, the gentle patter of rain provides a soundtrack to their tender exploration and wandering hands. They kiss and roll upon the sheets slowly, taking the time to really map out every inch of each other's bodies. Clarke's soft fingers trace lines over the tattoo sleeve on Lexa's right arm, only now noticing in the dim light that the ink is a winding tree that curves up and expands into her shoulder blade. Lexa finds tiny birthmarks on the right of Clarke's collar, a sea of cute freckles that explode like a galaxy of stars upon her skin. She kisses each of them until she's certain that they've seen the extent of her love.

They roll to face each other on the side, their hands now dipping below the waist to touch the parts that set them apart, but at the same time, bring them closer together. Clarke's palm closes over the fleshly hilt of her partner's member, basking in the faint gasp it draws from Lexa's lips. The same reaction arises when Lexa's fingers circle around the puffy bud of her clit, eliciting a flood of wetness from her lover. They service each other while exchanging soft kisses and murmured reassurances of sweet nothings. Their skin remains tightly pressed to each other, feeling all they can feel as two separate entities before they finally become one. Their hands move quicker, their mouths slower, and their words deeper, until nothing can be felt but that little death.

They both come down from their high in lazy pants and slow moving hands. Clarke chuckles at a bashful Lexa when they both look down to see that the blonde's stomach is covered in her release,
with some of it dripping upon the sheets. Grumbled complaints of not thinking about laying down a towel sound from the older woman as she excuses herself to find a rag to clean the mess. The entire time, Clarke watches as she lay propped up on her side, admiring the few of Lexa's bare body as it comes back to hover over her, those candied lips adorning her own with soft kisses as her hands stroke the towel over her skin and pick up the residue of their coupled release of love. They cast the rag aside before crawling under the sheets together, content with just laying with each other in the barest forms of themselves. Their hands are the only thing that connect them, raised to their elbows, bound by the pads of their fingertips. Occasionally they'll wind the digits together, still carrying the faint scent of their pleasure, but they're content to leave them barely touching.

"It's like when two neurons are connected via a synapse," Lexa makes the joke as she lightly pats their hands together, "the connection between sensory and motor. Two different worlds, but both so crucial to human functioning." Clarke only watches a sated silence as Lexa rambles on about the science of it all.

"Nerd," Clarke murmurs as she shifts to her side so she can lay a kiss to Lexa's right shoulder, "you're a nerd, you know that right?"

"Reconsolidation," Lexa answers as she pecks Clarke's forehead as it slumps into her neck, "is when there's a change in that synapse, resulting in a new connection of its own account. Now we're connected in two places, not one." Clarke smiles into the warm tan skin, and yeah, she's pretty sure this is the Lexa that she's falling for, the one that she can't seem to untether herself from no matter how much real life beckons for her return. Lexa's still staring at their interconnected fingers with a smile on her face, one that is small but speaks more than any grin Clarke has ever seen her wear.

It is purely, truly, without a doubt, full of happiness.

"I want to know about you," Clarke murmurs into her tattoo, pressing another kiss to the ink. "I want to know about your… synapses."

Lexa chuckles, voice growly and raw from their earlier escapades. "What do you want to know?"

"Everything," Clarke hums as she turns her head so she can look up at Lexa. "I want to know about you, Lexa Woods, not Ms Woods that was Times' Person of the Year, or listed as one of the Forty Under Forty, or the billionaire CEO with a visionary approach to technology in business." Lexa smirks slightly.

"I thought you've not been reading up on me?"

"I haven't," Clarke grins as she kisses Lexa's jaw, "not on you. I want to know about you."

"I'm gonna need more to work off than just that, Clarke." Lexa's smile is radiant now as she leans down to kiss her lover. "I have lived an eventful life."

Clarke feigns annoyance when she rolls her eyes at Lexa's literal and poetic response, earning a chuckle from the brunette. "Fine. I want to know about the girl inside here," she reaches with her free hand to trace over Lexa's heart, palming the skin to feel the steady beat. "I want to know what her life was like. Did she have an imaginary friend? Did she want to be Superman when she was older? Did she have a hamster or a fish? I want to know about Lexa Woods."

Lexa is quiet for a moment, mulling over whether or not she should acquiesce to Clarke's request. There are days in which she's definitely forgotten certain aspects of the girl that once resided inside of her. There are also memories she wishes she could forget, to bury along with the grief
and the hardship that she keeps blindly believing is gone. Lexa licks her lips and leans down, closing her eyes as she presses a soft kiss to Clarke's lips in response.

Clarke looks a bit unsure if she's gone too far, but then Lexa looks to their hands, like it's a safe point. She works her jaw and Clarke finds herself inching closer to strengthen their connection, to tether Lexa's sinking lifeboat to her steady craft in the form of their intertwined fingers. She's about to tell the older woman that she doesn't have to, but before she can speak, a nostalgic smile takes over Lexa's face and she gazes back at Clarke wistfully.

"Batman," she murmurs gently, "I wanted to be Batman as a kid." Clarke laughs at that, imagining the costume and attitude before she shrugs.

"You're rich, mysterious, badass," Clarke lists as she grins at Lexa, "I think I totally get the Batman thing. You and Bruce would be a real band-of-brothers." Lexa's smile is a bit more hesitant as she nods and looks down slightly. Clarke frowns as she feels the tension coming off her in subtle waves.

And then it all makes sense when quietly the brunette murmurs, "Lexa Woods is not my real name."

Clarke cocks her head but doesn't move away, a move that surprises Lexa just as much as it surprises herself. Clarke just squeezes their fingers together and nods, allowing her to continue. Lexa visibly relaxes, and Clarke can see the gratitude pooling in those green tidal waves. The thought makes her ache, to wonder if anyone has ever allowed Lexa this chance to share her story -- her real story -- and to be who she was born and who she wanted to stay.

"I was born Alexandria Forrester," Lexa murmurs as she glances at their hands again. "I didn't have an imaginary friend, but I had a dog. A golden retriever named Charlie. I also had a sister, Tris. She was four years younger than me." The past tense is not lost on Clarke, who silently listens as Lexa continues.

"My father's name was Xavier and my mother's name was Elizabeth. They moved to North America after my father was discharged from military service. He got a job at a factory and my mother worked at the local diner," Lexa goes to say, her face relaxing as she settles her head against Clarke's own. "She used to make the best bread in the entire town and she was so generous. Not a single loaf ever went wasted. If we had extra, she'd donate it every time. She would bake the tastiest apple pie and yell at me because I'd always try to eat it straight out of the oven." Clarke chuckles with Lexa at the memory, and while she'd not been there at the time, she can imagine a tiny-terror Lexa running havoc and ruining her mother's hard work in baking.

"We didn't have much growing up, Tris and I. My father's job was second-rate at best, and my mother barely scraped by on minimum wage," Lexa continues to tell her story, her voice growing a bit more raw. Clarke squeezes their hands again and kisses her jaw. "But we were happy, you know? Charlie wasn't ours, either. Tris would just leave scraps of food outside our house when she didn't want to eat it and he was the local stray. She loved him so much that no one had the heart to tell her no. We'd each give up a little portion of our food so that he'd be able to eat and stay Tris' best friend." Clarke nuzzles her nose into Lexa's throat in a gentle sign of affection when she watches the older woman's throat bob and her eyes mist with the powerful memory.

"The first time I went to school, the kids picked on me because they said I looked weird. I was a small, scrawny-looking thing, all gap-toothed and curly-haired," Lexa whispers as she feels her chest tighten. "Some of the kids threw rocks at me because they thought I was an alien. I believed them for the longest time but my father… he was my best friend. I had bad anxiety as a kid and he took it upon himself to do what he does best -- to build. He took me out to the backyard and he told me that he and I were going to build a fortress, a place that no one could hurt us, that would
be our safe place."

"A treehouse," Clarke whispers and Lexa nods, smiling nostalgically as she clears her throat and continues.

"It took us all of the first grade to build before it was ready. But it was ours, something that only we'd understand the significance of the palace in the trees," Lexa murmurs as she recounts the tale while working her jaw gently. "Anytime I got scared, I'd go up there and sit for hours until I felt better. But there was this one day, this really bad day, where I just came home and was angry and upset and wanted to just leave. My father found me in the treehouse we'd built and gave me a peanut butter sandwich and a glass of milk. He never spoke, not until I moved and stubbornly ate the food because I was hungry." We were always hungry, are the words that Lexa doesn't let Clarke hear, though she's sure that it's communicated in their silent stares. She takes a breath and continues to say, "he and I were looking out into the forest and I remember when I'd finally caved and cried about how sad I was, how much everything hurt on the inside, how much I didn't want to be me -- that I wanted to like a normal girl or a normal boy, not both -- and he listened. He listened until I had nothing else I could say and no more tears to cry." Clarke hears the sorrow clinging to each word as she holds onto Lexa as tight as she can.

"He took me up there and he told me that sometimes we get hurt, and when we get hurt, we forget that even things that have been hurt can rebuild and grow again," Lexa whispers as she tilts her head to the tattoo on her shoulder that Clarke had been non-consciously tracing with her free hand. "He told me that life is not always sunshine, nor is it always rain, but both are needed to make trees grow. That maybe sometimes being above the problem allows us to see it for what it really is. To appreciate that beneath all the scars, the world can still a beautiful place. The forest is full of life, he told me, and it always will be."

"That's beautiful," Clarke whispers as she kisses the tattoo, earning a faint smile from Lexa. "He sounds like a wonderful man."

"He was," Lexa says with a short nod, "he taught me everything I knew."

"What happened?" Clarke asks before she has the chance to take back the murmured words. In a sense, she wishes that they were quiet enough that Lexa wouldn't have been able to hear them, but she knows better than that. Lexa's eyes glaze over in pain and she pulls the older woman closer, taking their clasped hands and drawing it to her mouth so that she can layer a soft and sweet kiss to her knuckles, effectively calming her tensing chest.

"He won these tickets to see this jazz concert in the city," Lexa says as she relieves the memory in her head, "he took us there, all of us dressed in our finest attire because it was one of those classier events. I still remember, it was Joe Henderson and Kenny Dorham. It was the greatest thing I'd ever seen. My dad was the one who made me fall in love with music. He had an old cornet from his military days and he could spend hours playing it." Lexa smiles at this, Clarke notices, and she's thankful that there's at least a small ounce of happiness that comes from the memory. Lexa holds her hand tighter and Clarke kisses the skin of her shoulder once more. Lexa relaxes once more with the gentle peck to the collar before she can continue speaking.

"After it was over, we were heading back to the car when I realized that I'd forgotten my jacket inside. My mother volunteered to come get it with me but I insisted that they wait outside, that I wouldn't be long." The words are bitter as they leave her lips and Clarke's heart clenches pitifully. "I just went away for five minutes, I swear. I counted it in my head. I remember I opened the door and my father was standing in front of my mother and my sister with his hands up." Clarke swallows back her tears when she sees the way Lexa's eyes grow foggy with sorrow as her stare pierces the ceiling.
"I didn't know," she chokes out in an almost self-chastising tone, "I didn't know that there was a man there, a man that just wanted enough money to get his next meal, a man who suffered as much as we did. I didn't know and I ran out there in confusion. I was stupid, I…," Lexa stops herself, like she's unwilling to accept anything other than the burden that Clarke can see has tormented her for years. Lexa lips her lips and takes a breath, starting again. 

"I didn't know someone could bleed that much," Lexa whispers as she trembles lightly beside her lover, "I didn't know… I didn't know that when my mother screamed again it would be the last time I heard her voice. I didn't know that the pain of a bullet could hurt so much when it didn't pass through me first." Lexa's eyes drift down to where her stomach is exposed and her hand shakily reaches out to trace the outline of the bubbled scar that had caused her to tense the first time Clarke had kissed it. The brunette swallows thickly again as she removes her hand and shakes her head, closing her eyes lightly.

"I wanted to be Batman because my father told me that sunshine and rain are both needed to make trees grow. I wanted to be Batman because when Tris and I got separated in Foster Care, my father would've told me to never stop looking, to plant myself in the forest and look at the problem from above," Lexa tells her softly, her voice trembling as a single tear slides out from under her closed eyes. She finally blinks them open after a breath, turning her head to stare at a misty-eyed Clarke to whisper, "I wanted to be Batman because he lost his parents and his family and he still found a way to save the world."

"Lexa," Clarke murmurs her name so softly, so sweetly as she draws the older woman in for a deep kiss. Lexa tries to hold back the sob, she honestly tries but she can't. Not after her mind just opened up one of the darkest moments in her life. Lexa tries but it's pointless. It's always pointless, trying to believe that love is weakness and that the world will just take and never give anything in return. It's pointless and tiring to place her beliefs in such pessimism. 

And Lexa? Lexa is exhausted.

So she allows herself this brief sliver to cry into Clarke's kiss, to let Clarke's soft body roll atop hers and meet her skin at every possible point that they could join. She allows herself to get lost in the sweetness of Clarke's kisses, the gentleness of Clarke's touch, the truth in Clarke's words as they're murmured between her trembling, gasping lips. She allows herself to not be Lexa Woods, but to be Alexandria Forrester, the girl who grew up with nothing but had everything. She allows herself, in this brief moment of time, to be the girl she was never allowed to be after the night of her parents' murder.

Clarke swathes her in a massive hug as she holds Lexa through her cries. She presses the older woman's forehead to her chest and helps roll them so that Lexa rests atop the blonde, her ears seeking the steadying lull of her heartbeat. She strokes soothing lines over Lexa's back, over the blossomed tree that decorates her right shoulder. She reminds Lexa in the softest of words, the gentlest of kisses, the most assuring of touches, that her pain is valid. That here, in this bubble high above the ground, nestled in the palace hidden between the trees, she is safe. They've known each other for two and a half weeks at best, but Clarke knows that a part of that isn't true. Her relationship with Lexa, however confusing and strange it may be, is something that transcends time and reality itself.

And that's why she doesn't hesitate when she whispers into Lexa's ear, "I love you."

Because she does, and Lexa loves Clarke. In some strange way, they've probably always loved each other but never found out until now. Never had their paths crossed until the point when they were destined to collide. It's all about fate and non-realistic things that at one time, neither of them could've given a hoot about. But now, as their lips find each other fervently, their bare skin gliding against bare skin in search of the scalding friction to burn away the parasites that've haunted them
both for so long -- now they can hazard a guess that the maybe world has always had plan for them to meet.

And when they roll around on the bed until Lexa is on top and hovering over Clarke, staring down at her with tears still burning in her eyes, they can't escape the inferno that has been building within them. And no, they both know that this isn't lust. When Lexa reaches into the drawer beside the bed and pulls out a condom, when she rolls it on and Clarke takes her in her hand to guide her down, when she finally pushes inside -- they both know that the final connection, the one that will allow those neurons to connect and fire, is not something physical. It was never powerful enough to be purely physical.

"I love you," Lexa breathes once she's fully seated inside. "Christ, Clarke… I…"

"I know," Clarke whispers as she leans up to kiss away a few more stray tears, releasing a few of her own in the process. "I know, love, I know."

Lexa moves slowly, her eyes ever glued to Clarke's own dazzling blue pair. Their hands meet and squeeze together, assuring each other of their love, their strength, their hopes and dreams. Their lips meet again in a dizzying kiss as Clarke's hips move upwards on her own account, meeting Lexa thrust for thrust, making their love-making an equal effort on both parts. The rain outside their window intensifies, the rattling sound providing the perfect soothing cadence for their whimpers and cries as they tread closer towards their simultaneous release. They choke out meaningful promises of safety and warmth.

Lexa's arms begin to tremble with the force of her emotions and Clarke flips them smoothly so Lexa stays inside. Clarke pulls her body down upon the taller woman's and gyrates her hips, canting them into the member that aches to explore every nook and cranny inside those hot, slick walls. One of Lexa's hands remains clasped to Clarke's own, while another rests upon her hip, her thumb rubbing soft circles into the silky flesh. Clarke pumps her hips up and down harder when she feels the flicking of the hardened erection deep inside her. She clutches down and Lexa gasps out in sinful agony.

"I'm so close," Lexa pants as another tear slides from the corner of her eye, "Clarke, please, I love you--"

"Oh God," Clarke exclaims as they both approach their second orgasm together, "I love you, Lexa!"

The words reverberate off the hollow, wooden walls as they crash down into each other, spasming and crying out in desperate pleas of love. Lexa cradles Clarke's body into her chest after she's slowed her hips down to a stop and they're both heaving. She waits a moment to enjoy the last few flutters around her cock before she pulls herself free from the silken heat. They both whine in the sensation of feeling empty, but Lexa knows that even synapses can't be constantly firing. She barely has the strength to discard the soiled condom before they're both exhausted heaps of boneless flesh, stuck together by sweat.

"Thank you," Lexa murmurs after some time spent in blissful silence, of sleepy touches and soft kisses. Clarke only tiredly frowns.

"For what?" She whispers back, fighting down a yawn. Lexa bats a single eye open and offers a small, barely-there smile.

"For letting me be me," she mumbles as she leans up to kiss Clarke's lips, "and not wanting anything more."
"Always," Clarke hums into those lips as she nestles back against her lover as sleep starts to take her, "I love you. All of you."

The only thing Lexa can manage to sleepily murmur back before she follows her lover into slumber is, "and I, you."

Chapter End Notes

For those wondering why there was no Daddy!Kink in this chapter, it's because the kink only comes in when they want to have kinky sex. The Daddy!Kink stays inside their bedroom and exists solely as something to excite or enhance their sexual experiences. I hope this makes sense, because I don't want people thinking that Clarke actually refers to Lexa as daddy when not fucking because that's a bit far for my liking, lol. No judgement if that's something that you're into, though! It's just that this sex scene was pretty serious. Like I said in the first chapter notes, the next chapter is pure filth so it will make up for this angsty, plot-heavy chapter. I apologize if you were looking forward to more porn, but it's coming! :) Leave a comment if you can and I will try to get back through it (still working through them) and thanks so much for all of the support! It means more than the world, honestly. I still can't believe I finally have a fic that has over 1000 kudos. I'd be lying if I didn't say that wasn't my goal of a lifetime, haha.

Cheers! :)


Seventy-Two Hours (Part Two: Reason)

Chapter Summary

Clarke and Lexa talk about their feelings and continue to lose themselves in the more sensual part of their getaway, while Raven and Anya dance around each other like useless bisexual high-schoolers.

Chapter Notes

Based off the prompt by anon: "You should totally do something where Clarke and Lexa are sleeping and cuddling bc they're cute but when they wake up Clarke feels FSL's morning wood and teases her and asks what she was dreaming about?"

Based off the prompt by anon: "Is there any way we can get Clarke bringing up the brunette Lexa was talking to in the office and vice versa with Lexa having insecurities about Raven? Would just love to see that convo and get some reassuring sexy times after lmao. Thanks!"

Based off the prompt by anon: "I'd love if you can include the phrase "I'll treat you like the queen you are' (said by Dapper Lexa to Clarke) seriously I've been dying to hear/read that convo ever since 307 and now we're never gonna get in in the show =( at least I can hope to read it in fics! thank you so so much for hearing/reading us and taking us into consideration!"

A slightly shorter chapter than the last two by about 2k words, to which I'm sorry, but the next one will be longer I promise. Anyways, this is a mix of smut, feels, plot, kinky sex, and love-making! :) As always, consent and safe sex is important people! Hope y'all appreciate this one but I'm off to bed now, ahaha!

If you haven't already, check out the Lexa/Anya one-shot prequel I posted a few days ago in this series! :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The soft chirping of birds is what wakes Clarke in the morning.

Well, that and something a bit… harder.

The blonde lazily opens her eye to drink in the pink rays of the dawn sunrise that filter through the open balcony. She sighs in contentment, opening her other eye so that she can adjust to the shining glare. The soft light spills over the mountaintops to bathe her exposed upper half in bleeding oranges and reds. She smiles against the soft sheets, her body pleasantly sated from the night before. At the thought of the previous night, she feels the hardness again.

Curiously, Clarke turns onto her back only to hear a muffled grunt from beside her. At the sight of her new lover, splayed out with her mouth slightly open and hair mussed from both love-making and sleep, she can't help but let out a soft chuckle. That familiar warmth sits upon her thigh, and
with a soft gasp of surprise, Clarke realizes that Lexa's hard. Before she can make an effort to rouse her lover from sleep, Lexa moans and turns onto her back, exposing her chest. The sight of her body leaves Clarke breathless, from the defined abdomen muscles and tan skin, she's absolutely lost in the masterpiece that is Lexa.

Seeing as though Lexa is still lost in the land of dreams, Clarke takes the time to simply snuggle up into her side, a bit surprised and endeared when Lexa's arm involuntarily curves around the small of her back. Another soft snore parts her lips as Lexa's head nods downwards so that her nose nuzzles into her mess of blonde hair. Clarke presses a kiss into Lexa's shoulder, just under a slender scar that curves on the underside of her collarbone. Lexa only grunts when she reaches out and grazes her fingers over the mark, shifting a bit on the bed. The brunette cant her hips upwards upon reflex, revealing the tent at the base of the sheets. Clarke beams at the reaction, curious as to what Lexa could be dreaming about. A muffled mumble of her name leaves Lexa's lips, sating her question.

"Morning to you too, beautiful. A good morning at that," Clarke hums as she nuzzles her nose under the soft of Lexa's jaw. She kisses her pulse point, revelling in the warmth of her lover's skin upon hers. That wandering hand moves down from her collar to cup her breasts. Clarke grazes her thumb over a fully hardened nipple, chuckling when goosebumps erupt over the brunette's skin and travel down her exposed front. The reaction has Clarke grinning.

"Mm," Lexa moans as she rolls slightly so that she can wrap her arms around Clarke and swathe her in a near-crushing bear hug. A slew of giggles leaves Clarke's lips as Lexa non-consciously bucks her hips into Clarke's torso. The evidence of her dream-state arousal presses upon her thigh, pulsing lightly.

"Clarke," Lexa mumbles again, nosing her hair as she jolts her hips forward. Again, Clarke giggles as she reaches up to comb through Lexa's hair.

"Yes?" She murmurs back sultrily, aware that Lexa can't really hear her. "Something you need, darling?"

"Mm," Lexa sighs as she humps her leg lightly, "so good."

Deciding to be cheeky, Clarke snakes her hand down gently, palming over her lean muscles of the other woman's torso before gently pressing upon the tender spot just above her abdomen. Not wanting to touch Lexa without her verbal consent, considering that while last night was a big first for the both of them, this morning is still a bit of an iffy situation. The motion luckily rouses Lexa from her slumber with a cute groan as she slowly rolls onto her back again. Clarke chuckles as the sleepy woman blinks a few times to adjust to the warmth on her skin and the faint glow of the rising sun upon her body.

"Clarke?" Lexa asks with a thick voice, all growly and raspy from sleep. Clarke shivers and nods, crawling back into Lexa's arms before leaning up to kiss her lover's jaw. Lexa hums, her eyelids drifting back down before the hand, still wrapped around her back, runs soothing lines up and down her skin. It seems as though she still hasn't recognized the… situation of her nether regions, so Clarke remains aloof for the sake of the innocence on Lexa's face.

"Morning," Clarke whispers sweetly as she leans up and presses her lips to Lexa's own. The brunette smiles into the kiss, chastely pecking her a few times before Clarke gently rolls her body on top of Lexa's own. It's at this point that she very gently teases the underside of the brunette's erection.

Finally, Lexa snaps awake and realizes her… predicament.
"Oh my god," she flushes and covers her face with her hands, "I didn't, did I?"

Clarke chuckles as she runs her hands up Lexa's front before leaning down to remove her hands and smile down at her blushing lover. "Babe," she coos as she gently presses her lips to Lexa's to assure her to not be ashamed, "you kinda did." Lexa flushes deeper and tries to look away, but Clarke giggles.

"It's natural, Lex."

"I'm not a dog, Clarke. I shouldn't have… ugh."

"You what?" Clarke asks with an innocent cock of her head. Lexa rolls her eyes and blushes deeper, thoroughly embarrassed.

"Please don't make me say it," Lexa whimpers like a kicked puppy. "Come on, Clarke. I'm sorry, I've not done this since I was a kid. I swear."

"I thought it was cute," Clarke whispers as she continues to layer kisses along Lexa's face and jaw, occasionally meeting her lips for a tender peck. Eventually it takes a few more soothing kisses from Clarke and some well-placed hip rolls to the underside of her hard cock to ease the tension between them. Clarke grins as Lexa starts to respond to their kisses with more passion and tenderness. From under the sheets, gentle hands come up to caress the soft skin of the blonde's hips and Clarke gasps into their kisses, rousing a cheeky smile from Lexa's upturned lips. Clarke places her hand on Lexa's chest and pushes upwards, removing their lips so she can teasingly stare down at the woman she's managed to fall for in such a short time.

"Well," Clarke murmurs as she ghosts her hands down Lexa's body towards her breasts, adorning them with soft squeezes, "what happened?"

"Clarke," Lexa hums, a sickeningly sweet and lazy smile hanging off her lips as she eases up so they're both sitting. "Do I have to say it?"

Clarke smiles and drapes her arms over Lexa's neck, drawing her in for another embrace and kiss. Her hips grind down upon Lexa's obvious arousal and both of them shudder. Lexa sighs into their next kiss before she leans her forehead down to rest in the crook of Clarke's neck, her hands absently running up and down the blonde's soft back, pulling her close as they simply take in each other, skin for skin, heartbeat for heartbeat, life for life.

Love… for love.

"I had a good dream," Lexa murmurs with a soft smile into Clarke's neck, pecking her pulse point gently, "and I… got carried away."

"Lex," Clarke hums with a salacious chuckle, "you know that's not all you did, right?"

At the words, Lexa's cock involuntarily jumps.

"I see the Commander is agreeing with me," Clarke giggles as she pulls away to kiss her lover again, "she's loyal, I see."

"More like a traitor," Lexa mutters as she glares down at her penis, trapped between their torsos, erect and ready. "Eager like a petulant child."

"You're seriously scolding your penis?"

"What?" Lexa protests as she arches her brow. "She didn't have to go all prepubescent teen on
"Hey." Clarke whispers as she tangles her fingers in Lexa's hair and gently tugs her head upwards. Their eyes meet, bare and vulnerable as Clarke simply takes the time to drink this part of Lexa in; the part that is shied away from the world, the part that is irrevocably hers to see and no one else. Here in the cover of the trees and the isolation of the forests, in the chirping of the birds and the whistling of the faint late fall breeze, Lexa is only hers. Clarke just has to grin.

Because really, who else gets to see Lexa like this?

Lexa leans up first, attaching their lips with a soft kiss before she leans forwards and tips them backwards on the bed. She cups her hand behind Clarke's head to cradle the back of her neck tenderly as it gently hits the soft mattress. Clarke squirms underneath the weight of her body, but not from discomfort. Her hips grind upwards, seeking the twitching bulge that quivers against her skin. Lexa's breasts brush against her own, the hardened nipples grazing just slightly.

It's a barely-there touch, but is it ever-so electric.

Clarke looks up to see Lexa pulling away before leaning down to pepper kisses upon her jaw. Lexa's hands caress her breasts and Clarke lightly tugs on her hair, gently giving Lexa the go-ahead when their eyes meet in a silent request. Lexa smiles, that half-upturned and hazy smirk as she goes back to trailing a path of soft and gentle kisses down Clarke's body, making sure that her hands and lips worship every inch of pale skin she can find. Clarke moans and squirms again as Lexa settles between her legs and slowly pries her thighs apart. She presses a kiss to both her kneecaps before glancing up with a smirk.

"The sun hasn't risen yet," Lexa murmurs as she lays her cheek on the inside of Clarke's right thigh, her fingers walking up her left leg until they meet the soaked apex of her thighs, intent on having her desired form of breakfast in bed. It's sinful, Clarke thinks, that the day hasn't even begun yet and they're already here -- touching and writhing, kissing and murmuring sweet nothings.

It's sinful and she can’t help but send a silent prayer to the skies above. Not that it matters, though, because her absolution isn’t up there. Lexa is her deity, the one who holds her in the weathered palms of her hands and sings her praises until her voice is raw. Lexa is her only form of vindication. Clarke can only hum when Lexa's scalding viridescent eyes flash back up, all confidence and control but still gentle and tender in the same. It’s a different kind of sweet.

It’s just Lexa, in her barest, truest, most vulnerable form.

(Her Lexa, she reminds herself as the brunette smiles again, only hers.)

"Clarke," Lexa kisses her name lovingly into her pale thigh, her lips a soft velvet upon her trembling skin, "when the sun comes up, I want you to come with it."

"God, Lexa." Clarke's moan couldn't be louder if she tried. Lexa only smiles as she leans her head down and, without warning, sets to work upon pleasuring her woman. Through the entire thing, one of her hands remain linked with Clarke's own, allowing the blonde to squeeze and tether herself to her. She can feel the increasing pool of white heat in her stomach, building and churning as the pale rays of the sun's arrival bathe over her shoulders.

Lexa adds a finger to her mouth's work, curling and reaching that spot that tenderly aches to be caressed and stroked. Clarke whimpered loudly without restrain or care -- they are alone here in this haven, this safe place shied away from prying eyes. Clarke's free hand tethers itself into chestnut locks, tugging with approval as Lexa spells her name over Clarke's clit, reminding her
who it really belongs to in this moment. She's heaving now, all messy and uncontrolled, but it doesn't matter. Lexa made her a promise, an oath that she swore to uphold should her life depend on it. Clarke intends to see it through as best as she can, to melt into the soft hands that set her skin ablaze and her sensors into disarray.

And then, as the first ray of blinding orange light cascades over her blonde hair, Clarke comes with a quiet cry.

"That's it," Lexa praises proudly, still lapping at her release as her fingers aid to relieving the tremors. "Come for me, sweetheart."

There's something so naturally tender about the word -- about the way Lexa says it -- and Clarke can't help but nod, allowing her body to push itself over the edge into her own pleasure. She sighs and bucks her hips before easing her writhing and the white-knuckle grip she has upon Lexa's hair. It takes a few more well-placed strokes and a final kiss to her clit before Lexa's moving back up her body, a proud smirk splayed out on her glistening lips.

"Well," Clarke huffs after a breath as she gently traces a small drop of fluid as it sticks to Lexa's shimmering chin, "good morning, Lexa."

"I'd hope so," Lexa chuckles cutely as Clarke leans up to kiss her. Using an old trick from her college days, Clarke hooks her knee in Lexa's thigh and flips them seamlessly, which causes the brunette's brows to perk in a subtle mix of surprise and excitement. Clarke tosses her blonde locks over her shoulder as she straddles Lexa's lap, canting her slickness against the underside of Lexa's throbbing dick, enjoying the faint and involuntary jump upon her folds.

"Clarke," Lexa murmurs her name as she stares at her with that dopey grin, one that makes Clarke's heart skip a beat, "what are you doing?"

"I want to return the favour," Clarke smirks as she cants her hips again, rousing a low growl from the other woman's lips. Lexa just looks on in both endearing affection and gentleness. She leans up on her muscled forearms and glances down between her legs at the aching, purple-red head that's begun to leak out weak pulses of pre-cum. She yearns for Clarke's touch to alleviate the pressure, but she's still unsure as always.

"You don't have to," Lexa says sweetly, her voice dripping with saccharine tenderness, "Clarke, I-"

"Ssh," Clarke murmurs as she smiles and leans down to kiss away the worry on Lexa's face, "I'm not doing it for just you, babe."

"Then who?" Lexa asks, furrowing her brow in confusion. Clarke only smirks again, her grin splitting her face with teasing intent.

"Why," Clarke hums as she reaches between them for the straining cock, "the Commander, of course. She was particularly needy this morning."

"Oh God," Lexa moans, another blush taking over her face and chest as she lays back on the bed with a groan. Clarke can only laugh as she tenderly begins to stroke up and down, taking the time to massage the underside of her cock and fondle her balls with soft fingers. It's different, but not in a bad way -- certainly not in a bad way -- to see Lexa so stripped down like this, so unlike her usual confident and swaggering persona. She's got a larger-than-life personality, a Cheshire cat smirk, the bubbly laugh of a woman in control, but she's also timid and shy, a bit wary, and sometimes unsure.
Again, Clarke is mesmerized that this is *her* Lexa.

"Tell me," Clarke murmurs as she begins to inch her way down Lexa's body to the apex of her thighs, kissing the rings of muscle that line her torso, "what was the Commander so eager about this morning, Lexa? What was she excited about that she decided to grind against my leg, all hot and hard?"

"Christ," Lexa says the Lord's name in vain again, placing a hand over her face to cover another blush, "Clarke… God--"

"Can't you tell me?" Clarke asks innocently as she adorns the beautiful length with kisses, starting from her balls and working her way up to the glistening head. She laps her tongue over the divot, humming with pleasure as she catches the taste of that familiar essence that makes Lexa, Lexa. The brunette twitches upon the bedsheets, trying to fight off the urge to just buck her hips upwards. Clarke preens at the respect, but it's not what she seeks.

She wants Lexa to lose control.

"You murmured my name in your sleep," Clarke continues to tease as she continues her gentle ministrations, "I can only imagine that I was pleasing you, hmm? All I want to know is how, Lexa. Do you know why?" Lexa whimpers when Clarke takes the head in her mouth and sucks gently, pulling more streams of pre-cum from her head. The cock shudders in her palms and Clarke can't help but grin as she releases the head with a soft 'pop' of her lips.

"Lexa," she whispers her love's name, squeezing her shaft affectionately, "do you know why I want to know how I pleasured you?"

"Clarke," Lexa cries out messily, eyes wide and glassy as she stares down at her in awe. Clarke beams at the sight of Lexa melting under her hands.

"I want to know how," Clarke hums as she tilts her head down to rest the throbbing cock against her cheek, turning her head to press the softest and chastest of kisses to that straining vein. "I want to know how, so that I can make your dreams come true." Lexa gasps when Clarke takes her head inside again, sucking with need while her hands work to jerk the shaft up and down in a strong, rhythmic beat. Involuntarily, the brunette's hips snap upwards.

"God," Lexa inhales her name like she's the last essence of life she'll ever receive. "Please."

"Please?" Clarke murmurs as she grins up at her lover again, a small strand of saliva clinging to her lips and the tip of her cock. "Are you begging?"

"Clarke," Lexa whines her name as her fingers clutch the sheets, "please don't tease… it… um… it kind of… um… it hurts."

At that, Clarke understands with a blush and a flicker of shame for her relentless teasing.

"Why didn't you say anything?" Clarke asks pitifully, a tinge of guilt seeping from her words. Lexa's brows are furrowed up in pleased pain from the edging, and it occurs to Clarke then that Lexa's been hard since *before* she'd awakened. No wonder she's in pain. Taking pity on the older woman, Clarke bows her head back down and sets herself upon the aching Commander, relieving her of the tension that'd been building steadily since they'd awoken.

Lexa cries out in blissful agony when she comes, and Clarke swallows each drop while keeping her eyes on the image of Lexa's head tilted backwards, her neck straining, her knuckles white from gripping the sheets so hard, and she ingrains each small pixel in her mind forever. After the member in her mouth eases up on its harsh, salty jets, Clarke removes her mouth and slowly
pumps the rest of her length until she feels her cock softening down a bit.

"Sorry," Clarke says sheepishly as she crawls back up Lexa's body to meet those sparkling green eyes, "I didn't realize... I mean..."

"It's okay, Clarke. It was my mistake," Lexa assures her as she reaches up to pull Clarke down for a kiss, "a rookie mistake, but a mistake."

"You're okay now, though, right?" Clarke asks worriedly as she pulls away from the kiss, looking back between their legs. Lexa smiles at her gently and nods, before lightly tugging her head back down so that it can rest upon her chest. Nimble fingers tenderly stroke through her messy hair as Lexa hums into Clarke's scalp, the haze of slumber still hanging over her from that powerful orgasm. Clarke focuses on the steady thrum of Lexa's easing heartbeat under her ear, her hands gently placed over one of her breasts to drag her thumb over the warm skin. She occasionally presses kisses to her collar softly.

"So," Clarke whispers as she presses a kiss to Lexa's jaw, tilting her head up so she can look at her lover, "forty-eight hours left."

"Eager to get rid of me, Griffin?" Lexa ribs with a smirk, her free hand wrapping around Clarke's back to trace her hip. "I'm a little offended."

"Hey," Clarke playfully pouts as she shifts her weight fully onto Lexa's chest, hovering back above her, "I never said I wanted to get rid of you."

"You don't?" Lexa asks, and there's an air of vulnerability in her voice that leaves Clarke breathless. The blonde only gulps and nods, leaning her head down so they can kiss again -- all slow and sweet with their tongues tangled together in a gentle waltz. When they pull away, Clarke's eyes are shiny with unshed tears as she cups Lexa's jaw in her slightly trembling palm. Their eyes remain locked, communicating the unknown while the sun warms their sheets.

"Never," Clarke whispers as she leans back down for another kiss, "I love you."

It takes everything in Clarke not to fall apart at the way Lexa's body basically melts into the bed from the release of tension and pressure. When they kiss, it's like the breath the brunette had been holding is swept into the blonde's mouth. But, instead of asphyxiation, Clarke breathes life back into the woman who's soul is as wise and cracked as the century old trees that surround them. She kisses Lexa tenderly, lovingly, sometimes barely, until she can assure the other woman that she means every letter of every word of her oath.

"I didn't think it was possible to love again," Lexa admits as her fingers find Clarke's own, lightly grazing them as they'd done the night before, "but then I met you, Clarke. I know it's crazy and improbably and that there's a million reasons why this shouldn't happen, but sweetheart, I only need one reason to know that everything I feel about you is real. You're special, Clarke. I want nothing more than for you to be mine. No insurmountable amount of wealth, awards, or tangible things could ever give me life the way you do, Ms Griffin. I look at you and I know, there's no one I'd rather be with right now, right here." Clarke's lips tremble at the confession, at the way Lexa's eyes mist and her throat bobs when her vice cracks on the last few words.

"Are you asking me what I think you're asking, Ms Woods?" Clarke whispers with a teasing chuckle, though tears still slip down her cheeks when Lexa's smile nearly breaks her face. The older woman hides her head in Clarke's neck as the blonde tugs her down and wraps her arms around her back.
"Yes," Lexa murmurs as she kisses up Clarke's jaw, "I'm asking you to be mine, Clarke. My girlfriend. My lover. My partner. Mine."

"I think," Clarke whispers as she pulls Lexa's head from her jaw so they can stare at each other again, "I think I was always yours. I just never knew."

"Do you believe in soul-mates?" Lexa asks as she absently tangles her fingers back with Clarke's own digits. "Do you believe in fate?"

"I don't know," Clarke says with a shrug as she leans up to peck Lexa's nose, "but I do believe in you. In us."

"And that, my dear," Lexa hums with another sweet and soft smile, leaning down to kiss Clarke's lips, "is all the reason I need."

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After a few more morning cuddles and some tousling in bed, they find the courage to get out of bed.

"Fourteen missed calls from Raven and twenty-four from Octavia," Clarke chuckles as she strides over to her purse on the desk by the armchairs, still nude. Lexa takes two robes from her closet and walks over to Clarke, handing her one with a kiss to the shoulder as she laughs heartily into the sweet skin.

"I don't even want to look at my phone," Lexa says as she spies her mobile on the opposite end of the dresser, "I can't tell who's going to be more pissed: Anya or Titus." Clarke beams at the comment, but begrudgingly Lexa manages to take her phone and swipe across the dash, grimacing at her own slew of texts and voicemails from her best friend and advisor. Clarke slips on the robe and smiles as the silk glides upon her skin like satin.

"I don't even want to look at my phone," Lexa says as she spies her mobile on the opposite end of the dresser, "I can't tell who's going to be more pissed: Anya or Titus." Clarke beams at the comment, but begrudgingly Lexa manages to take her phone and swipe across the dash, grimacing at her own slew of texts and voicemails from her best friend and advisor. Clarke slips on the robe and smiles as the silk glides upon her skin like satin.

"I suppose I should call Anya to let her and Raven know that we're safe," Lexa says with a small shit-eating grin. At first, Clarke just nods and smiles because she's lost in the sensation of the soft fabric upon her skin, but then she processes the words and turns to face Lexa with a shocked expression.

"They're together?" Clarke gasps as she scrambles over to look at the text message. Lexa shrugs, but her smile doesn't wipe off from her face.

