

Life is Good

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Summary

Three years after their first meeting, that fateful afternoon, Lexa wakes up to find the streets of Polis covered with snow. With this opportunity to sleep late, she also takes the time to recall how her relationship with Clarke evolved. Modern AU Clexa

Notes

Cross-posted from Fanfiction.net

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The white winter light found its way through their bedroom's heavy curtain. Although Lexa had her back to it, her eyes fluttered. She knew instinctively that it was almost time for her to go to work, and that thought alone made her desperately want to go back to sleep. She pulled the comforter closer to her when a shiver ran along her back. How cold was it outside for her to shiver while being surrounded by so much warmth?

Her phone resting on her bedside table vibrated. She frowned, but when she didn't feel Clarke moving beside her she decided she could read it without waking the blond up. She opened her eyes and found Clarke in the same position she found her every morning. Curled up almost against her, just enough to feel her warmth but not enough to hold on to Lexa, in case she needs to get up to go to work. Nimbly, Lexa stretched her arm to get a hold of her phone. In the corner of her eye, she noticed the way the light sparkled through the window. It had probably snowed the previous night, she thought. Before coming back to her initial position she also saw Reese still soundly asleep on his large pillow. The dog usually left his pillow in the morning when Lexa left the bed.

Lexa quickly checked her phone. The text had come from Lincoln, her head of security and the one responsible for her movements from point A to point B. So from her home to the Castle in the morning, and the opposite in the evening. He told her that it had snowed so much last night that he would not be able to pick her up, as traffic was impossible. They were taking care of cleaning up the streets, but he didn't know how long it would take. He would keep her updated. Lexa smiled and placed her phone back on the nightstand.

She lay back down with a smile. Finally a chance to sleep late. She brought the comforter almost above her head. She was about to pull Clarke closer to her to hug her until the snow was cleared, but a spark of gold catching her eyes stopped her. Clarke, just like her, kept her wedding ring even when they slept. Lexa never took it off, as she felt if she did her dream of a life would burst, and she would be back at the Castle, miserably alone. She sighed.

She looked longly at her wife. Just thinking the word made her shiver. Just a few months ago they were in a small cabin in the woods, completely lost to the world, celebrating their anniversary. She somehow still had a hard time believing that two years ago they had exchanged those rings.

Clarke's long blond hair was spread on her pillow messily, as usual. Lexa took the gamble of delicately pushing a strand away from her face, but the blond didn't move. Blond. That was all she knew of Clarke when she had been looking for her after Reese's escape. She didn't know she had those beautiful blue eyes, sometimes as clear as aquamarines, and sometimes as deep as pools of ink. Or that she was the most talented person she had ever met, capable of drawing almost anything, but with a preference for Lexa herself. She had never heard her laugh, or see her smile. And that had only been three years ago. Lexa wondered how her life had changed so quickly. From the Commander of a country with barely enough time for

herself to the wife of this gorgeous young woman.

After that fateful first afternoon when they had met, Lexa couldn't wait to see her again. Of course, all of her advisers, and assistants, and all of those people fawning over her constantly had not been happy with her disappearance. She paid them no mind. She went back to work but spent all of her free time texting Clarke. That was when she decided to ask her out the next week because she quickly found that not seeing the blond for more than a week was painful. Soon after that, they began dating, and even sooner the news heard about their relationship. That was the first big problem in their relationship, one which they would probably never solved fully. Although Lexa had learned then that there was nothing a good official announcement couldn't fix, at least for a while.

She remembered it had been about four months after she had first met Clarke that the brunette spent the night with her for the first time. Her only thought the following morning was that she should have done it sooner. After that she began to organize herself even better, to spend as much time as possible with her girlfriend. Only, disaster had struck less than a month later.

The Ice nation had gone back on their promise and had attacked. It was an open war at the border, one which Lexa, in her quality of Commander, had to stop herself. She left for war, and while they won, she almost lost Clarke. It wasn't the stress of seeing her girlfriend at war that had almost broken their relationship, it was the silence. Lexa, too occupied with war planning, barely talked to her. It was the moment Clarke realized that no matter how much they loved each other, Lexa's job would always come between them. So when Lexa came back they had a talk. A painful one at that, because the brunette didn't remember ever yelling so much in Clarke's presence. They came to an understanding, thankfully, and Lexa decided to leave the Castle, to live with Clarke in her small apartment. She was the first Commander to live outside of the Castle, which everyone reminded her when she said she was leaving. She just shrugged them off.

After that, things had run rather smoothly. Lexa, like any normal person, went to work every day, even if that entailed high-security transport. Their apartment was actually always under surveillance by a bunch of snipers and guards dressed in civil clothing. It was a bit too much, she always thought, but it was the price to pay for her to live with the love of her life.

She had decided to propose to Clarke a year exactly after they had met. At first, she wanted to do something very romantic, like ask her on the square they had first met, but then she realized it would not be very romantic, and probably full of people watching them like it was some kind of show. So she did something very simple. Dinner at their apartment and she proposed then. Their wedding, obviously, was a matter of state, and not a very private ceremony like Lexa would have wished. It didn't bother Clarke as much as she had thought it would, and they still had their words to say on everything. In the process, Lexa realized that her country had yet to pass a law allowing same-sex marriage, which she found very stupid. A few days later it was done.

And since then life had been good, Lexa decided. Two years seemed like a short period of time, but it had probably been the two best years of her life. And she knew things would only get better from there.

She slid closer to Clarke and wrapped her in a hug, their body pressed together. This seemed to wake the blond lightly. Her eyelids fluttered, and she moved her hands so they wouldn't be crushed between them. She slid them along Lexa's strong arms until she found her wife's shoulders.

"What time is it?" she asked in a sleepy voice.

"I don't know. Roads are stuck because of the snow."

"You don't have to go yet?"

"No."

Clarke snuggled closer, her head resting against Lexa's chest. She sighed and closed her eyes once again. Her breathing became regular quickly, and Lexa knew she was asleep again. She smiled happily and caressed the blond's hair. She felt how their legs were now tangled, and knew it would probably hurt when Reese would jump on the bed like he usually did when he got impatient, but she didn't care. She let her hand slowly slid down along her wife's side until she had to twist her wrist to touch her belly. It was barely visible for now, but from now on she knew it would become more and more obvious. No one really knew, even at the Castle. Oh, she would make an official announcement in the coming months, yes, but for now, it was their happy little secret.

Lexa moved her hand again until it rested on Clarke's waist, and she closed her eyes. Truly, her future would be good.

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