Summary

"So we've never met but our showers are on opposite sides of the same apartment wall so sometimes we're showering at the same time and we sing duets."

Notes

Prompt found here: http://awful-aus.tumblr.com/post/112041037663/

Lexa loves singing in the shower. She always has, even as a kid; it is the only time she truly allows herself to let loose and have as much fun as she wants. The only one who has ever known about this is Lexa’s older sister, Anya, who frequently pokes fun at the fact but never discourages her. She thinks it’s nice that Lexa has this one constant thing in her life.

Lexa’s always been a fan of musicals. This leads to many musical score-filled showers during which she sings every part of any song, albeit badly, regardless of how many times she has to switch or sing a part way out of her range.

“In sleep he sang to me
In dreams he came
That voice which calls to me and speaks my name
And do I dream again for now I find
The Phantom of the Opera is there
Inside my mind”

Lexa hums the instrumental transition absentmindedly as she massages shampoo into her mane of hair, then nearly jumps out of her skin when an unfamiliar voice sounds through the wall, picking
up the part of the Phantom in a clear, beautiful voice. Nobody had lived in the apartment next to hers since they’d started renting several years ago, but she guesses she’d simply missed a new tenant moving in and whoever it was had very nearly given her a heart attack.

She can’t help but to listen attentively as the girl sings, standing as still as she can in the shower to hear better. And, when the song comes back around to Christine’s part, she hesitantly resumes:

“Those who have seen your face  
Draw back in fear  
I am the mask you wear–”

“It’s me they hear….”

Lexa can’t help but to let a small smile slip as she keeps singing, trying to harmonize as well as she can with the voice on the other side of the wall. It’s exhilarating, really—the anonymity—and she loves it.

It happens the next day. And the next. How the mystery girl’s showering seems to sync up with Lexa’s without the two of them ever coming face-to-face outside their respective apartments is unknown to her, but she doesn’t complain.

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“You’ve really got a thing for that girl next door, don’t you?” Anya asks from the couch as Lexa emerges from the bathroom one evening, her face flushed and her lips curved into the faintest of smiles.

“She has a lovely voice,” she responds simply.

“Well, why don’t you go knock on her door and introduce yourself?”

“I like it better not knowing who she is.”

—

Lexa has never liked parties, but she hasn’t left the apartment for anything other than work in a month, so Anya is all but forcing her to go—illegally, mind you—to a party Anya’s acquaintance at the local university is throwing. There are too many unfamiliar people for Lexa’s tastes, and she finds herself standing stoically in a corner with a red solo cup of beer, watching everyone else have a good time while she tries to figure out how to worm her way out without Anya’s friend, Lincoln, noticing and tattling on her.

He’s standing with his arm wrapped around a girl with long dark hair, who seems to be participating in some sort of drinking game along with a pretty blonde girl and two guys that she can’t see well from her angle. She sets her cup down when Lincoln isn’t looking and slips into the bathroom.

The bathroom is…well, insecure to say the least. After all, it is a rather decrepit house just outside the college campus, but the window is completely missing its panes, and Lexa is seriously considering leaving through it. That is, until someone else comes in, Lexa not having thought to lock the door (if the lock even works).

It’s the girl who’d been playing that drinking game, the blonde one. There’s a goofy smile on her face and her eyes are the brightest shade of blue Lexa has ever seen, and it’s enough to make her hesitate rather than running right back out of the bathroom.
“Oh—sorry, didn’t know anyone else was in here,” the girl says and, perhaps because she’s had too much to drink or perhaps because that’s just how she is, keeps going despite being in a disgusting bathroom with a stranger. “Do you go to AU? I haven’t seen you around before.” She sticks her hand out, still smiling that goofy smile, and introduces herself: “I’m Clarke.”

A small crease forms between Lexa’s eyebrows; something about this girl’s voice seems familiar. Could it be…? No, no it couldn’t. Lexa snaps out of it and shakes the girl’s—Clarke’s—hand as she utters out a quick introduction as well. “My name is Lexa.”

Clarke’s eyes widen at this, the surprise completely wiping the joy off of her face. “Whoa, holy shit. Okay, this is going to sound really weird, but you sound just like this girl I sing duets with in the shower every night,” she laughs.

Lexa’s jaw drops slightly, but she quickly composes herself and clears her throat uncomfortably. “3B?” she asks, her stomach twisting. She doesn’t know why she’s so nervous; maybe because she sounds more like a dying cat than anything when she sings and this other girl sounds like a goddess, maybe because this other girl is just so damn pretty, but she feels a lot better when Clarke grins and hugs her as if they were long-time friends.

“Oh my god, this is great!” Clarke says. “I never went to meet you because I figured that if you really wanted to you would have come over in your own time, but now that the ice is broken we should totally hang out sometime! Get to know each other outside the shower, you know.”