"Let's call and find out, shall we?" Lexa says with a smirk as she presses the call button and raises the phone to her ear, waiting until the ringing stops.

"You better have a good reason for calling me this early, Lex."

"Good morning to you," Lexa says cheerily, earning a soft giggle from Clarke, "I see that you had an eventful night."

"Not as eventful as you, apparently. You're lucky Titus thinks I'm innocent otherwise he would've lost his eyebrow hair, too. You're a jerk, Lex."

"You love me, An. Besides, you finally got your wish, too."

"Excuse me?"

"Raven," Lexa laughs when she hears the splutter on the other line. "I saw your texts. Finally made your move, eh?"
"Fuck off, Woods. Nothing happened last night. We just we're worrying over your stupid asses. Speaking of ass, you bag and tag blondie yet?"

"Her name is Clarke," Lexa growls protectively, earning a chuckle from Anya and a rolling of the eyes from Clarke. "And… yes."

"Good," Anya's voice replies, sweeter and a bit more proud than her earlier grumble, "now please feel free to fill me in on the gory details after I'm awake."

"I'll call you in two days," Lexa says as she looks to the smile on Clarke's face, losing herself in those mesmerizing azure eyes, "I'm kinda… busy."

"Yeah, yeah. You're lucky it's the weekend, Lex. Just remember to use condoms because I'm too young to be a Godmother."

"Speaking of condoms," Lexa growls as she remembers the incident a few days ago, "why the hell did you put those gag ones in my wallet?!"

"I get you a lot of gag condoms, Lex. Remember those Spongebob ones from our trip to Japan?"

"Oh God," Lexa says as she screws up her face while Clarke bursts into a laugh beside her, "why do I take you anywhere? You're an ass, you know? Anyways, I meant the glow-in-the-dark ones." At this, Anya cackles over the phone so loudly that Lexa has to pull the device away from her ear with a frown. Clarke only giggles and places her hand upon her girlfriend's shoulder, gently rubbing circles into her skin as Anya calms down over the phone.

"The Green Night-Light?" Anya laughs again, and Lexa can visualize her shaking her head in disbelief. "Well… did they work?"

Lexa grumbles as Clarke laughs into her shoulder. She pouts and pulls her bottom lip into her mouth. "Yes… but that's besides the point."

"That's classic," Anya sighs as she calms down from her laughter, "but hey, Griffin had fun and so did you, Woods. You can thank me later."

"I'm not thanking you ever."

"I'm gonna keep getting you more gag condoms, then. Maybe even a gnome-shaped butt plug?"

"Fuck off, An."

"Whatever, Lex. Anyways, enjoy your sexcapades and leave me alone," Anya chuckles as she sighs into the phone, "we'll talk later. Be safe, Woods."

"Same to you," Lexa says with a smile as she watches Clarke saunter over to the living space, "and Anya?"

"Yeah?" Anya asks as fights off a yawn. Lexa only beams as she sees Clarke marvelling at her treehouse, eliciting a burst of warmth from her chest.

"Thanks," she says sincerely, "for not giving up on me when I freaked out. And… you were right about Clarke. She does make me happy."

There's a moment of silence on the line before Anya comes back with a serious, soft voice to say, "I'm glad, Lex. You deserve it. She'd want this for you."
"I sure hope so," Lexa murmurs as she feels a twinge in her heart from old memories. "They would've gotten along well."

"I'm so proud of you," Anya says back, voice thick with emotion, "you know that, right? We're all proud of how far you've come, Lexa."

"Thank you," Lexa whispers as she absently traces the grain of the table, "for everything, An."

Anya only chuckles again, the playful tone coming back as she replies, "how many times have I told you not to thank me, Woods?"

"I know," Lexa says as she smiles at Clarke from across the room where their eyes have locked again, "but I'm still glad it was you."

Anya's quiet for a moment before she softly replies, "always."

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"Finally got word of the lovebirds?" Raven chirps from the kitchen where she's making pancakes, dressed only in her shirt and briefs from the night before. Anya nearly stumbles down the steps of her apartment at the sight of the intern whipping up breakfast like she lives there. Gulping down her feelings, Anya places that stoic, impassive expression on her face as she saunters into the kitchen and pries open the fridge, reaching for the orange juice.

"You want some?" Anya asks as she takes out glass for herself. Raven nods and flicks off the stove, piling on some pancakes on a spare plate for the older woman before plopping down on the barstool. Anya pours some for the brunette before shelving the juice, sliding across from the younger woman awkwardly. She watches with a bemused expression as Raven uncaps the syrup and lathers on a copious amount of the fructose upon the pancakes.

"Sweet tooth much?" Anya asks as she finally gets to take the syrup, pouring only a little on her pancakes. Raven chuckles and stuffs a forkful of the food into her mouth with a dastardly smirk. Anya only rolls her eyes and elegantly cuts into her own piece, taking it into her mouth and chewing slowly.

"Live hard die young," Raven says as she tips her glass upwards in a mock toast, "my motto."

"Stupid motto," Anya mutters as she tries to ignore the way Raven's smirk causes her stomach to flip. "Death is a real thing."

"As opposed to it being fake, Cheekbones?" Raven grins, shoving another forkful of pancake into her mouth with a dastardly smirk. Anya's brows furrow at the words but she just shakes her head. Her heart aches when she sees the slight flinch and crestfallen look plaster itself to the brunette's beautiful face.

"You looked really good last night," Anya offers to say instead with a bit of a blush, "not that you don't always look good, but… you know what I mean." At this, Raven's face lights back and Anya can't force back her smile as the intern beams at her. She hides her blush by downing some orange juice.

"You looked really sexy in that dress," Raven quips back with a wink, "it's a good colour on you, red."

"Same to you," Anya chuckles as she sets the glass down, "that tie was well-suited."

"Pretty strange that we matched, huh?" Raven asks, her voice a bit hoarse with nerves. Anya
looks back down at her plate, blushing again.

If only Lexa could see her now. She'd have a field day, without a doubt.

"Yeah," Anya croaks back as she rubs the back of her neck, "it was pretty strange indeed."

"Hey," Raven says after sometime, gulping down more anxiety, "listen, I understand if you don't want to talk about last night--"

"Nothing happened," Anya says, a bit too quickly for her own liking. Raven's eyes wince and she immediately wants to take back the words from her mouth and say what she really feels. But this is Anya -- she's not anything like her best friend in the feelings realm. Raven only nods before Anya can say anything, pushing back the stool and standing up to grab at her pants and blazer from the pull out bed on the couch in her living room.

"Look, maybe it was a mistake for you to have let me stay the night," Raven says with her back to her, and honestly Anya is glad because she can't stand to hear the pain rolling off the brunette's cracked voice, let alone see it. "But I just wanted to say thanks for letting me crash here. I didn't mean to make you feel uncomfortable or anything. I'll just go and maybe I'll see you on Monday back at work?" At this, Raven turns her head just slightly. Anya gulps and nods.

Come on, you fool. Just tell her.

"Right," Raven says as she realizes that Anya's not going to speak. She draws in a deep breath and walks over to the door. "I'll just--"

"Wait!" Anya barks out, surprised by the high-pitched tone of her voice just as much as the other woman. "Just… don't go. Not yet."

Raven arches a brow, unsure. Anya clears her throat and starts again. "Stay here for awhile. The buses don't run this early and besides, you made me breakfast. The least I could do is offer you my shower." Anya blushes just as hard as Raven when the words fly out from her mouth without restraint.

"Not shower with me, of course. I mean… you don't stink or anything, I just figured, you know… you'd want to use it… it's a nice shower really--"

"A shower sounds good," Raven says softly, walking back inside to drop her stuff on the bed while Anya furiously avoids her gaze. She keeps her stare glued to the half-eaten pancake on her plate and suddenly feels her insides flop and nausea settle in her chest. This, she reminds herself, this right here is why you suck at relationships, you idiot. Can't even woo a girl? What kind of badass are you? A fake one, that's for sure.

But then, the sensation of calloused fingers upon the back of her wrist, draw her from her negative thoughts.

"Thank you," Raven says sweetly, her voice genuine and not playful like earlier. "And for the record, I'm glad I don't stink."

"Yeah," Anya only croaks with a nod as Raven smiles harder at the sound of her voice. Their eyes stay glued to each other, occasionally flickering down to their lips -- and God, Anya has never wanted to kiss someone more in her entire existence. Those fingertips are still on her hand, non-consciously tracing patterns into her skin with enough heat to burn the sensation into her veins, searing through the cords that carry her lifeblood and stuttering her heart.

"I should shower," Raven whispers as she backs away, rubbing the nape of her neck awkwardly,
"I mean… if the offer's still on the table?"

"Down the hall to the right," Anya says with another hoarse croak, nodding to the steps, "can't miss it."

"Cool," Raven nods, blushing deeper when their eyes meet again, "anyways, you don't have to thank me." Anya frowns in confusion, but Raven only nods to the food on the table with that signature smirk playing at her lips again. Inside her chest, Anya's heart flutters and she bites down a whimper.

"The pancakes," Raven says with another wider smile upon seeing the other woman's reaction, "it's a family recipe. The least I could do."

"Right," Anya says with a nod, gulping down her feelings once more as Raven gestures towards the stairway.

"I'd better go… uh, shower."

"Yeah, yeah, of course."

"Thanks again for letting me stay," Raven says with another grin, "and the shower, Ms…?"

Anya blushes again as she mutters, "Trikru."

"Ms Trikru," Raven says with a dramatic bow, causing Anya to laugh and shake her head, "I'm humbled by your hospitality and do not take it lightly, ma'am."

"Go shower, you dork. I'll clean up here," Anya smiles, feeling a bit lighter at the playful jest. Raven grins and winks at her before bounding down the hall. Anya just stares down after her until she disappears into the bathroom, trying to ignore how she's never felt so untethered to the earth in her entire life.

Yeah, she thinks as she closes her eyes and tries not to imagine Raven in the shower, she's thoroughly fucked.

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"So… we're girlfriends now?" Clarke says as she chews on a piece of french toast. Lexa turns her head over her shoulder nervously.

"Was it too soon to ask?" The brunette stumbles a bit over her words as she gulps. "I mean, I know that this morning was emotional for both of us, and last night we said some stuff that was rather… well, serious." Lexa gulps down her nerves and turns away from the stove to look at Clarke vulnerably, only to see that the blonde is staring back at her with an endearing expression, though there's a hint of wariness that makes her nerves tighten and stiffen.

"You have a reputation," Clarke says gently, as to not startle her. She's stating a fact -- one that Lexa is beyond aware of with great shame -- but it doesn't stop the wince from flexing her face muscles. Clarke sighs and rubs the back of her neck and tries again, staring up at Lexa with a serious expression.

"I never was a long-term person, Lexa. I'm still in college. You're a CEO and I'm your intern. You could have anyone in the entire world and they wouldn't even hesitate to jump into your lap," Clarke says, keeping her voice neutral as Lexa powers off the stove and sits down on the barstool across from her, intent on listening and hearing out every word that she speaks. Clarke clears her throat again, pushing down her insecurities to be honest with Lexa.
"I saw you with that girl from work," Clarke says, fingering over the rim of her mug, "the one that you laughed with and I know that you two could be friends… I just… I saw that that and I thought…," she can't finish her statement as she cringes, glancing up at Lexa sadly. Lexa only nods in understanding.

"Luna is a close friend of mine," Lexa tells her as she palms her own mug in her hands, letting the warm spread to her icy skin. "I can understand how our relationship may have come off as something more. I apologize for what you saw, Clarke, but there's nothing between her and I, that is a promise."

"What about the others?" Clarke asks, swallowing thickly. "You're notorious for being one to…?"

Clarke doesn't want to finish the sentence, not at the way Lexa swallows and stiffens with a miserable nod.

"I had a very different life before I met you, Clarke. One that I'm not proud of," Lexa admits, though her voice cracks. "I just hope that perhaps one day you may see past that. I hope you know that I do not expect anything of you, Clarke. I know that because of my position, it may seem that I'm only in for finding a girl to hang off my arms like a decorated trophy, but that's… it's not me. Not who I want to be, more like." Lexa can feel those fingers, the soft chestnut girls and warm laugh. Her eyes cloud with tears when she can hear that steady lull of her heart under her ear, of her lips upon her own, of her love--

And the screams. Lexa can never forget the screams.

"I've not magically changed overnight," Lexa opts to say, drawing away from the painful memories to glance back at Clarke, "but I can tell you that since I first saw you on the fourth floor, I've never felt a pull so strong to be close to someone, to let someone in like I've let you in. I meant every word that I said last night and this morning, Clarke." The blonde digests her words and mulls over the honesty and vulnerability in Lexa's voice, the raw fear that burns upon the edge of each word and tangles with her heartstrings. Clarke takes a deep breath and nods, bowing her head to compose herself before she looks up and meets Lexa's patiently waiting gaze with a smile. Lexa doesn't smile back, mostly because she's too busy trying to hold herself together.

"If… if I asked for more time," Clarke stumbles on the words and is amazed that Lexa doesn't crumble from the flinch in her green eyes, "would you wait?"

"Until my last breath," Lexa tells her without a pause, though Clarke can hear the raw pain clinging to her voice. "I love you, Clarke."

"I love you, too. I just… after everything… and knowing who you are now, it's a bit soon for me to figure out what I want," Clarke says, but then immediately flinches herself at her choice of words. "That's not what I meant. What I mean to say is that we went from fuck-buddies to girlfriends overnight."

"If time is what you need, it is what I can give you." Lexa's words are bare and open, non-verbally telling Clarke to take but to understand that even she only has so much to offer, too. Clarke gulps and nods, shaking her head in both embarrassment and shame. *Not even eight hours and you've fucked it up.*

"Clarke," Lexa says, her voice calm and collected as always, "do not be afraid. This is new for both of us."

"I just don't want to get hurt again," Clarke whispers as she glances up to Lexa worriedly, "if you… if…"
"I know," Lexa can only say with a solemn nod, "I'm sorry, Clarke."

"See!" Clarke exclaims as she shakes her head in disbelief, a few tears welling in her eyes. "Just when I think you’re going to hate me, you pull this shit. You are so patient and caring and I fucking hate everyone who's ever told me anything else about you. I… I'm just confused, Lexa. I don't know who you are." Lexa processes the words with a straight face, but Clarke knows that every word she's launched her way is but a dagger in the dark, slicing her raw and open. Swallowing down her emotions, Lexa hangs her head and fingers the edge of the table, looking more like a scolded child than a CEO.

And it breaks Clarke's heart.

"I don't know what else to tell you," Lexa murmurs, thought it seems to be more to herself than to Clarke, "people will always talk, Clarke. I can't control that." Lexa looks up, her jaw clenched tightly that Clarke is surprised that she hasn't broken her teeth from the effort. Lexa lips her lips and speaks again.

"But what I can control," Lexa says as she builds herself back up, brick by brick, scar by scar, "is what I want to be."

"And what's that?" Clarke asks airily, her eyes welling with tears as Lexa keeps her stare glued to her own.

And then, with one word, Lexa rips herself apart again.

"Better," Lexa whispers back as she fumbles with her fingers, "for me… for you. For everyone."

"Lexa," Clarke breathes out her name as Lexa gives her a small smile. Lexa takes their empty plates and maneuvers to the sink, placing the dishes inside before getting to work. It’s not hard to see that she's distracting herself after tearing herself down and making herself bare for Clarke, for a woman that she's barely known but already knows owns her heart. She's not naïve or foolish, but she knows risks when she sees them. Clarke is a risk.

But Clarke is the best risk.

"My dad," Clarke chokes out after sometime of silence between the two of them, causing Lexa to stop her washing and turn around. Clarke has tears in her eyes as she looks to her hands, tracing a faint scar on her palm as she draws a deep breath and says, "my dad is the reason why I can't trust easily."

Lexa doesn't reply. She doesn't even move.

Frozen.

"He told me that one day I'm gonna meet someone special, someone that will treat me like I'm the moon and the stars and the sky," Clarke continues to say as she stares at her palms. "He was my best friend, too. But he and my mom fought a lot. They always tried to hide it from me, but they couldn't. I always knew. I always hear them yelling in the room next door. He would try to be there for me and comfort me but I always knew what was coming from day one."

Clarke swallows as she shuts her eyes and curls into herself.

"They got divorced when I was ten. The lawyers made me pick and I chose him," Clarke murmurs as she chuckles sadly, "can you believe how fucked up that is? To choose between your parents when you're a kid? So I lived with him and he promised that he'd take care of me, that he'd
protect me from the bad in the world. All of these promises that I knew were unrealistic but I believed in anyways because he was my best friend and my father." Lexa stares on in silence as Clarke slowly nods her head up and opens her eyes to those beautiful green depths completely enraptured with her.

"I loved space," Clarke whispers as she places her palms on the table, "and he always told me he'd find a way to take me to the moon one day. Just me and him, you know? Whenever I got scared, he'd take me up to the roof of his small house and we'd stargaze for hours, thinking about multiverses and just the idea that maybe on some distant planet, we'd be happy, we'd be different. He would always tell me the same thing, though. He'd always tell me about how even though there could be a universe in which we are different, there could be no universe better than the one we lived in. That we'd always be better."

Lexa swallows as she hears the emotion pinch Clarke's voice when her lips go from a faint smile into a bitter growl.

"But he lied to me," Clarke seethes into herself, "all the talks of the future, of something long-term and permanent, and he lied to me."

Cold hands, feeble whispers, a faintly echoed apology.

*I love you, Clarke.*

"Cancer," Clarke whispers as she shakes away the final remnants of his voice from her mind, "he was sick for years and hid it from me. He… lied."

"Clarke…," Lexa trails off as she steps off from the edge of the sink's counter and approaches the island with a harsh swallow. Clarke only shakes her head as she looks up to Lexa with tears in her eyes, her lips trembling from trying to keep it together for the both of them, from bearing the weight of a burden only she'd ever known, that no one had ever bothered to come by and lift from her weary shoulders. She quivers under Lexa's sympathetic gaze, and as much as she wants to push away the woman with enough love in her eyes to end world wars, she can't bring herself to do it. She can't turn Lexa away.

*Why*? Clarke asks herself as she stares into those calming green eyes. *Why Lexa? Why here and why now?*

*Because*, the soft voice of her father, the one that hasn't faded out even after his death, *Lexa is better.*

Clarke stands abruptly, surprising Lexa as she walks over to the other woman, standing in front of her with an iron stare. Just like Lexa had done last night, Clarke leaves herself bare and open for Lexa to view her insecurities, her weakness, her fears. She's torn down every battered and weathered wall she'd kept guarded around the territory of her heart, and now she's exposed for a final blow. She's leaving her fate, her life and her faith, in Lexa's calloused hands.

"Promises are meant to be broken," Clarke tells her as she feels a few hot tears slide down her cheeks. Lexa doesn't even flinch.

"Not mine."

Two words. That's all it takes for Clarke to throw herself into Lexa's arms. To anyone on the outside, it would seem foolish and absurd, but Clarke knows. Clarke hears it because she'd heard it the night before. She'd felt it sitting deep inside of her as Lexa had loved her so tenderly and carefully, because she's broken and lost and alone. But as Lexa's long and muscled arms wrap
around her and hold her tight against her chest, as her hand guides her head to where her heart steadily beats, as her voice hums soothing sweet nothings into her ear as they sway lightly in the kitchen, she knows her father is right.

Lexa is better.

Lexa is good. Lexa is safe. Lexa is warm.

Lexa is home.

"Please," Clarke begs as she squeezes her arms tighter around Lexa's middle, "I can't be broken again, Lexa."

"I know," Lexa whispers as she kisses the top of her head lovingly, "I won't let you."

"How?!" Clarke demands as she pulls away with the last lingering bit of insecurity. Lexa only offers a small, sad smile as she gently takes Clarke's hand and slowly slides it under her robe.

Clarke gasps and Lexa swallows down her own fear as the blonde's fingertips graze over the scar from her bullet wound.

"Because," Lexa tells her in a soft voice, "I'm broken, too."

Clarke doesn't know what propels her to surge up and slam her lips to Lexa's own, but the move startles them both. They walk backwards, nearly knocking everything behind them over in their path. Clarke's hands fumble at the belt of Lexa's robe, undoing it and letting the silk fall to the floor. Lexa is a bit more patient with her own robe, but Clarke sheds it. She feels Lexa's hands, smooth and rough in the same, glide over her shoulders and draw her in for an embrace as she sobs into her lover's arms. Those hands run soft lines up and down her back, soothing her tremors and quakes until she is calm again.

"I love you," Clarke whispers finally as she sighs into Lexa's arms, "I mean that, too. I... I'm just scared, Lexa."

"So am I," Lexa murmurs into her ear, kissing the tip of the cartilage with the ghost of her lips, "but you make me less afraid."

"Why... why do you still comfort me after everything I just shared with you?" Clarke asks quietly, sniffing against Lexa's neck. The brunette only smiles as she continues to hold the shivering blonde in her arms, layering soft kisses to her forehead and nose until Clarke is smiling against her skin again.

"I don't know," Lexa honestly answers with a pensive tone, "but I don't need a million reasons to take a chance with you."

Again, Clarke smiles against her chest and closes her eyes. This time, she's the one to whisper, "only one."

Lexa just nods and softly sighs with contentment into Clarke's blonde tresses.

"Only one," Lexa echoes as she squeezes Clarke a bit closer than before. Clarke's hands move from above her breasts to glide down the brunette's toned arms until their fingers meet and they're holding hands again. Lexa holds them up to their faces, their fingertips just barely brushing like last night.

"Synapses," Clarke mutters as she glances up at Lexa, "something about consolidation, right?"
"Reconsolidation," Lexa murmurs instead, offering a soft smile. "Previously-consolidated memories can be made labile again through reactivation of the memory trace. MRNA travels through the axon and forms new connections, stronger connections, before they're stored back into the hippocampus."

"In laymen terms, nerd." Lexa chuckles at the way Clarke's voice returns to its light and teasing tone.

"It means, we can't change the events of the past," Lexa whispers as she taps the pads of their fingers together once more. Clarke frowns slightly, but Lexa keeps her stare glued to their hands as she slides her fingers between Clarke's own and locks them together before glancing to the blonde with a faint nod.

"But," she whispers as she leans her head down so their foreheads graze against each other's own, "we can change how we feel about it."

"And how does that help anything?" Clarke scoffs as she leans up to chastely kiss Lexa's lips. "We can't change the past."

"No," Lexa murmurs as she smiles down at Clarke's lips, and then back up to her eyes, "but we can change the future."

Lexa weaves their hands together before placing one over her heart and the other pair over Clarke's chest. She draws a deep breath, keeping her eyes on Clarke the entire time as she softly tells her, "and all it takes is one shift, one synapse, one MRNA molecule -- one reason."

"And what's that, Lexa?" Clarke asks eagerly. Lexa chuckles as Clarke smiles at her before she leans down and kisses her tenderly.

"I don't know," Lexa murmurs against her lips, "but wouldn't be nice to find out?"

"You make a compelling argument," Clarke chuckles as she shakes her head, "throwing caution to the wind like this."

"I'm a risk-taker, adrenalin-junkie, a reckless fool according to Titus," Lexa says, both of them chuckling at the last one, "but life is short, Clarke."

That, they are both painfully aware of. Clarke sighs as she leans into kiss Lexa's lips once more.

"What are you proposing, Ms Woods?" Clarke asks as Lexa's smile returns, and the blonde can't quite understand just how the sight of those lips turned up in the slightest presence of a smirk has her heart beating at the speed of light. Lexa only squeezes their hands, but keeps her eyes on Clarke the whole time. Clarke leans in further, lost in the stormy sea green eyes that lull her in like a siren's call. And then, something flashes in those depths suddenly.

"Do you trust me?" Lexa asks softly, her voice as bare and vulnerable as it'd been an hour ago. Just like last time, Clarke can't find herself hesitating.

"Always," she whispers as Lexa lets go of their embrace and usher them back to the bedroom. Clarke frowns, but Lexa doesn't go to the bed like she'd assumed. Instead, she goes to the closet and tosses out a handful of clothes, one set for Clarke and the other for herself. Clarke cocks her head in both confusion and mild amusement when she sees the kid-like excitement on Lexa's face. Upon noticing that Clarke hasn't moved, Lexa nods to the clothes.

"Get changed," she says with a grin as she slides a belt into her khaki pants. Clarke can't keep the smile off her face at the way Lexa hops around the room to gather various clothing articles. She
slowly walks over to the bed and picks up the flannel shirt, track pants, and light jacket.

"Why?" Clarke questions as Lexa hands her a pair of hiking boots. Clarke frowns and cocks her head at the other woman.

Is she really turning down sex for... hiking?

"Lena," she can't help but giggle her name as Lexa beams at her with an excitement she'd not seen in a long time, "what are you doing?"

"What do you think?" Lexa asks as she points to the clothes. "We're going on an adventure, Ms Griffin."

Lexa practically locks Clarke in the room and tells her to change while she "prepares" things. The whole idea seems so rushed and silly, but after their deep conversation from earlier, Clarke doesn't bother questioning her. Lexa's not done her wrong as of yet, and while she's still concerned about Luna and Lexa's past, she remembers those words earlier about memory reconsolidation. She thinks of her father, and for some reason, his loss doesn't ache her memory so badly when she thinks of how he would've fallen in love with Lexa every bit as she has. She's just as bit spontaneous as he'd once been.

Maybe all that synapse stuff does work for something, she muses.

When she's finally allowed out by Lexa, she has to hide her grin behind her palms as she sees the once prim and proper CEO now dressed down to a suburban dad with her khaki pants and Adidas jumper. She dons a backpack and a pair of Raybans, looking more like a college student than the big boss she's meant to be. Clarke can only laugh as Lexa extends her hand outwards, asking her to take it with a silent glance. Clarke only shakes her head and fights down the blush as she accepts the hand and lets Lexa lead her down the steps and back into the woods. Lexa quickly unlocks her car to grab something to shove into her pocket before she jogs over to Clarke and extends her hand once again. They'd fooled around so much that daylight had begun to simmer down to the evening light. The sun is still up, but low in the sky. Both of them know that they're going to catch the sunset.

"Have you done this with anyone before?" Clarke asks as they make their way through the forest, following a private trail up a hillside. Lexa shakes her head and swings both of their hands back and forth lightly, using her free hand to slide her sunglasses up to her head to keep the hair out of her face.

"I never had someone I wanted to do this with before," Lexa answers with a shrug as she passes Clarke a faint smile. Clarke only blushes as she lets Lexa pull her in for a side hug. She rests her head in the crook of her neck, just above Lexa's collar as they continue to walk towards the peak of the hilltop.

"And how do I know that you're not leading me to my certain death?" Clarke jokes as she winds her other arm around Lexa's waist, content to walk pressed up against her side just like they are walking now. Lexa chuckles and kisses the top of Clarke's blonde tresses, which causes Clarke to smile harder.

"I already told you what kind of death I would impose upon on you."

"You're a sly one, Ms Woods. Do you speak to all women this way?"

"No," Lexa hums as she leans down to peck Clarke's forehead, "just you. Only you."

They don't speak for the rest of the way, bare for the odd "watch the branch" here and there. They
make their way up to a ridge finally, and Clarke frowns when she spies nothing but rocky hole in
the middle of the hillside. Clarke turns to ask Lexa a question, but when she turns, she sees that
Lexa is walking towards the bushes and searching for something. She walks over when Lexa
chuckles and pulls out a long board of wood. She frowns for a second, but then she looks to the
hole in the ground and then back to a deviously smirking Lexa. She puts her hand up and shakes
her head, pointing her finger at her.

"Oh no," Clarke says as she eyes the board with a suspicious stare, "I am not doing that."

"Clarke," Lexa chuckles as she presses herself closer to the agitated blonde, "you said you trust
me. Please, trust me."

"I'm not boarding down to Hell in that thing with you, Lexa."

"Clarke," Lexa repeats her name in a soft coo, and Clarke hates how she's so drawn to the sultry
sound of Lexa's voice when she says, "trust me."

Clarke still looks unsure as she regards the board, but when she takes a closer look, she sees that
there are grooves in the side for handles and the under side of the wood seems to be built from
steel so it's impenetrable to breaking. She's never seen a contraption of the sort before, but it's
intriguing and Clarke knows that deep down, an opportunity like this probably won't come again.
She's already decided to go on a weekend-retreat with the woman, she may as well just throw
everything in the pot. Besides, if she does die, dying by Lexa's side rather than a white hospital
room doesn't seem too bad.

"Fine," Clarke acquiesces with a grunt, trying to ignore how Lexa's childish grin melts her heart,
"but if we crash--"

"We won't."

"If we crash," Clarke reprimands as she eyes Lexa teasingly, "no sex for the rest of your life."

"Fair enough," Lexa answers without so much as a hesitant pause. "Now come on, love. We've
got an adventure to get to."

Clarke frowns and shakes her head, but before she can speak, Lexa's lips are pressed to her own
and her free hand has wound its way around the small of her back for a dramatic bow. Lexa lets
go and Clarke shakes her head with a laugh, shoving Lexa's shoulder before letting her lead the
way to the hole. Outside, the sun has just begun to dip below the mountainside, painting the skies
a blood orange and the tops of the skies a midnight blue. Clarke watches as Lexa sets down the
board at the mouth of the wide hole before beckoning Clarke to sit on the board. Reluctantly,
Clarke sits and Lexa places herself in front. She lets Clarke put the backpack on so that the blonde
has enough room to squish against her back tightly.

"Hold onto me," Lexa whispers as she reaches down to lock Clarke's hands around her waist,
"and don't close your eyes, okay?"

"Lexa, I swear," Clarke growls into her neck, "I am kicking your ass if this goes south."

"Duly noted," Lexa nods with a confident smirk, "now, are you ready?"

"Will I ever be?" Clarke grumbles as she squeezes Lexa's waist tighter in her grip. "But yeah, I
guess I am."

"Good."
Clarke screams as suddenly they plunge into the darkness. Her stomach kicks up into the base of her throat and she clutches harder to Lexa's ribs. They slide down and twist and turn like some convoluted roller coaster. Lexa's laughing, and Clarke puts a mental note in the back of her head to scold her when this death-ride-contraption-slide-thing is over.

But then, the fear is gone and Clarke takes a second to breathe in the smell of fresh moss and water. She looks up and gasps to see that above her are bioluminescent flowers or plants of some kind. The entire cave they've been sliding into suddenly bursts into a beautiful hue of luminescent blue. And now, Clarke understands the beautiful of this place. Her hair blows behind her as they continue sliding down at a slower pace until they slide to a halt at the base of the cave. The sound of water echoes off the slick walls as Clarke looks around, revelling in awe at the beautiful place that she's only seen in movies.

"So…," Lexa murmurs as she weaves her hands over Clarke's own, "am I getting my ass kicked?"

"Shut up," Clarke blushes as Lexa chuckles and turns her head over her shoulder to kiss her lips, still keeping her hands on her torso. She stands first before extending her hand to help Clarke up. Once they're standing, Clarke loops her arms over Lexa's shoulders and draws her in for a hug. Clarke closes her eyes and just takes in the smells for a second, of Lexa, of the cave, of how it feels so fresh and clean and pure -- cleansing, almost.

Clarke feels… lighter.

"How did you know?" Clarke murmurs as she pulls away to cup Lexa's cheeks and draw her in for a kiss. Lexa smiles against her lips with a shrug.

"I didn't," she whispers back as she kisses Clarke, "I just took a chance. You know, the whole throwing caution to the wind thing."

"You're an idiot," Clarke chuckles as Lexa grins into her kiss, "I should kick your ass for that. I was genuinely concerned."

"You worry too much, Griffin. I told you that you can trust me," Lexa smirks proudly as she breaks the hug and reaches down for the backpack, before throwing it over her shoulder. "Now come on, do you want to explore or just stay here and admit that I was right, because I'm down for both, you know."

"Lexa!" Clarke laughs as Lexa waggles her brows in her direction before holding her hand out for Clarke to take. Clarke takes the hand and shakes her head as she's pulled back into Lexa's strong chest. She giggles when Lexa kisses the top of her head again before drawing her in for a loving peck on the lips.

"You're dramatic," Clarke scolds teasingly as she lets Lexa sneak in one more kiss, "all of this is so extra."

"Well," Lexa hums as she shrugs nonchalantly, "you're more to me than just a woman, Clarke."

"I feel like a Princess," Clarke says as she lets Lexa lead her through a maze of intricate tunnels until they reach the source of the water. Upon seeing it, Clarke can only stop and stare in awe, disbelief, and total confusion because how is any of this possible in North America of all places?

Before her is a pool of water -- but it's not just a pool. It's a hot-spring, judging by the way steam rises from the water. As she looks up, she makes out the stars and the moon gleaming down at her from an almost perfectly carved hole in the rock's surface, making it seem like they are in the
middle of a giant telescope. Clarke's breath leaves her lungs as she gets the symbolism of it now. She swallows thickly before glancing at Lexa, who's looking a bit less confident than before. She shifts her weight from foot to foot as she awaits Clarke's judgement with steady blink of her eyes.

"Well," Lexa tests the word upon her lips, "do you like it?"

"You said you didn't know," Clarke whispers as she walks up to the woman with the forest in her eyes. Lexa only smiles softly, nodding.

"I didn't," Lexa repeats her first answer, "chance has a funny way of working out, Clarke."

"I do now," Clarke whispers, and Lexa's smile lights up at the words. Clarke shoves her again before grabbing her collar and drawing her in for a powerful kiss. Lexa gasps at the sudden electrifying sensation of cool hands on her skin, which as expected, prompts another reaction from her body. Clarke only giggles as she feels Lexa groan in annoyance at the petulance of her sinful member. Clarke grins into her mouth and lightly rakes her nails down to her waistband.

"Clarke," Lexa murmurs as she feels Clarke's fingers playing with the hem of her boxers, "are you sure?"

The sweet vulnerability in Lexa's lips are what cause Clarke to shiver in anticipation and melt with adoration in the same time. She just nods and increases the vigour of their kisses as she growls into her lover's mouth. Lexa parts her mouth and places her hands on Clarke's jaw, drawing her face closer and pressing their bodies against each other. Clarke's hands pause themselves at the tops of Lexa's pants, feeling her arousal pressing against the fabric.

"Yes," Clarke whispers as she kisses Lexa harder, "one-hundred percent yes, Lexa. I want you. I want this. Please."

Lexa can't work fast enough to throw her backpack to the ground before Clarke is backing her into a rocky wall. Unlike their love-making last night and this morning, their pace is faster. The need for skin on skin is too high, and there's too many layers between them. Clarke helps Lexa shed her jumper and bra while Lexa unbuttons Clarke's flannel shirt with passion and desire that burns brighter than the stars above them. They undress themselves until Clarke's in her panties and Lexa in her skin-tight briefs. The moss is cool and spongey beneath their feet as they continue to grab and explore at each other's bodies.

"I want you to take me," Clarke hisses as she tugs at Lexa's earlobe with vigour, "I want you to prove that you're mine and only mine."

"Safe word?" Lexa asks breathlessly, her hands pausing at the blonde's waist. Clarke smiles, breaking the mood for just a second to just admire the fact that despite everything, Lexa will always be able to see outside of the situation and put their safety above all else. Breaking character, Clarke smiles and pecks her lips. Lexa holds still, waiting on Clarke's answer before making another move. She freezes a moment, but then Clarke curls her hand in the back of her neck, her fingers tugging those baby curls. Clarke's mouth ghosts up her lover's neck and bites her earlobe again, eliciting another moan from Lexa.

"Pineapple," Clarke hisses as she bites the cartilage, "you?"

At this, Lexa is genuinely taken aback. Aside from Costia, no one had been bothered to ask her if she had a safe word. Lexa's heart melts for a brief second when she strays from their roleplaying so she can appreciate how caring Clarke is, no matter how frisky and kinky their sex may get.
"Firetruck," Lexa murmurs back as she nips Clarke's jaw. Getting their precautions out of the way, Clarke turns back to face Lexa with narrowed eyes.

"Well Ms Woods," Clarke smirks as she reaches between them to rub at her erect dick, "I think you have a job to do."

Lexa growls, the sound ripping Clarke apart until she's the bare molecular composition of herself with the way Lexa's eyes set with determination. Lexa quickly reaches down and fumbles through her pants pocket for a condom before she rips the foil open and spits on her hand to slick up her dick. She rolls the condom on quickly, pinching at the small pocket at the front to get the air out before adjusting the base. She kneels before Clarke, grateful that the moss isn't hard or uneven like the rocks closer to the springs. She sets to work eating out Clarke like she's missed the last two meals.

Clarke just holds onto her head and moans, writhes, cries out as Lexa's tongue runs zig-zags up and down her clit before probing inside her walls. More of her arousal drips down Lexa's chin as Clarke feels the heat pooling in her lower abdomen and the chill lingering in the base of her spine, eager to explode across the circuitry of her nervous system and render her a total mess in Lexa's arms. The older woman holds tight against Clarke's tense thighs, raking her blunt nails down the pale skin to leave her mark and drive Clarke over the edge into a whimpering disarray of pleasure and desire.

"Inside," Clarke growls as she feels Lexa rising to her feet, erection fully-hard and ready. "I want your cock in my cunt now, Lexa."

She sees the near-black vision in Lexa's lust driven eyes and she gasps as she recognize the animal that aches to be released inside of her. Clarke grabs her by the nape of the neck and draws her in for a heated kiss, all teeth and tongue clashing as they fight to simply breathe in the presence of each other. Lexa pulls away only to watch as Clarke reaches between them and gives her cock a few swift tugs before pulling forward with the appendage. Lexa snarls as she roughly grabs Clarke by the thighs and hoists her into her arms and carries her over to a smooth wall of rock and presses her against the cool edge. The older woman grinds her hips into Clarke's torso, her mouth leaving a trail of hickeys and bruises from under the blonde's jaw to her collarbone.

"Only I get to fuck you," Lexa growls between gritted teeth, "only I get to hold you up like this and take you. Not Finn, not Raven--"

"So you were jealous at the gala," Clarke snickers as she grins down at Lexa with a teasing smirk, "you saw me on her arm and you were jealous."

"Clarke," Lexa hisses into the blonde's neck, "interrupting me will result in punishment."

"You're all bark and no bite," Clarke goads on as pleasure starts to spike in her low belly, "I mean, are you ever going to get your cock inside?"

Clarke preens at the way Lexa roars in desire. As much as she's come to love the vanilla sex, she's missed the woman who'd not even hesitated before taking her in an elevator where anyone could've walked in at anytime. Lexa's more… adulterated side is a turn-on to another level. Clarke can barely hold in her scream of desire as Lexa enters her, slipping inch by inch into her slick walls until she's fully seated. Clarke looks down to see their hips connected and she can't help but groan in pleasure. She realizes that Lexa hasn't moved yet and so she flicks her eyes up, noticing how Lexa's waiting for her approval.

"Take me," Clarke breathes out as she achingly cants her hips, "please, daddy. I need you."
"Baby girl," Lexa growls with a sharp thrust of her hips, "tell me, did any of your previous lovers fuck you as good as I do?"

Another sharp thrust has Clarke throwing her head back against the stone wall. Lexa growls again, thrusting her hips forward with a few more sharply placed thrusts. "Tell me, Clarke, how many people have taken you like this, under the stars and in a cave in the middle of nowhere, like animals?"

"No one," Clarke whimpers as she keeps rubbing her clit against Lexa's hard muscles, "no one but you, daddy."

"I'm yours baby girl," Lexa whispers as she nips under her jaw, "your pussy is mine. Only my cock belongs there. Do you understand that?"

"God, yes!" Clarke practically screams as Lexa offers another deep thrust, hitting the curve of her G-spot with perfect accuracy. "Please, daddy."

"Please what, baby girl?" Lexa hums as she eases her cock out teasingly. "Use your words, Clarke."

"Fuck me," Clarke begs shamelessly, her eyes wide with wanton need, "fuck me and make me yours. I'm yours, please!"

Lexa growls and sets off in a swift rut, her deep and hard thrusts hitting that spot over and over again. The first orgasm sneaks up out of nowhere as Clarke yelps, crossing her legs over the small of Lexa's back as she jerks against the older woman's frame as she rides out the orgasm with each relentless pulse of Lexa's jogging hips. Lexa slows but doesn't wait for Clarke to catch because she's too busy on focusing on driving Clarke into the next little death. Breaths are barely getting into Clarke's lungs from the way Lexa's hips slap into her thighs, or the way their lips search each other with furious, lustful kisses.

The second time she comes, it's like a tidal wave of pleasure. She's tinglingly all over, screaming from the depth of her lungs and echoing the sound all around the cave walls. Lexa follows suite a few moments until they're both a sweaty, tangled mess. A few more weak canting of Lexa's hips and then they still against each other, foreheads tightly pressed against each other as they try to calm down from their strenuous activities. Lexa, for her part, doesn't waver as she slowly lowers Clarke back to her feet before pulling out with a soft groan. Clarke's arms are still around her neck, unwilling to let her go.

"Mm," Lexa hums as she gently kisses Clarke's cheek, "sweetheart, let me just get rid of the condom then I'll take you to the springs, okay?"

"Okay," Clarke whispers with a tired, sated voice as she puts some space between them. She looks down between them, only to grin and laugh.

"Lex," she giggles as she catches Lexa's attention. The brunette frowns and follows her gaze before fixating her gaze between her legs.

"Are you serious?" Lexa whines as she hides her face in Clarke's neck from embarrassment. The younger girl only continues to laugh.

"I didn't think it was real," Clarke giggles as she looks at the design on the condom, "but I guess Anya really does well at hiding your gag gifts."

"I'll get her a gag gift," Lexa mutters as she reaches between them to pull the soiled latex off her softening member before reaching into her backpack for a plastic bag intended for trash.
"Seriously? Spongebob? Who would even think that's sexy? I don't understand Japan -- no, I don't understand Anya."

"Spongebob is cute," Clarke laughs as she pulls Lexa back into her arms and presses a kiss to her cheek, "besides, he was absorbent."

"Hopefully not porous," Lexa offers in a serious voice, causing Clarke to smile and peck her forehead. "Also yellow condoms aren't my thing."

"I'll keep that in mind for next time," Clarke chuckles softly, looping her arms back around Lexa's neck. The older woman just sighs and swings her arms under Clarke's thighs, hoisting her up bridal-style to carry her over to the hot springs. She walks into the pool of water slowly, taking in every expression on Clarke's closed eyes and relaxed face to make sure that she's comfortable. She settles down upon a rock, her back pressed against a soft patch of moss. She takes her time to really massage Clarke's back and thighs, rubbing the sore muscles there before smoothing them down with her fingertips.

"Mm," Clarke mumbles sleepily against her chest, "that's nice, Lex."

"You were wrong earlier," Lexa murmurs as she continues to massage and smooth out the kinks in Clarke's muscles, "you're not a Princess."

"If I'm correct," Clarke hums, kissing Lexa's jaw, "that's the first nickname you ever gave me."

"I was wrong then," Lexa says with a genuine smile, kissing Clarke's forehead, "you're not a Princess."

"Then what am I?" Clarke asks back, opening her eyes so that she can stare into Lexa's dreamy green eyes in the steam. Lexa smiles again, leaning down to closer the gap between them in a soft, tender kiss. Her hands wrap around her body and draw her as close as possible as they continue to exchange kisses.

"A Queen," Lexa whispers into her mouth and Clarke swoons. Lexa smiles at her lover with pure affection. "I want to treat you as such, Clarke."

"Lexa," Clarke hums her name so sweetly that Lexa's unsure of how she's not died from a spike in blood sugar. "I don't even know what to say."

"Then let's forget about words," Lexa whispers as she leans in to peck Clarke's lips, "and let me show you instead."

Chapter End Notes

these two gay nerds are the death of me i need to go lay down for an hour… a FULL HOUR.

Anyways, please leave a comment especially if you have a prompt or something you want to see in this chapter. I cannot emphasize enough how much y'alls comments mean to me. I am still weaving my way through your previous comments from like chapter one but I will get to them all, I swear! :) Thank you for all the love and support on this fic -- honestly, you guys are the ones I love reading about. Your comments, reviews, asks, opinions, gifsets, manips -- they make my life and you are
so freaking awesome.

I know I mentioned the guitar/song thing -- but that's actually gonna go in the next chapter, so I sincerely apologize to that anon! I promise, next chapter it will be in there for sure! :) 

As always, find me on tumblr @ a-class-act-president! :) 

Cheers!
Seventy-Two Hours (Part Three: Love)

Chapter Summary

Clarke and Lexa take advantage of the last twenty-four hours of their getaway while Raven and Anya are still useless high school bisexuals.

Chapter Notes

LOL PROMPT GALORE HERE WE GO:

Based on prompt by anon on Tumblr: "ok, lexa has got to tittyfuck clarke at some point in WTTIMG"

Based on the prompt by anon on Tumblr: "Sorry if someone has already asked this, but are you going to write a lap dance chapter? (obv Clarke doing the dancing) because that would be so hot"

Based on the prompt by anon on Tumblr: "wondering would u write about Clarke's reaction about accidently find out Anya and Lexa's 'history'? like during the foursome Clarke was kinda surprised Anya knew certain things Lexa likes even Clarke had no idea…yeah it was temporary, they are just friends now, but what if Clarke questioned Lexa about that? our nervous gay bean told her all the truth in the end while frightened Clarke would leave her, instead Clarke was like owww my poor little been just come to the wanhedas ur safe now"

Based on the prompt by Sam on AO3: "So I'm in love with this song, and my girlfriend introduced me to this fic a couple days ago and I can't stop reading it. It's actually amazing. The writing is well done and the smut is also very well written, and I would love it if you could possibly right another fic based off of the song I mentioned? Pillow Talk by Zayn, except the cover by Sofia Karlberg. G'l daddy Lexa and baby girl Clarke all night smut fic. If you do this I will probably fangirl and die tbh. Have a good day"

Based on the prompt by anon on Tumblr: "Dangerous woman by Ariana grande is WTTIMG's theme song and no one can convince me otherwise"

Based on the prompt by anon on Tumblr: "Could Clarke maybe hear Lexa playing the guitar or something? Or Lexa play something for her"

Probably a bunch more that I'm missing but if y'all saw something in here that you suggested, PM on tumblr and I'll add you into the chapter notes via editing in the morning. Sorry for my tired mistakes :/

The song that Lexa sings to Clarke when playing the guitar is, "Quelqu'un Ma Dit" by Carla Bruni. Read up the translation if you don't speak/understand French. It's essential to the story :)
Lexa blinks open her eyes to the blinding sunlight cascading over the hole at the top of the cave.

A smile creeps upon her lips as she feels the warm body beside her stirs and a soft nose nuzzle against the underside of her jaw. Luckily her appendage seems sated from their trysts of the previous night, allowing Lexa to simply take in the beauty that is Clarke Griffin without any unwanted or embarrassing distractions. She stares lovingly at how one of her legs are draped over the hard ridges of her muscles, a smaller pale hand clasped over one of her breasts as if in subtle possessive protection. A raspy chuckle leaves her lips as she gently pulls Clarke deeper into her arms, pecking her forehead with a loving kiss. She gently rakes her nails up and down Clarke's back, slowly rousing her from the throes of sleep.

"Mm," Clarke mumbles into her neck, wiggling closer, "good morning."

"Beautiful morning," Lexa murmurs as she lets a kiss drop to Clarke's neck, "sleep well?"

"Considering I fell asleep atop our clothes in a cave without a bed or sleeping bag," Clarke chuckles as she fully blinks open her eyes to stare up at her lover, "I'd say pretty well." Lexa beams as she cocks her head downwards and wraps her hand on the curve of Clarke's hip, bringing her naked body into her own. Clarke's eyes close as they continue to sensually kiss each other, hands occasionally wandering to more private areas until they're both desperate and aching for more. Lexa nibles on the bottom of Clarke's lip before smiling into their kiss. Her hardness starts to throb against Clarke's thigh, aching to be seen.

"The Commander's wide awake, I see?" Clarke humbly whispers into her lips, a hand snaking down to lightly fondle her cock. Lexa bites her lover's lip and rolls on top of her, shamelessly rolling her hips in a fluid motion to grind against Clarke's torso. There's a feral look in her eye that makes Clarke shiver.

"She slept in," Lexa growls back, nipping under Clarke's jaw, "but she's ready to go now."

"Well," Clarke whispers as she flips them harshly, landing a soft 'oof' from Lexa, "I have other plans for the Commander."

"What could those be?" Lexa hums as her brows narrow sinfully, "a specific place?" Her eyes wander to the glistening apex of Clarke's pussy. The blonde only chuckles and shakes her head, leaning down so that she can reconnect their lips in a hot, heavy kiss. Their tongues battle for dominance, to which Clarke wins without much of a fight. Lexa feels a hand push down on her chest and knock her head back against the crumpled clothing under their heads.

"Clarke," Lexa hisses, but Clarke just grins and shakes her head sultrily, grinding her hips into Lexa's raging erection with more force.

"Tell me," Clarke growls lowly as Lexa reaches to place her hands on her hips, "are you always so fond of being in control?"

"Clarke--"

"Answer me," Clarke orders with a sharp tongue, her head moving further down Lexa's body, leaving nips and sucks on every available patch of skin.

"God, Clarke," Lexa moans as Clarke's mouth hovers over her nipple, adorning the dusky cap with soft licks and bites. Those blunt fingernails claw down her toned abdomen, leaving fresh crimson marks in her wake. She fingers over the writing under Lexa's left breast, tracing the
cursive letters of the quote she'd revealed from her father only two nights ago. Clarke's mouth stays locked to the other woman's chest, spurred on by the mewls leaving Lexa's lips.

"Do you always like ordering people around?" Clarke accentuates the question with a sharp tug upon the bruised nipple, "do you always like feeling so powerful?" Lexa jerks her hips upwards, trying to seize control, but the look in Clarke's sharp blue eyes has her relenting and sinking back into the ground. The cool moss under their clothes provides a juxtaposition to their current temperature.

Clarke hums in delight as she makes her way back down her abdomen until she noses against the hard skin just above her pubic bone. She licks a line straight up from her hip to breasts again, kissing each love bite on the way back down. Lexa can't help but let her head fall back against the grass and gasp when Clarke's hands trail up her thighs, massaging into the tight skin with well-placed rolls and kneads from her fingertips. Lexa's hands curl and clench into the mossy undergrowth beneath her palms, tugging up dirt as she resists the urge to touch Clarke. The blonde chuckles dryly, pausing above her cock. The ramrod length strains and bucks non-consciously, yearning for her touch or mouth. Clarke's fingers pad upwards until they take Lexa's chin and tilt it downwards so they can stare at each other, all heaving and breathless, aching for more friction. Everywhere is throbbing, pulsing, just pure sweltering heat.

And this time, it's Clarke's turn to ask, "do you trust me?"

Lexa's eyes narrow and darken as she nods, letting Clarke gently tug on her chin and hoist her upwards into a sitting position. Her cock is trapped between them, canting upwards with her hips to try and access more of the alluring blonde's heat. Clarke just slowly grinds down, teasing the underside of her length and slicking up the throbbing member. Lexa's hands hastily fumble through the crumpled khakis at her side, trying to find a condom, but Clarke shakes her head.

Lexa frowns seriously, opening her mouth to tell Clarke that she doesn't feel comfortable without the protection, but Clarke only grins.

"I don't want you there," Clarke murmurs as she draws her lover's hand away from the grass and into her own. Again, Lexa looks like a confused puppy.

"Oh love," Clarke coos gently as she leans down and connects their lips in a slow, but still needy kiss. "Not there, but… maybe… just a bit… higher?"

Clarke drags their connected hands up to her breasts and Lexa gasps, tensing as she suddenly gets the point. Clarke beams into their kiss, nipping her top lip before easing upwards and standing, watching with pleasure as Lexa's eyes track the rivulets of her own desire sliding down the insides of her smooth legs. The brunette rises quickly as Clarke places her hands on those built shoulders and turns them around, walking them backwards until Lexa slams into the smooth rock-face that she'd been fucked against the night before. Lexa's hands are still on her tits, squeezing and thumbing over her pink, erect nipples. Though she won't verbally admit it, Clarke knows the extent of Lexa's obsession with her breasts and it only further drives her wild.

And then Clarke is kneeling, worshiping the tan skin as her mouth descends downwards. Lexa's hands eventually have to palm the wall behind her in order to stay on her feet, because the sight of Clarke's tongue, all wet and hot as it trails a line down the 'v' of her hips is too much for her to bear. Her mouth drops as Clarke's hands plant themselves on her sides, pulling her forward slowly as those fingers weave around to grip and knead at the corded muscles in her ass. Clarke's eyes are a salacious and fiery azure as she smirks up at her lover with a knowing grin.

"You're fit," she comments as she takes in the heaving abdomen muscles, slick with sweat, flexing and tensing under each puff of air that makes contact from Clarke's lips that are only millimetres away. "But just how fit are you, Lexa?"
“Fuck,” Lexa swears as she presses more of her weight upon her shoulders so that she can lean further away from the wall, allowing her hips to drop a few inches. Clarke smirks and runs her palms upwards, teasing relentlessly as she innocently avoids her cock – but she touches each patch of skin elsewhere, setting the flesh ablaze with each gentle brush of her smooth fingertips. The blonde waits until Lexa’s eyes are back on hers before she drags her hands to her own hands, cupping her breasts in her hands and pushing them together.

“Clarke,” Lexa barely gasps her name as a bead of pre-cum leaks from the divot in her cock, her restrain withering on the edge of lust. “Are you sure?”

Clarke only chuckles as she inches forwards and lets her perky nipples teasingly graze the head of her twitching cock. “I don’t know… am I?”

“Clarke!” Lexa nearly yelps as Clarke proudly grins again. “Jesus fuck–”

“Tell me you weren’t dreaming of this the night before,” Clarke murmurs as she lets the head slip between the pillowy cleavage, “tell me you weren’t dreaming of ramming your cock between my tits… of releasing all over my chest.” Lexa’s fingernails scrabble against the slick rock wall for support, finding bare to none.

“Tell me,” Clarke hisses as she continues to let more of Lexa’s cock slide between her breasts, “tell me you weren’t dreaming of marking me like that.”

“Clarke…” Lexa shudders out as her hips quiver and her eyes slide shut. Clarke growls, causing those green eyes to stare down at her, wide-eyed and fully obsidian with desire. It’s taking everything within her body to keep herself from blowing her load then and there. Clarke keeps her stare confident and proud as she slips the last of her dick through, causing the head to peek through the tops of her breasts, the head seeping and purple with pleasure.

“Tell me,” Clarke murmurs, keeping their stares locked as she leans her head down and takes a long lap at Lexa’s head, “you want me on my knees in front of you, letting you just take me raw. Tell me that you want me like this, at your mercy, with your cock trapped tightly between my tits. Tell me you want me, begging for you to take control and fuck me.” Lexa can’t stop her groan as she rolls her hips upwards in the slightest motion out of bare reflex, messily whining as Clarke squeezes her breasts tighter together without restrain. While she enjoys knowing that Lexa’s got a more dominant side, she loves knowing she can reduce Lexa to a pleading, chaotic mess before her, with her muscled thighs trembling and neck veins straining as she just fights to simply breathe through the pressure Clarke exerts with each playful butterfly kiss on her throbbing dick. She revels in the sight of Lexa at her whim, playing to her touch.

Clarke loves that through it all, she’s always the one in control.

“Tell me,” Clarke hisses in a growly voice as she licks the divot and swallows down the weak pulse of pre-cum, “and I’ll let you come all over me, daddy.”

Lexa can’t hold back the wheezed ‘yes’ that parts her lips because Clarke has got her pinned against the wall, straining and aching as she pumps her dick through the pillowed heaven. Lexa’s reduced to nothing but a pleading, gasping wreck as Clarke slides her smooth breasts up and down until she can’t hold back. Her head snaps forward and she feels her balls tighten at the base of her cock, her hand shooting out to claw at nothing before slamming back against the wall in a balled fist. Clarke dips her head downwards and takes the head of her penis between her lips and sucks, drawing out more leaking drips of Lexa’s musky desire. She takes in each drop greedily, all the while keeping her eyes glued to Lexa’s firm stare, waiting for the moment of release.
And when it comes, Clarke nearly reaches her climax at the same time vicariously.

Thick ropes of Lexa's lust splatter against her neck, chest, the underside of Clarke's jaw as Lexa slides down the rocky wall. Her abs are tense and coiled tight, muscles ready to pop at the slightest cut in the tension. Clarke narrowly avoids a jet to the eye and decides to finish the last of Lexa's release off by taking her throbbing head into her mouth and swallowing down the weak aftershocks of Lexa's release. The older woman nearly slumps down the wall as she finishes with a few trembling jogs of her hips before Clarke pulls away and sighs in contentment. She runs her hands up Lexa's body until she manages to stand upright, pressing her body against her lover's and letting the brunette's release smear against her own body with a low chuckle.

"Well," Clarke hums as she feels Lexa's semi-hard dick twitch on her thigh, "now we're both a mess, aren't we?"

"Clarke," Lexa sighs as she palms off the wall and takes her lover into a sweeping, grand kiss. Clarke hums into her lips and pecks her lightly.

"I know how to clean up," Lexa whispers as she thumbs over Clarke's nipples, catching a bit of her come on her skin, "and… a reward."

"Hm?" Clarke hums a she cocks her head innocently. Lexa's gaze narrows and, without warning, reaches down and hoists Clarke into her arms and carries her over to the hot springs. Their lips remain caught in a slow, gentle rain of kisses as Lexa lowers them down into the water and lets their bodies dip into the cleansing heat of the burbling liquid. Clarke sighs as Lexa continues her gentle, soft kisses. Her hand wanders below her waist and a finger circles her clit, eliciting a sharp yelp from the blonde. Lexa only hums and curls her free arm around the small of Clarke's back, whispering assurances into her ear.

"Baby," Clarke near whimpers as she grinds slowly into Lexa's hand, "I need you inside, please."

"Always," Lexa whispers with a kiss to her cheek, but her lips curl up into a sinful grin as she draws their body over to an edge of the hot springs. At first, Clarke is confused, but then she gasps when there's subtle vibration against the base of her thighs. She jerks her eyes open and stares at Lexa in disbelief, but the brunette only gazes down at her with her signature Cheshire cat smirk, leaning in to pepper her face with more sweet and gentle kisses.

"Oh!" Clarke exclaims as Lexa lowers her to the bubbling filter, causing her legs to snap close upon instinct. Lexa tsk and shakes her head, leaning into peck her lips before softly pulling back and lower her body into the water until the steam pools around her shoulders, a devious look playing in her eyes.

"Tug once for more, twice for stop," Lexa murmurs as she takes Clarke's hand and places it upon her hair, "got it, love?"

"Yes," Clarke whimpers as she watches Lexa dip further into the water, "good God, yes."

Lexa takes a gulp of air and dips blow the water, easing apart Clarke's thighs with slow, gentle movements. Clarke gasps and moans, writhing against the combined sensation of the jets against her clit and Lexa's tongue and fingers working magic upon her nether regions. Her entire body is an inferno of pleasure, her senses shot to oblivion with each swipe of Lexa's tongue against her folds. She's not sure how the woman has managed to stay down there with that measly gulp of air, but if Lexa's endurance is to be questioned, she's sure that she doesn't need to prove anything. She's a puddle in the water, overstimulated as she tugs once on Lexa's head, knowing that she's just a stone's throw away from unravelling into a wanton mess.
Lexa's fingers curl and Clarke is gone, shot to space, as she feels the tingle rush from her toes to her head, knocking her breathless. Lexa's down there for what feels like a full minute extra but then she's crawling back up and kissing Clarke like she'd not just been holding her breath for an unhealthy amount of time. When they break apart, Lexa isn't even winded. She just has a cocky smirk plastered to her face as Clarke shoves her roughly, shaking her head.

"You're an ass, you know that?" Clarke jokes with good humour, drawing her lover back in for a kiss. Lexa only wiggles her brows playfully.

"You love me," Lexa hums as she reaches up to lightly trail her finger down Clarke's jawline, her gaze softening with affection. Clarke can't help but lean up and let their lips connect in a tender kiss. Their hands glide over smooth skin until Lexa backs them both into the edge of the hot spring.

"I do," Clarke whispers gently as they look at each other, eyes full of affection and gentle love.

Nothing makes the blonde's heart soar as much as the near-blinding smile that parts the brunette's lips.

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Eventually, the two of them have to make their way back to the treehouse for multiple reasons.

1. Lexa can go through a box of condoms like no one's business.

2. Clarke Griffin is a grumpy hungry person.

3. As great as hot springs are, they are both in dire need of a real shower.

The third one, brings them to their current situation, with their bodies standing under the spray of Lexa's magnificent shower.

They're not even sinful about their bathing (for Heaven knows they need to stop reeking of sex), but instead losing themselves to the cuter aspects of everything. Lexa draws a goop of her shampoo into her hand before reaching up to massage it through Clarke's hair, grinning as the blonde keeps trying to sneak in kisses as she works to wash the stray bits of moss and leaves from her lover's hair. Clarke's arms wind around Lexa's middle, smiling into her tan skin as Lexa takes her time to soothingly clean off any evidence of their outdoor trysts. As soon as the soap is out, Clarke reaches for the shampoo.

"Come here, nerd." Lexa beams at the words as she dips her head slightly so that Clarke can wash her hair. She tries to drop a few cheeky kisses to her lover's lips, but all she gets is a shove and playful giggle in return. Well, that and a bit of shampoo in her eye from fooling around. The brunette lets out a feigned whimper, one that makes Clarke feel guilty for her tousling, but as soon as she notices the teasing glint in those green eyes, she can't help but smear more of the soap foam into her lover's face. Lexa spits out some of the chemicals and grumbles, tugging Clarke into her arms and kissing her hard.

"Ew," Clarke groans as she spits out remnants of the bitter liquid, "you are a petulant child, you know that?"

"I thought the Commander was the child?" Lexa goads on as Clarke's hands skirt down her breasts and tap each ring of her abdomen muscles.

"She is too," Clarke hums as she turns Lexa around so she can soap up her back. "But she at least listens to me."
Lexa only rolls her eyes and grunts before turning. Clarke takes the time to drink in the intricate tribal design of her lover's back tattoo, unable to resist from reaching out and trailing her finger down the bumps in the brunette's spine. Clarke grins as she feels Lexa shudder under her light touches, but takes pity on her as the water starts to run a bit cold. She lathers up the luffa and scrubs over the muscles in her shoulders before dipping down to the small of her back and then drawing her back into the spray to rinse. She keeps her head tucked under Lexa's chin as their fronts brush together, content to just bask in the warmth of each other's slick bodies. Lexa's lips are attached to Clarke's forehead, her hands lightly trailing up and down Clarke's sides.

"Baby," Clarke mumbles into Lexa's shoulder as she reaches down to lightly cup her flaccid dick, taking her time to explore the sensitive shaft. "The water is getting cold." Lexa moans as Clarke's thumb traces over the aching head of Lexa's prized possession, before she reaches under to tenderly roll her balls.

"You don't seem to be in a rush to get out," Lexa chuckles as she tilts her head to press a kiss to Clarke's neck, "do you?"

"We've had non-stop sex for all morning," Clarke giggles back as she reluctantly takes her hand away so she can press it back upon Lexa's abdomen muscles. Lexa only sighs again, letting her palms rest on the curve of Clarke's ass, gently kneading the mounds between calloused fingertips.

"I just love your skin on my skin," Lexa hums as she pecks her lover's cheek, "it's so soft and sweet and fits me perfectly."

"Smooth," Clarke jokes, but as her stomach rumbles, both of them flush. "But you know, I kinda want to eat something... real."

"Are you saying I'm not real enough for you?" Lexa says in a gentle whisper, continuing her nips to her jawbone. "Are you saying I don't fill you up?"

"God," Clarke breathes out as she tilts her head back and gasps when she feels Lexa's hands continue their gentle pressure on her ass, "Lexa--"

"Sweetheart," Lexa just smiles into her skin, holding her close and not going any further, "I love you."

"If you love me, will you let me go?" Clarke asks softly, bringing the moment back to where it was minutes ago -- all tender and gentle. Lexa sighs into her skin, closing her eyes as she lets the water patter over their bodies and carry their burdens into the drain. Clarke's fingers are nimbly tracing the scars on her chest, the ones she's not talked about, the ones that haunt her more than the stomach wound. She just squeezes Clarke tightly and shudders.

"If that is what is required of me," Lexa barely chokes out, "but..."

"But...?" Clarke whispers back as she draws her head from Lexa's chest to look into those glistening green eyes. Lexa swallows down her emotions and leans her head down to press their slick foreheads together. The water drips off their noses and chins as they stare at each other in affectionate, but still timid, silence. Their hands continue their tender ministrations, exploring and caressing each other's bodies with skillful and delicate fingertips.

"But," Lexa finally finds her voice, "if I did, I can't guarantee I'd live through it."

"And if I came back?" Clarke murmurs as she flickers her gaze to Lexa's quivering bottom lip. "If we were to meet again?"
"I'd do everything in my power to keep you mine," Lexa admits with a harsh swallow of her emotions, "in this life and the next. For infinity."

"Lexa…" Clarke whispers as she leans up to peck her lover's lips, "you really believe in us that much?"

"Multiverses," Lexa hums back as she reluctantly pries away from Clarke's lips, "hypothetical sets of finite and infinite possible universes including the universe in which we live." Clarke furrows her brows as she recalls telling Lexa that only a day ago. Again, the brunette swallows down her emotions.

"Together, these universes comprise everything that exists: the entirety of space, time, matter, energy and the physical laws and constants that describe them," Lexa continues to say as she finds Clarke's hands and intertwines their fingers before drawing her hands up to her chest, palming over her heart.

"The hope of finding a rational explanation for the precise values of quark masses and other constants of the standard model that we observe in our Big Bang is doomed, for their values would be an accident of the particular part of the multiverse in which we live." Clarke cocks her head at the words that leave Lexa's lips, her own fingers trembling as Lexa's eyes well with tears. It's then that Clarke gets it, what she's trying to say, who she is quoting.

"Steven Weinburg," Clarke breathes out. Lexa offers a timid smile and a half-nod at the affirmation.

"Tell me Clarke," Lexa murmurs as she looks at their joined hands upon her chest, "do you believe in irrational explanations?"

"Of course," Clarke answers without a beat. Lexa's smile grows a bit wider and Clarke can feel the beating under her palm speed up as she leans forward to take the blonde's lips in her own for a soft, gentle kiss. Clarke's eyes close upon impact, unable to believe that through the multitude of kisses they've shared over the course of the past two weeks, each time their lips connect she feels like she's floating in some infinite time-space continuum.

"Then, my love," Lexa whispers as she gently pecks her mouth again, "you believe just as much in us as I do."

"How do you do that?" Clarke asks, dumbfounded as she pulls away from Lexa's warm eyes. "How do you know what to say every single time?"

"I don't," Lexa shrugs as she brings those hands up to her lips to peck her knuckles, "but perhaps in another universe, I do."

Clarke goes to answer, but again her stomach rumbles and ruins their moment. Scowling, Clarke glares down at her belly in disdain.

"Perhaps," Lexa jokes as she lets their fingers drop and reaches for the shower handle, "in another universe, your hunger comes at a better moment."

"Oy," Clarke says as she shoves her girlfriend playfully, "Momma's hungry. No multiverse can change that."

"Just like no multiverse can change how I feel about you," Lexa whispers as she grabs a fluffy towel from the rack and wraps it around Clarke's body. Her gaze softens again, her viridescent eyes simmering off into a slow burn like a flicker of a candle. "No multiverse could ever change how I'll always feel about you." Clarke swoons at the words as Lexa grabs her own towel and
wraps it around her chest, snugly fastening it in place before leaning in to kiss her love.

"Well in this universe," Clarke mumbles into her lips as her stomach growls, "I think always is more than enough."

---

Anya stares at her phone, struggling to compute why this is so hard.

*Hey Raven, just checking in how you're doing?*

Growling, she erases the message and shakes her head.

*Hey, want to get dinner with me?*

She furiously taps the delete button.

*I'd really love to get dinner sometime.*

"Fuck," Anya swears as she throws her head back against her pillow in frustration, "you've asked out so many girls, what makes her so different?"

But that's the thing. Anya *knows* what makes Raven different. She's had a few decent relationships over the years, but none have ever hooked her in and made her this flustered. Even with Lexa back in college, it was only ever physical. It was to grow both of them into the women they are now. She remembers those years fondly. It's not that she and Lexa ever had romantic feelings for each other -- no, that was never their thing. Oddly enough, they were the one true couple that managed to steer clear of complicated feelings, and maybe that was a testament to their solid friendship. Their communication has always been open and bare, unrelenting at times, but never bordering on toxic or abusive. They've literally been through everything together.

Then, an idea sparks in her mind. What would *Lexa* do?

"Okay," Anya mutters to herself as she draws her phone back into her hands, "come on brain, give me something sappy and grossly romantic."

Yeah… nothing.

She can practically hear Lexa's goading voice in her head teasingly telling her to simply say how she really feels. Rolling her eyes, she struggles against her non-visual best friend's advice, grumbling under her breath until she can't take the push and pull anymore. She figures she may as well try to get it sorted out in the feelings department. She takes a breath and begins typing furiously into her phone, knowing she'll delete the message after she's done.

*Raven, listen, I really like you. I think you're funny and sweet and hot and I'd love if we could get together sometime because honestly, I don't know if I've ever felt so attached to someone I've barely met. You make me smile like no one else can and fuck, I'm terrible with feelings, but I just want to ask you out on a date. I'm so shifty at this why the fuck did I think this was a good idea I'm going to murder Lexa when she gets back fuck feelings fuck everything ugh.*

Only, when she goes to delete the message, the worst (best) possible thing happens.

Anya, the master of 'conceal don't feel', accidentally hits *send*.

"No, no, no," she panics as she scrambles to turn on her airplane-mode to disable the WiFi but it's too late, the small delivered pops up under her message. Crying out in anguish and cursing her
entire existence, Anya face-plants into her sheets and urges the world to come to some cataclysmic event so that she doesn't have to every show her face in any place ever again. She feels her entire face heat up with embarrassment at the rookie, high school mistake.

And then, Anya can't think about anything because her phone is ringing.

Upon seeing Raven's number pop up on the screen, Anya can't help but swallow thickly. *A quick and painless death, Anya, that's all this is.*

"Hello?" She croaks miserably as she slides the green and closes her eyes. There's a moment of silence and Anya can hear her heart in her throat.

"Did you really mean all of what you said?" Raven asks, her voice serious from the static on the other line. Anya gulps.

*Quick and painless, like ripping off a bandaid.*

*Just be honest with her,* Lexa is there again all warm and encouraging green eyes and playful smirk, *just say how you feel and be honest, An.*

"Yes," Anya breathes out the word before she has a chance to think twice, "yeah… I… uh… I did."

More silence.

*Fuck, fuck, fuck, you idiot, fuck.* Anya swallows thickly and hoarsely tries to correct herself. "Look, we can forget about it if you want, I know it's dumb--"

"Are you free tonight?" Raven suddenly cuts in, her voice tinging with amusement but also a small level of nervousness. Anya can't breathe.

"Uh…"

"Anya?" Raven's voice is soft, barely there. "Are you still alive over there?"

"Um," Anya chokes as she struggles to centre her bearings again, "yeah, just uh, yeah… yeah, tonight works."

*I'll swing by at seven.* Anya goes to say something further, but all that answers is the dead tone.

The blonde stares at her phone in equal parts confusion and horror. She collapses back onto her bed and stares up at the ceiling, still processing just exactly what had happened. Her stomach churns in anxiety and anticipation, knowing that she somehow managed to score a date with Raven despite her blundering attempts at asking her out. She's still mortified beyond belief, but as she zones out in thoughts wrapped around the brunette, she's weightless.

Anya's uncertain if she's ever felt this excited for anything.

---

"You going to tell me how you became such a good cook?" Clarke asks as she finishes off the last of her meal, completely satisfied. Lexa only nods and polishes off the rest of her orange juice before reaching for Clarke's dishes and walking over to the sink. Clarke gets up and follows, grabbing for the dish towel and setting to work on drying the dishes as Lexa scrubs them clean. Before the first one comes in, Clarke sneaks in a kiss to her cheek, causing Lexa to blush and avert her gaze in timid shyness that only Clarke gets to see. The woman sets the first place down
and Clarke gets to work, still giggling.

"My mother," Lexa says as she continues the menial task, "she taught me to cook. But also Anya."

"Really?" Clarke asks with a perked brow, stunned by the information. "Anya's great and all but she seems… I don't know."

"Seems what?" Lexa asks, a bit of a bite to her voice. Surprised by the defensiveness, Clarke sets her dish down and gives her full attention to Lexa.

"Aggressive, a bit in-your-face, I don't know… just… not what I'd picture as the mentoring type," Clarke finishes with a shrug, though her stomach twists anxiously when she sees that Lexa's hard gaze still hasn't faltered. Clarke sighs and folds the towel on the rack before reaching out for Lexa softly.

"I'm sorry," she apologizes sincerely, rubbing soft lines into Lexa's arms, "I didn't mean to sound annoyed or anything, it's just… I didn't see it."

Lexa only manages a nod, but it's a reserved one. Clarke can see her fighting back emotion in those green eyes, looking like she's torn between wanting to tell her something more about their relationship and keeping quiet. Seeing the internal turmoil, Clarke turns the tap off on the sink and dries Lexa's hands, bringing her over to the couch in the living room so that they can talk in a more intimate setting. Lexa fidgets with her hands a little, unable to focus.

"You and Anya are really close," Clarke opts to say, watching as Lexa hesitates before bobbing her head up and down in a faint nod. Clarke sighs and reaches out to gently stroke Lexa's hair, tucking a few strands behind her ear as she presses a kiss to her forehead. "I'm not mad about that, Lexa."

"Not about that," Lexa croaks lightly as she keeps her gaze planted on her fumbling hands, "but you might be mad if I told you… if I…"

It takes a few moments, but then it clicks and Clarke tenses a little.

"You… slept with her?" Clarke asks as gently as possible, but she still can't keep the faintest pang of jealously from her voice. Lexa flinches.

"Not once," Lexa cringes as she rubs the back of her head in shame, "more like… a lot. Like, a lot, a lot."

"I thought we weren't going to dwell on the past?" Clarke asks, fighting the bitterness from her voice. It's only when Lexa's head tilts upwards does her heart stop beating and every rational thought she had upon any argument she'd conjured flies straight out of her conscious awareness.

"Anya was my first," Lexa explains through a cracked voice, "before her… I… I was insecure. I hated myself. I thought that I was a failure because I wasn't born a boy or a girl -- I just had to be born both. I never had the courage to ask a girl out or even look at myself naked in the mirror. Anya changed that."

Clarke opens her mouth to talk, but Lexa shakes her head, blinking back tears as she shifts her legs to cross under her thighs. "I had no friends. I had no family except for Alexei and his brother, Gustus. I was so alone and I… I mean I was tortured on the inside, Clarke. Every part of me loathed myself, and I didn't even want to go to room with someone in a college notorious for frat parties and things that I couldn't do without being ostracized and judged. At first, I thought Anya was gonna be like them. I thought that she'd turn me away just like everyone else in my life did."
But Anya, she was… different."

Lexa takes a harsh breath before nodding her head up and offering Clarke a gentle, less scared 
smile when she continues to say, "Anya helped me accept myself. I know it sounds dumb, that sex 
could help with something like that, but she was willing to touch me when everyone else batted 
their eyes away. She made me believe that I had worth outside of my grades, outside of the people 
that had taken me in not because they wanted to, but because they had to. Anya gave me so much 
more than anyone else could've ever given me and never once asked for anything in return. We 
ever loved each other past our friendship, but Clarke, she'll always come first. It sounds gross, 
but she's like a sister to me now. I love her and would do anything for her."

Clarke's expression softens at the barest of explanations, watching with pitiful eyes as Lexa 
continues to fidget upon the couch. She looks crossed between wanting to feel and wanting to stay 
put and wait for her response. Knowing that Lexa must be shattered after revealing such personal 
information, the blonde can't help but take mercy on the poor, fumbling and nervous brunette by 
leaning forward and gently taking her lips in her own with a soft kiss.

"Thank you," Clarke murmurs softly, reaching up to cup Lexa's jaw with both hands, "you didn't 
have to explain all of that."

"I wanted to," Lexa pleads as she rests her own hands in the crook of Clarke's elbow, "I want you 
to know that I am serious about us, Clarke."

"You don't have to prove anything to me, Lex." Clarke's voice is assuring and low, tender and 
soft as she places a peck to Lexa's cheek. She draws her lover back onto the couch and lets her 
head rest in her chest, her nose nuzzled against the tops of her breasts. Lexa trembles still and it 
hurts Clarke on a deeper level when it finally sits with her that Lexa had no one, not until Anya 
showed up, no one to hold her through nightmares, to understand her, to love her.

"Tell me something else about yourself," Clarke whispers into those chestnut locks, "something 
lighter… something happy. Like… music. Tell me about what kind of music you listen to. I mean, 
I already know that you love jazz and can sing, but can you play an instrument?" At this, she feels 
Lexa smile against her chest. Without responding, Lexa wordlessly lifts herself from Clarke's lap 
and walks over to the closet and swings it open, revealing a battered looking guitar case. She 
brings it over to the couch and opens up the case to reveal a gorgeous Gibson Hummingbird with 
a Green Pine finish.

"Wow," Clarke admits, quite impressed at the instrument, "I'm impressed."

"Green," Lexa murmurs as she pulls the guitar to her lap, "named after--"

"Dallas Green," Clarke says with a perk of her brow, and Lexa tenses a bit but just swallows and 
gulps with a nod.

"Yeah," she whispers as she fingers over the fretboard, "Dallas Green."

"Well?" Clarke asks as she tucks her legs under her thighs to sit cross-legged. "Got anything you 
want to play?"

Lexa frowns a moment, but then she nods, glancing up at Clarke with a bare, vulnerable 
expression. "Yes, but it's not in English."

"So?" Clarke chuckles as she cocks her head in confusion. "Your voice is gorgeous. You could 
sing me the phonebook and I'd still love it."

Lexa smiles at that faintly as she nods, bringing the guitar into her lap and starts plucking a few
strings. The melody of the strings is perfectly in tune, like the instrument hadn't been left in a storage closet for God knows how long. She watches those long, elegant and slender fingers work at the steel with precision and delicacy that only makes Clarke swoon and fall faster for the gorgeous brunette with the loving green eyes and gentle soul.

But then, Clarke fucking plummets when Lexa opens her mouth to sing.

*On me dit que nos vies ne valent pas grand-chose*

*Elles passent en un instant comme fanent les roses*

*On me dit que le temps qui glisse est un salaud*

*Que de nos chagrins il s'en fait des manteaux*

Clarke's eyes water with the rasp in Lexa's voice, the low bluesy undertones that filter out when she continues into the chorus.

*Pourtant quelqu'un m'a dit…*

*Que tu m'aimes encore*

*C'est quelqu'un qui m'a dit que tu m'aimes encore*

*Serais-ce possible alors?*

Lexa swallows a bit, her throat bobbing as she hoarsely continues into the next verse.

*On me dit que le destin se moque bien de nous*

*Qu'il ne nous donne rien et qu'il nous promet tout*

*Paraît que le bonheur est à portée de main*

*Alors on tend la main et on se retrouve fou*

Clarke is holding back tears when Lexa's voice croaks on the verse and she charges back into the chorus. Her fingers pluck the chords faster, harder, her voice growing stronger with each note that rises from her chapped lips. She finds her hands trembling with the sight of Lexa so bare and vulnerable, literally singing her heart out in a language that she doesn't understand. But in a strange way, Clarke doesn't need to know French to hear what she's singing, to know what she's proposing, to feel what she's feeling and to reciprocate every ounce in return.

*Mais qui est-ce qui m'a dit que toujours tu m'aimes?*

*Je ne me souviens plus, c'était tard dans la nuit*

*J'entends encore la voix, mais je ne vois plus les traits*

*Elle vous aime, c'est secret, elle dites pas que je vous l'ai dit*

One last time, Lexa quietens her voice and slowly hums the last repetition of the chorus softly, the strings growing less aggressive with each pluck.

*Pourtant quelqu'un m'a dit…*

*Que tu m'aimes encore*
C'est quelqu'un qui m'a dit que tu m'aimais encore

Serait-ce possible alors?