She’s still grinning. Lexa doesn’t know how much more of it she can take; it is the most stunning, genuine smile she’s ever seen. “I would like that very much,” she manages to say, her eyes subconsciously flicking down to Clarke’s lips and body. Oh man, she is so pretty.

“Do you wanna get out of here? I’m kinda bored with the parties; this is my third one this week. We could go home and chat,” Clarke suggests, and Lexa can only nod in agreement before Clarke’s face lights up even more and she drags Lexa out of the party by her hand.

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Lexa spends the night on Clarke’s couch, talking away until the early hours of the morning. Well, Clarke does most of the talking, but Lexa loves listening to her. It is all too easy for her to get lost in the way Clarke speaks, the way she doesn’t hold back and the way her face is just so expressive and easily read.

Of course, when Clarke does finally pass out, it’s on top of Lexa. She can’t bring herself to move, though, for fear of waking up the blonde girl who looks so much softer and more vulnerable in her sleep. She falls asleep eventually, too, and wakes up to blonde hair in her mouth and Clarke apologizing for drifting off, though it doesn’t sound very genuine with the content smile ever gracing her face.

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Not even two days later, Clarke’s already invited Lexa to go with her and her friends to karaoke night. She doesn’t want to, not really, because she barely even likes Anya and Clarke knowing how badly she sings, but she accepts because she can’t say no to Clarke.

They meet a rather large group of people in the commons of Octavia’s dorm–Lexa recognizes her as Lincoln’s girlfriend–including the other two boys she’d seen at the party, Monty and Jasper, two guys she doesn’t like the looks of named Bellamy and Finn, and a girl she hadn’t seen before named Raven. She plans on sitting the entire event out and watching, but Clarke drags her in front
of everybody before she can protest.

Clarke has already chosen Phantom of the Opera to be their song, and while Lexa appreciates the nod to their first time singing together, she really does not want all of Clarke’s friends to hear this. But, of course, she can’t back down because Clarke is looking at her like she’s the greatest thing to ever exist, and she ends up having more fun than she’d bargained for singing the awful duet in front of everyone as well as several more after. It’s worth it when Clarke kisses her cheek as they leave the makeshift stage.

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Lexa finds herself spending another night on Clarke’s couch, and this time, she is the first one to fall asleep. Clarke is wide awake when Lexa wakes up, not on her phone or watching television or anything. She just sits under Lexa’s weight and greets her with a smile when she opens her eyes. Lexa has to wonder how long Clarke had been sitting there like that, stock still so that she doesn’t wake her.

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Anya is noticing how much time Lexa has been spending away from home. She questions her about it after coming back from Clarke’s, and Lexa spills everything, right down to the more-than-platonic feelings she has developed for Clarke.

Anya has a knowing look in her eye and Lexa knows she meddled; she must have meddled.

“What did you do?” Lexa asks warily, and Anya shrugs.

“What I had to do. You weren’t about to go knock on Clarke’s door yourself, so when Lincoln told me our new neighbor went to Ark University….”

“You set me up,” Lexa says. Part of her wants to be angry, but she can’t be. She wouldn’t know Clarke if it weren’t for Anya, and for that she is grateful. She nods, smiling slightly. “Thank you.”

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Clarke is the one who comforts Lexa when she gets a call saying Anya had been killed in a shooting. Lexa hates crying; she really, really does, but Anya had been her only family and Clarke makes her feel safe enough to let out all of her tears and sorrow and anguish.

Clarke is the one who, despite having only known Lexa for a month, offers to split the rent of her own apartment when Lexa can’t afford to pay for hers without Anya’s help.

Clarke is the one who helps Lexa endure the pain of losing her sister, gets her back on her feet, gives her something to look forward to coming home to every day.

It only makes Lexa love her even more.

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“You know, I miss singing duets in the shower with you,” Clarke says out of the blue one day as they watch TV shows together on the couch.

“Why do I feel as if this is a ploy to get me to shower with you?” Lexa asks, a smile tugging at the corners of her mouth though she resists the urge to look away from the television.
“Maybe it is,” Clarke laughs. She twists in place and lays her head on Lexa’s lap, and now Lexa gives in and looks down into those deep blue eyes. “Would it be so bad if it was?”

“Perhaps,” Lexa says. “I’m warning you now, Clarke; I cannot have sexual relations with someone who does not feel for me emotionally.”

Clarke looks genuinely confused at this. “When did I say I didn’t feel for you emotionally?” She sits up again, her expression completely serious.

Lexa feels her breath catch, because this is it–this is a confession. This is Clarke saying something she herself has been trying to figure out how to say for months.

“Clarke~”

But Clarke is already leaning in to kiss her, and it’s the sweetest thing Lexa has ever experienced. There is no lust, no play of power; there is only love, and a need for contact not just from anybody but from each other.

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Lexa loves to sing in the shower. She always has, even as a kid, and she enjoys it even more when she’s with Clarke. It makes her feel at home, because Clarke is her home, and she wouldn’t have it any other way.

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