Clarke watches in awe as Lexa finishes plucking the last quarter of the song before fading out into a resonant hum from the final chord. It seems like a private moment, as Lexa stares off into the distance with her lonesome green eyes. It doesn't take a degree in Psychology for Clarke to know that the song stretches beyond something trivial as a chance for her to show off. Clarke waits patiently until Lexa sighs and puts the guitar down, looking back up to the blonde with a gentle and timid smile. Clarke beams at the way her eyes grow lighter with her own smile and she nods proudly at her lover.

"So…," Lexa trails off as she raises a teasing brow, "was it better than the phonebook?"

Clarke only nods and reaches for Lexa, bringing her into a massive bear-hug as she whispers into her ear, "way better."

---

After a nap on the couch, Clarke is awoken by the buzzing in her pants.

She shifts against a still slumbering Lexa and stumbles off of her to reach into her pocket for her phone, frowning when she sees Raven's number. She reluctantly slides the green and holds the phone against her ear, sighing irritably into the microphone as she hears Raven jostling something in the static.

"I thought I told you not to call unless it's an emergency."

"I know, I know," Raven's shy and somewhat frazzled voice chokes out in the background, "but this is a mini-emergency."

Clarke looks to where Lexa has now rolled onto her belly and has her face pushed into the sofa pillows and sighs. "Fine, but be quick."

"Yeah, I won't waste most of your time," Raven quickly chirps as Clarke takes a seat on the couch, lifting Lexa's head so it can lay in her lap. The other woman mumbles something in her sleep before turning her head inwards and nuzzling into her clothed stomach. She turns her attention back to her friend.

"Alright, go on then."

"Okay, well, I… uh… well, the funny thing is… so basically--"

"Raven," Clarke scolds she feels Lexa stirring in her lap, sleepily blinking her eyes open and peering up at her curiously. Clarke mouthes her friend's name and Lexa understands with a quick nod, yawning and stretching in Clarke's lap as she maneuvers them so that Clarke is on her back and Lexa's atop her.

"Right," Raven's voice comes back on the line as Lexa starts lazily peppering kisses to her neck, "so get this. Um, Anya kinda… well, she likes me."

"No shit," Lexa mutters into Clarke's shirt, causing the blonde to giggle and Lexa to smirk against the exposed pale skin in the v-neck.

"Tell your girlfriend to sod off," Raven scowls from the other end of the line, "but basically it went something like this. She texted me how she felt -- or I guess feels -- about me and I kind of sort of
invited myself to her place for dinner. So I guess maybe it was me who asked her on the date. Hmm."

"Raven," Clarke mumbles in exasperation and partial frustration as she feels Lexa moving lower down her body, layering soft kisses along her clothed skin. She gulps nervously as Lexa's eyes flicker upwards nervously for a moment, silently requesting for consent. Clarke grits her teeth and rolls her lip into her mouth but she can't hold back the nod as Lexa positively beams from the acknowledgement. Figuring that Raven's conversation wasn't going to last long, she figures that they may as well get a head start on their activities. She grins as watches Lexa gently pry her pants button open and lower her zipper.

"Right, right, sorry. Anyways, right. Anya. I don't know what to bring to her house? Wine? Chocolate? Flowers? Help a girl out here, man."

Clarke swallows down the moan as Lexa's hand begins gentle exploration of her nether regions, her fingers parting her moist lips as she looks up seriously and murmurs, "not wine. She's also allergic to some flowers. A tub of ice cream and she'll love you forever." Clarke raises her brow at that but Lexa merely shrugs, her attention set back on pleasing Clarke. Sighing, Clarke turns her attention back to the phone call and relays the information softly and quietly.

"Ice cream?" Raven exclaims ludicrously. "You know I'm trying to date and potentially later bang this woman right?"

"Lexa says ice cream," Clarke murmurs as she holds back a gasp when a hot tongue laps a straight line up her slit. Raven only groans.

"No offence, but what does your girlfriend know about my -- I mean Anya."

Clarke hates how she can feel Lexa smirking against her mound, an ear to ear beam as she looks up almost daringly.

"Fuck," Clarke gasps as she feels two slender fingers, slightly calloused from the earlier guitar playing, enter her seamlessly, "just trust her."

"Why?"

"Raven, fuck -- just... God, trust Lexa." Clarke can't help how breathy and desperate she sounds, and she hates how Raven figures it out.

"Really, Griff, couldn't keep it in your pants long enough to give me some advice? What happened to bros before hoes?"

"You're hot, she's hot, it'll be fine. She likes you, all you have to do is roll with it, okay?" Clarke offers as she squirms upon the couch, one hand loosely clasped over the the brunette's messy hair. Her pants are around her thighs, giving her more tension each time she tries to spread her legs.

"You're sure?"

"So fucking sure," Clarke hisses as she feels that familiar tingling in the base of her spine, "just... fuck, Raven be yourself and you'll be fine."

There's a brief ounce of silence before Raven returns with a cocky tone to ask, "she really that good that you're gonna come so quick?"

"Goodbye Raven," Clarke barely growls into the phone before she shuts it off and tosses it to the other end of the room. Lexa nods her head upwards from where she's comfortably seated between
her thighs, a shit-eating grin still plastered across her slick cheeks. Lexa rests her head upon her thighs, smiling.

"So…," she trails off as her fingers trail lines up and down her opposite thigh, "am I really that good?" Clarke rolls her eyes and grabs at Lexa's hair tugging her back to the place where she needs her the most. Lexa doesn't hesitate to lower herself back down until she's eating her out to a prolonged orgasm.

Yeah, Clarke won't admit it verbally because Lexa's ego's already big enough, but she really is that good.

---

Anya really hates that she wishes Lexa were here.

She'd debated on calling her best friend, but she knew better than to interrupt her during her obvious sexcapade with the blonde intern. Instead, she chose to suffer in silence when thinking about her potential outfits. She ended up with a pair of slim cut jeans that showed off her ass and a button down maroon shirt. She's just finishing up with putting her hair into a bun when there's a ring at her doorbell. Nervously setting her hair, Anya bounds down the steps of her loft and takes a deep breath before swinging open the door. When she sees the person behind the door, her jaw nearly drops.

"Uh…," Raven gulps as she holds out a tub of Ben and Jerry's, If I Had a 1,000,000 Flavours, "Lexa said you like ice cream. I know it's stupid--"

"It's perfect," Anya breathes out and blushing immediately after the words leave her lips. Raven follows with her own flustered rouging as she gulps and nods, awkwardly shifting her weight from foot to foot. Anya can't get over the sight of the woman before her, dressed in a pair of skinny jeans and a short sleeve ink-black button up, finished off with a white red bow tie. Raven flushes when she realizes that they matched their outfits once again.

"You look… wow," Raven says, embarrassed as she gulps again, "you're beautiful."

"So are you," Anya gushes back, mentally scolding herself for being so damned flustered. She finally finds the balls to open the door and invite the brunette in with an awkward clearing of her throat. "Please, come in. I hope you like pasta? I mean I have no clue I just guessed… wait do you have allergies? The pasta has gluten in it and there's tomato sauce and--"

"Anya," Raven whispers as she steps into the room and gently reaches out to squeeze her hand with reassurance, "pasta is great."

"Okay good," Anya breathes out as she shakes herself off, mentally trying to pull it together. "I just guessed."

"It was pretty last minute," Raven agrees as Anya leads her through the apartment and to the kitchen. Raven puts the ice cream in the freezer and watches as Anya pulls the pasta out of the oven. The aroma is tantalizing, and to Raven, there's nothing more attractive than the scent of home-cooked meals.

Well, Anya's perfume does cut it pretty close.

"You got some wine?" Raven asks as she opens the fridge. "I'm more of a beer gal but I'm okay with either."

"Oh," Anya says with a slight wince, "I… uh, don't drink."
At this, Raven closes the fridge and turns to see Anya looking down at the pasta with a distant expression.

"Lexa?"

Anya's head snaps up, a bit misty-eyed, but Raven only nods sympathetically.

"I figured as much," Raven murmurs as she takes a seat across from the blonde and folds her hands on the island. "I mean… I do look up to her. I've been her fan-girl since she took over TI. I know all of her inventions, her business triumphs as well as failures. I… I really wanted this job, actually. It's more than an internship to me. I mean, Lexa Woods is a mogul -- a visionary in the technology field. She's literally on an entire other level, but Anya, I do know what happened, about why she's still in recovery." Anya swallows thickly, her throat drying up in anxiety. Raven stays patient, waiting for the blonde to speak.

It takes some time until Anya finally sighs and turns to pull out two bowls and starts loading up the pasta.

"It was my fault," she whispers absently as she slides a bowl over to Raven, still avoiding her gentle gaze. "I told her to go to all those parties."

"You didn't know," Raven tells her as she reaches out to softly take Anya's hand in her own, "Anya, you were kids. College kids. It happens."

"It shouldn't have happened," Anya mutters as she keeps glaring at the steaming bowl of pasta, "I nearly killed my best friend. It wasn't just a 'it happens', Raven. She… I…," her voice trails off as she chokes up. Finally, her head nods upwards, hazel eyes brimming with tears as she croaks, "I watched her die."

"I know," Raven murmurs sadly as she gets up and walks around to the other end of the table, "but you're not her guardian, Anya."

"I have to be," Anya whispers as she shakes her head, "without me, she would be… I… I'd lose her. I can't lose her, so I need to shelter her."

"And what about you?" Raven asks as she gently reaches out to angle the older woman's chin upwards. "Who shelters you?"

At this, Anya swallows and just shakes her head. Raven's heart plummets inside her chest as she aches for the broken woman before her. She doesn't know what propels her to move forward, but before either of them can manage to recognize their bodies, they're gravitating towards each other inevitably.

And when their lips meet, it nearly brings both of them to their knees.

They don't move, too afraid that if they let go they'll drown. Only after a few moments does Anya's hand move up to cup Raven's jaw and her bottom lip quivers when she parts it to allow Raven further access into her mouth. Her tongue is slow and tender, soothingly seeking out Anya's own as they both moan into the kiss. Anya's other hand reaches up to tangle in Raven's hair, her breaths pattering fast and quick against tan skin as they ignore the pasta and continue their impromptu make-out session. Raven sighs into Anya's mouth, slowing their kisses until they finally pull away, breathing hard.

"Wow," Raven breathes out first, reaching up to thumb over Anya's sharp cheekbones, "that was…"
"Yeah," Anya murmurs back as they both open their eyes and stare at each other, all tender and soft expressions of affection. Raven loses herself in those warm hazel depths, unable to resist leaning back down to reconnect their lips with a slow peck. Anya smiles against her mouth, relaxing with the slow moves. It's then that any thought of wanting Anya to be just another woman she bangs flies out of Raven's mind. All she cares about is spending not a single moment without Anya's scent mingled with hers, her lips pressed to her own, their hands clasped together and afraid to let go.

"I'm sorry about dinner," Raven mumbles, embarrassed as she pulls away to stare at the once-steaming bowls of pasta. "I just really wanted to kiss you."

"I'm glad you kissed me," Anya sighs contently, her heart still thumping inside her chest as Raven's fingers trace patterns into the back of her wrist. "I was worried I was going to scare you off before I'd get the chance, to be honest." Raven tsks and shakes her head with a light-hearted chuckle, tugging Anya to stand as they both stare at each other, lost in the fond and loving expressions of their eyes. Raven beams as she brings Anya in for a warm hug, holding her close as she places her free palm at the nape of the taller woman's neck, gently caressing the baby hairs at the back of her neck with gentle tenderness.

"No one," Anya whispers into Raven's ear, her voice a bare tremble as she rasps out the words emotionally. Raven strokes the back of her head and tilts her jaw to press a kiss to her date's cheeks. She waits until Anya musters up the courage to speak before she moves from that spot.

"No one shelters me," Anya chokes out as she presses herself closer to Raven's warm body. "I mean, Lexa loves me and I know that she cares, but…"

"It's not the same," Raven finishes, finally removing her lips from Anya's cheek so she can nuzzle under her jaw, "I get it. Trust me. But you're wrong."

"Wrong?" Anya asks, tensing slightly. Raven nods against her chest, squeezing their intertwined hands gently.

"You do have someone to shelter you," Raven hums gently as she pulls back so that she can nod approvingly and warmly at her date. Anya frowns, eyes a bit red-rimmed from her holding back tears. She swallows down another choking sound as she focuses her attention on Raven's hands holding her own.

"Who?" Anya asks desolately, trying to look back at her shoes. Raven has her hand on her chin, preventing her from moving before she can even complete the action. Anya tries to force back the tears, but she can't help but let a few slip through the cracks in her dam, causing them to trail down her cheeks. Raven takes in the sight of the strongest woman in the world bare before her and she can't help but open her own heart to the older woman.

"Me," Raven whispers as she draws Anya in for a kiss, "you'll always have me, Anya."

Anya can't respond with words because she's sobbing into the intensity of Raven's kiss. Her hands clutch at her shirt, trying to get her closer, trying to feel her on her body, to reunite with that comforting warmth of her smaller body. Raven senses the need and immediately draws her back into a loving embrace, just content to let Anya let out her years worth of burdens and regrets upon her broad shoulders. Raven nestles those burdens right beside her own, figuring that even though they have their own problems, they can deal with them as a team instead of one their lonesome. Anya's quivering in her arms and Raven's sure she's never felt more protective of anyone in her entire life. She holds Anya like a delicate flower, but she knows the blonde's fiercer than a lioness. She occasionally will angle their heads and connect their lips in a gentle and loving kiss, but they
never move further than that.

For once in her life, Raven and Anya are more than content to just take it slow.

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"So…," Lexa whispers as she lets Clarke lean against her chest, "what now?"

They're worn out from dinner and more sex on the kitchen counter, with Lexa standing against the island with just a sports bra and her jeans on. Clarke has her collared shirt on, a few of the buttons done up in a mismatched order to reveal her lacy bra and panties underneath. Lexa wraps her arms around her lover and pecks the top her head head, her body humming with the after-effects of being sated but still wanting more. Her dick twitches and she holds back her groan, hoping that Clarke won't notice her desperation. Clarke only smirks into her neck and Lexa curses her anatomy for revealing so much.

"We've got less than twelve hours left," Clarke whispers as she leans up to plant a soft kiss on her lover's lips, "I want you all to myself."

"I'm always yours," Lexa murmurs as she lets Clarke lead her backwards until the blonde pulls out a chair and plants her down. Lexa's hands gently place themselves upon Clarke's hips, her thumbs circling loving marks under the loose material of her shirt. She lowers her lips to kiss the soft skin of Clarke's chest, nuzzling her pulse point tenderly, as if afraid that under her weathered hands she would fall apart. Clarke only hums and smiles into her hair.

"I want to thank you," Clarke whispers as she places her hands over Lexa's shoulders, hugging her closely, "for taking me on this adventure."

"Sweetheart," Lexa smiles warmly into Clarke's skin, "you don't have to do that. I wanted you to come. I want you."

"I want you too," Clarke says as she angles Lexa's head so they can kiss again, their tongues lazily moving against each other, "I want to do this for you."

"Do what?" Lexa breathes out dreamily as she feels Clarke grin into a harder kiss. Before she can return the peck with more passion, those lips are leaving hers, alongside the warmth of her body. She goes to follow, but Clarke just gently presses her back into the seat with a gentle hand to her chest.

"Stay," Clarke tells her with another peck to her lips, "let me take care of you, baby."

"Clarke," Lexa hums with a dopey grin as Clarke sways her hips with her walk over to the beautiful radio boom box at the corner of the room. Clarke grins as she fishes her phone out of her pants and plugs it into the aux chord. She scrolls through her playlist before clicking on the song she desires.

As soon as the first note hits, Lexa's brows perk and her mouth salivates.

Don't need permission, to test my limits, 'cause it's my business (God as my witness).

Lexa sighs as Clarke gently slides into her lap, playing with the hem of her shirt as she lets it slide off her body to reveal her pale skin and bra-covered chest. Lexa goes to reach and fondle her tits, but Clarke takes her hands and smiles gently, shaking her head as she leans forwards to press
those wrists together at the back of the chair. She keeps one of her hands their while the other
fumbles at Lexa's belt, pulling the leather through the holes until she's free from the constraint.
Lexa can only narrow her eyes lustfully as Clarke takes the belt and fastens it around her wrists
snugly, her eyes waiting for disapproval. Lexa only hums in agreement, pleased with the slow
grinds of Clarke's hips gently pressing against her clothed dick.

Taking control of this kind of moment, I'm locked and loaded -- completely focused, my mind is
open.

Clarke's hand slides into Lexa's hair, clenching her fingers through the chestnut locks as she
continues her slow grind upon Lexa's hips. She teases the eager bulge under her thighs, grinning
as she ghosts her mouth over Lexa's, denying her the kiss that the brunette tries to chase into her
own lips. She pulls back and reaches into Lexa's lap, smoothly undoing the button and teasingly
sliding the zipper downwards. Lexa gasps as Clarke reaches inside and curls her hand around her
throbbing length, tugging her out into the cool air of the treehouse just as the chorus of the song
kicks in wildly.

Somethin' 'bout you makes me feel like a dangerous woman.

Lexa gasps when Clarke gets up and spins, turning so she can grind her ass down over Lexa's
dick, hard and standing to attention. She wants nothing more than to buck upwards into the
tempting slickness that coats her lover's panties, but Clarke hovers away each time she tries to get
inside. One of the blonde's hands is tangled in her own tresses, swaying her head to the kicking
beat of the song as she gyrates her hips in a slow, hard circle upon her lap.

I wanna savor, save it for later, the taste of flavor, 'cause I'm a taker.

Lexa can only spread her legs as Clarke stands again, this time stepping back an inch so she can
thumb at her bra-straps, teasingly sliding them down her arms until the pool in the crooks of her
elbows. She grins as she steps up to Lexa, turning on her heels so that she can lean back against
the brunette teasingly. She rubs her palms over Lexa's thighs, keeping her stare glued to the
bobbing length between her thighs, saluting upon her slick panties.

"Be a dear," Clarke hums with a smirk, cocking her head over her shoulder to look at her lust-
driven lover, "unhook me?"

She knows it's physically impossible to do it without the use of her hands, and she knows that
Clarke is teasing, but Lexa is skilled. She only returns the proud smirk as she jerks her head
forward and takes the metal clips between her teeth and twists her head to unhook the bra within a
matter of milliseconds. Clarke gasps in shock as she turns to see a smirking Lexa licking her lips,
her hips bucking up again, eager for some sort of reward.

"Think you're smart?" Clarke lets the words slither like butter from her mouth. She stands again,
holding her arms down and loose at her sides as the bra slides to softly hit the floor with a gentle
thud. Lexa groans at the sight of her ample breasts on display, those erect nipples begging for her
mouth and hands. Clarke chuckles as she passes a teasing but innocent glance down at her panties
before climbing back on Lexa's waist, running one hand up Lexa's sports bra covered chest to
wind around the nape of her neck, drawing her in for another deep kiss. She bites down on Lexa's
lip, drawing blood.

"Think you're smart?" Clarke repeats as she savours the metallic tang of blood, mixed in with the
refreshing taste of her lover, "think you're in control?"

"With you?" Lexa whispers into Clarke's lips as the guitar solo rages on in the background,
causing Clarke's hips to roll harder. "Never."
"Fuck," Clarke groans as she places her other palm just above Lexa's bra, her thumb stroking a line into the slender scar under her collarbone. Lexa kisses when her fingers are replaced by Clarke's hot tongue, licking a line over the bubbled patch of skin as her hips continue to gyrate to the song's driving beat.

All girls wanna be like that, bad girls underneath, like that; you know how I'm feeling inside, somethin' 'bout, somethin' 'bout…

Clarke moves away to sway her hips in front of Lexa, her thumbs hooking in her panties as she lets them slide down her hips until they join her matching bra on the floor. Lexa groans as her dick bows forward and then noisily slaps against her exposed, slick abdomen muscles. Clarke beams at the sight, turning around so that she can bend over, pressing her ass to the air as she places both of her hands on Lexa's kneecaps before gliding her hands upwards. She goes slowly, enjoying each twitch and bead of pre-cum that leaks from the seething head, angry and red for some sort of contact.

Somethin' 'bout, somethin' 'bout, somethin' 'bout you, makes me wanna do things that I shouldn't.

Clarke reaches for the tops of Lexa's slacks, her nails digging into the cotton as she drags the material, alongside her boxer briefs, down her thighs until she sweeps them off her legs and tosses her hands under the tight band of the black sports bra Lexa dons. The brunette gasps at the teasing hands that fondle her breasts, the sweeping thumbs that graze over her erect nipples until she's a panting mess.

But then the music drowns out and the song transitions into Sofia Kalberg's cover of "Pillow Talk".

Suddenly, the mood switches, and like clockwork, their heated and lustful grinding against each other turns into something slower and gentler. Lexa smiles and hums into their kiss as Clarke's hands slide out from under her breasts and rest upon the swell of her chest, her slick heat slowly undulating upon the underside of her cock, getting it hot and slick as they both lose themselves to the music and the lyrics of the song, eyes closed and hearts hammering.

I'm seeing the pain, seeing the pleasure, nobody but you, 'body but me, 'body but us -- bodies together.

Lexa fumbles with her restraints and manages to slide them off and wind her arms around the small of Clarke's back, her hands smoothly gliding over the swell of her soft ass. Clarke gasps into her mouth, unprepared for the feeling of Lexa's rough hands smoothing over her skin. Shebucks her hips against her lover and whimpers when Lexa rises, keeping her in her arms as she walks them over to the other end of the treehouse. Lexa gently presses her against the wall, her hips grinding into Clarke's torso as the blonde's hands wring themselves into the brunette's mussed hair, locking her ankles over her ass.

So we'll piss off the neighbours, in the place that feels the tears, the place to lose your fears -- yeah, reckless behaviour.

One of Clarke's hands snakes back down to slide over Lexa's breasts, gasping again into her girlfriend's lips as she feels those soft petals of her mouth rain more kisses under her jaw. Clarke glances over at the dresser as she spies the box of condoms they'd been using when they had sex in the kitchen only a few hours ago. She reaches out for the box and takes out a foiled package before tossing the box back on the drawer. Lexa slows down in her gently grind so that Clarke's mouth can meet her own again. Her hands work non-consciously, habitually if she dare say it, as
she rolls the latex on and lifts her hips.

*I'd love to hold you close, tonight and always -- I'd love to wake up next to you.*

When Lexa slides inside, Clarke preens and cries out in pleasure, revelling in the gentle thrusts of Lexa's hips against her own. They both gyrate against each other as the song continues to play out, with each of Lexa's thrusts hitting the perfect curve inside of her. One of Clarke's hands claw down Lexa's back as they pick up their pace only slightly. Clarke whimpers and Lexa swallows the sound lovingly, taking it and holding it within her heart to treasure forever. Clarke removes her lips so she can hide her flushed face in the crook of Lexa's neck, her lips peppering kisses to the pulse point under her jaw.

*A place that is so pure, so dirty and raw, be in the bed all day, bed all day, bed all day...*

At the lyric, Lexa moves them from the wall and walks towards the bedroom, where the sun is setting over the mountains, signalling the end to their final day together. But even as the day ends, their night is only beginning. Lexa lowers them softly to the bed, her lips planting a soft kiss to Clarke's forehead as she rolls atop the blonde. She rocks into her lover, her eyes misty as she revels in the beauty that is *Clarke*, her mind defogging for a moment to just drink her in. Clarke must've gotten a similar vibe because the younger woman's blue eyes pool with emotions, overwhelming the both of them as they continue their tender love-making. One of Lexa's hands reaches between their bodies for Clarke's own, tangling their fingers together and tugging lightly.

*Fucking in, fighting on, it's our paradise and it's our war zone.*

As the end of the song kicks into one final chorus, Clarke and Lexa gasp into each other. The building fire burns in the deepest pits of their hearts, churning infinitely until they come undone in a shuddering heap. Their fingers clasp together as they grind out their aftershocks until they're spent messes upon the sheets. Lexa slumps over her girlfriend, her weight evenly spread as to not suffocate the blonde. Clarke only hums softly and in appreciation as her hands glide up and down Lexa's shoulders, her lips lightly kissing her neck as they both continue to murmur sweet nothings into each other's ears.

"Do we really have to go to work?" Lexa mumbles, whining like a child as she rolls off her lover to discard the condom. As soon as she's thrown it in the trash, Clarke just takes her hand and tugs her under the sheets, their bodies both thoroughly sated from their day's trysts. Clarke brings Lexa's head to her chest, her fingers trailing up and down her tattooed ribs, tracing each letter to soothe the sleepy brunette. Lexa hums into Clarke's neck, comforted by the soft touches and lingering kisses. Her cheek rests against her lover's breasts, the soothing pounding of Clarke's heartbeat lulling her to a sleepy state.

"I love you," Clarke offers in response, pecking Lexa's forehead, "no matter what happens when we leave, I'll love you always."

"Mm," Lexa whispers as she reaches up to tangle their fingers together, connecting them tightly. Clarke looks to their hands and her eyes mist.

"Reconsolidation," she whispers as she draws their hands up so she can kiss Lexa's knuckles. The brunette smiles against her chest proudly.

"Who's the nerd now?" Lexa mumbles tiredly, her eyelids drooping shut as she snuggles closer into Clarke's side. The blonde can only sigh contently.

"We can't change the past," she hums the words Lexa had said yesterday, "but here's to changing the future."
"Clarke?" Lexa murmurs as she looks back up, misty-eyed and vulnerable. Clarke beams down at her before she uses the hand that had been lingering on the tops of Lexa's shoulder to draw her lover into a kiss. Lexa loses herself in the sensation of Clarke's fingers threading through her hair and tugging lightly. Those slender digits massage her scalp until their kiss leaves them breathless and sated, ready to spend the rest of their time in the land of dreams.

"I love you," Lexa manages to murmur before her eyelids droop shut and she nuzzles against her girlfriend, "I love you so much."

Lexa falls asleep first, with one leg thrown over Clarke's torso and an arm wound over her chest to where their hands remain tangled together. Clarke holds her in her arms, because despite needing to pee, she can't help but marvel in the soft tenderness that is Lexa Woods. Not the CEO or the business tycoon Lexa Woods, but the beautiful young woman with a heart ten times the size of her chest, Lexa Woods. She's seen Lexa at her lows and at her highs, at her insecurities and her confidence, at her timidity and her bigger-than-life personality. In the end, Clarke sees Lexa like no one else gets to see Lexa.

And that, Clarke knows as she closes her eyes and drifts off to sleep, is the only reason she needs to trust the woman she now loves.

Chapter End Notes

AHAHAHA OKAY SO I KNOW I PROMISED FILTH AND PORN BUT AS I SOBERED UP I COULDN'T HELP BUT ADD PLOT TOO I AM SO SORRY. ANYWAYS I HOPE THAT IT WAS STILL SINFUL BECAUSE IT WAS A LOT OF FUN TO WRITE BUT I ALSO CAN'T BELIEVE THAT THE DRUNK SIN TOOK ME OVER AGAIN.

Anyways, it's almost 8:30am I'm off to bed. Please leave a comment or prompt if you can! Reading them literally makes my entire life and motivates the crap out of me for this story. I love you guys so much and please, as always, make sure you practice your own sex safely and consensually! :) Thank you so much for your sinful prompts and I hope that I can/have deliver(ed) them justly! :)

Come sin with me @ a-class-act-president on tumblr! :)

Cheers! :)

PS -- SHOUT OUT IF YOU UNDERSTOOD THE PURPOSE OF THE LAST LINE ;)

EDIT: GO CHECK OUT THE NSFW FAN ART FOR THIS CHAPTER HERE BY BLU @ nottonight-imonfire: http://a-class-act-president.tumblr.com/post/142218601026/welcome-to-trigeda-industries-ms-griffin-chapter
Clarke returns to work, Anya confronts Lexa on her feelings, Raven reveals a bit of her past, and Lexa goes to the doctor to get the results of her blood-work.

*TRIGGER WARNING: Mentions of Past Child Abuse/Sexual Abuse, Gender Dysphoria, Transphobia.*

Okay for the trigger warnings, if you want to skip the scenes, HERE ARE THE CUES:

Child Abuse/Sexual Abuse: starts after Clarke says, "come with me" to Raven in the third line break and ends with that section's line break at the end. It's not at all graphic, just a mention of vague overview, is all.

Gender Dysphoria starts with Lexa saying "it's fucking... ugh, just piss in a cup" and progresses through the rest of that section until the line break at the end. Not graphic, but please read at your own discretion.

Transphobia occurs in two places: one at the beginning of the line where the southern man says, "I hate to pry" and ends with "...the nurse actually has a voice, unlike herself." This one is a bit more graphic, but not too bad. Again, please read at your own discretion. The other time it occurs is at the end of the section with the line, "...about to hop in her car when there's suddenly a loud laugh" and progresses to the end of the line break.

PLEASE READ THE ABOVE WARNINGS CAREFULLY AND READ AT YOUR OWN DISCRETION!

Okay, now for the prompts:

The heavily requested "under the desk blow-job scene" by like 15 different people is in this chapter :P

Also heavily requested Insecure!Lexa and Protective!Clarke is covered in this chapter at the end.

DISCLAIMER:

About the information the doctor gives Lexa, the majority of it is FICTIONALIZED. Currently, there is no experimental drug with AstraZeneca that can mediate the hormone fluctuations between both estrogen and testosterone in intersex people, as far as I know. It was something I made up. However, the part about safe sex and STD/STI prevention is TRUE. PLEASE LISTEN TO IT IF YOU DON'T ALREADY KNOW ABOUT THAT STUFF. It's really important that safe sex gets mentioned more often, especially in the name of preventing STD/STIs.
Also, as you may have read my post on tumblr, I've elected to remove the daddy!kink from this story upon further chapters. The historical context was brought to my attention and I feel horrible for writing it in given that the type of sexualized practice in that kink is shown to be non-consensually represented in actual fathers and their daughters. Again, I sincerely apologize to anyone who has been affected by this. Please feel free to drop me a comment or an ask at my tumblr if you wish to discuss anything else potentially harmful in this story. I am more than willing to listen to any suggestions! Your mental health and safety comes above fiction.

Without further ado, enjoy this extremely long (17.7K words/34 pages) chapter! :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Do we really have to leave?" Clarke whines as Lexa opens up the passenger door to her Maserati. "I mean, you make the rules, right?"

"Clarke," Lexa laughs as she helps her girlfriend into her car with a kiss to her forehead, "I am the boss. I have to be there."

The blonde only pouts and assuages reluctantly, settling down in the comfortable seats until Lexa walks around the other end and settles into the driver's side, flicking the key into the ignition and powering on the engine. The rumble makes Clarke grin and Lexa just chuckles lowly before reaching down and gently laying her hand over Clarke's own, intertwining their fingers lightly as she swerves the car around and rolls the vehicle towards the main path. The smooth jazz filters through the sound system and Clarke grins again, her cheeks hurting as she watches Lexa hum along to the tune.

"This is a familiar one too," Clarke says as her foot starts tapping to the beat, "I've heard it before. Elevator music?"

"Ha," Lexa chuckles as she smirks at her girlfriend, "Dave Brubeck would roll in his grave if could hear that; a jazz standard reduced to elevator music."

"Alright nerd," Clarke banters back with a squeeze of their fingers, "wanna tell me what this one's called?"

"Take Five," Lexa answers in short, her head still nodding to the music. "Dave Brubeck on piano, Joe Morello on drums, Eugene Wright on bass, and Paul Desmond on alto sax. It's a timely classic. The man was a legend in jazz, just such a great composer. Sad that he's passed on now, though. It's a brilliant song. Composed in 1959 and is one of the biggest-selling jazz hits of the Blue Note record label era. It's more than just a piece of music." Clarke simply nods and continues to listen, absorbing the tones that flow through the subwoofers. The piano is a soft and staccato with that constant ticking swing rhythm from the cymbals, while the sax goes plays the feathery melody. This version is a bit different than the original Clarke's used to hearing, a bit more stripped down and slower, including more licks in the solo section. The brushes on the drums gave a more intimate feel to the otherwise mysterious song.

It's very… Lexa.

The song goes on for five minutes, leaving the two women to bask in the music between them. Clarke fights off a yawn as the sun begins to peak over the city skyline as they make their way back down into the main hub of the city. The streets are quiet and empty as Clarke gently rattles
off her address to Lexa, who just nods and hums, not wanting to interrupt the next tune that filters through the sound system. They drive around for a few blocks until they finally reach Clarke's apartment complex just off the main centre of the city. Clarke blushes immediately upon recognizing how shabby it looks from afar.

"It's cozy," Lexa says before Clarke can even open her mouth, "you're in a good area, too. I was thinking of getting a property here."

"You're kidding right?" Clarke asks with a bite of sarcasm to her voice. "You know that this place is a junkyard, right? I'm pretty sure my neighbour is a meth-head, Lex. I love you, babe, but you don't have to lie to me. I know it's dingy as shit but I'm kinda on my own financially." As soon as the words leave her lips, Clarke screws up her face in shame because Lexa's head turns and there's an ounce of a knowing look present in her gentle glance.

"It's cozy," Lexa repeats again with a soft sigh as she turns off the engine, "living in a mansion gets… lonely."

"Oh," Clarke says as she looks to her knees with a frown, "I never thought of it that way."

"Most people don't," Lexa chuckles as she gives Clarke's hand a reassuring squeeze. "Listen, I know what you meant, Clarke. I've read your file, you know. I also know that your friend gave you this opportunity but I saw the potential in you. Working off student loans on your own isn't easy." Clarke raises her brow at that before leaning back into her seat curiously. Lexa remains neutral in her gaze, waiting on Clarke to speak before she continues.

"Can I ask you something?" Clarke blurts out, earning a shy smile from Lexa. The blonde blushes when the brunette slowly nods.

"Anything." Lexa murmurs as she softly drags her thumb over the fine hairs on the back of Clarke's slender wrist. "Ask away, Clarke."

"You've never once offered to pay for anything for me," Clarke stumbles over her words, grimacing again when she realizes how she sounds. "I mean -- not that you have to because you're rich or anything -- but like, I don't know how to describe it. You just… you do so much charity work but you haven't offered to pay off my student loans for me or anything mad crazy like any other rich person would do. Can I ask why?" Lexa cocks her head slightly, swallowing.

"Do you want me to pay off your student loans?" Lexa asks, her voice serious as she gazes at Clarke in concern. "I can--"

"No," Clarke shakes her head as she sighs, rubbing her forehead. "I mean, I don't need you to, I was just curious why you are so… different."

"You know how I grew up," Lexa offers with a soft shrug, "contrary to popular belief, I didn't just inherit Trigeda Industries because I was Alexei's kid."

Clarke suddenly flashes back to her conversation with Bellamy at the gala. A product, he'd called Lexa, specifically Alexei Woods' most successful product. The words leave a bitter aftertaste in Clarke's mouth, causing her face to screw up as she vividly remembers the disproving look on her brother's face. Lexa notices the discomfort and gives Clarke's hand another squeeze, bringing the younger woman back to the present with a bitter scowl.

"Clarke?" Lexa asks softly. "What's wrong? Did I say something--"

"It's not you," Clarke mumbles as she shakes away the thought and gives Lexa a bare smile, "it's something stupid anyways. It's nothing, Lex."
Lexa still looks like she's in denial, but doesn't push it when Clarke leans over and presses her lips to her girlfriend's own. Lexa can't help but feel her heart stop inside of her chest, for her entire being to be flung into the vast void of the unknown as Clarke's free hand gently cups her jaw when their kiss deepens. Upon impact of a soft tongue tracing her own, Lexa's eyes flutter shut and she barely conceals a soft whimper. Clarke chuckles softly as she seals their lips together, content with the simple feel of Lexa's lips upon her own as she smoothly pulls away with a hooded, but equally warm, azure gaze.

"Do we really have to go to work?" Clarke whispers as she pecks Lexa's lips again. "You know, I'm sure Octavia wouldn't mind if you stayed over."

"Clarke," Lexa chuckles again as she shakes her head and offers Clarke another chaste kiss before opening the driver's door. "Come on, love."

Clarke rolls her eyes and groans like a petulant child as Lexa chivalrously opens her door and extends her hand before pulling her into her arms for a warm embrace. Clarke hums as she feels Lexa's fingers playing at the hem of her shirt, silently asking for permission to sneak under for a last minute feel. Taking her wrists, she slides them under her shirt, sighing in unison with Lexa as those rough, but still gentle hands, palm her soft stomach. Clarke hides her smile in the crook of Lexa's neck, feeling the shiver and goosebumps that arise as a result of her breath on that sensitive patch of skin. She layers a gentle kiss as her own arms loop over Lexa's shoulders and draw her in closer, her fingers playing the baby chestnut curls at the base of her neck.

"I love you," Lexa whispers as she digs her face into Clarke's shoulder shyly, "know that I don't want to let you go just as badly as you don't want to."

"We'll see each other at work," Clarke sighs as she grips Lexa tighter, unwilling to let go, "and after?"

"Ugh," Lexa groans with child-like annoyance as she rubs the back of her head, "I have an appointment. But later, at my place? I'll cook."

"God, is that even a question?" Clarke jokes as she pulls away from the hug to grin at Lexa. The brunette comically raises her brow and smirks.

"Do you only like me for my cooking, Griffin?"

"It's a perk."

"I'll show you perks," Lexa grumbles as she starts to tickle Clarke's sides, leaving the blonde a laughing mess against her Maserati. Clarke chuckles as Clarke plays the mercy card and she eases up, only to draw her girlfriend back in for a sweet, loving kiss. Clarke giggles against her lips, shaking her head.

"Oh gross," a voice interrupts from behind them, causing Lexa to pull away to reveal a glaring Octavia at the front of Clarke's apartment, dressed in running gear and a frown on her face. "It's barely seven-thirty, Clarke. I know you were thirsty, but really? This is a new low for you." Lexa stiffens and Clarke hides her smirk at the way Lexa's body defensively steps in front of her own. Octavia notices with a subtle raise of her brows, the frown sliding off for a grin.

"I see how it is," Octavia beams as she jogs up to them, sizing up Lexa with an upwards jerk of her chin and a wink before she winks at her friend. "I want the details when I get back, good sister. Anyways, gotta run. Nice seeing you, big boss!" Octavia gives Lexa a mock salute before jogging off down the hill, her fingers plugging her earphones in as she disappears down the street.
Clarke sighs as she leans her forehead into Lexa's arm, shaking her head.

"Sorry about her," Clarke mumbles as she fumbles with Lexa's hand, "she's a bit nuts sometimes but she's cool, I'm sure."

"Hm," Lexa murmurs as she turns back to face Clarke with a soft, endearing smile, "well, I'm sure we'll have plenty of time to connect."

"Are you implying something, Ms Woods?" Clarke asks teasingly, fiddling with Lexa's tie with her free hand. "I'll have you know I don't take kindly to other women trying to stake a claim on something that's clearly mine." Lexa laughs as she curls her hands over Clarke's hips and holds her closely, sighing.

"Well then," she mumbles into Clarke's hair, "you'll be happy to know I only have eyes for you."

"You're a sap," Clarke jokes as she leans up and kisses her slowly. Lexa grins into the kiss with a nod.

"But you love me," Lexa mumbles with a soft pout, earning a wider smile from the blonde.

"Yeah," Clarke whispers, her voice a tone softer as she cups Lexa's face and draws her in for another kiss, "that I do, Lexa."

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Lexa pulls into her parking spot to see Anya waiting for her as per usual. She has to hide her scowl as she sees the dastardly smirk playing at her best friend's lips as she powers off her engine and exits her car, briefcase in one hand and her coffee mug in the other. Anya has to refrain from rolling her eyes as she watches Lexa beep her car before joining her at the side of her own. The older woman continues smirking until Lexa scowls embarrassingly.

"Must you look at me like that?" Lexa grumbles as they walk up to the elevator and step inside. Anya plays the innocence card.

"Like what?" She grins toothily. "Like you didn't just spend three days fucking the hot intern in your getaway cabin in the woods?"

"Fuck off," Lexa growls as she tenses, "Clarke is her name, Anya, and she's not just some intern."

"Sure," Anya says with a grunt as they exit on their floor, running into an exasperated looking Titus and an impassive Indra. Lexa sighs as she nods to Anya to start heading to her office and that she'll handle the two advisors. Anya mutters a good luck as she bristly walks past the scowling bald man and makes her way to her office. Sighing, Lexa takes a sip of her coffee, feeling calmer at the extra shot of caffeine that trickles down her throat soothingly.

"Titus," she says smoothly as she pries away the mug and approaches the man, "any word on my meeting with Azgeda Incorporations?"

"Nia is sending her son, Roan, to negotiate terms of your treaty. But I warn you Lexa, this isn't something you should be considering," Titus warns her as she hands the woman a stack of paperwork. "Azgeda have been loyal partners of Trigeda Industries for quite some time, pulling out of that treaty--"

"I don't want to put Trigeda into the military," Lexa answers firmly, staring intently on the taller man with a set gaze. "I've seen too much of our technology being used in harmful, non-defensive ways. I will not stand for that sort of violence. We don't design weapons to hurt people, but to
help them." Titus opens his mouth to say something, but Lexa holds up her hand and shakes her head. "We'll speak no more about this. I've made my decision. Gustus has already sent word within my main advisors and we've come to an unanimous vote. Trigeda Industries will be exclude itself from the military contract or there is no more partnership with Azgeda. I have a reputation at hold here, but more than that, there are people's lives at risk. Innocent people, Titus."

"Who is innocent?" Titus demands as he clenches his fists. Indra perks a brow at him but stays quiet. "Lexa, there are terrorists out there, we need--"

"What we need," Lexa interrupts coldly, "is to be focusing on our people. The men and women who serve our country. I want to improve the longevity of their lives, and not by giving them means to obliterate their enemies. I want protection. Kevlar, pension plans, mobility scooters, prosthetics, therapy, rehab -- I want longterm things, Titus, things that they can benefit from when the physical war ends and they return home. They don't need more blood on their hands."

"You aren't the president, Lexa. As much as you think you have power, you need to watch yourself," Titus grumbles with a disapproving shake of his head before he stalks away, muttering under his breath. Lexa suppresses the urge to roll her eyes as she stalks off to her office with a swift nod to Indra.

As she walks into her office, Lexa sighs as she sees a few sticky-notes taped to her desk. One is from Fio in accounting as a reminder of the annual quarter's end spreadsheet being needed at the end of the week. Two more are from Anya -- one serious in regards to Roan's meeting, and the other a playful jest at her weekend. Lexa smiles when she remembers her wonderful getaway with Clarke. She leans back in her chair and grins. She loses herself in the fond memories of the cave and the touching, the confessions and the hours spent making love in the wilderness, tender and raw, rough and hard.

Just as she's about to delve deeper into her memories, there's a knock on the door. Lexa glances up to see Anya leaning against the door frame holding a few papers. Lexa tries to get rid of her dazed smile, but Anya's always perceptive and catches it before she can even bother to shelter the look away. Lexa sighs and rolls her eyes, rubbing her face as she reaches for her coffee and quietly mutters, "go on then, what is it?"

"Look, as much as I can't wait to tease the shit out of you, I'm actually here on business." Lexa soberes up at the context as Anya walks in and drops a few papers down on her desk, opening up a manila folder to show Lexa a few pictures of a man with a beard and a hipster hairdo. "Roan Snow," the blonde says as she points to the man's face with a frown, "he looks shady, Lex. I know you're up in arms, for the lack of a better phrase, over cutting this deal, but something tells me Nia isn't exactly pleased with you backing out on her." Lexa scowls as she reads over Roan's file, shaking her head in disgrace.

"Azgeda has ties to gangs in the city," Lexa says as she pushes the files away, "I am not being a part of that."

"Lexa," Anya sighs as she takes a seat, "I know. Look, okay, I get it. You're coming from a good place but is facing him head-on a good idea? It just seems sketchy. This isn't some embezzlement or fraudulent fart, this is serious. You're right, they've been tied to numerous terrorist organizations. I'm worried."

"They're not gonna send an assassin if that's what you're thinking," Lexa mutters as she scans through a few more files, "they're classier than that."

Anya's about to answer when Lexa's pocket vibrates. The younger woman excuses herself from the conversation to see Clarke's name on her screen. A small smile lights up her face as she slides
the phone open and glances at the text, feeling her cheeks blush with the words Clarke's sent her.

*I never should have taken a nap. I dreamed about you.*

Lexa coughs awkwardly as she mutters something incorrigible to her friend before hastily typing a response.

*Oh. And what was this dream about?*

There's a few seconds before three grey dots appear on the screen under Clarke's name.

*Your dick, my mouth. God, I miss how you taste. The way your abs flex and your veins pop before you come. It drives me insane, Lex.*

Lexa swallows smoothly and types up a quick reply.

*Yeah? What if I told you that I can make your dreams come true, baby girl?*

A clearing of her throat has Lexa's attention redirected back up at an unamused-looking Anya. Her phone vibrates again and she quickly glances down.

*Prove it, daddy. I'm only right across the hall. Love you, xx.*

Lexa growls as she pockets her phone and tries to ignore the twitch in her pants as she feels herself harden at the thought of Clarke on her knees, taking her in and letting her fuck her mouth raw. She blinks away the crude thoughts and turns her attention back to Anya, taking a calming breath before she readjusts the bulge in her pants and focuses her attention on the documents in front of her. As Anya goes deeper in her discourse of Azgeda's shady deals and the back-alley alliances with different terrorist and gang organizations, Lexa begins to take in the full context of her advisor's argument.

"I'll think about it," Lexa mutters as she closes up the document and turns to her computer, "thank you for the information."

"Lex," Anya says as she pulls her friend's attention back, "I know you're in control, but I just… I can't see you get hurt again, okay?"

"Yeah," Lexa replies with a curt nod and a smile, "I know, An. I'm a bit of a dickhead sometimes, but you've got my back. Just like I've got yours."

Anya just smiles before she gets up and mumbles her goodbye, letting her know she'll be back inside later with a few more documents and updates from Gustus and Tomac from Marketing. Lexa finally sighs as she leans back in her chair and pulls out her phone again. It's only ten in the morning, but she's already aching for Clarke. She looks at the last text she couldn't reply to and bites her lip. She waits a few moments, just staring at the phone with a frown on her face. She scrolls to her calendar and looks through appointments, trying to find out if she has time to let Clarke come in for a "meeting".

Well, as it turns out, Clarke already has her figured out.

Lexa's head snaps up when she hears the sultry knock at her door to see Clarke standing with a small grin on her face, holding a few papers. Lexa grunts and adjusts the growing bulge in her pants when she sees that Clarke gazes at her intently. People are still walking past her office, not taking notice.

"Griffin," Lexa says without choking on her name, "are you in need of assistance?"
"Yes," Clarke replies as she enters, turning around to close the door. "I actually wanted to talk to you about this report I was working on." Lexa nods and straightens up as the blonde walks in with a seductive sway of her hips, setting the papers down on the corner of her desk before walking around so she can lean down and expose the crack of her heavenly cleavage, one that Lexa's traitorous little Commander knew all too much about. A knot forms in her throat as she watches Clarke ease downwards, her finger trailing down a few of the boring sentences that are of little relevance to their conversation.

Or, lack thereof, really.

"Ms Woods?" Clarke asks innocently, raising her brows, "something the matter?"

Lexa knows this voice, the feigning innocuous tone and playful lilt in the curl of those soft pink lips as Clarke smiles down at her. It hadn't taken long for Clarke to figure out a few of Lexa's many kinks, and boy, did she know how to play them like a fiddle. The younger woman keeps her eyes on Lexa's own before flickering to the door, asking the silent question of consent. Lexa offers a slight nod in response, breaking her character for only a moment.

"I think," Lexa grumbles as she licks over her lips and counts the time in her head, "I only have fifteen minutes to discuss this."

"Oh?" Clarke almost gulps as she goes to return her gaze to the paper, only to accidentally knock the stack to the ground. Clarke kneels before Lexa going to reach for the papers when she nods her head up to the straining bulge under Lexa's suit pants. Her brows raise with salacious interest and she licks her lips.

"Ms Woods," Clarke says with a grin and a smooth graze of her hands upon Lexa's tense kneecaps, "is there something… specific you want to discuss?"

Her gaze remains glued to the saluting outline of Lexa's cock, straining along the front of her pants. Clarke grins with a devilish smile as she inches her hands forwards, palming over the cloth that conceals those corded muscles in her thighs. Lexa keeps her stare even and calm, despite the racing beat of her heart against her ribs as she grips her armrests. Clarke watches her erection with a lusted, hooded, near predatory expression as she inches closer to her zipper.

"Ten minutes," Lexa mutters as she swallows down another lump in her throat, "you better get to the point, Griffin."

"Oh Ms Woods," Clarke coos seductively as she licks over her teeth with a beaming smirk, "I'll get to it in five."

With that, Clarke gives no warning and begins the slow process of undoing the front button of her slacks and lowering the zipper in an agonizing drag until she can finally reach inside and palm her hot bulge. Lexa bites her lip as she nudges Clarke gently before rolling her chair backwards for more room. Getting the hint, Clarke grins and allows herself to fit in the comfortable space under Lexa's desk as she pries the erection from those bounded briefs and lets it breathe in the crisp air-conditioned ether. Lexa hisses in desire when she feels a soft tongue drag up the base and trace the bulging vein on one side of her cock. Clarke beams as the heavy erection bows and salutes in response, eager for more of that heat. She reaches with her free hand to draw out her balls, fondling them lightly as she continues her wanton licks and sucks. Clarke revels in each shudder and tensing of the woman above her, knowing she's in full control.

"Five minutes?" Lexa asks once she's regained the ability to control her voice without shaking. She glances down at Clarke, still fondling and licking her cock with ample time and affection. Clarke nods, nipping lightly at the base to cause Lexa to tense slightly. The brunette draws a sharp
breath before reaching down and placing her hand on Clarke's hair, her eyes on her girlfriend the entire time as to make sure she's not going too far. Clarke nods again, kissing her head.

"Well," Lexa sighs as she gently applies pressure to Clarke's scalp, "why don't you put your money where your mouth is?"

"Of course," Clarke beams salaciously as she gives one last tender kiss to her ramrod length, "boss."

As soon as the word's left her lips, Lexa has barely a second to adjust to Clarke taking her in fully, relaxing her throat and not bothering with the inch-by-inch technique. It takes everything in the CEO not to howl in pleasure at the smooth, lax muscles of her girlfriend's mouth working her over, of that deft tongue slashing and lapping over her sensitive head as her length bobs in and out of the warm entrance. At one point, Clarke’s nose brushes the base of her abdomen and the tip of her cock hits the base of her throat, eliciting a silent whimper from the aching brunette. Clarke can only grin at her lack of gag reflex as she continues to blow her lover under the table, out of sight of prying eyes. She does the trick a few more times, knowing Lexa is close from the way her balls have tightened up around the base of her cock and her thighs are spread a little further apart under her desk. The brunette's hand has increased its grip slightly, too.

But, just as Lexa feels herself about to let go, there's a knock on her door before it swings open.

"Listen, I got those files you needed from that last meeting with Azgeda," Anya says, eyes still on her paperwork and not noticing how Lexa unclenches her armrest and places her hand on the table quickly. The blonde is still frowning at the papers as she plops down on one of her chairs habitually before placing them on the mahogany surface and glancing up to see a calm-looking Lexa. Anya pauses a moment in her speech, her gaze flitting down to her friend's tightly clasped hands. Lexa growls low in her throat, trying to ignore how Clarke's sneaky hands are still slowly wandering despite the untimely interruption.

"Anyways," Anya mutters with a hint of annoyance to her voice, "I think that it's best if you leave the budget cuts out of this meeting. We can't have Nia knowing that we've terminated funding to that sector just yet. I suggest we talk benefits and longterm deals before any of the minor technological details." Lexa only nods, focusing on controlling her breathing as Clarke's lips pry apart and take her in again, slow and steady -- silent as a fucking mouse, while Anya stares on.

"Right," Lexa grunts as she swallows again, suppressing the urge to growl when Clarke's fingers gently massage and roll her balls between those deft fingers. Her thumb traces a line around their curves before she squeezes softly. She picks up each steady throb with each slowly disappearing inch of her cock into that warm, wet mouth. Lexa's eyes are glued to Anya's own hazel depths, who have taken on a more guarded expression. Anya slides the papers forwards.

"Just sign here," she says cautiously, eyeing Lexa with a raised brow, "and I'll send the documents off to Azgeda Incorporations."

Lexa barely has the energy to remove her hands from where they'd been tightly grasped together to reach for her pen. Clarke's tongue surprises her with a harsh lap over her sensitive head, causing her to clench her palm tightly around the object before she sucks in a deep, laboured breath and clicks it.

And just as Lexa brings down the tip of the fountain pen to the paper, her girlfriend makes her last move.

With a harsh roll of her balls and a sudden thrust of her mouth down upon Lexa's length, Clarke makes the brunette absolutely crumble.
Lexa nearly messes up her fancy signature when she feels her cock throbbing in Clarke's mouth, each harsh jet slowly sliding down the back of her girlfriend's lax throat. She barely conceals the moan that threatens to break her lips as Clarke squeezes her balls again, urging her to give more of the potent liquid release. The blonde swallows all that she offers with ease, grinning against her dick as Lexa continues to tense and fight against squirming above the surface. Anya's eyes have stayed glued to her best friend, impassive and unreadable as she rises with the documents in hand and lingers by the door, before making her way outside. Lexa goes to sigh in relief as she slumps in her chair when suddenly Anya pokes her head back in, the impassiveness replaced by bemusement.

"By the way," Anya says as she nods to Lexa's desk with a knowing smirk, "Indra needs Griffin to make a run to maintenance. She's tired of waiting."

Lexa's eyes widen and Anya only rolls her eyes in response to being found out.

"Don't act so surprised," her best friend grunts as she watches Lexa pale, "I know your tell, Woods. Always have, always will."

Before Lexa can argue, Anya's chuckling and walking back out into the hall, closing the door behind her gently.

"A tell?" Clarke chuckles as she eases her way out from under Lexa's desk, wiping her mouth with a seductive trail of her finger. Lexa rolls her eyes and shakes her head, reaching between them to tuck herself back inside and zip up before adjusting her shirt and straightening herself up. Clarke looks at her own outfit, trying to ignore the way her heart jumps in her throat when Lexa's eyes soften and the CEO rises to help her fix her shirt and pants. Bending down, Clarke bites her lip at the swell of Lexa's firm ass as she gathers up the dropped papers and neatly stacks them before handing them over to the blonde with a soft smile.

"College," Lexa replies with a shrug, not looking at Clarke. A flash of uncertainty passes over Clarke and she shifts on her feet insecurely. They stand there awkwardly for a few moments in silence before Clarke rubs the back of her head and glances up at the clock, knowing she shouldn't piss off Indra further. Clarke sighs as she goes to leave, but then a soft hand pulls at her wrist and she nearly mewls when she feels Lexa's lips upon hers, gentle and slow.

"I'm sorry," Lexa mumbles into her lips, "I know the whole Anya thing is still hard, but I'm yours, Clarke. Fully."

"I know," Clarke murmurs as she leans up and kisses her chastely in return, "it's just gonna take some adjusting is all."

"Was that okay?" Lexa asks nervously as she nods back to her desk. "I didn't ask you and I wasn't sure--"

"Lexa," Clarke hums as she smiles at the flutter of Lexa's own insecurity before she reaches down and squeezes her girlfriend's hand. "It was fine. I just... I was really fucking missing you and I slept in this morning and didn't get to give you a proper farewell." She adds the last bit with a teasing wink as she reluctantly pulls away from her pouting girlfriend and reaches up to straighten Lexa's tie. The brunette mumbles something under her breath before sneaking in a kiss.

"Alright, alright!" Clarke giggles as Lexa's arms wrap around her waist and kisses reign down upon her face. "You have to get back to work. I have to get my ass served to me by your secretary." Clarke says as she allows Lexa a final kiss before prying herself out of those familiar warm arms. Lexa only sighs, but before Clarke can leave, she quickly remembers something and reaches into her desk drawer and fishes out a single key before tossing it in Clarke's direction.
"Um, are we u-hauling already?" Clarke asks with a chuckle as she looks at the keys. Lexa rolls her eyes as she shakes her head, leaning against her desk.

"No, I just have a late appointment and I figured you'd rather wait inside than out in the cold," Lexa responds with a smug shrug, grinning again. Clarke rolls her eyes as she places her hand on Lexa's shoulder and pecks her cheek in a fond farewell, pocketing the key safely before quietly murmuring, "later, nerd."

"Bye, love." The words are whispered gently in return as Lexa just stares on, dopey-eyed as Clarke flashes her a wink before exiting her office and leaving her office door open. After, she frowns as she remembers the words Anya had left her with earlier. She folds her hands together and thinks about her last words.

"A tell?" Lexa mutters as she plops down in her chair with confusion. "Really?"

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When Clarke returns to her desk after being sent on a run by a pissed-off Indra, Raven's got a bit of a scowl on her face.

"Who shit in your cheerios?" Clarke jokes as she plops down at her desk, pulling up her recent reports. Raven doesn't speak, instead choosing to keep her mouth shut and eyes pierced to her screen. Clarke frowns, knowing that Raven's not the kind to give anyone the cold shoulder, nor take offences too deeply.

"Okay," she says as she gently tugs her friend's chair so it rolls to face her, "what's wrong, Raven?"

"You call her daddy?" Raven nearly growls the words out. Clarke tenses slightly when she sees the near white-knuckle grip on the armrest. "Clarke?!

"What?" Clarke echoes shakily as she nervously gulps. "I have no idea--"

"You call her daddy?" Raven nearly growls the words out. Clarke tenses slightly when she sees the near white-knuckle grip on the armrest. "Clarke?!

"What?" Clarke echoes shakily as she nervously gulps. "I have no idea--"

"You left your phone open, idiot. I read the text you sent her by accident."

"Invasion of privacy much," Clarke mutters as she hastily pockets her phone. Raven just grunts and rolls her eyes.

"You're lucky it was me and not fucking Indra or even worse -- Titus." Clarke cringes at that, already picturing the bald man's reaction.

"You didn't answer me," Raven pushes again, still agitated as she grits her teeth, "you call her your fucking daddy?"

"Yeah, but only sometimes," Clarke says with a shrug, turning another shade of pink. "It's her thing and I guess I kinda dig it, too."

"Dig it?" Raven mutters in disbelief, turning her head away and closing her eyes. "Yeah, okay. Whatever."

"Are you kink-shaming me?" Clarke asks as she cocks her head, mildly frustrated that Raven had gone from high-fiving her to now offering up the cold shoulder. When Raven looks up this time, however, Clarke's shocked to see a slight film of tears covering her friend's eyes. Raven looks to Clarke's bag, where the blonde's phone is concealed in the receptacle. Raven's shoulders are trembling now lightly and Clarke knows what's about to happen.
"Come with me," Clarke murmurs gently as she gently nudges Raven and they get up, making their way to the fire exit at the end of the hall. Clarke barely notices the way Anya's hazel's eyes stay pierced on her back from across the office as she takes Raven away from the buzz of the people in the main hub. As soon as they're alone, she makes sure that Raven has time to breathe and recuperate before the brunette can finally look the blonde in the eye and speak.

"I'm sorry," Raven mumbles as she looks to her feet, "it's just... that... the fact that people sexualize that kink," Clarke doesn't miss the way that Raven practically spits the word, "without recognizing that there are real people, real stories, real pain from that kind of... that..." Raven can't finish her statement because she's shaking. Clarke swallows thickly as she watches Raven look back up at her with tears in her eyes as she shakes her head and gulps nervously.

"You have control in there, Clarke. She doesn't force you to call you that. She doesn't force you to fuck her, to do anything." Raven's words are bitter and sharp, clipped from a past that cracks and burns like molten lava. Raven holds herself together so she can weakly mutter, "not all of us get that choice, Clarke."

"I'm sorry," Clarke whispers as she wipes the stray tear that slides down her own cheek at Raven's agonizing words, "I..."

"I'm not looking for your pity," Raven mutters as she straightens up and looks away, "just... I thought you should know."

"I'll talk to Lexa," Clarke tells her assuringly, knowing that she can't go on like that in her right mind, however pleasuring it may be. Raven's brows furrow in confusion but Clarke just shakes her head and holds her arms out, waiting for Raven to make the next move. It takes a minute before the older woman reluctantly accepts the hug and holds Clarke close, digging her nose into Clarke's shoulder as she grips her friend tightly like a lifeline.

"You don't have to," Raven mumbles guiltily, "I didn't mean to pry into your private life."

"I can't do that with her anymore," Clarke whispers gently, "not now that I know about the context. I fucked up. I'm sorry, Rae."

"You didn't do anything," Raven chuckles sadly, giving Clarke a final squeeze before letting go and giving Clarke a hesitant smile. "We good, Griff."

"Does Anya know?" Clarke asks as they make their way out of the fire exit and back to their desks. Raven shakes her head silently.

"That woman already has her own burdens," Raven says as they sit down, "the last thing she needs to add is me."

"Hey," Clarke interrupts strongly, placing her and on Raven's wrist and squeezing with reassurance, "you're not a burden. A pain in the ass, sure, but never a burden. You know better than that, Reyes. You've got a heart of gold. You could never be anyone's burden, do you understand me?" Raven's eyes mist at the honestly and genuine assurance in Clarke's voice. She just nods and gulps, letting the words wash over her and tether her to the earth, to give her reason.

"You're a bit of an ass yourself but I guess you ain't half bad for a dim-wit," Raven chuckles as she glances up at Clarke with a lighter expression. Clarke offers her another nod and a smile, clapping her friend's shoulder before leaning back to get on her own work. She's about to start her document when Raven taps her shoulder lightly. Clarke swivels her chair and looks over, confused, but Raven only gives a soft chuckle before smiling at her seriously, sincerely even.
"Thanks," Raven says awkwardly in a low murmur, "you know, for understanding. You didn’t have to, Clarke."

"You're one of my best friends," Clarke responds with another reassuring smile, "of course I did."

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"We need to talk about Clarke."

Lexa nods her head up to see Anya standing at her door with arms crossed over her chest and a serious expression on her face.

"What happened earlier wasn't what you were supposed to see," Lexa mutters as she continues her paperwork, ignoring her friend. "Now, anything else?"

"What do you want this girl?" Anya asks as she sits down and catching Lexa's attention. "Lexa, what do you want from Clarke?"

"What do I want?" Lexa asks with a slight growl. "She's my girlfriend, Anya, I love her. I don't want anything from her." Anya's eyes widen and her jaw drops slightly. Lexa's heart thuds inside her chest, her anxiety churning as she swallows down her emotions as Anya processes what she's said.

"You're shitting me right?" Anya asks in a quiet voice. "Not only have you not even taken her on a date and she's your girlfriend, but you love her?!"

"Do you have a problem with it?" Lexa answers back, her voice raising slightly. Anya stands up and Lexa joins her as the older woman walks over to her side, an angry and bewildered expression lit in those hazel eyes. Lexa frowns in confusion, for she'd thought Anya approved of Clarke from earlier. But now, Anya's intentions are clear. She'd seen Clarke as nothing but a suitable distraction. Livid, Lexa bounds forwards as they get up in each other's faces, inches apart.

"Listen to yourself," Anya begs as she pleads desperately at her best friend, "you're in too deep, Lexa. She's just an intern."

"And Raven isn't?" Lexa growls. Anya's brows raise and she recoils out of shock. Lexa stands her ground and holds her chin up. "She kissed you and that's okay right?" Anya rolls her eyes but Lexa only scoffs out a barely audible 'hypocrite' under her breath as Anya pinches the bridge of her nose to conceal her anger.

"Raven is different. We're taking it slow," Anya says as she crosses her arms over her chest defensively. A pang of guilt strikes Lexa in the chest when she sees that vulnerable expression in her best friend's eyes, knowing that Anya's relationship history was as fucked as hers in some sense. Sighing, she rubs the back of her neck as they both cool off. Lexa takes a seat at her chair while Anya leans against her desk, fumbling with her fingers as they wait for the right words.

"It's just…" Lexa starts with a nervous croak, "Clarke… she gets me, you know? Like, we had a lot of time to reflect on the trip, An. I do… I do love her."

"And she loves you back?" Anya asks, still skeptical. Lexa offers a flimsy half-smile as she nods, tears pooling in her green eyes.

"I told her about my family," Lexa whispers as she looks back to her hands, trying to imagine those pale fingers between her own, locked tightly. "About my father, Alexei, Tris. I told her about… um… us. Or what used to be us, I guess." Anya blushes a bit at that, a little more than surprised Lexa would reveal so much in such a short period of time. It wasn't usual of her best
friend to open up to anyone at all, let alone a girl she liked for more than two weeks.

"You trust Clarke?" Anya asks, uncertain even after all the information. "You know what happened last time you trusted someone, Lex."

"Are you saying I shouldn't trust anyone?" Lexa asks with another growl, tears stinging at her eyes. "That I'm no better than fucking Natasha?"

"God," Anya chokes on air as she hears the shard of pain that ebbs from the accusation, "never, Lexa. That… that bitch… I would never."

"Yeah," Lexa mutters with a half-hearted shrug, her gaze pinned to her shoes again. For a moment, Anya doesn't feel like she's looking at her CEO playboy best friend, but instead the timid and anxious college nerd that she knew long ago. She sees the nervous woman that felt uncomfortable in her own skin.

"I love Clarke," Lexa whispers again, almost pleadingly as she glances back up to Anya, "she's different, Anya. I know she is. You have to trust me."

"Lexa," Anya sighs as she rubs her forehead, "I… I don't know. It's rushed. It's messy and risky. I mean you guys are in this elated honeymoon state right now and you know that it's not gonna last forever. However, I'm not discounting anything. Griffin's… she's not bad. She cares a lot about everyone, about this job, more than she lets on. I'll give her a shot, but Lex, I'm not saying this stuff to hurt you. I love you so much, Lexa, you know that right? You're my best friend… you and I. We're all we've got. Family. I can't lose that again, okay? I can't fucking lose you, Lexa. It… it was hard enough the first time. I can't do it again, Lex."

Anya's words are soft and wavering but carry an undertone of fearful concern, one that Lexa is all too well aware of as she solemnly shakes her head. She stands slowly as Anya leans off the desk and wraps her arms around Lexa's shoulders, bringing her in for a hug. The two of them hold each other close, murmuring sweet nothings into each other's ears as Lexa draws Anya's head into her chest, bringing her ear to her chest to assure her that her heart is very much alive and beating. Anya's hands clutch at her suit as she focuses on drawing deep, slow breaths, listening to Lexa's calming voice as they both ground themselves to each other like they always have ever since that fateful day they'd nearly been torn apart. Anya shuts her eyes as the memories play over and over again.

"I'm okay," Lexa murmurs gently, reaching down to squeeze Anya's hand, "I'm not leaving you again, An. I promise you that."

"You fucking better," Anya replies in jest, though there's a hint of sadness in her voice, "you're an ass but you're my ass, Lexa. I love you."

"I love you too, An. I'm sorry for getting mad," Lexa says back as they disentangle from each other with awkward smiles. "You're right, I'm an ass."

"Damn right," Anya chuckles as she shakes her head with another low chuckle. Lexa swallows down her tears when she sees Anya wipe away a few of her own before the older woman grumbles something about her period coming soon as a coverup for her emotional breakdown. Lexa sighs as she moves away and looks to the clock, gulping when she notices what time it is. Anya follows her gaze and snaps out of the daze she'd been in previously. Lexa swallows as she looks back to her best friend with a slightly nervous expression, and without a single word, Anya immediately understands with an empathetic nod.

"Do want me to come?" Anya asks as she eyes Lexa carefully. "I know you've been dreading it
since you'd made the appointment."

"No," Lexa murmurs gently, though the nerves are ever present, "I gotta do it on my own." Then, with a bit of a playful lilt she looks up to ask her best friend, "besides, weren't you planning on asking Raven out for coffee?" Anya blushes at the name of the intern and shrugs, shaking her head as she nods at Lexa.

"You come first." Anya says as she reaches over and brings Lexa in for a tight hug, "I know how hard this is for you."

"I'm not a kid anymore," Lexa replies with a sigh, "I have to stop acting like one. I have to toughen up. Face my fears. All that bullshit."

"Well," Anya reluctantly mutters after sometime in the hug, "if you even feel the slightest bit uncomfortable, you know the word."

"Of course," Lexa chokes out with a nod as she lets go of her friend and straightens her suit. "I… uh, should probably… go."

"Right," Anya says as she backs away to give her some room. "I'll hold down the fort until closing hours. Just… remember, Lex. Say the word and I'm there. No questions asked." Lexa smiles gratefully at her best friend before she nods and packs up her things. Anya sighs and gives her one last encouraging hug before slipping out the door, leaving Lexa the time to gather her thoughts and do her usual check-out routine.

Just as she's finishing with the powering-down of her main computer, there's a quiet knock on the door. Lexa wearily glances up to see Clarke standing there with a timid smile on her face. Lexa offers the same in return as she places her laptop in her briefcase before zipping it up. Clarke walks into the office and glances at the clock before looking back over to the hunched back of her girlfriend, shifting from foot to foot.

"Checking out?" Clarke asks rhetorically with a humourless laugh. Lexa only nods with a grunt, throwing her bag over her shoulder. As she looks to Clarke, she can't help but hear Anya's words in her head, bedding inside her brain like parasites, suckling and leaching onto everything she's ever known about the blonde that's managed to steal her heart. Clarke clears her throat and places her hand on Lexa's own, the latter not even realizing it was shaking the entire time.

"You're nervous," Clarke whispers as her forehead leans against Lexa's own, "why?" Lexa tries to play it off, but Clarke knows her too well.

"Your hands shake," Clarke continues to softly murmur, "when you're nervous. And you're shit at eye-contact, babe. I'd never rob a bank with you."

"I could pull off a heist," Lexa tries to joke, her voice cracking a little from nerves, "I'm badass enough. I know four types of martial arts."

"Only you couldn't hurt a fly," Clarke banters back as she glances up so she can gaze and Lexa's lips endearingly, "you're much too kind."

"That's not what most people say," Lexa chuckles sadly as she looks down at her tie, watching as Clarke fiddles with it lightly.

"I'm not most people," Clarke replies in kind, smiling up at her girlfriend. "I'm yours, Lexa."
"Clarke," Lexa hums her name, finding solace in the smooth roll of perfectly placed consonants and vowels. It's comforting, even saying her name, that her nerves ease up and she manages to breathe deeply, slowly, steadily, until she can focus completely on Clarke. The blonde smiles and leans up to kiss her lips.

"I love you," Clarke whispers into her lips, her hand snaking around the back of Lexa's neck to massage the baby curls there. Lexa smiles and leans her forehead down so it can rest against Clarke's own. Between them, their hands graze and meet in fleeting touches, sparking each sensory neuron that separates them.

"I love you," Lexa murmurs the words back sweetly, kissing her again. "I've gotta leave soon, though. Can we talk more at home?"

Clarke nods, leaning up for another kiss before she reluctantly parts ways. Lexa gives her a small smile as she folds her blazer in her arms and straightens her spine, letting the familiar confident CEO mask fall into place. Clarke follows her out and walks her to the elevator, chatting like an intern would with her boss. It hurts that they can't be anything more, and as much as their earlier tryst had been exciting, they had been lucky it was Anya who'd found them. Lexa reluctantly bids a farewell to Clarke as she steps into the metal-box and the blonde amicably waves before returning to her desk and getting back to work.

Lexa spends a few minutes talking to the man working in the garage before she's in her car and pulling out of the parking lot. She fiddles between the songs on her radio as she tries to find the one song that's never failed to ease her nerves. She settles for Erroll Garner's "Autumn Leaves" as she drives down the highway on the way to the clinic. Her left leg bounces as she pulls off the ramp and drives down the street until she finally reaches the place a few minutes early. She parks into a free space and powers off the engine, sucking in a deep breath as she musters up the courage to get out of the car. She locks the vehicle as she walks into the building, her nerves raising as she finds there's already a plethora of people sitting in the clinic. She avoids their gaze as she walks to the front.

"Good evening ma'am," the nurse at the front greets her warmly, "appointment?"

"Yeah, four forty-five with Dr Harmond?" Lexa inquires as she gulps. The nurse types a few things into the computer before smiling and nodding.

"Right on time, Ms Woods. He's running a bit late so we'll call you up when he's nearly free."

Lexa nods at the nice nurse and takes to picking a seat in the far corner, away from most people. She knows that no one's really looking at her, but irrationally the thought of being watched still lingers in her mind. She pulls out her phone and checks the stocks in an attempt to quell her anxious mind, tapping her fingers against the screen as she reads the reports of this quarter.

Her phone vibrates and she sees Clarke's name flash in the scroll, causing her to smile. She opens the message and reads it.

_I love you. If you ever need anything, or need some time alone after your appointment, let me know. Be strong, baby. You're amazing, love._

"Woods, Alexandria?" The nurse calls out, interrupting Lexa from reading the message. She swallows thickly and pockets her phone as she stands to where the nurse is waiting with two sterile cups with two clear biohazard plastic bags. She can hear whispering from behind her and feels her stomach churn as she nervously accepts the items with much reluctance. The nurse's eyes are on the papers in her clipboard, failing to notice Lexa's unease and agitated state.

"Alright so all we need is a sperm sample and a urine sample," the nurse lists as she reads through
the doctor's note on her paperwork, before glancing up and offering another smile. "We suggest you do the latter first, so you can get a clean sample for the former. Smaller cup is for the semen, bigger one is for urine." Lexa's almost certain she's turned red from shame now as she hazards a glance behind her to where an elderly couple is glaring at her. Lexa gulps and nods at the nurse, eager to get through this as quickly and painlessly as possible. The nurse exits her front desk and leads her down the hall.

"Bathrooms are to the left of this hall. When you're done with the urine sample, open up the cabinet in the bathroom and place the sample in there. There's another room down the hall designated for the sperm sample. We've got some visual aid but it's not much compared to the real thing," the nurse jokes light-heartedly, trying to ease the tension that had been slowly accumulating for the past few hours or so. "Anyways, just like the bathroom, there's a cabinet for you to place your sample in. We'll take it from there. Easy, really." Lexa only gulps and gives her a flimsy smile. The nurse nods and places her clip board on one of the private rooms outside the hall. The nurse nods in its direction with another warm, encouraging smile.

"After you're done both, strip down in the gown provided in the room," the nurse instructs gently, "Dr Harmond will be with you shortly."

Lexa nods and the nurse leaves her alone to find the bathrooms. Lexa keeps her gaze to the floor as she looks to bathroom, grateful that it is a gender-neutral one. She always managed to keep on top of her gender dysphoria, but there were times and places -- especially these places -- that made her question her reign upon her mental state. Lexa locks the bathroom door and places the two cups on the sink counter. Her head churns and stomach flips as she looks at herself in the mirror, and then at the two cups. It baffles her, as she feels her chest constricting and her breathing grow shallow and fast, that she still struggles with this. That all of this still hurts after so many years of thinking it didn't. It takes a few moments of calming down before Lexa moves to the toilet.

Lifting the seat, Lexa reaches for the buckle on her belt and lowers her zipper before grabbing at the container for the urine sample. An involuntary whimper leaves her lips as she stares down at her penis, somehow finding a hard reason to reach down and touch it. She feels disgust crawling up the back of her throat as she closes her eyes and fights the burbling mix of both frustration and anxiety. She waits a few moments and mentally berates herself for acting so stupid. "It's fucking… ugh, just piss in a cup." Lexa growls the words at herself as she takes herself in her hand and aims, willing herself to think of something other than the stupid irrational thoughts that fly through her brain. "Come on, waterfalls, rain, showers, swimming pools, rivers… fuck come on, Lexa." It takes a little bit longer of a pump up before she finally gets her body to obey her command. She manages to get a sample without much mess before she places it in the cabinet. She washes her hands nearly-obsessively -- not that she can notice, really -- and doesn't look at herself in the mirror when she dries her hands.

Grabbing the last cup, Lexa finally makes her way over to the room the nurse had directed her to go. When she gets there, a man is waiting with a cup in his own hand and immediately Lexa wants to turn away. Something makes her stay, stand her ground, but God knows what. The man keeps glancing back at her in confusion, like he's trying to figure her out. Lexa keeps her eyes to her feet, nothing at all like the confident woman she prided herself to be all the time.

"I hate to pry," the man speaks with a confused chuckle and a thick southern accent, "but I think you're in the wrong place, lady."

"Nope," Lexa mutters, popping the 'p' with a bit of attitude as she clutches the cup in her hand a bit tighter, "but thank you for your concern."

"Ah I see," the man says as he grins at her, "you one of them, what is it, transitioning folk? Ya
know, a man becoming a woman?” He rakes his eyes down her chest and grins before winking. "Them some nice tits, for sure. You must be made of money to afford a rack like that. Damn. I'd never have guessed you're a man underneath that. Shame though, you gotta fine body for someone who's a bit freaky, eh? The good ones are always tainted, as it seems."

Lexa ignores him as she feels herself curving her shoulders inwards to make herself seem smaller. There's a nurse walking by and Lexa pleadingly looks to her as the man continues to ramble on with his transphobic nonsense. The nurse sees her distress and intervenes immediately, scolding the man for creating an unfriendly environment and that if he should speak again, he would be removed from the facility. Luckily for her, the nurse actually has a voice, unlike herself.

Finally, one of the rooms clears up and Lexa nearly gags from the smell. There's an abundance of male-gaze centric pornography but Lexa doesn't even want to touch those magazines. There's a TV in the corner and a few videos, but she doesn't care much for the visual stimulation. She puts the small cup on the ledge and tries to ignore the tears that burn in her eyes when she feels the discomfort settle in deep now. Her muscles ache to simply punch something as she slams her eyes shut to ward off the panicked thoughts. She feels like she's ten again, waking up in that hospital room to Natasha's dastard smirk and the tingle between her thighs. Lexa grits her teeth as the anxiety attack nips at her heels, eager to pounce and drown her in apprehension.

For awhile, she contemplates calling Anya, but she knows that she can't, not when she'd been waiting so long for this appointment. Sighing, Lexa tries to will away the negative thoughts and convinces herself to just get it over with. Taking a calming breath, she keeps her eyes closed as she reaches for herself, slowly trying to feel herself into hardness. Yet, no matter how much she imagines a generic porn scene from her college days, her length remains stubbornly flaccid. She growls in frustration, slamming her hand against the wall as she feels the first of the tears slide down her cheeks and drip off her chin.

"I never asked for this," Lexa quietly cries into herself, "I… I never wanted this… I… fuck."

She lets herself cry a few more tears before she shakes her head and wills herself to be strong again. She grabs at herself and thinks of nothing. She strokes until it hurts but she feels her cock hardening so she keeps going. Pushing through the pain of her hands chaffing the sensitive skin of her cock, she manages to work herself up to dissatisfying orgasm, most of which she manages to get into the small container. She screws on the lid and does the same process as she'd done with the urine sample. She washes her hands in the sink provided before exiting the room with her eyes to the ground and reaching her room.

Disrobing is worse, Lexa finds, as she throws on the gown and sits atop the cold sheet spread across the examination table. She feels exposed and small, something that she'd never wished to feel since that dreadful day. There are days when she gets flashbacks, when she goes back to the time where a prick of a needle in the crook of her arm had paved the way for all further decisions regarding her life. She can still hear Natasha's voice in the back of her head, of that german doctor with the absurdly long last name that she'd never seen again, no matter how hard she tries to forget those haunting memories. The lights, the smell, the pain, the horrors of feeling so violated… it'll never leave her, she realizes with a nervous gulp. Her anxiety only grows stronger.

"Lexa," a warm, deep voice breaks her from her debilitating memories as Lexa blinks to see Dr Harmond walk through the door before closing it. She offers him a small smile as he strides into the room and pulls a rolling stool to sit atop. He holds a clipboard in his hand as he smiles at her again with a nod.

"How are things?" He asks as he starts going through her records. Lexa gulps and clenches at the material of the gown in her hands.
"Fine," she answers, though it's a total lie, "I'm well, thank you. How are you?"

"Good good," Dr Harmond says as he gets up and places the clipboard on a table. "My youngest turns six tomorrow."

"Ellie?" Lexa asks as she nods her head up. "She's getting older. Last I saw her she was still a baby."

"Times go by quickly, don't they?" Dr Harmond chuckles as he goes over to his cabinet of supplies and pulls on a pair of gloves. He snaps them on before grabbing the stethoscope and otoscope from the wall. He does the routine check of her lymph nodes, ear canal and tympanic membrane, and her lungs.

"They're better than before the accident," the doctor comments as he continues to asks for Lexa to take deep, slow breaths, "I'm thinking you've gained at least five percent more functionality in the left one. The new exercise routine is working well?" Lexa just nods and grips the edge of the table silently.

Dr Harmond sighs and sets aside the equipment before motioning for the bed. Lexa gets the hint and lays down, still feeling anxious as Dr Harmond takes a seat on the stool before lowering the height of the bed. Shifting on the surface, Dr Harmond can see that she needs a moment to adjust so he busies himself with notes on his clipboard. Once Lexa's a bit more settled, he returns back to his spot at her waist, his hands hovering over the edge of the bed where he waits.

"Can I roll the gown up?" He asks and Lexa nods. The man rolls up the paper-like covering until her nether genitals are exposed.

"I have to check if everything's up to standards down there," Dr Harmond tells her gently, "I know it's greatly uncomfortable, but we need to make sure we can rule out anything that could be potentially cancerous. Even if it's a reconstruction, there're still risks." Lexa only nods again, her eyes glassily staring up at the ceiling. Dr Harmond reaches for her testicles first, rolling them and pressing down to search for lumps or abnormal bumps between the two sacs.

"Nothing wrong there," he says with another gentle smile as he moves up to examine her penis, "the reconstructive surgery hasn't damaged anything with your testicles. Your penis looks healthy and seems to be functioning normally. And, as I must ask with everyone, are you using protection when sexually active?" Lexa bites back a groan and nods instead, barely muttering out an agreement. Upon satisfaction with the probing, Dr Harmond lowers the sheet and tells Lexa she can sit up. The woman eases herself upwards, curling into herself still as the doctor retrieves the clipboard and writes a few more things down.

"Alright, so I'm sure you must be worried out of your mind since that phone call you got a few days ago," Dr Harmond says as he glances up from the clipboard with another reassuring smile, "but I can assure you that you are perfectly healthy, Lexa. Your calcium levels are a little low but that's expected with your condition."

The word makes her damned sick to her stomach.

"The experimental drug you're taking seems to be working well," Dr Harmond beams, "you're functioning just like any perfectly healthy adult. We've seen success in several other patients on trial in the small sample so AstraZenca is looking to open up to a third and final trial. With your funding, we've been able to bridge a link between the required testosterone and estrogen balances needed to maintain proper functioning in otherwise ambiguous genitalia. It's seen to be especially usefully in those who have shown onset congenital adrenal hyperplasia. It's helping to counteract
the salt-washing effect, which has decreased the mortality rates." Lexa's eyes brighten at this and she gulps nervously as she wrings her hands together. She looks to the man earnestly, taking a deep breath.

"You saying that it could work for kids that were like me? That they could live long enough to choose which surgery they want, or if they want to take it?" Lexa asks hopefully. Dr Harmond nods and smiles at her, setting his clipboard down as he sighs proudly. Lexa smiles a bit wider at that. If she could prevent anyone else going through the horrors she'd been through, she'd be willing to donate her entire lifesavings into that research. Dr Harmond squeezes her knee lightly.

"You're doing great work, Lexa, despite everything. You've faced a multitude of adversity, but I hope you know that you don't have to be strong and brave everyday," he tells her gently as he sees Lexa's eyes drop back to her dangling feet. "You aren't a failure or a mess up or a freak for what happened to you."

"Easy for you to say," Lexa mutters with a low growl, "you never had to worry about any of this stuff. I didn't have a choice. I still don't have a choice."

"True," Dr Harmond agrees with a sigh, "but I just need you to know that there is so much hope now. You need to believe in it too, okay?"

"Can we just talk about the other tests?" Lexa mumbles instead, a bit of bite to her voice as she wrings her hands back together. "Am I... you know?"

Dr Harmond's expression falters a bit at the question she can't voice. "It's not impossible, but your sperm count as a result of the estrogen intake you're getting from the adrenal gland boost has lowered. I'm a bit baffled by the volume versus the count of sperm itself. While the surgery was a massive undertaking in managing to completely rewire your internal and external genitals, due to your current hormone influx, you're not very likely to reproduce. I'm sorry, Lexa."

"Funny," Lexa scoffs as she chuckles sadly, "got the whole package and, ironically enough, I can't even make use of it."

"You never know," Dr Harmond says with a shrug, "miracles do happen sometimes. I'm sure by the time you're ready to settle down there'll be some improvement in science or some research you've funded and the world will make it possible. Good things come to those who wait, Lexa. That being said, continue to use protection. Your blood-work read clean on any STD or STI, though I recommend you continually get tested after a few months, even if you're with the same partner. If you really want to stay safe, after sex make sure you urinate and then clean your penis with water and soap. Tell your partner to do the same, penis or vagina or neither, it's best to stay clean and flush out any bacteria that could've been spread during intercourse. You're healthy, but don't risk it."

Lexa nods and takes the information with stride. Dr Harmond gets up to say goodbye before Lexa nods her head up wearily and calls to him.

"Doc," she grunts out hoarsely, "what about the DNA test?"

"Lexa..." Dr Harmond trails off as he lingers by the door. "As much as you've got money and resources, even with the DNA match, finding her would be like finding a needle in a haystack. You only managed to get in touch with the system when you were seventeen. By then Tris could've been moved to so many different places." Lexa nods and lowers her head again. Dr Harmond draws a deep breath before lightly running his fingers over the doorknob.

"I'm not saying give up, Lexa, I'm just saying...," Dr Harmond stumbles over his words as he sees
Lexa flinch in anticipation, "maybe the kid doesn't want to be found. Given what you went
through in those homes, who's to say that Tris didn't have a similar experience? There's a chance
she could've settled down with a good family and is fine. She could be out of the system for all
you know." Lexa's eyes flit upwards sadly, but still determinedly.

"All the more reason for me to find her," Lexa croaks as she battles her emotions, "she turns
eighteen soon. After that she's out of my reach, legally."

"She'll come around one day," Dr Harmond says as assuringly as possible, "you'd move
mountains for her, Lexa. There's no way she could ignore it."

Lexa only nods as he continues to linger by the door. She feels small again as she hops off the
bench and reaches for her clothing. The doctor watches as her hands shake upon taking her jeans
into her hands and staring down at them blankly. Sighing, Dr Harmond leaves the door and walks
forward before playing his hand upon her shoulder, his heart leaping up into his throat as he sees
the faint film of tears that coat her eyes. Lexa's shoulders still tremble lightly.

"I know this is rough, Lexa. Believe me, when I went through my transition, I still struggled with
my body after," Dr Harmond tells her gently, giving her shoulder a squeeze. "And while I know
both our situations are different, you will get through this. You're the CEO of one of the biggest
tech names on this planet. You have a beautiful future ahead of you, Lexa. You're going to be
there to see it because of the research you're doing with all these institutions. You're saving lives."

"Not mine," Lexa mutters as she looks down at her waist again, feeling the anxiety brew. "I don't
know what I am. I... who am I?"

"You're Lexa Woods," Dr Harmond chuckles as he removes his hand. "What is or isn't between
your legs doesn't change that. You can be whoever you want."

"Easier said than done, Doc," Lexa tries to joke but it comes out as a weak croak instead. Dr
Harmond sighs and grips his clipboard tighter.

"Yeah," he says wistfully as he returns to the door, "I suppose so. You have my number, Lexa.
I'm just an appointment away. Don't close yourself off on this, okay? These can be really tough
spots in our lives. It doesn't mean we need to endure them alone. You're a strong person. Keep
your head up, you'll be okay." Lexa only nods slowly, avoiding his eye contact as the man gives
her a curt nod before opening the door and exiting, closing it behind him as he leaves.

"Be whoever I want," Lexa mutters as she feels her insides flop as she reaches for the hem of the
gown, "yeah right."

After she finishes dressing, she hastily walks out of the building and fishes out the phone, in awe
to see that she's ahead of schedule. She sees that she has a few missed messages from Clarke
saying she'll be a little late to her place because of Octavia needing help with a project for school.
Lexa relaxes a little at Clarke's name on her phone as she types a reply that it's fine and she'll see
her later. She's about to hop into her car when there's suddenly a loud laugh.

"Ay," the man from earlier who'd been harassing her is leaning against a truck next to her
Maserati, "you're that man-lady I saw earlier, right?"

The word hits a sore nerve in Lexa's chest as the anxiety swirls back in to fog her brain. She gulps
down her fear and looks at him with a stern glare. "Listen, man. I'm nobody to you. I've gotta go
so if you don't mind, I'm gonna drive away. Just please, leave me alone." Lexa hides the quiver
from her voice as she pops the door open and hops into the seat, closing her door as she watches
him inch closer. She quickly powers on her car and swerves out of the car park. Just as she drives
past him she hears his voice yelling in the distance, jeering and mocking as she fights the tears from her eyes.

"Yeah that's right," he hollers from the lot, "drive away, you gender-bent freak!"

The insult, so raw and familiar from her childhood, causes the last of her walls to crumble as she begins to shake while she drives. She tries to listen to the jazz to calm her, but even that doesn't help. Knowing there's no other option she has, Lexa reaches for her hands-free and dials the only number she can trust.

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"So… you wanted to talk?"

Anya looks up to see Raven's hands curling around her mug as they both settle into the booth of the diner. Anya nods and settles down in the booth and holds her own coffee mug tightly, letting the steam creep up on her chin. Raven looks a bit uneasy as they sit in silence for awhile, just staring at their drinks.

"Look," Raven chokes out after awhile, "if you weren't ready last night--"

"I really like you," Anya blurts out at the same time, causing both of them to awkwardly blush and chuckle. Raven leans back a bit so Anya can take the floor, giving the older woman a patient smile as she draws her coffee up to her lips and takes a long drink from the cup. Anya steadies herself before smiling at the younger brunette, her eyes sparkling warmly as she relaxes at the smile playing at the intern's lips. Raven chuckles again and Anya can't help but shake her head with a soft raspy laugh of her own. The two of them sit there and laugh for awhile, blushing and smiling like young high schoolers with crushes.

"Anyways," Anya says as she curls a strand of hair behind her ear and smiles at Raven, "I really liked last night. It was good to hang out."

"Is that what the kids call it these days?" Raven asks with a wink, grinning as Anya leans over to shove her playfully.

"You're a dick," the older woman grunts teasingly as she shakes her head, "you know what I meant."

"Yeah," Raven replies with a dreamy tone as she leans forwards slightly. "I really liked it too. Kissing you was a bonus… a really great bonus."

"Do you think we can do it again?" Anya asks awkwardly as she rubs the back of her neck. God, if this isn't high school all over again, she scowls at herself as she feels her stomach turn anxiously, get it together, you bumbling fool. If only Lexa could see you now. She'd have a right field day with you, idiot. Raven blushes and fumbles with her coffee mug, gulping down her own nerves before smiling up at the blonde. Instantly, those deprecating thoughts leave Anya's mind at the slightest glimpse of those soft lips turning upwards so kindly and openly that her heart nearly bursts with affection.

Oh yeah, she thinks to herself with an internal chuckle, you've got it bad with this one.

"Yeah," Raven answers with a tremor to her voice, glancing down to her lips, "I'd love to do it again. More than again, really."

"So… how about Friday night?" Anya asks as she remembers she's free that evening. "I know a great Italian place a few blocks from work."
"Shame," Raven chuckles lightly as she sips some more of her coffee, "I quite liked your cooking. I doubt that restaurant could hold a candle to yours."

"You're charming," Anya snorts with a playful jest, though she still blushes as she nervously mumbles, "but thank you. I'm glad you liked it, cold pasta and all." Raven laughs as she fingers the rim of her cup, contently with simply drinking in every inch of Anya's beautiful face as if the fear of missing anything outweighs her need to speak. They simply stare at each other, communicating the unknown (but somehow perfectly known) words that they cannot speak.

Raven's about to say something when Anya's pocket buzzes and she reaches inside to see Lexa's name on her mobile's screen.

"It's Lexa," Anya says, her tone serious. Raven nods and leans back, giving her some privacy to answer the call. Anya nods gratefully in return.

"Lex?" Anya asks as she pulls the phone to her ear. There's nothing but heavy breathing on the other end and Anya feels her heart drop to her stomach. Raven, upon sensing the distress in the blonde's paling face, leans forward to gently place her hand on Anya's free one, silently offering her support.

It takes a full thirty seconds before Lexa replies their code word.

"Pumpernickel."

It's shaky and broken, but Anya focuses immediately as she grips her phone. "Do you need me to pick you up? You're not driving, are you?"

"House," is all that's croaked out in response before the heavy breathing starts up again. Anya nods, though she knows Lexa can't see the action. "Hurry." Anya's heart clenches at the whimpered word before the line cuts out. She sighs at her phone before looking up at a concerned Raven with a semi-guilty expression.

"I hate to cut this short, but do you think you can give me a ride?" Anya asks Raven. The intern doesn't hesitate to nod as they both stand up.

"Tell me the place," Raven says gently as she offers her hand for Anya to take. The older woman lets herself be tethered to the ground with the gentle, reassuring squeeze of Raven's calloused fingers between her own to level her anxiety-riddled mind. She can feel herself flashing back to that horrid day, to the bloodcurdling screams and the eerie flat tone of a heart monitor. She holds onto Raven tighter when she remembers the glass and the blood and the death.

So much death.

"Anya," Raven whispers softly, drawing her out of the painful flashback, "ssh, look at me, you're okay. Everything's okay, just tell me where to go."

The blonde isn't sure how they'd managed to make it into Raven's car, but she shakes off her own niggling fear to give Raven directions with a slightly shaky voice. Raven nods, her hand latched tightly to Anya's own as they drive in silence. The only time they talk is when Anya asks if she can change the radio to a Jazz station, to which Raven agrees without hesitation. The smooth music calms her slightly, reminds her of Lexa, of who she needs to be when she gets there.

All Anya can do is pray that she's not too late this time.
Clarke rings the bell a few times to Lexa's front door before she inserts the key and enters.

The last time she'd been here it'd been a blur. All she can remember are the few walls that she'd once been backed into in a frantic attempt to get to the bedroom. A shudder of anticipation and exhilaration bolts through Clarke's spine as she replays the more than pleasant memory of Lexa taking her over and over again in various positions in that master bedroom. She walks aimlessly through the house, thinking that Lexa's still out considering the silence.

"Lexa?" She calls out, just to be sure. "You home? I used the key, but I don't know if you're here?"

Silence answers back.

"I'll take that as an absent," Clarke mutters to herself as she steps further inside. "Well, a little exploration couldn't hurt, could it?"

Considering the size of the mansion, it's pretty bare on the inside. There's a pool out in the backyard and a few furnishings to the two living rooms. She meanders through the rooms, noticing the lack of photos on the walls or tables. There are a few of Lexa and another young woman with sharp blue eyes and dark hair, but they look to be from awhile ago. She picks up one of the pictures and stares at it curiously, noticing the way that Lexa's leaning into the woman's neck and how bright and happy she looks as they're both laughing in the photo. She sighs and sets the photo down, feeling a bit anxious again.

Deciding to leave the mysterious woman's photos alone, Clarke continues her slow meander through Lexa's massive house. She finds a few empty rooms on the main floor, which then prompt her to ascend to the second level of the house. She walks through the few side rooms on the way to the master bedroom. Most of them are bare, but as she twists the knob of one of them, she's surprised to find that it's locked. Frowning, Clarke pulls her hand back and stares at the door suspiciously, but then decides not to bother with it. She continues onwards towards the main bedroom, surprised to see a light on from inside the room.

"Lexa?" She asks as she jogs towards the door. "Hey! Are you in there? I knocked but I wasn't sure if you heard me."

When she gets in, her face softens at the sight of Lexa's back to her, curled into a ball on the bed. She's still in her suit from the day but the image of the all-powerful CEO curled into herself like a child warms Clarke's heart. She figures Lexa's asleep, mostly tired out by her long day, so she approaches her slowly as to not wake the resting woman. She sits down on the edge of the bed slowly, content to just gaze upon the mussed chestnut curls at the back of her lover's head. Clarke's entire frame heats up at the domesticity of the situation, and she can't help imagining a life spent in moments just like these, but more often.

Yet, as she's about to reach out to stroke those tempting forest brown locks, a low growl interrupts from behind her.

"Don't touch her," Anya says in a low voice, causing Clarke to startle off the bed in fear. Upon noticing that it's just the director, Clarke relaxes slightly, her own glare creeping up as she stiffens and glares at the older woman defensively. Anya's eyes flash to Lexa on the bed, growing wider with… fear?

"She's just sleeping," Clarke says in confusion, though her voice loses strength as she watches Anya approach her tentatively. "What are you doing here?"

"You need to leave," Anya grunts, ignoring her question as she comes to face Clarke, towering
"Why?!" Clarke snarls back, not caring that Anya could probably hand her ass to her in a matter of seconds. "I'm her girlfriend, not you."

"Listen," Anya pleads in a slightly softer tone, "you need to leave, Griffin. It's not... it's not what you think it is. Raven's outside, tell her to take you home."

"No," Clarke refuses stubbornly as she tries to get past the taller woman so she can sit at Lexa's side again, "I told you, I'm not leaving--"

"This isn't your place," Anya growls as she glares down at the intern. "I won't tell you again. Leave, Griffin."

Clarke is about to argue some more, but then she watches as Anya's demeanour changes as she slowly settles down on the bed and softly reaches out to Lexa. She frowns in confusion as she sees Anya humming a soft tune, one that she recognized from Lexa's car playlist. Just as the older blonde's hand gently places itself on Lexa's shoulder, the brunette's hand snaps up and clamps down over it hard, digging her blunt nails deep into Anya's wrist. Clarke's heart drops as she hears the birth of a heartbreaking low howl of agony burst from Lexa's lips as she curls further into herself, her free hand going to cover her crotch.

"Ssh," Anya whispers softly, not even wincing as Lexa's nails dig so deep they sport blood on her flesh, "you're okay, Lex, it's me, it's Anya, you're okay."

Another whimper returns as an answer, but Lexa refuses to move. Her breathing is increasing and growing shallower with each quick intake of breath, but Anya keeps her voice soothing and soft as she tries to bring Lexa out of that pained state. Clarke's confused and scared at the same time, but she wants to help, wants to be the one comforting Lexa instead of Anya, but she doesn't know what to do. Her own anxiety flares up as she watches Lexa's grip ease on Anya's bloody hand as the woman turns. Clarke nearly gasps when she reveals her face, but Anya remains calm and collected, like she's been there before.

Lexa's eyes are bloodshot and glassy, and Clarke doesn't need to look closer to know that she's not really there. Dry tear tracks line her cheeks and a few more wet ones glisten in those blackened, blown-out pupils. Anya continues to hum the tune as she wraps her arms around Lexa's shaking frame and draws her into the bed. She lays beside her best friend, ignoring the heartbreaking expression from the woman standing behind her, looking on, traumatized and despondent.

"Griffin," she mutters lowly as Lexa whimpers against her chest, scratching and clawing at the material of her shirt as she hiccups thorough the starts of her cries. She barely cocks her head over to stare at the dazed, glassy-eyed intern as she whispers, "if you really care about her, you need to leave now. Please."

The pleading tone is what gets to Clarke. Anya's gaze is desperate, and from the way Lexa's looking at her so fearfully, like she can barely recognize who she is, has Clarke's heart jarring to a stop inside her ribs. She barely feels her lungs pumping in enough oxygen as she manages to fathom a short nod and backs up, not bothering to fight any longer. Her eyes can't remove themselves from Lexa's distant, vulnerable expression as she backs into the hallway with a soft gasp. She makes it down the steps on shaky knees until she manages to sit herself down on the couch. She contemplates going home, but she sets her jaw.

"Like hell I'm leaving," she mutters as she blinks back tears and looks to the base of the steps. "I'm not giving up on you, Lexa. Not now."
It takes a full hour before Lexa manages to relax her unrelenting grip upon her best friend's body.

"That's it," Anya hums as she languidly strokes up and down the younger woman's rigid back, "I'm here, Lex. It's okay, you're okay. I love you."

Anya accentuates each word with soft pecks to her clammy forehead, her own chest constricting as Lexa's body finally allows her to slump and mould itself to her own. Soft sobs leave the brunette's lips as she clings to Anya like a child would with their parent. Anya does her best to continue the swathing grip, ignoring her own racing pulse. She reminds herself in each fleeting touch, that Lexa is alive -- broken and frayed, but alive and here. She closes her eyes and drinks in her scent, secretly happy to not catch once-familiar linger of alcohol. Lexa sags further into her embrace as Anya loosens her hold slightly.

"It's been awhile since that's happened," Anya whispers in a gentle voice as she keeps Lexa's head tucked safely against her chest. "What set it off, Lexa?"

Lessa swallows thickly, her fingers trembling in Anya's clasped palm as she shakes her head, more tears sliding down her cheeks silently.

Accepting that Lexa can't talk, Anya takes to deducing the information herself. "Was it the doctor and the appointment?"

A bare nod responds back. Anya closes her eyes and holds Lexa closer when the brunette croaks and whimpers, plagued by the memories from earlier, coupled with the memories of her childhood. She digs her fingers into Anya's jumper and gasps through an unrelenting sob. Anya presses them closer together, but being mindful of giving Lexa's head enough room so that she doesn't asphyxiate from the anxiety attack. She knows exactly what Lexa's flashing back to and she bites back her own burbling rage at the monster that hurt her best friend. If she ever got her hands on Natasha Woods again… well, it wouldn't end nicely.

"I'm sorry," she murmurs instead, fighting off her own rage for Lexa's sake, "you're safe now, Lex. Feel me. You're safe."

Anya draws Lexa's hand back to her own and gives it a faint squeeze, sighing in relief when Lexa squeezes back after a few harsh sobs. They lay there in silence until Lexa calms down and slumps into the bed, exhausted from the traumatizing flashback and the panic attack. Anya is patient as she's always been, holding Lexa through the tough times as she nuzzles her best friend's messy brown hair. Lexa's eyelids slide shut slowly, for once without haunting images.

"I just…," Lexa chokes out when she finds the strength to speak, "I felt like I was there again. The smell, the lights, I swore, I even heard her laughing."

"I know, Lex. I'm sorry," Anya whispers as she strokes up and down her arm and brings her in closer, screwing her eyes shut as she wards off the rage that billows within her. Lexa just tiredly shakes her head and opens her eyes to emptily stares up at the ceiling, her breathing slowing and growing more fatigue.

"Clarke was here," Lexa murmurs as the last few drops of tears slide down her temple and disappear into her hair. She turns to face Anya's troubled expression. "She saw everything, didn't she? You sent her away, right?" The words aren't said in accusation, but in fear. The last thing she wants to do is scare Clarke, but she knows that after everything she'd seen, coupled with the blonde's already apprehensive feelings of Anya's role in her life, she knows she probably doesn't stand a chance anymore. Her head bows miserably as she chokes back more tears and tries to
focus on rebuilding her walls instead.

"I should've told her," Lexa whispers as she croaks the words out in a cracked voice, "I should've told her the truth about me, about why I'm so fucked up."

"Lexa, you're not fucked up." Anya angles her face so that their eyes can meet. "Listen to me, Lex, you're not fucked up okay? What happened to you is fucked up but you, the person inside here," she taps her finger into Lexa's chest gently, "that person is beautiful, kind, and extraordinary. This isn't your fault, Lex."

"Clarke…," Lexa trails off on her name, unable to accept that she'd crushed her only hope of a stable relationship, of love. She curls around herself in desolation, feeling more tears slide down her cheeks. Anya only watches in silent mourning as she sees flickers of the old Lexa, the one wrung all wrong by depression and self-loathing, anxiety and irrationality. She feels her insides churn as she remembers how Clarke had valiantly fought to stay by Lexa's side.

Lexa just shakes her head sadly, accepting that there's nothing left to do but call Clarke and apologize, to end it before they can both drown.

"I'll make us some tea," Anya whispers to her, sensing Lexa's unease with her presence. Lexa nods as she curls back into herself and closes her eyes in mourning as Anya slips off the bed and pads over to the door. The older blonde turns and glances back at her friend with a sigh before heading out the door and down the staircase towards the kitchen. She brews the tea in silence, contemplating her decision to show Clarke away so quickly.

"Is she better?" Anya nearly jumps at the soft, familiar rasp of Clarke's voice. The older blonde turns around in confusion, staring at Clarke worriedly looking back at her, hands anxiously wrung together. It takes Anya a few moments to process that Clarke is standing right in front of her, waiting on an answer.

"Why are you still here?" Anya asks, her voice a little hoarse as she keeps her stare locked on Clarke's own. The blonde frowns.

"Because I told you, I'm her girlfriend. I love her," Clarke says adamantly as she stands her ground. "I wasn't going to leave until she was okay. Is she?"

Anya looks to the two tea cups, slowly simmering beside her, and then thinks about Lexa upstairs. She glances back over at Clarke impassively before stepping forward, lips curled back into an intimidating snarl. She gets into Clarke's space, but to the younger blonde's credit, Clarke doesn't move or even flinch. Instead, she crosses her arms and juts her chin up proudly, defiantly letting Anya know that her show of dominance isn't going to scare her away so easily.

"What are your intentions with Lexa?" Anya asks in a low growl. "What do you want from her, Griffin?"

"I want her to be happy," Clarke answers with a swallow as tears mist in her eyes. "I want her to be safe and protected. I don't want to hurt her. If my presence is causing her harm, I'll go, but I need to hear it from her first, Anya. Lexa's health comes above whatever we have relationship-wise. I told you, I love her."

"You spent three days with her," Anya snorts dismissively, "plus a few fucks around the office. What's to say you won't leave her like the rest of them?"

"Because…," Clarke trails off as she scrambles to find an explanation. Anya waits, still scowling in disapproval, but all Clarke can think about is the quote Lexa had whispered to her under the
heat of the shower in that treehouse, of multiverses and irrational explanations, of having a million reasons but needing only one, of reconsolidation, and Clarke finds herself slowly smiling, her cheeks rouging despite the context of their current situation. Anya's brow raises.

"Griffin, I swear--"

"I can't give you an answer because there is none," Clarke says as she nods her head back up at Anya, "if I could, it wouldn't be able to even cover the surface of what I feel for Lexa. There's no combination of words in the English language that could hold the amount of love and care I have for her. Nothing could do it justice, not even the greatest poet working something out for me. I just… I love her. I want her, all of her, insecurities and dark past, I want her. I love Lexa."

Anya's quiet a moment as she processes Clarke's answer. The younger woman doesn't falter from her stare as she holds her ground strongly, convincingly, and waits for Anya to reply. Clenching her jaw, Anya relents the urge to run back up to Lexa and pull her into her arms, to shelter her from the darkness of the world, of what's done to her, but as she looks to the light in Clarke's eyes -- a similar light she'd seen hours ago in Lexa's own gaze -- she can't do it.

"You fuck it up once," Anya growls as she shoves her finger under Clarke's nose threateningly, "I will make your body disappear. Once, Griffin."

"I'd die before ever hurting Lexa," Clarke tells her without an ounce of hesitation, "you don't have to protect her from me, Anya."

"Yeah I do," Anya says with a low hiss as she steps closer in Clarke's direction, "because if you break her, I will lose her." The older woman's voice cracks on the last sentence as she's forced to look away bitterly. Clarke's eyes switch from guarded to sympathetic as she hears Anya whisper, "and I can't lose her, not again."

"Anya," Clarke murmurs as she reaches up and gently places her palm on the taller woman's shoulder, "I promise you. I won't hurt Lexa."

"You better fucking keep it," Anya snarls as she shoves her shoulder away before nodding to the two cups of tea. "You probably want to reheat that." Clarke goes to say a thank-you, but Anya just shakes her head and brushes past her towards the door. She opens the main entrance before turning her head slightly.

"I'll call both of you in sick tomorrow," the older blonde mutters, "don't you dare fuck it up. I don't take kindly to broken promises, Griffin."

"Neither do I," Clarke answers with a thick voice, keeping her stare strong and clear. Anya nods once before leaving, lightly closing the door behind her. Clarke lets out a soft sigh of relief as she hears the car outside starting. She walks over to the window and peeks through the blinds to see Raven embracing the woman who'd, moments ago, threatened her life. Raven's lips are in Anya's hair as she comforts her gently, her lips moving slowly to murmur soothing words.

Turning back to the cold cups of tea, Clarke takes a breath and sets her jaw determinedly.

Time to make good on her promise.

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Lexa slowly blinks her eyes back open to see blonde hair and blue eyes staring down at her.

"Clarke?" She asks with a raspy voice, her throat sore from crying so much. She struggles to sit up as Clarke lowers herself on the bed with a mug of warm tea in her hands. The blonde offers her a
warm smile and an encouraging nod as she hands her the cup of hot liquid. Lexa stares down at it and then back up at her.

"Am I dreaming?" Lexa asks in a soft murmur. "I mean… you saw me."

"I'm still seeing you," Clarke hums back as she gives Lexa another kind smile, "I didn't leave. I just waited downstairs."

"Anya?" Lexa asks in confusion. A wave of hurt passes through those azure eyes, but it's gone before Lexa can take the question back. Clarke gives a sad nod and looks down at her own cup of tea as she softly responds, "she left after threatening to make me disappear if I hurt you. I won't lie, she's a bit scary." The words aren't said with maliciousness, but there's a hint of something reserved in Clarke's tone as she chuckles the words. Lexa's lips turn up in a half-hearted smile as she takes a sip from her tea, already able to picture the image of Anya being protective and growly as she's always been around other girls.

"She cares about you a lot," Clarke remarks as she looks up at Lexa gently, "something more than just friends."

"She's like my sister," Lexa repeats the words she'd said a day ago, "I love her like that, nothing more. Vice versa for her, Clarke. We're all we've got."

"Lexa," Clarke hums her name again as she gives the brunette another smile, "I'm not worried Anya's going to steal you from me. I told you, it's okay."

"But she--"

"She knew how to take care of you given what happened," Clarke admits, albeit a bit begrudgingly, "I thought you were sleeping but she just knew. I mean, she's right. We've known each other for three days, really. Two weeks was solely a business-with-occasional-pleasure relationship. I still only know so much about you, your quirks, your tells, what makes you frustrated or anxious or happy or sad -- I feel it though, I can't explain how, but I just do. I want to learn more about you." Lexa takes in the words silently, her fingers wrapping around the ceramic casing of the mug as she drinks in the honesty in Clarke's husky voice.

"I'm… I've got… issues," Lexa stumbles over the words as she looks down to her mug, "things that I've been through that've fucked me up."

"I'm not scared," Clarke whispers as she inches closer slightly, silently asking for Lexa's consent to sit beside her. Lexa doesn't look up, but she nods as she shuffles on the bed to give Clarke a bit more room. They both readjust so they're leaning against the backboard of the bed, holding their tea cups. Clarke gently nudges Lexa's shoulder to get the older woman's attention as she offers another reassuring smile. "I love you, Lexa. I'm here for you, whenever you're ready."

"I don't want to lose you," Lexa barely croaks the words out as she glances up, teary-eyed at Clarke. She grips the mug tighter, as if to release her tension upon its inanimate frame. Clarke doesn't look away, but instead softens her expression and leans forward to peck her forehead affectionately, assuringly even.

"I'm yours, Lex. Please know that I'm not going anywhere," Clarke hums as she settles to pecking Lexa's nose, "I promise you that much."

"I thought you said promises are made to be broken?" Lexa asks, parroting back the words Clarke had told her two days ago. A small, fleeting smile plays at the blonde's lips as she shakes her head and sighs, her eyes lightening as she reaches down for Lexa's free hand and intertwines their
fingers tightly.

"Not this one," she murmurs as she raises their joined hands to her lips to press a kiss to Lexa's knuckles, "I won't break you, Lexa."

"Why?" Lexa nearly whimpers the word as tears flood her eyes. "Why are you staying?"

Clarke thinks about it for a moment, keeping their fingers latched tightly together. Then she purses her lips and muses, "I've got a million reasons to go."

Tears slide down Lexa's cheeks as Clarke smiles back up at her before leaning over to kiss her forehead, "but in every universe, I only need one to stay."

"And what is that reason, Clarke?" Lexa rasps as she feels Clarke more their cups to the dresser and shift them under the blankets. Clarke pulls Lexa's body flush against her own, her free hand gently cradling the back of the brunette's head upon her chest. Lexa wraps around her like a heliotrope vine, unwilling to let go. Clarke can feel the insecurity seeping off her trembling frame in waves but she doesn't let go. Instead, she holds Lexa tighter, as if should she let go, she'd fly away forever. Lexa cries into her chest when Clarke hums gently into her scalp, murmuring sweet nothings until the older woman starts to calm.

"You," Clarke whispers into Lexa's ear as sleep starts to talk them, "you're the only reason I'll ever need, Lexa. I love you."

"God," Lexa cries out as she inches closer, seeking Clarke's warmth and comfort by hiding her head in the crook of that pale neck, "I love you, too."

Clarke just smiles as she nods, coaxing Lexa into a slumber with her soft hands and gentle voice lulling her into the land of dreams. It takes no more than a few minutes for the exhausted woman to start snoring in her arms, limp and curled into a small ball against her chest. Clarke just looks down upon her with pride and affection, maybe a hint of remorse with each faint whimper that leaves the older woman's lips. Clarke adjusts herself on the bed so she can tenderly wrap her arms around Lexa's frame, swaddling her closer to her body without asphyxiating her completely. Lexa visibly relaxes and tucks herself closer to the younger woman, her head nuzzling against the broad of her chest as she seeks out the comforting lull of Clarke's heartbeat before settling back down.

"I'll protect you," Clarke whispers fiercely, fully aware Lexa can't hear her, "I won't let anyone harm you again, Lexa. I swear to it."

Maybe it's her own exhausted brain as she slips into sleep beside her lover, but Clarke swears she feels Lexa smile against her skin in response.

Chapter End Notes

Side note about the sperm sample, apparently you're supposed to abstain from ejaculation for two to seven days before giving a sample but obviously I was dead when I wrote this so I totally ignored that information. Please know that if any of you have to give a sperm sample in your life, do not ejaculate before doing it! But also don't exceed seven days because that's bad, I think. I definitely did not do research on this :P

More plot in the next chapter, which includes more Clarke being protective and Lexa
being insecure. Also way more Ranya and some more information on Tris! I know a lot of you guys were waiting on that front. Don't worry, you'll like how it all pans out. Unfortunately, I don't think there's gonna be smut for another chapter or two -- it honestly depends on how much I want to put into (plot-wise) the next chapter! Sorry in advance! :P

Please keep dropping those comments! I read each and every one of them and honestly, especially as it's finals week right now, nothing gives me more life than reading your reviews. You are all so sweet with your kind words, prompts or otherwise, and I love getting your criticisms so I can improve down the line. A lot of this stuff is new territory but I'm lucky to have two friends who are a part of the intersex and trans community helping me make this as accurate as I can given that's fiction. Not everything is to a point, but my goal is to avoid fetishization or becoming toxic towards an already vulnerable community. If at any point something that I've written triggers you, please come talk to me or talk to a friend. My inbox is always open, friends.

Lots of love and here's my early birthday gift! Sadly, I'll stop being a smol child on Friday, lmao. I can't wait to hit my twenties… not. It's gonna be a great time ;'/ BUT YES, A SHOUT OUT TO ALL MY COLLEGE/UNI/HIGH SCHOOL/TECHNICAL INSTITUTE/ART SCHOOL/ANY KIND OF ACADEMIA BUDDIES IN THEIR FINALS WEEK/MONTH RIGHT NOW. YOU ARE ALL INCREDIBLY STRONG AND BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE AND YOU CAN ROCK YOUR EXAMS, I KNOW IT. KEEP ON TRUCKING, SUMMER IS NEARLY HERE. YOU CAN DO THIS, MY FRIENDS! <3

My asks/chat are currently turned off due to exam period, but find me @ a-class-act-president on Tumblr! :)

Much love, xx.
"So where do we go from here?" Raven asks as they drive down the streets aimlessly, filling the silence between them. Anya's head is propped up against the window sill, gaze distant and glassy as she stares out at the night sky. The brunette sighs and reaches over, lightly tangling her fingers with her partner's own.

"Hey," she murmurs, drawing Anya's gaze from the window, "you know that it's okay to let her go. Lexa's a big girl. She can handle herself. Clarke can, too."

"I've never done it before," Anya mutters as she shifts in her seat, accepting Raven's hand with a tight squeeze. "It's been Lexa and me, always. Clarke is... different."

"Things change," Raven confirms with a knowing look and Anya sighs, looking down at her lap. "But that doesn't mean that it can't be for the better. I know Griffin, An. She's not gonna play around with Lexa. They're disgusting in love it's actually horrendous to watch at times. They practically drool all over each other like lovesick puppies."

"Hey," Raven grins with a beam, "what time do we need to be in at work tomorrow?"
Anya frowns and looks over curiously. "By noon, the latest."

"Alright," Raven says as she flicks on the indicator and pulls a hard right onto another street. Anya can't fight the small twitch of her lips in a smirk.

"What are you doing?" She asks as Raven continues to grin and accelerate, squeezing Anya's hand just a few measures tighter. Anya just chuckles as Raven leans over and quickly kisses the top of her head before pulling up to a street that winds around a massive hill. The older blonde simply enjoys the indie music pouring through the speakers as Raven continues to drive in silence, winding up the street until they make it to the top of the hill at an outlook. Then, another song pops on and Anya giggles in excitement, looking over to a madly blushing Raven.

“Angels and Airwaves, really?” Anya asks with a chuckle. “I haven’t heard them since I was in high school. This song was my teenage anthem.”

Raven shrugs, smiling.

“I like this song,” the brunette answers with a grin as she keeps pulling up the hill, “not to mention, for where we’re about to go, it’s incredibly fitting, you know. It couldn’t be anymore contextually well-timed.” Anya frowns as Raven passes her another smirk, followed by a nod as she starts to sing at the top of her lungs.

“I held my head as it left the ground, the belts grew tight as the blast grew loud,” Raven sings as she looks over to Anya with an endearing expression, "a loving wish whispered in my ear, please lead with grace, all the best my dear. Come on!” Raven points to the older blonde as the song kicks into the chorus, and Anya can’t help but bite her lip and join in, her voice deep and husky, surprising Raven with a blush.

"I held your hand as I pulled you in, your lips sealed tight, ready to begin," Anya sings as she nods her head to the beat, glancing over at Raven for the next bit. A pink hue takes over her cheeks as she rasps out the lyrics, “I kissed you first, then you kissed my ear, if I ask you once, will you ask me every year?" Raven grins and looks back to the road, taking a right turn as the continue to ascend the massive grassy hill.

“Do you feel alive?” Raven sings, holding the notes.

“Imagine, imagine,” Anya echoes as she laughs at Raven nodding her head to the music, really getting into it. She repeats the question and Anya repeats the echo.

The two of them continue singing the song, belting the lyrics at the top of their lungs as they continue their drive to the unknown location. At one point, Raven points to Anya and the older woman takes her palms against the dashboard and does the drum solo with accurate precision. Raven struggles keeping her eyes on the road as she watches the muscles in Anya’s forearms flex with each beat upon the plastic.

At last, the song is over, and just as it ebbs off into silence, they arrive at their mystery destination. Anya continues to hum the song until she finally looks up at the building.

"The observatory?" Anya asks, perplexed. “Why did you bring us here?"

“Because I plan the best dates,” Raven chuckles as she pulls into the empty lot.

Anya scoffs playfully and the intern only continues her knowing grin as she turns the power off and opens up the car door. Anya goes to open her own door to join the other woman but Raven's there before she can even reach for the handle. Anya blushes as Raven swings open the door and
bows with a cheeky smirk, her head dipped chivalrously. Anya blushes harder when Raven extends her free hand and the blonde takes it, shaking her head and chuckling when Raven kisses her knuckles, murmuring sweet nothings into her skin. The older woman's arms loop around her partner's shoulders as Raven backs them against the car, shutting the door with the slightest shove of Anya's ass against the cool metal. Raven keeps her stare glued to Anya's eyes, her eyes softening at those hazel depths glinting in the moonlight.

"I may have brought you here to see the stars," Raven murmurs softly as she winds her arms around Anya's waist, "but I know now that I see the universe in your eyes."

"Stop it, you sap." Anya chuckles the words as she nuzzles her face against Raven's neck with a content smile. "You're making me blush, you idiot."

"So?"

"I'm too badass to blush."

"Sure," Raven mumbles in a light rasp. "You're totally the little spoon, you know."

"I know three types of martial arts."

"And I know how to make things go boom."

"What does that even mean?" Anya asks with a laugh. Raven just shrugs and teasingly leans into give a soft peck to Anya's cheek.

"You didn't deny being little spoon," Raven muses, "so I win."

"I wasn't aware we were having a competition," Anya mutters with a rasp as she feels Raven's nose nuzzling her jaw gently. "But I'm totally a big spoon, I'm taller than you by like three inches, babe."

"So?" Raven asks as she kisses Anya's cheek again. "I know plenty of badass and tall little spoons. You know that you can be both, right Cheekbones?" Anya frowns.

"Cheekbones?" She nervously asks as she pulls away, still keeping her forehead pressed to Raven's forehead. The younger woman nods, one of her hands reaching to gently tap one of those cheekbones, tracing the sharp edge of bone with a delicate but calloused fingertip. Anya sighs into the touch, smiling harder, her lips straining.

"Thanks, Little Bird." At this, Raven chuckles and arches her brows.

"We're not even dating yet and we already have moved on to pet names," Raven murmurs as they lightly sway, noses brushing. Anya isn't even able to come up with an answer, not verbally anyways, as she leans forwards and pecks Raven's cheek. The younger woman blushes again, looking away sheepishly.

"Don't ever tell Clarke or Lexa," the blonde mutters as she burrows her nose into Raven's neck, "we'll never live it down."

"Alright," Raven murmurs as she leans up and kisses her lover's lips softly, "I can keep a secret. We're still the power couple between them. Ranya. I like it."

Anya smiles harder as she leans in and kisses Raven with a bit more force than before. Raven sighs into the kiss, weaving her fingers through Anya's hair as the other woman's hands slowly guide themselves downwards until their hands are clasped together. The interlocking of their
fingers pulls a smile from both of their lips and they giggle through a serious of short, chaste kisses. Raven breaks the kisses as she nudges Anya's hip with her own before nodding towards the observatory with a smirk. She tugs lightly on Anya's hands and pulls her from the car, rushing them over to the observatory's back entrance.

"Wait," Anya chuckles as Raven keeps 'bobbing and weaving' as she'd dubbed it, "is this illegal?"

"Define illegal," Raven chirps as she grins over at her partner, “actually wait, it doesn’t even matter. I don’t really think you would want to know the answer either way.”

"Babe," Anya hisses as they duck behind a wall, "we could--"

"We could," Raven agrees but she still squeezes Anya's hand tightly, "but come on. Don't you want our second date to be an adventure? Something ridiculous and cool?"

"This is dangerous."

"Tell me you want to turn back and I'll let you go right now. No questions asked, I'll take you back home and we’ll do dinner on Friday like we planned," Raven says seriously as she loses the characteristic smirk to let Anya know that she's serious.

The older woman rolls her lip into her mouth and contemplates it. The younger, rebellious side of her wants nothing than to trust in Raven completely, to run into the unknown. Yet, there is still that other part of her that wants to stay safe and out of trouble. The one that Lexa would probably tell her to listen to, but Lexa’s not here. No matter how much the latter, more rational half screams at her to turn away now, as soon as her eyes meet Raven's own, those rounded chestnut depths that give off an entire forest of love and affection, she already knows that she’s got her answer.

"Come on," Raven whispers as her thumbs lightly graze the backs of Anya's wrists, "let's give our kids a story to tell."

"Kids?" Anya asks with a chuckle, watching as Raven realizes her confession with a blush.

"Well," Raven blurts out as she removes one of their interlocked hands to rub at the back of her neck, "you see, I just… well, I just was--"

"Okay," Anya cuts in as she firmly kisses her partner's lips, "take me to the top, Rae."

Raven silently sends her a thanks for diverting the attention away from her blurted confession and grins. She looks once and twice around the other end of the wall, checking for security before she nods at Anya to follow her. The two of them creep around the back of the observatory before Raven finds a door and gives Anya a wink. The older woman watches as Raven fumbles under the dirt until she grunts in approval. She dusts off her hands and produces a key from between her fingers before unlocking the door and turning back to find an equally amused and confused Anya staring back at her. Raven just shrugs and grins.

"Summer jobs have their perks," Raven says with a shit-eating, smug grin, "now let's go! The security guard is usually sleeping at the front."

"How many people have you done this with?" Anya chuckles as Raven brings her into the room, drawing her through random obstacles as they make their way to the big telescope. Raven pauses a moment, turning her head so she can give Anya a soft, genuine smile.

"Just you," Raven murmurs as she tugs Anya in for a soft kiss, "only you."

"You have that much faith in our second date?" Anya asks as she kisses Raven back. "You're
willing to risk all this for me?"

"All this and more." Raven beams with a wink, "I'm far from boring, trust me. I want to give you everything."

"For the kids?" Anya chuckles as she brings up the last confession. Raven blushes, but she nods slowly.

"For the kids," Raven mumbles as she squeezes Anya's hands and tugs her back towards the telescope's entrance. "Now come on, babe, their story is waiting."

The two of them duck and weave around other things, avoiding security guards that don't seem to be taking their jobs as seriously as they should. They have to keep from giving out their position because of their hushed giggles and whispered remarks. It takes a full twenty minutes before they finally reach the entrance to the observatory. Raven ushers Anya up the ladder as they both climb up to the main entrance. Luckily for them, the cover is opened up to reveal the night sky, untouched by the city lights from below. Anya has to take a minute to just let it all sink in, about the beauty of a million stars blanketing the sky.

"Fun fact," Raven says as she starts setting up the telescope, her peripheral vision carefully watching Anya, "all of those stars are dead."

"Morbid much?" Anya snorts as she turns her head to see Raven finishing up powering up the telescope. The brunette hops down and saunters over, pointing at the stars through the exposed slit in the ceiling. Anya follows her gaze, smiling at the subtle brushing of their shoulders as they gaze upon the stars.

"Ever heard of red-shifting?" Raven asks as she looks to the other woman. Anya shakes her head, frowning. Raven beams.

"The light we see from those stars today comes from earlier times, and the further away it is the longer it has taken to get to us. It's similar to object parallax. The age of universe at the red-shift value of 0.14 was 11.8 billion years, which, considering the universe is currently 13.7 billion years old, we're actually not all that old. Time goes outward, so we're looking back in time when we look at the stars," Raven explains with an excited raise of her brows, "but anyways -- back to red-shifting. Red-shifted light from the big bang discovered in 1964 by Arno Penzias and Robert Wilson at the Bell Labs. They found that every direction of red-shifting showed excess light equivalent to a blackbody at three degrees above absolute zero. The universe is constantly expanding, but it's actually so small. I'm pretty sure you could fit it all into a box, really." Anya snorts awkwardly and shoves her a little, letting her hand linger upon her shoulder for a bit.

"Laymen terms, nerd. Not all of us are Neil DeGrasse Tyson," Anya mumbles in a joking tone. Raven nods and bites her lip before grinning again.

"Think about it this way," she says as she gestures with her hands, "you see a flicker of light on that mountaintop, right there. Say you want to go visit this light, right? So you get over there and all of the sudden you see that there was no light left. It's because the time it takes for light to reach our eye is the same time it takes for that star to combust and undergo helium burning, or in other words, it either becomes a red giant or helium flashes in low-mass stars. The cosmological red-shift happens when the universe stretches out all the photons within it, shifting them to longer, redder wavelengths. I guess you can think of it to be caused by the doppler effect, as the galaxy moves away from us. It's hard to tell distance and speed, however, because we interpret red-shift as being due to photons stretching in an expanding universe, and in our case, like I already told you, the universe is constantly expanding." Anya cringes slightly.
"Which means…?" The blonde asks, still confused. Raven takes a deep breath and looks nervously at her hands.

"You could be looking at one thing in a second, and the same moment, it could be gone. That all kinds of life are fleeting," Raven says as she looks up to meet Anya's softening gaze. "And maybe, that's why humans do crazy, stupid things." Anya smirks and gently reaches for Anya's cheek, tracing it with her thumb.

"Like breaking into observatories?" She chuckles lightly. Raven nods and shakes her head with a soft laugh. She shrugs and grins teasingly.

"Like breaking into observatories, Cheekbones. Now, you've got it," Raven affirms with a wider smile. Anya blushes at the confirmation and Raven looks away, her own cheeks tinting pink as they stand there awkwardly for a few more moments. Anya watches Raven nervously rub the back of her head before she clears her throat. Raven's head nods up just as Anya reaches out, her fingers lightly grazing over Raven's arm with a gentle, soothing touch. Raven blushes again.

"So… am I ever gonna see these dead stars?" Anya asks, looking over Raven's shoulders to the telescope. "Up close and personal, I mean."

Raven nods and takes Anya's hands, drawing her over to the telescope. They peer through together, with Raven dropping more jargon terms about astrophysics that Anya finds too endearing to stop. The two of them gaze upon the various, relatively-near galaxies with Raven pointing out some of the more important discovered systems with bubbling excitement and wide, childish grins. Anya can only take it in with a warm smile and fleeting blush at the beautiful, intelligent brunette. Raven finally plugs a few numbers into the computer and squeals with excitement, grabbing Anya's shoulders and bringing her back to the telescope.

"What is it?" Anya asks as Raven draws her over to the viewing pad. "Rae, what are you excited about this time?"

"You wanted dead stars, but I'm gonna raise you a new one," Raven grins proudly as she points to the screen, "we're about to witness a supernova."

"Wait," Anya says with a slight hint of shock, "you said these are rare."

"Happens every one hundred years in each galaxy," Raven affirms, her grin growing wider. "We got lucky."

"Or maybe it was meant to be," Anya muses as Raven looks to the viewing monitor and plugs in more numbers. A smile lights up the younger woman's face as they both sit back and watch the telescope's powerful camera zoom in on a blurred image of something. Anya watches closely as in one frame, the circular blur is there, but in the next fraction of a second, it's disappeared. Frowning, she turns to see Raven looking on in awe, like she's just seen the star explode herself. Sighing, Anya moves back to Raven's side and wraps her arms around the younger woman's waist, smiling into Raven's shoulder as the engineer turns.

"It was a Type 1A," Raven beams as she stares at the screen in disbelief, "a white dwarf in a binary system."

"It was fast," Anya remarks as she kisses the back of Raven's neck, "I barely registered it."

"Forty thousand kilometres a second," Raven says as she turns in Anya's arms with an excited lilt to her voice, "three billion degrees Fahrenheit."

"And now some of that radioactive dust is spiralling through our galaxy, ready to compactly fold
together to form another planet." Raven's brows perk at Anya's voice, dumbfounded as the older woman just offers a smirk in response. "What?" Anya says with a cocky shrug. "I listen to Lexa… sometimes."

"Can you believe it though?" Raven asks as she looks back to the blank screen. "We're made from the ashes of these things. Our core elements come from dead stars, from cosmological pollution. The universe is a giant garbage compactor and we're its results. And the cycle is never ending. Recycling, if you must."

"More like rebirth," Anya muses as she kisses Raven's brow, "I like the idea of second chances, of starting over."

"Have you ever wanted to start over?" Raven asks softly as she leans up to kiss Anya's lips. The older woman sighs into the embrace and shrugs.

"A few times."

"Did you?" Raven asks again, her fingers lightly tracing Anya's jaw as they lean into each other. "Did you ever start over?"

"No," Anya murmurs as she clings to Raven, "I'm too scared of forgetting what keeps me in the past."

"Who says you have to forget?" Raven asks with tilt of her head. "Who says you need to let anything go to restart?"

"I'm sure there's some universal law governing it," Anya jokes as she kisses Raven, "something by Newton or Swarschicken--"

"Schwarzchild," Raven corrects her with a laugh before bopping Anya's nose with her own, "have you paid attention at all?"

"I got distracted," Anya frowns, feigning innocence as she pouts, "you dropped a lot of names, you know."

"Like five," Raven miffs, but at Anya's deadpanned expression, she bows her head sheepishly. "Okay, maybe a few more than five."

"Mm," Anya mumbles as she continues to sway with Raven upon the the main floor of the observatory. Raven's hands glide down to her waist, respectively keeping their place there until Anya chuckles and palms at her wrists, inching her hands downwards to her ass. The younger woman blushes into the other's shoulder as Anya cocks her head to kiss Raven's ear. The motion reminds Raven of something, and suddenly a thought pops into her head and she frowns.

"You know, I--"

Before she can finish her sentence, however, a clunking sound comes from the base of the steps. "Time to go!" Raven quickly chirps out as she grabs onto Anya's hands and yanks her over towards the hatch that leads to the ladder. They scramble down as the gruff voice of the security guard tailing them. The two of them weave around the different obstacles in their way until they make it out of the building, huffing and puffing. They scramble back to the car and Raven swerves out of the parking lot before the guard can even exit the observatory. As soon as they're out of sight, Raven turns to Anya to make sure that the other woman is okay. Her heart plummets when she sees Anya's shoulders trembling.
"Fuck," Raven mutters under her breath, "An, listen, I am so sorry--"

"That," Anya says as she nods her head up to reveal a giant grin plastered to her face, "was the best damn date of my entire life."

Raven stutters in disbelief as Anya continues to laugh, tears falling from her eyes as she chuckles into her palm. Raven relaxes and lets out a few nervous chuckles of her own as she turns her attention back to the road. The two of them settle down into silence as a Blink-182 song starts playing over the speakers. The two women hum along, content with their hands loosely grasped together over the shared armrest as Raven drives them back to Anya's apartment. It's not too long of a drive, and before either of them know it, they're walking up the steps to Anya's apartment complex, shivering from the autumn breeze.

"So…," Raven stumbles out as they reach the door, "was that okay? It was kinda spontaneous and all."

"I loved it," Anya says as she looks down at her feet, "I'm glad we did more kissing, too."

Raven blushes as she nods in agreement, giving out another raspy chuckle. She shifts from foot to foot before nodding at her car.

"I should go back home," Raven says, not wanting to say goodbye yet, "you know, gotta get to work on time and all that--"

"Stay," Anya blurts out suddenly, causing Raven's eyes to flit upwards in confusion and hope. Anya clears her throat, obviously flustered by her response as well. "I mean, just spend the night with me. Not with me, with me, but like I can give you the couch again, or I could take the couch, it's really a nice couch -- wait you've slept on the couch before, you know it's a nice couch, or at least I hope you think it's a nice couch--"

"An," Raven chuckles as she leans up and kisses the woman softly, "I'll stay. And for your information, I love your couch."

"Right," Anya mumbles embarrassingly as she rubs the back of her neck before turning the key in the lock, "I do too. It's a nice couch."

"A wonderful couch," Raven says as they enter her apartment, "better than any I've ever sat on or slept on. I heard Yelp! gave it five stars."

"You're hilarious," Anya teasingly mutters as she shoves Raven into the complex, "why am I letting you stay again?"

"Because of my irresistible charm and dashing good looks," Raven quips back with a smirk as she plops down on the couch. "Why else?"

Anya shakes her head and laughs as she makes her way to the kitchen, turning her head over her shoulder to ask if Raven wants anything to drink. A few minutes later, she comes back with two cups of hot chocolate and the coasters. Raven sits up and accepts her cup gratefully, taking a sip and nearly moaning at the sweetness upon her tongue. Anya blushes at the stifled noise, the heat from the beverage spiralling down and pooling elsewhere. Raven notices the flushing of her partner's cheeks and decides that this might be the best time for them to have the conversation she'd been aching to have back at the observatory.

"So…," Raven says with a deep breath as she sets her mug down, "I know it's only been two dates, but I was wondering if--"
"Yes," Anya cuts in as she sets her mug down, too. Raven arches her brow, both amused and wary at the same time.

"I haven't asked you anything yet," Raven says, gulping down her own inner anxiety, "how do you know the answer is yes?"

"Because you and I want the same things," Anya says, daring to reach out and take Raven's warm palm in her own. Raven feels the breath leave her lungs.

"What's that?" Raven rasps softly. Anya grins and reaches up with her other hand to reel her lover in for a soft, chaste kiss.

"Each other," Anya whispers against those petaled lips, "so yes, Little Bird, I'll be your girlfriend."

Raven, too overwhelmed with emotion to answer, reaches out and draws Anya in for another heated kiss. The two of them push and pull against each other, hands grabbing and wandering as Raven lowers Anya into the couch, draping her own smaller body over her girlfriend's lean frame. In the back of her head, Anya scolds herself for being so harsh on Lexa. She never knew what it felt like to fall so fast and so hard for someone in such little time, but with Raven murmuring lovely nothings into her ear as they fumble with each other like teenagers upon the couch, she knows that it's so possible.

It begs the question then, Anya realizes, that perhaps other things that she once deemed impossible might be plausible after all. She slowly breaks her kiss with Raven to squeeze her hand. Raven's eyes soften upon looking down at her, a wider smile taking over her lips as Anya rolls them so Raven's situated against her back, an arm draped over her middle. A button nose nuzzles the back of her neck, and Raven's lips slowly plant soothing kisses on the skin of her shoulder, allowing her to relax in the other woman's strong arms. Raven tangles their legs together and Anya hums in content, snuggling closer to her girlfriend.

"Okay," she whispers softly after some time as she reaches down to hold Raven's hand, "I'll do it."

"Hm?" Raven murmurs sleepily, still nosing the warm skin of Anya's neck, "do what, love?"

Anya's stomach flips with the endearing term as she turns in Raven's arms to place her hands on the younger woman's chest. Their eyes meet, both hazy and glazed with sleep. Anya leans up and draws Raven in for a soft, gentle kiss. Raven closes her eyes and sighs into Anya's mouth, shuddering as Anya's hands wander up to cup her face when their kiss deepens. They only pull apart when Anya's hips linger too close to Raven's own, causing both women to blush.

"I want to start over. I want my supernova," Anya murmurs as she kisses Raven's lips softly, "and I want it with you."

"And you called me morbid," Raven chuckles as she kisses Anya back. "But yes. I want it with you, too. Good God, I want everything with you."

"Right now I want to sleep though," Anya mumbles happily as she tucks her head into Raven's chest, "we still have work tomorrow."

"You can't call us in like Clarke and Lexa?" Raven asks with a pout. "They have Baldy to lead the place, don't they?"

"Baldy is the reason I have to be there," Anya chuckles sleepily as she light punches Raven's shoulder. "And Clarke and Lexa are excused from duty."
"Fine," Raven acquiesces with a dramatic groan, "I guess we can be responsible adults."

"Now go to sleep," Anya mumbles as she cuddles in closer to Raven's warm body, "we should get there early otherwise Indra will have my head."

"Ugh," Raven mutters as she closes her eyes. "You said we had to be there by noon!"

"Ssh," Anya mumbles with a slight, devious smile as she closes her eyes, "go to sleep, Little Bird. I'll wake you up at seven."

Raven grumbles something tiredly as she snuggles into Anya, letting her nose take in the lingering spice of her perfume. Her hands wind around the taller woman's waist protectively, pulling her in and holding her close as she feels Anya's breaths slow against the nape of her neck. Raven presses a gentle kiss to the other woman's forehead before snuggling into the couch pillow, not even bothered about her clothing or changing out of it. But then, Anya's words register and she looks down to the near-asleep woman in horror, groaning again as she flops against the couch with annoyance and dread.

"Seven?!" Raven whines as she closes her eyes. "I'm your little bird, not your early bird."

There's some shifting of Anya's legs against hers before lips press against her mouth in a slow kiss.

"My little bird," Anya mumbles sleepily, her voice gravelly and distant, "I'll cook you breakfast to make up for it, I promise. Sleep now."

"Yeah," Raven beams, grinning from the last goodnight kiss as she glances down to look at Anya now passed out upon her chest, "yours."

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Lexa blinks open her eyes to blonde hair everywhere.

Lexa startles as she feels a few strands upon her lips and the others tickling the sensitive skin of her neck. She takes a few moments to orient herself before she looks down to see Clarke's head upon her chest, an arm and leg thrown over her waist possessively. At her moving, Clarke growls and inches closer, grumbling at Lexa's shifting. The brunette smiles as she stares down at her lover with an endearing expression, still in disbelief that Clarke stuck through her panic attack.

"Clarke," Lexa hums as she strokes Clarke's hair and pulls it from her face, "I have to pee, Clarke."

"No," Clarke grumbles sleepily as she snuggles closer, "I'm comfy."

Lexa chuckles at the tired swat of Clarke's hand upon Lexa's cheek, obviously aiming for Lexa's forehead and missing entirely. She's known that Clarke's not much of a morning person from their retreat, but she never imagined that she'd be this attached. The thought is warming, really. It almost puts aside the niggling fullness in her lower abdomen that aches for her to leave the warm bed. She leans her head down and kisses Clarke's forehead before attempting to leave the bed again. Unsurprisingly, she's once again met with resistance from the half-asleep blonde in the form of arms woven around her middle, effectively pinning her against the mattress. Lexa's hands slowly rub up and down Clarke's back, drawing the younger woman back into slumber.

Satisfied that Clarke won't wake again, Lexa quietly reaches for her pillow and places it up against her front. She slides her body out slowly, replacing it with the pillow and watching with a stifled
chuckle as Clarke grumbles something non-consciously before curling up against the pillow and digging her nose into the scent of Lexa that wafts up from the cotton. Sighing with content, Lexa turns and stretches, rubbing the soreness out of her muscles as she pads into the bathroom. As soon as she looks in the mirror, she seizes up again with memories of the previous day, but she shakes away the bad thoughts.

Lexa frowns as she notices that she's stripped down to her boxers and a sleep shirt, of which she definitely has no recollection of putting on. She looks down at her clothing and realizes with a smile that Clarke must've changed her before tucking her into bed. At what point it happened, Lexa has no clue. She certainly had not been expecting her girlfriend to stick around after Anya's threat. No one other than Costia ever stuck around, but Lexa pushes those memories away, too. Instead of lingering on the past, Lexa takes a deep breath and focuses on her present. And that includes the wonderful woman in her bed, sleeping.

Lexa grounds herself, breathes deeply, and whispers, "I'm okay."

And for once, as she looks to Clarke stumbling awake in the background, Lexa allows herself to believe it.

As she lifts up the toilet seat and reaches into her boxers to pull out her penis, Clarke stumbles into the bathroom and collides into her back. Lexa chuckles, glad that she hadn't started her business yet so that she can turn around and gently hug her girlfriend. Clarke mutters against her shoulder and snuggles in closer, still half asleep. Lexa kisses her ear and rubs up and down her back, smiling into the frazzled blonde hair of her partner.

"Babe," Lexa hums gently, "I'm serious, I gotta pee. Just give me a minute."

"Mm," Clarke grumbles in disagreement, "too long."

"Fine," Lexa chuckles as she kisses Clarke's cheek, "give me thirty seconds?"

All she gets as a response is a tired grunt from Clarke as the younger woman leans off her front and stumbles back over to the bed, face-planting on the sheets with the grace of a hormonal teenager. Lexa chuckles and shakes her head, wondering just how she got to be so lucky. Clarke's sprawled out on her bed, dressed in nothing but a pair of Sailor-Moon undies and an oversized t-shirt. The blonde snores into the sheets, her legs still hanging half off the bed. The sight itself is ridiculous, but despite her niggling bladder aching for her attention, Lexa can't help but find Clarke to be more important in this moment.

Not wanting to miss out on more of her sleeping love, Lexa turns back to the toilet. She pries open the button of her boxers and pulls out her flaccid penis. Her stomach flops at the sight of it again, but she takes a breath and holds strong. She remembers all the words Anya and Clarke had told her yesterday and she simply closes her eyes and leans back. She grounds herself to their support and love before she opens her eyes again, relieved to find her panic at a low level.

After conducting her business, Lexa washes up and heads back to the bed, unsure of how to curl up against Clarke considering the other woman is currently face-planted in her sheets, her legs spread eagle and arms splayed out in the same manner. Sighing, Lexa quietly finds a relatively unused part of the bed and slides in beside Clarke. The other woman groans tiredly and blinks open a sleepy eye before grunting something incorrigible. She opens up her arms and Lexa gets the hint, sliding in until she's wrapped in a bear hug. Smiling, Lexa presses a kiss to Clarke's collar as those pale legs wrap around her waist like a koala.

"Babe," Lexa mumbles as she noses Clarke's jaw, "I'm squished."
"Don't care," Clarke hums back as she cuddles closer, "mm, I'm warm."

"Okay," Lexa sweetly laughs as she wraps her own arms around Clarke's waist and pulls her close. They're at an odd position on the bed, one that will definitely make them sore whenever they choose to wake next, but it doesn't stop them from cuddling closer. Clarke's nose is buried in Lexa's hair, slowly stirring awake. Lexa runs her hands over the hem of Clarke's oversized shirt before slowly dipping them inside to rest upon Clarke's warm skin.

Immediately upon the touch, however, Clarke's eyes blink open and she squirms away from her touch.

"No," Clarke grumbles as she takes Lexa's hands out, "cold hands, babe."

"Sorry," Lexa whispers as she kisses Clarke's nose, "you're just so soft and warm, I couldn't resist."

Lexa beams at the smile that's pulled from Clarke's lips. The two of them snuggle against each other, occasionally leaving soft kisses on exposed skin. They shift around the bed until they're both burrowed under the sheets again. At some point, Clarke forms a burrito with the blankets and tugs Lexa into it, holding her close against her chest. They doze for a few moments longer, drifting between dreams and sleepy awakenings. Lexa's head rests against Clarke's chest, her own throat humming in a content purr as Clarke pecks the top of her head in a few chaste, quick kisses before letting her nose tickle it again.

"I missed you when we were asleep," Clarke pouts into the strands of wavy brown hair, "I love you."

"I love you too," Lexa murmurs as she curls her arms tighter around Clarke's waist. "Thanks again for last night. You know… for staying."

At this, Clarke's eyes blink open and she looks down at the bundled-up Lexa vulnerably glancing up from her chest. Leaning down, Clarke kisses Lexa's lips, ignoring their combined morning breath as they roll tighter together in the sheets until there's barely any wiggle room. Clarke breaks the kiss slowly.

"You don't ever have to thank me," Clarke whispers as she gives another peck to Lexa's lips. "I told you, I love you. I'm yours, babe."

"I owe you an explanation at least," Lexa says as she inches up Clarke's body so they're at eye-level, "I should tell you what happened."

"No," Clarke says with a smile as she shakes her head, kissing Lexa again, "I told you. I just want you to be okay, Lex. You owe me nothing."

"But you--"

"Nothing," Clarke tells her seriously, gently tracing her jaw with her thumb. "I stayed because I wanted to, not because you needed a therapist. If I didn't care, I would have left. I... I didn't want to leave when Anya kept telling me to go, but when I saw you... the look in your eyes... I've never seen anyone look that haunted before. Anya knows you better than I do, and I accept that. It's why I waited. I wanted to know how to help." Lexa smiles at the words, tearing up.

"Anya must be warming up to you," Lexa hums as she pecks Clarke's temple. "I'm surprised she let you stay."

"I stood my ground," Clarke says with a proud grin. "I won't lie, Lex, your best friend is
terrifying, but she means well. I get why you guys are close. I'm honestly so glad that you have someone as fierce as her to mentor you. I can see where you got your strength from. I just hope that she approves of me eventually."

"She will," Lexa murmurs as she gaze down at Clarke with pride and awe, "no one as special as you can go unnoticed, love."

"Nerd," Clarke chuckles as she shoves Lexa playfully, "you're such a romantic at heart, you know. A harmless little gay puppy."

"Hey," Lexa frowns as Clarke nuzzles her cheek with her nose, "I can take a man down in the same time it takes him to blink."

"You also whimper in your sleep and curl into the fetal position," Clarke points out with a grin. "You're basically an adorable ball of fluff, babe."

"Adorable ball of fluff, huh?" Lexa asks, cocking her brow as she rolls them with a playful growl. Clarke's eyes widen comically and she shrieks when Lexa sticks her hands under Clarke's night-shirt, causing the younger woman to squeal and squirm under the covers, trying to wring herself free from Lexa's cold hands. To add insult to injury, Lexa taps her fingers against the brackets of Clarke's ribs, tickling her mercilessly as Clarke wheezes and cries out for some sort of reprieve.

"Take it back," Lexa growls teasingly as she continues her relentless tickling, "say it, Griffin, I'm a ferocious badass."

"Fine!" Clarke wheezes as she nuzzles at Lexa's shoulders. "You're a ferocious badass."

"Thank you," Lexa grins as she eases up on her tickling. "I'm glad you agree, babe."

Just as she's about to boast about her victory, Clarke heaves upwards and tackles her back on the bed. Lexa lands with an 'oof' upon the mattress, barely registering Clarke's hands upon her own ribs. Lexa's eyes widen and she shakes her head as Clarke's devilish grin beams down at her. Clarke starts her tickling, enjoying the high-pitched laughter that breaks from the older woman's lips. She barely avoids those muscular shins as the brunette's legs kick and thrust outwards to try and free herself from Clarke's wrath. Only when Lexa pleads mercy does Clarke let go with a proud smirk, causing Lexa to mutter adorably.

It seems, however, the tickle session warranted a rather unwanted reaction for Lexa's nether regions.

"Someone's awake," Clarke chuckles as she looks to the faint bulge in Lexa's boxers, not quite at a full-tenting yet. "Or half-awake at least."

"Clarke," Lexa hums her girlfriend's name as she pulls Clarke down to rest upon her chest, "I love you."

"I love you too," Clarke mumbles into Lexa's neck as they continue to rest against each other, content with the little touches shared between them. They cuddle against each other, dropping faint kisses and gentle murmurings of sweet nothings until Clarke's unruly stomach decides to disrupt their moment with a growl.

The two of them get up slowly, still pressed to each other as they maneuver over to the kitchen. Lexa drops a kiss to Clarke's forehead as she mumbles for Clarke to brush her teeth and then meet her downstairs. After parting ways, Lexa hums to herself. She turns on the record player in the corner of the living room and picks out her favourite indie-mix album and sets the volume on low. Swaying to the music, Lexa takes her time setting up the kitchen. She reaches into the fridge for
eggs, turkey bacon, orange juice, and margarine. After setting the items on the counter, Lexa opens the bread basket and takes out the loaf of whole wheat flax bread that Lincoln had baked the other day and pulls out a few slices, throwing them into the toaster before grabbing a bowl and a whisk.

A pair of arms wind around her waist and a face presses into her shoulder, causing Lexa to sigh in content. She turns her head over her shoulder and greets Clarke in a good morning kiss. Clarke smiles and squeezes her waist once more before she removes herself from Lexa's side and grabs the eggs. The two of them work together to craft up a quick breakfast. Occasionally, they'll meet in a short, swift press of giggled kisses as they weave around the kitchen. When Milky Chance's "Stolen Dance" plays through the radio, the two women forget about their breakfast entirely and sing along. At some-point when whisking the flour mix for pancakes, Clarke flicks up the whisk and accidentally paints Lexa's face with a bit of the sticky batter. The two of them jostle around the kitchen like children, smearing more of the batter upon each other than upon the griddle. The place is a mess, but not that Lexa minds, for once.

No, Lexa grins as Clarke shoves a forkful of pancake in her mouth, this time being unprepared is perfectly fine.

"We should probably shower," Clarke murmurs as she looks to the mess upon her shirt and Lexa's face. "Babe, you've got batter in your hair."

"We batter get it out then," Lexa says with a cheesy grin as she winks at her girlfriend. Clarke rolls her eyes, but can't help her own giggle at the pun. Lexa sets the dishes in the dishwasher before returning to her smiling girlfriend. Taking her palm in her hand, Lexa tugs them towards the main bathroom. Clarke trails behind her, head pressed against the firm muscle of Lexa's shoulder blade. She lets her other arm weave around Lexa's middle and hold her tightly.

"Wait," Clarke murmurs as she holds Lexa closer against her, "just… give me a minute."

"Clarke?" Lexa asks in concern, turning her head to look over shoulder at her girlfriend. Clarke smiles against her shirt.

"I just want to breathe it all in," Clarke mumbles softly as she pulls Lexa closer against her, "I just need to let it sink in that I'm the luckiest woman alive."

"That's not true," Lexa chuckles as she turns in Clarke's arms and cups her girlfriend's cheeks, drawing her upwards for a kiss. "You know I am."

"No, me."

"Clarke, it's definitely me."

"Fight me, Lexa. I'm the luckiest one."

"Truce," Lexa laughs at the way Clarke stubbornly pouts before leaning her head down to kiss Clarke's furrowed brow. When she pulls away to Clarke's satisfied smile, Lexa's gentle grin turns into a shit-eating smirk as she lets go of their hands and quickly blurts out, "but I'm still the luckiest!"

Before Clarke can quip back in response, Lexa takes off sprinting towards the bathroom. Clarke shakes her head and gives chase, causing them to run all over the house shouting at each other until Clarke manages to tackle her girlfriend to the bed. Lexa laughs as Clarke growls against her, pinning her underneath her smaller frame. Clarke finally eases up, blowing a strand of blonde hair from her face as she stares down at Lexa with a teasing expression curling her lips.

"Ma chérie," Lexa hums as she reaches up to curl a strand of Clarke's hair behind her ear. She
gives her girlfriend a dopey grin as she leans up to kiss the underside of that rounded jawline, her lips lingering on the soft flesh. "Tu es ma lune, mon soleil, et mes étoiles. La lumière de ma vie, je t'aime, ma belle."

"Ti amo," Clarke replies as she smiles down at Lexa, kissing her nose, "sei il mio tutto."

"Italian?" Lexa asks with a raised brow. "I'm impressed."

"I'm full of surprises," Clarke beams down at her girlfriend as she kisses Lexa's lips with a soft, slow-moving peck. "Tu sei il mio cuore, la mia anima."

Lexa's gaze grows foggy at the words and Clarke reaches between them for their hands, squeezing them tightly together. Without anymore words, the two of them meet for a soft kiss. It starts out languid and gentle before a fire ignites between them. Lexa rolls the two of them, her free hand placed right at Clarke's side, holding her weight above Clarke's body. She grinds her hips slowly against Clarke's own, feeling more in control of her own body with each soothing stroke of the blonde's hands upon her back. Tears well underneath her closed eyelids as she kisses Clarke harder, lost in the beauty of her love.

"Lex," Clarke hums against her trembling lips, "breathe, babe. You're okay. You're safe. I've got you."

Lexa just nods as she lets Clarke roll them again. The blonde gazes down at her girlfriend with a soft, heartwarming expression as she reaches down to pepper kisses across Lexa's face. The soft cries continue to leave Lexa's lips, but both of them know that this isn't a cry of anguish, but of catharsis. It takes a few moments until Clarke rolls to the side and pulls Lexa back into her side. She moves her lips to Lexa's ears, whispering soothing words until they both calm.

"I want to tell you what happened," Lexa sniffs as she presses her face to Clarke's neck, "I want to tell you but I'm not... I... I'm not ready yet."

"I will wait forever," Clarke assures her gently, accentuating the promise with a soft kiss to her earlobe, "even if you don't ever want to tell me. It's okay, Lex. I already told you, babe, you owe me nothing. I'm your girlfriend. You mean the world to me." Lexa sighs against Clarke's chest before glancing up, misty-eyed.

"You're something else, you know that?" Lexa muses as she crawls up Clarke's body and kisses her softly. "It's been so long since I've had no expectations from anyone, since anyone's known me for who I am underneath the suits and ties. It's been so long since I've been allowed to be me, and God, it's amazing."

"You know it's the same for me, right?" Clarke tells her with a tap to Lexa's cheek as she smiles harder. "I was so aimless for so long, barely able to get attached to anyone or anything. I was so unsure of everything, but being with you, I feel like my life has a purpose again. I feel so..." Clarke scrunches up her brow and Lexa sighs again, smiling. Slowly, she draws her hand downwards and locks her fingers with Clarke's own, tugging upon them with affection and love.

"Complete," Lexa finishes as she looks back up to Clarke with a dopey-eyed expression. "We are complete."

"Yeah," Clarke trails off as she nuzzles Lexa's neck, "I am complete with you."

Lexa just hums and contently strokes gentle lines upon Clarke's shoulders and back as they lay back on the bed. Together, they stare up at the ceiling in silence, thinking about their lives and how lucky they are to be with each other in this moment. The mid-autumn sun cascades through
the blinds and bathes them in the warm rays, acting as nature's own protective blanket over their resting bodies. Occasionally, the two of them will kiss and shift against each other, but for the most part, they lay there in silence, simply being grateful of each other's presence and warmth. At some point, they doze off again, only to be woken up by the sound of something crusty, and an immeasurable amount of stickiness clinging to the sheets and their clothes.

"Perhaps we should've showered first and then laid on the bed," Clarke giggles as she looks to the mess of their sheets. "We spread batter everywhere."

"That's what she said," Lexa mutters under her breath, causing Clarke to cock her brow and burst out in a laugh. Lexa shrugs, smirking proudly.

"What?" Lexa asks, feigning innocence. Clarke shakes her head and pulls Lexa to her feet before dragging them both to the bathroom.

"I never thought prim-and-proper Lexa Woods would crack such a high-school-boy joke."

"I'm totally capable of cracking all kinds of dirty jokes, are you kidding?" Lexa says, hands on her hips. "I'm hilarious."

"Lexas," Clarke says her name seriously, fighting off a grin. "Babe, I love you, but ninety percent of your humour consists of dad jokes and puns."

"That is not true," Lexa huffs as Clarke turns on the shower and gives her a pointed look. "You're kidding right?"

"I never said you weren't funny," Clarke tells her with a wink, "I just was pointing out the obvious. You're your own jokester."

"I eggspect you're right about that," Lexa grins as she strips off her shirt. Clarke gives her a deadpanned look, as if to ask her if she's the one kidding this time. Lexa scrunches up her nose and contemplates her previous sentence before sheepishly ducking her head and sighing in forced agreement.

"Now get in the shower," Clarke says as she playfully, "before we whisk the batter getting dried on our skin."

"That wasn't bad," Lexa shrugs as she gives Clarke a teasing kiss. "You aren't up in my level just yet, but soon." Clarke rolls her eyes at the comment and chuckles as she strips off her underpants and hops into the spray, nearly moaning with relief at the warmth of the spray. Lexa smiles when her eyes close.

Lexa reaches for the hem of her boxers and goes to pull them off when suddenly, she feels memories of the previous day shoot through her. Taking a deep breath, she tries to steady the anxious wave, but she feels herself panic as she looks down to the hem of her underwear. She looks back up to Clarke, who's now taken to singing while rinsing her hair. Lexa grounds herself to the sound of Clarke's gentle voice, of that soothing rasp that lulls her nerves back to dormancy. And then, with a courageous swipe of her hands under the hem, Lexa discards her boxers and joins Clarke in the shower. The two of them don't speak much as Lexa reaches for the luffa and body wash. She lathers up the soap until it's a foam upon the luffa before tenderly scrubbing it over Clarke's body. She doesn't resist pressing a few kisses here and there to her lovers cheeks and neck. It's not sensual as it is comforting, especially when Lexa takes a dollop of shampoo into her palm and massages it into Clarke's blonde hair. The younger woman's fingers trace her abs while she washes it out with a soothing hum.
"Do you want me to do you?" Clarke asks when her own grooming is done. "I know you're still jumpy. If you're not comfortable, I understand."

"No," Lexa murmurs appreciatively as she kisses Clarke's cheek, "you can. Just go slow?"

"Of course," Clarke hums as she lathers up her own luffa with some of the body wash. "Tell me your safe-word and I'll stop."

"But we're not having sex," Lexa says, confused. Clarke doesn't look up as she gently scrubs Lexa's shoulders. Instead, the blonde shrugs.

"You can have safe-words for things that aren't sex-related. You have one with Anya, don't you?"
Clarke says nonchalantly as she glances upwards with a soft smile at her girlfriend. "It's like code. You ever feel uncomfortable, you just say the word and no one else has to know. It's our little secret."

"You don't think it's silly?" Lexa sheepishly asks as she turns her gaze downwards. Clarke shakes her head and smiles.

"Never." Clarke stops scrubbing for a moment to make sure Lexa's looking at her directly. "Lex, it's okay to not be okay. I don't know what happened to you, but you're still on edge after yesterday. It may be awhile before it's subsided, but you don't have to pretend or wear a mask around me, okay? I love you and I support you unconditionally. If having a safe-word helps, it's not silly. I just want to make sure you're okay first. Your health comes before sex or other secondary needs. We'll get through this together, love. I'm right here, right by your side, and I'm not letting you go. Okay?" Lexa's eyes mist at the confession.

"Okay," she chokes out as she nods, watching as Clarke's careful hands drift downwards. "I'll use the same safe-word, then."

"Firetruck?" Clarke confirms as she gently scrubs at her torso. Lexa gulps and nods.

"Yeah," she whispers as Clarke's hands dip lower, "that one."

"Good," Clarke smiles as she leans up to kiss Lexa's lips. "I'm gonna go lower now, is that okay?"

"Yes," Lexa breathes out as she watches Clarke set aside the luffa, her hands still lathered with soap as she reaches out for her flaccid penis. Looking up, Clarke watches for any reactions on Lexa's face, but the older woman looks down at her with a mustered up amount of courage. Keeping her eyes on Lexa, Clarke tenderly takes the appendage in her hands, cleaning it with soft touches. Lexa's eyes well with tears and Clarke pauses, but Lexa just shakes her head.

"You're so gentle with me," Lexa whispers shakily when Clarke draws them under the spray, "no one's really treated me like that before."

"We all need a little tender love and care, Lex. Even ferocious badass CEOs like yourself," Clarke adds with teasing wink, "you're only human, love."

"Sometimes I forget that I am," Lexa whispers as Clarke's arms wind around her shoulders and they sway under the spray. "Sometimes it feels so... mechanic and mortifying. But with you... with you, I feel alive. I feel real." Clarke tightens her grip around Lexa's shoulders with the quiet confession, kissing her shoulder.

"Thank you," Lexa hums the words into Clarke's damp hair, "for bringing me back, Clarke."

Clarke just smiles and closes her eyes when Lexa's arms wind around her waist and squeeze...
gently.
"Always."

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"Reyes!" A sharp voice snaps Raven from her dopey-eyed gaze with a startling jump. The brunette blinks up to an irate-looking Indra.

"Y-Yes," Raven stammers as she straightens up and clears her throat, "I mean, yes?"

"Gustus needs you to pick up the reports from marketing seeing as Clarke isn't here." Indra barks out the order in annoyance, lifting her brow as Raven stands a bit too quickly. Raven can't tell whether the shorter woman is irritated or bemused by the action, but Raven thinks of it as the latter. She nods and heads to the elevator, riding it down in silence before finally getting to the fourth floor. Gustus raises his brow when he sees her instead of his regular, Clarke.

"Griffin not in today?" He asks with an air of confusion. Raven shakes her head and reaches for the package Gustus holds out.

"Sick," Raven answers in short, "she'll be back tomorrow."

"Hm," Gustus mulls over her words with a knowing smile and Raven knows that he must've recognized Lexa's absence, too. "Well, I hope she gets better."

"Same," Raven says with a nervous bow of her head. "I'd better get these to Indra."

"Sure," Gustus replies, smiling bemusedly as he returns back to his office and Raven turns towards the elevator.

She rides the elevator alone, muttering to herself about how she's acting like a bumbling fool and how she needs to get her shit together. She musters up her professional bravado by the time the top floor dings and the doors open, revealing a scowling Indra. Raven gulps, the entire courageous build-up filtering away in the presence of her glare. Raven holds out the package with a cringe, but the older woman shakes her head and gestures over her shoulder.

"Take it to Ms Trikru," Indra growls, "I have to run to another meeting. Try to keep on schedule, Reyes. I like things to be in orderly fashion."

"Of course," Raven replies as she slips past the irritated woman and walks over to Anya's office. The door is closed and Raven can hear the older woman talking -- though it sounds more like arguing -- with another person. Not wanting to be rude, Raven knocks twice before opening the door.

Inside, Anya's head nods up and her gaze softens upon seeing the nervous-looking brunette walking into her office. She quickly ends her phone call with Azegeda Incorporation's secretary and stands. Raven smiles upon seeing her girlfriend and holds out the package, which Anya takes with a sigh. She opens up the manila folder and holds back a groan at the sight of all the finance reports. Usually it takes Lexa an hour to get through them, but then again, Lexa's a prodigal genius who can do calculations like these in minutes. For Anya, she always found this part of the job rather boring. She sets them on her desk with an exaggerated sigh, rubbing the crease of her brows before turning her attention back to her waiting girlfriend, who looks upon her with a dopey expression.

"What?" Anya asks as cocks her head. Raven shrugs, still smiling like a lovesick fool.
"You look badass when you're all frustrated and angry." Raven mumbles the words out, rubbing the back of her head. Anya blushes and blinks in disbelief.

"Oh," Anya says before she clears her throat and tries to lean against her desk nonchalantly. "Well, it's just a perk of the job. People can be--"

Unfortunately, as her hands place themselves upon the mahogany, her palms catch the manila folder and causes it to slide off ungratefully. The papers scatter to the floor and Anya curses herself, growling under her breath as she leans down to pick up the fallen papers. Just as she reaches for the first paper, something hard smacks against her head and the two women both pull apart with a simultaneous grunt of pain. They look at each other with a blush, chuckling awkwardly.

"Sorry," Raven bumbles awkwardly as she reaches for the closer papers, "I was trying to grab the papers."

"I didn't mean to hit your head."

"I think I hit your head."

"Still, my head hit yours, too."

"Jesus," Raven laughs as they return to their feet, placing the papers back on the desk. "We're total messes, you know that?"

"I am perfectly in control," Anya mutters as she stacks the papers and puts them in the folder. "I just missed the desk is all."

"You were wrapped around me like a heliotrope vine this morning," Raven beams with an arched brow. "Do you really want to go there?"

"I was cold!" Anya grumbles defensively, standing a little straighter. "Besides, you were whimpering like a kicked puppy in your sleep."

This time, it's Raven that flushes and rubs the back of her head awkwardly. Anya grins with a smug expression, happy to have finally caught the younger woman off guard. Driving off the confidence, Anya steps forward and places her hands upon Raven's cheeks before drawing her in for a quick, chaste kiss. She makes sure to nip and suckle lightly upon the brunette's bottom lip before softly letting go. Her tongue scrapes over the bite before slipping between those petaled lips to lap over the lax muscle in Raven's mouth. Raven opens her mouth the slightest, allowing Anya's tongue to tease her own out in a hot, greedy open-mouthed kiss. As she goes to chase Anya's lips, the older woman pulls back with a nip to her top lip. She peppers a few more soft kisses to the corner of her girlfriend's mouth before Anya lets her mouth linger over the corner of that defined jaw before letting go. Raven looks dazed and shot to space from the soft kiss when their eyes meet next. Anya beams and leans forward to place another kiss upon her temple before she nuzzles the soft skin of her throat.

"Whoa," Raven murmurs as she feels Anya smirking against her cheek, "that was… wow."

"Now who's in control?" Anya rasps as she pulls back, happy with her ability to stump her girlfriend. Raven smiles at her goofily, still doped up from the earth-shattering kiss. The brunette is rendered speechless when Anya's lips find her own once more, leaving her with one more chaste kiss before they lean away from each other. Raven's fingers can't help themselves as they reach up and graze over her lips, her dopey grin still not having been wiped off her face.

"Anya," a voice sounds from the doorway. Both women look up to see Lincoln standing at the
door, a bemused expression on his face. It takes everything in Anya to not blush and hide away when she can tell from the teasing look in his eyes that she's been made. Instead, she straightens on and slaps on the stoic face that she's used to giving in her professional environment. She crosses her arms and leans back in a power stance, issuing a challenge to the architect.

"Lincoln," Anya grunts his name with an air of nonchalance. The tone has Raven nearly shuddering. Lincoln cocks his brow as Raven looks away sheepishly. Anya steps forward almost protectively, as if daring Lincoln to say another word with her narrowed glare. The man just puts his hands up disarmingly, though his teasing expression never leaves his face when Raven mumbles something about how she needs to go before Indra bites her head off for messing with her schedule. Anya tries not to let her gaze linger to Raven's ass as she leaves the room. Lincoln hazards a glance outside before entering her office.

"So there is someone that can domesticate the big bad wolf," Lincoln chuckles as soon as Raven's gone and the coast is clear. Anya growls at that.

"I'm not a dog, you ass."

"But you're happier now," Lincoln points out as he grins at her, "she has you totally whipped, doesn't she?"

"You know that I could fire you, right?"

"Sure thing," Lincoln agrees with a pointed look, "good luck explaining that to Lexa if you do."

"What she doesn't know can't hurt her," Anya tells him with a grunt, shrugging her shoulders. "Besides, Raven's… she's…"

"Perfect, jaw-dropping, funny, beautiful," Lincoln lists, eyeing Anya's narrowing gaze and the growl building from her lips.

"Watch it, Lincoln."

"Easy, An. I'm not eyeing her for myself," Lincoln chuckles and Anya flushes when she realizes that he'd been baiting her. "Good to know she's off limits."

"You mention this to anyone," Anya warns as she walks up to him with a harsh snarl, "and I'll cut your dick off and feed it to your mother."

"Yikes," Lincoln visibly blanches at the threat before backing off, "your secret's safe with me. I won't jeopardize either of your careers. Surely you know me better than that by now? Besides, I think we've established that you're not my type." Anya blushes and Lincoln awkwardly coughs as they move apart from each other.

"Thanks for making it awkward, asshole. But… thanks," Anya mutters as she rubs the back of her head. "I just… I don't want to lose it."

"That good, eh?" Lincoln asks, mirth evident in his tone as he gazes upon her proudly. Anya can't hold back her nod as she beams up at him.

"So good," Anya whispers as she looks out the office door to where Raven is animatedly talking to Jasper and Monty. "She's amazing, Lincoln."

"I'm glad," Lincoln tells her gently as he places his hand upon her shoulder, "it's been too long since I've seen you like this."
Raven's eyes flit up from where she's talking and both women meet each other's stares with a blush. Lincoln observes the two of them and shakes his head with good meaning. He murmurs a few words that Fio had asked to relay before he bids her farewell. He pulls up his phone to where Octavia's face is accompanied by the message. He slides his phone open and smiles at the message before typing up a response. He casts one final glance over his shoulder to where Anya has now left her office and is talking with the interns by the water cooler, her body subtly placed at Raven's side, and he can't help but grin in awe.

And then the moment is taken away when he turns around to face a scowling Titus.

"You are here to work, not chat. Those designs won't sketch themselves," the bald man bitterly mutters as he glares over at where Anya is still talking with the interns. Sensing that he's about to head in her direction, Lincoln quickly tugs upon Titus' sleeve and directs him towards his own office, making up some excuse of needing him to go over his proposals. Titus begrudgingly follows, grumbling about God knows what as Lincoln looks back to see Anya gratefully staring at him. She mouths a thank you in his direction but he just grins and winks, letting her know silently that she owes him one. Anya only rolls her eyes, but nods.

"What was that about?" Raven asks as soon as Jasper and Monty lose themselves in their own conversation about some new prototype that Trigeda Industries is soon to test. Anya looks back over to her girlfriend and softens her gaze ever so slightly when she sees the curiosity in those beautiful brown eyes.

"Nothing," Anya tells her as she clears her throat and nods towards her office, "unfortunately, I have to head back to work. Reports won't write themselves."

"I saw the spreadsheets," Raven grins, "I mean, I know it's not really my job, but I could help? I'm pretty good at math. Really good, actually."

"You might be the only person other than Lexa who gets excited at the prospect of math."

"It's fun," Raven pouts as she crosses her arms before turning to Jasper and Monty. "Hey guys, you think that math is fun?"

Monty and Jasper both nod and grin. Anya mutters out about how they're all nerds when the three of them start up a heated discussion between particle theory and string theory. Anya isn't even sure of how math managed to bleed into physics, but she hates both of them unless Raven's the one murmuring random space facts to her in that sleepy voice from the previous night. Excusing herself from the conversation, she returns to her office and settles down, ready to set to work upon the pile of paperwork upon her desk. Thinking about Lexa, Anya pulls out her phone and types up a quick message to her best friend.

Hey,
she taps onto the screen, I hope you're feeling better. Text me if you need anything. Love you,
xx.

Not even two seconds later, the grey bubbles pop up on the screen.

I'm doing better. Thanks for letting Clarke stay. It really helped. She's not as bad as you think, you know. I love you, too.

Anya pulls her lip into her mouth as she remembers how the blonde had stubbornly fought her and even stayed long after she thought she'd won the battle. No one other than Costia had ever stuck around quite like Clarke had. She smiles when she thinks about how Clarke had defended Lexa, of how she'd vowed and strongly stood her ground and held her own despite Anya's many threats. Anya knows that the spit-fire intern lights a different kind of spark in Lexa, one not controlled by
lust and instead by love, a fire that Anya once believed had burned out completely. Clarke changed all that, and for it, Anya is grateful.

_Maybe I'll come around eventually,_ she types back with a smile, _she's still got a promise to keep._

_She loves me, Anya. Clarke actually loves me,_ Lexa replies, and Anya can nearly hear the excitement in her voice. _Just give her a shot. For me? :)_

_Fine, Anya acquiesces, I'll give her a shot for you. She hurts you once though, and I'm done._

_You know the same goes for Raven,_ Lexa types back almost instantly. _Speaking of which, Clarke said you went back with her?_

_I'll call you later about it,_ Anya says as she spies Indra walking in her direction with more paperwork in her hands, _I have a lot to tell._

_I can't wait,_ Lexa replies, _you deserve it, An. Lincoln texted me saying he caught you kissing at work, though. You're lucky he got to Titus first._

_Remind me why that bastard still works for you?_

_Because he's my uncle and I can't fire him,_ Lexa types back, _besides, would you rather do the boring advising job or work with your best friend?_

_Whatever. Doesn't change that he's a dick-head. Also, how do you like doing any of this math-y shit? I've opened the first spreadsheet and I want to die._

_Don't be dramatic,_ Lexa replies, _but send me a copy of the file if you don't want to do it. I can type it up tonight._

_No, no. It's okay. Raven volunteered to help me, so I might take her up on it._

_Help you, huh? ;)_

_Oh shut up,_ Anya types up with a blush, _you're a hypocrite to pull that card. I know just how much Clarke helped you around work._

_I'm not denying it ;) But I gotta go. Clarke wants to take a dip in the pool._

_Please don't have sex in there,_ Anya replies quickly, _I'd like to hope that there's at least one sanitary place in your house. Besides, I heard underwater sex is dangerous. I'm pretty sure Lincoln once told me something about suction and getting stuck because of air pockets. I can't remember. Just... don't do it._

_Don't do it? Now who's the hypocrite, Ms Let-Me-Get-You-Off-In-The-Ocean-While-No-One's-Looking? ;)_

_It was spring break and we were drunk,_ Anya types up with scowl. _I honestly thought you forgot about it, Lex. You so were wasted that night._

_I could never forget it. Public beaches are forever changed for me._

_Oh fuck off, you ass. Now get back to your girlfriend before she defiles your pool. We'll talk later._

Anya shakes her head and chuckles to herself as she puts the phone down. Sighing, she gets to work inputing the data into the computer. It takes her a little longer than Lexa's usual pace, and Anya knows that tonight will be a late night at the office. She grumbles as she looks to the clock
before putting her head to work and hammers through the reports. She’s about a quarter of the way through when there’s a knock on her door, causing her to look up and spy Raven holding two coffee cups and a smile on her face as she saunters in, sliding one of the cups over to the older woman before plopping down on the chair.

"Alright, what do we have here?" Raven asks as she looks over a few of the reports. "Ah, this isn't so bad. Tedious, but not bad."

"You don't have to do this, you know. You're only meant to work until five," Anya points out as she types more things into the system. Raven only shrugs and downs a large gulp of her coffee before reaching for a few of the papers at the bottom of the manila folder and pulling out her own laptop.

"Shared work is halved work," Raven tells her without looking up, "besides, at the rate you're going, you'll be here until morning."

"Good to know you have faith in me," Anya grunts with an arched brow. Raven looks up with a smirk. Anya sighs. "Why are you staying?"

Raven shrugs and types away at her computer before looking up with a musing expression. "Consider it our third date."

"Tabling annual tax indexes?" Anya comments dryly. "How romantic."

"It could be if we made it out to be," Raven suggests as she sets her laptop on the desk. "We could make it a race."

"Raven--"

"No, get this. You finish your half first, you can pick any reward. I win, I get any reward. The winner is the better girlfriend, obviously."

"I don't see how math skills have anything to do with our compatibility," Anya says in a deadpanned voice, but with undertones of amusement at Raven's excitement as the younger woman separates their piles of work evenly. She doesn't say anything at how Raven biases against herself with a few more papers in her pile than Anya's own, but she figures that it won't matter anyways. Raven is far more superior at math. There's a clear winner, and Anya hates losing.

Yet, as she looks to Raven's child-like grin and wide, excited eyes, Anya figures that losing can't be that bad after all.

(And she does, but she can't be mad when Raven takes her in her arms and kisses her, pulling a tired laugh from both of them.)

"Your reward, Little Bird?" Anya asks, unsure of what Raven would want. As much as she wants to explore more than this virgin-esque feel they've got going, she feels too vulnerable to take their relationship further physically. Raven seems to get the hint and understands instantly, giving her another soft smile.

"You'll see," she says with a wink, "but first, let's get out of here. I realized that working late is awful."

Anya shakes her head and laughs as they pack up, sometimes pausing to kiss or graze the softest of touches upon each other. Anya locks up the computers and everything before she joins Raven at the elevator's entrance. Raven's hand flickers between them, as if unsure of how to go about reaching for her partner's own palm. Anya gulps and takes the next move, slowly interlocking
their fingers and tugging gently, pulling a blush from both their cheeks. They don't look at each other in the elevator, but the grins on both of their faces nearly threatens to break their lips from the sheer force. When the door opens, they don't step out.

"Wanna crash at my place?" Raven asks as she looks over to her girlfriend. "I live closer than you do. It's late."

"Sure," Anya nods nervously as she follows Raven to their cars. Her hands stay glued to Raven's own, and Anya can't look away at how beautifully their fingers lock together. They finally reach their cars and Raven gulps, looking at their hands. Anya steps forward and leans against Raven's front, giving her a soft hug before going to peck her cheek gently. Raven hums against her and nuzzles under her jaw, softly pecking Anya's pulse point with the barest of kisses.

"Just follow me," Raven murmurs as she drinks in Anya's scent, "it's five minutes from here."

"Okay," Anya mumbles as she pulls away to kiss Raven one more time, "I'll follow you."

Raven reluctantly lets go of their hands before they both get into their cars and drive. It barely takes ten minutes with the light traffic to get to Raven's apartment complex. It's a small, cozy building on the quieter end of the city. Raven leads them up two flights of stairs before unlocking her room and holding the door open. Anya smiles instantly when she enters, because the entire room screams Raven Reyes, from the unattained scraps of metal and wiring laying about, to the empty pizza box still placed haphazardly on the countertop, followed by the random clothes strewn about the living room.

"It's a bit of a mess," Raven apologizes awkwardly as she rubs the back of her neck, "I didn't really prepare..."

"It's perfect," Anya whispers as she turns to smile at her girlfriend, "it's very... you."

Raven can't stop the sheepish grin that spreads across her face as she looks down with a blush, quietly muttering a nervous thanks. Raven goes over to the kitchen and grabs two bottles of water, handing one over to Anya. They both settle on the couch and curl up together while Raven turns the TV on. They settle in like a domesticated couple, their shoulders brushing and hands held tightly as they watch some sort of documentary blare over the speakers of the TV. At some point, Raven lifts her arm and wraps it around Anya's shoulders, gently pulling her in for more cuddles. Anya only relaxes against Raven's chest before the younger girl yawns and curls closer, nosing those dark blonde locks with a soft kiss to her scalp. Anya sighs in contentment, snuggling closer.

"I know we slept on the couch last night," Raven says after the documentary is over, "but maybe you might need to know that my couch isn't that great."

"Are you suggesting we move to the bedroom?" Anya asks, nervous again. Raven offers her a kind smile, shaking her head.

"Not like that," Raven murmurs as she pulls her girlfriend up, "come on. We're exhausted and my bed is the best goddamn bed in the world."

"Any bed with you in it is the best bed in the world," Anya murmurs sleepily under her breath as Raven leads them towards the bedroom. Raven tries not to blush at the comment as she flicks on the light and searches through her drawers for an extra sleep shirt and pants. The two of them take turns in the bathroom changing before returning to the bed. Raven flicks off the table lamp before reaching for Anya. The two of them curl up together under the covers.

"I don't know if I can sleep without you anymore," Raven confesses to the still, night air. She
turns to Anya's hooded eyes. "I don't know how to explain it, but I'm addicted to you next to me. I just... I feel safe with you." Anya melts at the soft words and inches closer, this time choosing to pull Raven into her arms. The younger woman hardly protests as she curls up against her partner's chest, smiling against her chiseled collarbones as their hands wander and find each other.

"I don't want to go back to sleeping alone," Anya agrees as she muffles the words against Raven's hair, "I like the way you feel, too."

"I'm glad," Raven can't help but tiredly jest, "I'm awesome."

Anya huffs and laughs, the beautiful sound reverberating off her chest and into Raven's ears. "You sure are, Little Bird."

"Hey, Cheekbones?" Raven asks softly, looking up at her. Anya glances down and nods. Raven smiles. "I think you're the most awesome, though."

A warm, misty-eyed smile tugs at Anya's lips as she leans down and kisses Raven's lips softly. "Goodnight, Rae."

Raven sighs contently and snuggles back against Anya's chest before quietly murmuring, "night, An."

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Lexa exits the bathroom to the sound of plucking strings and a familiar raspy voice.

Not wanting to startle her girlfriend, Lexa stands at the doorway and watches as Clarke strums away on one of her acoustic guitars. The blonde is dressed in one of Lexa's band shirts and a pair of her Spiderman boxers, her hair messily done up in a bun and a pair of thick rimmed glasses on her face. There's no make up on her face, and yet in Lexa's eyes, everything about Clarke is positively radiant. She glows in the moonlight like a goddess sent from the skies above.

Only when Lexa manages to snap away from the entrancing beauty of her girlfriend, does Lexa listen to the lyrics of Clarke's song. The younger woman finishes the last lyric and lets the strings ring out, and before Lexa can help herself, her hands come up and she claps. Clarke startles in the seat around the fire pit of her deck, shocked to see that Lexa had been watching the entire time. The blonde blushes and nervously pulls a few strands of hair away from her face.

"You know any other tunes?" Lexa asks as she reaches for the box drum in the corner of the deck and a shaker. "Your voice is gorgeous."

"Nah," Clarke shakes her head, still blushing. "I mean, I know lots of other songs. I just... I don't think my voice is all that great."

Lexa looks on, jaw agape at Clarke's confession. "Babe, have you heard yourself sing? You've got the perfect indie rasp to your voice, it's amazing."

"Nothing like yours though."

"Are we really going to do this for everything?" Lexa jokes as she sets the drum down and settles on the opposite cushion to Clarke. "We can't win."

"I suppose we're at a constant draw," Clarke chuckles back as she fingers over the fret board of the guitar. "But I still love your voice."

Lexa perks a brow as she places the box between her legs and smirks. "And I still love your
"Nerd," Clarke grins as she shakes her head, "now what do you want to play?"

"You pick a song," Lexa tells her as she leans back against the couch. "Start playing and I'll jam along."

Clarke nods and thinks pensively, but then she starts playing around with a few chords. A smile, a bit nostalgic but still ever so bright and vibrant, lights up her face as she picks up a folk-like muted strum upon the strings. Lexa listens for a few moments before tapping out a beat on the drum, nodding her head to the beat. Clarke watches the veins in the back of her hands flexing and twitching with each rap of her knuckles and palms upon the mahogany wood.

Finally, Clarke takes a breath and closes her eyes, ready to sing.

_I listen to you time and time again._

_While you tell me just what's right._

_And you tell me a thousand things a day._

_Then sleep somewhere's else at night._

_I'm going back to Kansas City._

Lexa taps out a stronger beat, switching to one hand so she can pull up the shaker in the other. She recognizes the song and joins Clarke in on the chorus.

_And I love you dear, but just how long?_

_Can I keep singing the same old song?_

_And I love you dear, but just how long?_

_Can I keep singing the same old song?_

_I'm going back to Kansas City._

Clarke looks over at Lexa, watching the veins in her throat stretch and strain when she meets her in the higher pitched harmonies. The older woman backs off when Clarke goes into the second verse, placing the shaker back down on her lap and going back to the two-hand drumming technique on the box.

_And you call me to come, then I do._

_And you say you made some mistake._

_You invite me into your house._

_Then you say you gotta pay for what you break._

_I'm going back to Kansas City._

The two of them charge back into the chorus, their voices ringing out into the empty night hair and carrying over the top of the hill. Lexa continues to rap away at the drums, her knuckles creating a solid rim-shot like sounds from the ridge of the box. Finally, Clarke hits the bridge, her voice growing softer and raspier as memories of the song's origin come flashing through her mind. She
takes a deep breath and steadies herself for the next batch of lyrics.

_Gypsy woman, you know every place I go._

_Even a thousand miles away from home._

_You don't care if I'm asleep or I'm awake._

_This fickle heart just turn to stone._

_I'm going back to Kansas City._

The two of them make eye-contact for a brief moment while Clarke hammers out a few guitar licks on the strings, impressing Lexa at the sight of those talented fingers moving up and down the fretboard. The both nod at each other as they go back into another round of the final chorus, stripping it back to the simple beat of Lexa's drum and the solid, ringing chords of Clarke's guitar. Their voices and harmonies are mixing with the cackling of the fire pit in front of them.

_And I love you dear, but just how long?_

_Can I keep singing the same old song?_

_And I love you dear, but just how long?_

_Can I keep singing the same old song?_

_I'm going back to Kansas City._

Clarke finishes the last chorus with a final strummed chord and Lexa rattles the shaker until the sound dies out into nothing but silence. Clarke's eyes close shut and she feels tears well underneath the eyelids as she sighs. Lexa simply sits in the moment, still absorbing the ebbing sounds that surround them. After a few minutes she moves, putting away the box and the shaker before taking a seat beside Clarke. She waits until Clarke opens her eyes and looks over at her before she opens up her arms. Clarke casts aside the guitar and snuggles in close, drinking in the scent of her girlfriend as they both stare into the fire pit.

"So your dad was into Bob Dylan?" Lexa murmurs after sometime. Clarke tenses in her arms and looks up, confused and awed at the same time.

"How did you know?" Clarke asks softly, her eyes misting. Lexa looks down at her lover and kisses her nose.

"Music communicates more than words," Lexa replies in a soothing rasp, "I felt it. The rawness, the pain, the loss. I felt it, but God, was it beautiful."

"He never got hear what that song was supposed to sound like," Clarke mumbles as she rests her head against Lexa's chest. "He never got to see him live, either. It was always a goal for us. He had all of his albums and all of his unused lyrics. This one was his favourite. He sang it so well, you know. You would've loved to hear him sing. He sounded like a mix between Bruce Springsteen and Tony Lewis from The Outfield. That's how my mom once fell in love with him. He serenaded her at midnight with nothing but a guitar and a six-pack of beer driving his motives." Clarke chuckles at the last bit, causing Lexa to laugh as well. The two of them huddle closer as Lexa reaches for a blanket and drapes it over their legs as they splay out on the cushions.

"He would be so proud of you," Lexa says as she kisses the top of Clarke's head, "to know that his genes passed on so well."
"He would be even more proud to know that I landed a girl just as talented," Clarke hums back as she wraps her arms around Lexa's torso. "He would've really liked you, I think. As soon as you started talking about astrophysics the two of you would be off in your own world and leave me behind." Clarke's voice grows distant and sad as she hangs her head against Lexa's chest, her ear trained on the steady beating of Lexa's heartbeat beneath her ear. "I wish you could've met him, Lexa. He was my best friend. I talked to him about everything. No one ever knew me as well as he did." Lexa's throat closes up at the pain in Clarke's voice.

"He sounds like an amazing man," Lexa whispers as she kisses Clarke's temple soothingly, "I'm just glad I have the honour of dating his daughter."

"Flatterer," Clarke sighs contentedly as she lightly punches Lexa's torso. "But… thank you. You've helped me trust again. Maybe no one will ever know me as well as my father, but I already know that no one knows me better than you do right now. You didn't even have to ask me about the song, you just knew. It wasn't to do with the music, or even the song itself, you just… you knew. You always know and it's not even scary. It's just… remarkable really." Lexa smiles against Clarke's hair and shifts them so they're lying down, with Lexa holding Clarke in her arms, her face pressed into the nape of her neck and an arm around her waist protectively. Clarke smiles at the gesture as she lightly rubs her bare leg against Lexa's own pair, earning a nervous shudder from the older woman.

"We were made for each other," Lexa poetically muses with a rasp, "how else does the world do us wrong for so long?"

"What are you suggesting?" Clarke asks with a gentle whisper. Lexa only smiles down at her sleepily, pecking her forehead.

"That perhaps all this time we've just been surviving," Lexa hums before reaching for Clarke's hand and holding it, "and now, we're finally living."

"Life is about more than just survival," Clarke echoes the words she remembers her father had once told her. "How did you know?"

"I didn't," Lexa says with a gentle smile, "but at the same time, I feel like I do. I just can't explain it. The same way you knew with me."

"You know, if this were anyone else, I'd have picked my stuff up and ran," Clarke confesses as she runs soothing lines over the back of Lexa's wrists, tracing the faint scars on the inside of her arms with disdain. She sighs and kisses Lexa's throat as it bobs before she chokes out, "but when I look at you, all I want to do is stay close and never stray. It's like we're two opposite magnets from two different parts of the world, having seen different sides of the same coin, having felt the same dislocating pain of loss and betrayal, and here we are, together at last. Funny how fate works out that way, huh?" Lexa smiles and nods, sighing.

"And when we make love," Lexa whispers as she feels the flutter in her heart expand and explode with affection, "it's like our souls are reuniting again."

"Do you think that we've done this before?" Clarke asks in a distant voice. "Do you think that we've always been drawn to each other like this?"

"Perhaps," Lexa murmurs wistfully, "but there's always the law of averages to consider."

"The law of averages?" Clarke asks, raising her brow. Lexa looks to their clasped hands and sighs, closing her eyes.
"The idea that eventually if you do something enough times, there will be a chance of a pattern forming, but all it takes is one universe, one lifetime, in which it doesn't work out," Lexa whispers as she blinks down at Clarke, "that in one life we're not together, but never not in love." Clarke takes it in, sighing in contemplation. She digests the words before rolling atop Lexa and straddling the older woman's hips before leaning her head down and kissing her softly.

"There's one universe in which we aren't together," Lexa whispers in a choked voice against Clarke's lips. "In which life works against us."

"Not this one," Clarke hums against the column of Lexa's throat, almost protectively. Lexa sighs and nods, kissing her temple.

"No," Lexa says confidently as she feels Clarke's hands disappear inside her shirt to fumble at her skin, "not this one."

"And no matter what, we always find each other. Law of averages and all?" Clarke whimpers into Lexa's skin, nipping at the warm skin as her hands continue their gentle exploration. Lexa sighs against the touch, letting her own hands slide past the hem of Clarke's underwear and gently palm the small of her back.

"We do," Lexa affirms in a confident tone, "there's no way we couldn't. Not when I've seen you for three weeks but known you my entire life."

"Show me," Clarke gasps as she finds purchase upon Lexa's chest. "Make love to me, Lex. I want us to come together."

Lexa's eyes water as she nods, leaning up to take Clarke's mouth in her own, kissing her fervently. The two of them sigh and gasp against each other, needing the heat of each other's skin as they hold each other close. Lexa can feel her arousal beginning to stir awake, after having been dormant for most of the day. She rolls their bodies so that she's hovering atop Clarke on the cushions. In that moment, she blesses herself that her house, however lonely and empty, is secluded away from prying eyes. She blesses the Gods above that she can worship Clarke under the stars, to adorn her skin with praises of holy words and sing sermons of her desire and canting affection into her darkest places, to expel the demons there and fill the voids with her love instead.

And so Lexa does exactly that.

Clarke's shirt is peeled off between their heated kisses, followed shortly by Lexa's own. The two of them press against each other, skin upon skin, like the sky meeting the ground for the first time. Their fingers trace scars and birthmarks like they're mapping each other's bodies for the return journey in another lifetime. Clarke's cheeks dampen with tears when she feels that unexplainably scalding flicker of curdling need in her chest; her heart yearns for Lexa's lips upon hers, and every breath she takes is just a waste of oxygen until her lover's lips meet hers again. She brings Lexa down for a kiss, her legs crossing over Lexa's grinding, aching hips and tugging her down. She gasps into Lexa's mouth, incorrigible needs that she can't fathom to understand, but Lexa knows. Just like Clarke knows when Lexa cries out against her upon the first graze of her mouth on her chest.

Lexa's hands slide down Clarke's front and dip into the waistband of her boxers before grazing the unruly patch of curled hair on her pubic bone. Clarke hums against Lexa's nipple, causing the older woman to sigh in contentment with the sensation. Clarke trails her kisses up from where she's marked a ragged circle above Lexa's left breast, as if to claim her heart as her own, the 'X marks the spot' on her own treasure map. No one will ever open up Lexa's chest like Clarke does, and no one will ever reach inside and cradle the fragile, barely-tethered components of her abused
and damaged heart. No one's touch can make those scars ache less, stitch those bleeding wounds, hush those cries and replace them with laughter -- no one but Clarke, and only Clarke.

"I love you," Clarke tells her as they both begin to weep again, "good God, Lex, I love you so damned much."

"I love you too," Lexa whispers back as she gently nudges Clarke's nose with her own, "just hang onto me, baby, and don't let go."

"Never." Clarke breathes the words between a slower, more assuring kiss. Lexa hisses when Clarke's hand finds the hem of her waistband. The two of them look at each other, lost in the other's gaze for a split-second before they nod and pry the remaining clothing off their bodies. Lexa lays them on the cushions, keeping them pressed together as their skin glows in the firelight, turning their flesh a bright orange hue, like they're burning with the force of the sun itself.

Lexa only gets up to retrieve a condom from the bathroom near the greenhouse. She's about to roll it on when Clarke stands and walks over, taking the film from her girlfriend's hand and tears it off herself, taking out the latex and reaching down for her cock. Lexa gasps when Clarke touches her, the slightest graze of her palm over her sensitive head pulling weak slips of pre-cum from the divot at the top. Clarke's eyes on hers the entire time, making sure that she's okay with how things are progressing. Tears spill down Lexa's cheeks as she simply nods and pulls Clarke in for a trembling kiss, gasping into her mouth when Clarke slowly works the condom onto her twitching member before holding it firmly in her palm. She gives it a soft squeeze before pulling her hand back and then reaching down for Lexa's hand, walking backwards until they back against the cushions, with Lexa lowering herself over Clarke's body.

"Every inch of you is beautiful," Clarke whispers as she reaches between them again, holding onto Lexa's trembling cock. Clarke swallows and looks into Lexa's misty-gaze with a determined, protective stare. "No matter what anyone says about you, Lexa, you are the most beautiful woman I have ever laid eyes on. I love every single part of you, extra or not. You are perfect just the way you are and I am the luckiest woman alive to be able to love you -- all of you."

"God, Clarke. I… I…," and Lexa has no words, nothing that could ever describe how her heart thunders inside of her chest like a lightening storm. She can't describe how each strike hits her in a different place, never predictable. She can't tell Clarke about how her blood roars like a waterfall, how her stomach flips with each kiss that sends her over the edge and into the awaiting abyss below. She can't tell Clarke anything, but just like always, Clarke knows.

Lexa slides inside and has to pause to keep herself from taking that plunge too early. Clarke's legs lock around her waist and she can't help but claw into Lexa's back, seeking refuge in the storm of their love-making. Her hands dig into those muscles that tether her to the ground while their tornado of affection rages on between them, sucking up every bad memory and throwing it to the side to make room for their love. Clarke's eyes stay glued to Lexa's viridescent gaze as the older woman starts her slow rhythm before stilling, fully-sheathed inside her lover. Both of them cry at the sensation of being joined in a literal and philosophical sense. Lexa's head dips into Clarke's neck, her lips closing over the pulse point, as if to reassure herself that Clarke is alive, that she is alive.

And as Lexa lightly bites down over the throbbing beat, she reassures herself that they, together, are living.

Clarke's mouth is attached to Lexa's shoulder, seeking solace in the thickly corded muscles flexing under her teeth. There's something about Lexa's strength that allows Clarke to make assurances about her own courage and bravery. Lexa pulls something out of her that no one ever has before. She looks at Lexa and all she thinks about is how inside of her is a lioness, an endless flood of
power and diligence. Lexa brings out the best parts of her and Clarke knows that without the brunette above her, she'd be wandering aimlessly through the fog of her own demises, lost to the demons inside her mind.

But together?

Together, Clarke knows that they are immovable objects and unstoppable forces.

Most importantly, Clarke and Lexa are in love.

And that's what drives them to their peak when Lexa's hips pick up a slow, but hard thrusting pace. It's what tumbles them overboard into a slew of whimpered sweet nothings, of tender hands roaming over skin. It's what propels them into a whirlwind of ten million feelings in the compacted space of only thirty seconds. It's the entire colour spectrum beyond visible light. It's every single galaxy in the universe colliding in a new big bang. It's the collision of the sky and the ground, of blue and green, of the Sun and the Earth. It's beyond any comprehensible understanding, beyond any describe feeling, beyond their two souls.

After Lexa discards the condom and draws Clarke into her arms, when they're calmer but still seeking each other's warmth, they both let it sink in that no one else could ever satisfy them the way they do each other. No one else can fill the gaps in their hearts, where they thought they'd been malfunctioning cogs that either were born broken or without the parts. No one else can look at them and see their entirety, to strip them bare and build them back up with such finesse. No one else could ever hold them or enter them or touch them and make them feel like the entire world has stopped spinning as to give them a moment.

The realization hits them, plain and simple, as they sleepily doze off into each other's arms, surrounded by the warmth of each other and the fire.

In every universe, Clarke Griffin and Lexa Woods -- no matter their names, bodies, roles, or locations -- are soulmates.

And that is something no one can ever change.

Chapter End Notes

YAY FLUFF AND SMUT AND MORE RANYA BECAUSE THEY'RE DESTROYING MY LIFE AT THE MOMENT.

Please leave a comment if you can! I love reading them -- discourse and all -- because they really motivate me to write more and include more prompts. It's better if you inbox the prompts to my Tumblr (@ a-class-act-president) than commenting because sometimes I don't get all the comment prompts. But thanks for the awesome comments and kudos and bookmarks and general support of this fic. You guys are awesome! :D

But on a rather serious note, I would like to sincerely apologize for how I wrote out the daddy!kink in that last chapter. I know a few people were upset by how it was handled, and after reading it again multiple times, I've realized that perhaps I did not conduct it as respectfully as I could have. I apologize if this has caused anyone to feel unsafe or uncomfortable, as that was not at all my intention, but I will do my best to fix this in the coming chapters. I am open to any suggestions if you have them!
Again, really sorry about that. It was a genuine mistake on my part for not having read through that carefully enough and keeping the reaction in mind. My inbox on tumblr is open if you would like to discuss it further! I'm really sorry about that.

Thanks for the love and support! <3

Much love, xx.

End Notes

Come sin with me @ a-class-act-president on tumblr.

EDIT: I am totally open to prompts -- I literally have no idea what else to write for these two but I low-key want to write more. Also again, I've never done an intersex character for this fandom, or for any fandom, really, so I am sorry for any errors in advance! If anything I write is incorrect or harmful, do not hesitate to contact me on tumblr or on a comment and I will look into it ASAP. If your prompt is something I agree with, I will definitely write it. I will not accept anything that borderlines on unsafe or non-consensual sexual practices, however.

IMPORTANT: This fic is currently being overviewed by two of my friends in the trans and intersex community, but while they provide significant insight, they are only two people. I understand that no one’s experiences are the same and that each person has a different perspective on their own life, mental state, and physical body.

THANK YOU! <3

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!