I Have a Good Feline About You

by Aliis

Summary

Some people write things in permanent marker, words like *always* or *forever*, or draw constellations of stars and little hearts. A Soulmate AU.

Previously titled 'All It Takes is One Umbrella'. Further explanation in the notes.

Notes

Soulmate au where when you write something on your skin with pen/marker/whatever the hell you want, it will show up on your soul mates skin as well. -Based on this Tumblr post
I ran away with.

The title of the series is an homage to one of the first fanfictions I've ever read, more than ten years ago.

The new title is a pun, for continuity with the other planned installments in this series. Please forgive me.
Soulmates are a thing.

It *usually* kicks in after puberty starts, but sometimes it doesn’t.

No one is actually sure how it works.

Sometimes it shows up in your late teens or when you're married, or when you're daydreaming after school or when you're thinking about killing yourself, but you wouldn't really know *for sure* unless someone else's words mark your skin.

Not everyone gets a soulmate though.

Sometimes, no one ever writes back, no matter how many sonnets you inscribe on your arms.

But when you do, that old adage of ‘and the two shall become as one flesh’ becomes true in the most literal sense because it’s a two way communication with your skin as your canvas.

It usually worked out fine, if your soulmate came from the same country, but sometimes your soulmate is on another continent, and you have to get creative. Some couples could only communicate in rough scribbles, like pictionary, until they learned enough fluency to communicate properly with each other.

Normally, getting a message from your soulmate the first time marks a brief exchange of notes that escalate into exchanging contact information and then further into meeting face to face.

Sometimes it is just platonic, two souls loving each other with a fierceness that is almost dazzling. They are the best partners in everything, a best friend you know you could count on, no matter what.

Sometimes it's a whirlwind romance, meeting and getting to know each other.

Sometimes it takes months or years of just writing to each other before you're ready to meet.

Some people write little messages, like, ‘*how have you been?*’ or ‘*I hear it's going to be really cold today, maybe you should bundle up?*’

Others write this 'caramel macchiatos are the absolute best' and doodle a coffee cup with a ridiculous smiley face.

Some people write things in permanent marker, words like *always or forever*, or draw constellations of stars and little hearts.

A few people do couple’s promise things, drawing rings or intricate chains that spiral around wrists and ankles, always retouching them when they’d fade.

Some get them tattooed, those little promises were deeper than flesh.

It's not usually done unless you've actually found and gotten an agreement with your soulmate, though. It was pretty strictly regulated, with licensed tattoo establishments and consent forms from both parties filled up in triplicate.
Marinette was a normal girl who for the most part had a normal life.

She was an aspiring fashion designer. Her parents had always been supportive of her life goals. She sort of has a nemesis, but she's also got the greatest best friend. She had this huge crush on this boy she can't string two words around. She is generous to a fault sometimes but she is also the clumsiest person in the collège.

She has always written things on her palm, little notes to herself like don't forget to buy milk or to pick up buttons for that new fawn cardigan she was working on, usually with whatever writing implement she could reach. Let's just say that over the years she's managed to have written with everything from permanent marker to calligraphy pens.

But no one’s ever written back before.

The evening before, she scribbled a quick note to check the weather in case she needed an umbrella. She'd promptly forgotten the next day, and had to sprint for home in the pouring rain and had arrived totally soaked and miserable.

Her mother took one look at her and started warming up some hot cocoa for her, and she'd headed straight for the shower.

She ends up taking the best bath she's had in weeks. When she's dried off, though, she yelps when she glances at her arm. There were words. She tries rubbing at it, but it refused to budge. She threw on the first clean items of clothing she could get her hands on and studies the writing closely.

The words are tiny, written in what looked like water-resistant eyeliner. It's a quick doodle of a cat, followed by, 'Are you feline under the weather? Take care!'

She doesn't know anything about her soulmate, but she does know he or she was absolutely ridiculous.

So yes, she's Marinette. A normal girl who has wound up with possibly the dorkiest soulmate ever.

Has she mentioned she also saves Paris on a semi-regular basis as Ladybug?
His mother had told him about soulmates, like a penpal you couldn’t get away from. Adrien never understood why anyone would *want* to get away.

A soulmate was someone who always has your back, even when you felt you were the last living being in the whole world.

When his mother left, Adrien felt the want to have someone as absolute as the soulmate she used to tell him about. He wanted someone constant in his life as keenly as he imagined a razor on his wrist would feel.

Days he didn’t have shoots scheduled, he spent hours writing on his arm, using whatever he could get his hands on but making sure it would be easy to remove.

'How are you?'

'I hope you’re doing well.'

'My name is Adrien.'

'I hope you don’t think I’m a total weirdo.'

'It's my birthday today. I wished you existed.'

And once, just once, when he was particularly frustrated about his father not letting him attend the collège, or having a life beyond being a perfect son: *This is a secret. Sometimes I wish I was dead.*

No one ever replied, and Adrien felt increasingly lonely. Not just because Nathalie and the Gorilla were terrible companions for a child (*they were though, because a child's social environment should be comprised of more than just his father's secretary and the family chauffeur*), but aside from them, Chloe came only sometimes and she only ever spoke of herself and never of other people.

"Oh Adrien," she'd sigh. "Class was terribly boring today. My classmates never appreciate all I am doing for them as class president!"

But ah, Adrien would have given up a mountain of things to be put in her shoes!

You didn’t necessarily marry your soulmate even when you found them.

You didn’t *necessarily* fall in love with each other while sharing the short notes or the long messages that sometimes spiraled around each other's arms and legs.

But you always, *always*, loved each other, and Adrien craved love like a thirsty man in the middle of a desert craved water.

Adrien smiles his perfect model smile when his father deigns to glance at him, and shatters a bit
more inside. Gabriel Agreste loved him, he knew. His father loved him, but he never knew how to show it and Adrien needed more than he could give.

Plagg becoming part of his life is honestly the highlight of his year.

Several years, in fact.

The kwami was lazy and greedy but his heart was in the right place, and sometimes Adrien honestly feels that his whole life was leading up to becoming Chat Noir.

And meeting Ladybug.

And finally getting to go to school, of course.

But Ladybug is amazing, and Adrien knows within seconds of meeting her that he loves this brave girl who tries so wholeheartedly. That he will love the girl behind the mask because he knows just how hard it is to try living up to other people's expectations.

Adrien was just about finished washing his face off the makeup from yet another perfume advertisement and pondering the Physics homework he was too tired to actually study when he noticed the writing on his palm.

It was decidedly not his handwriting, tiny and cramped when his was more rounded.

'Check weather for tomorrow. Umbrella?'

Adrien laughs. He has a soulmate, and whoever it was, he knew they would get along just fine.

He remembers to check the weather, and even to bring an umbrella to school the next day.

It hasn't rained in quite a while in Paris, so not many students remembered to bring an umbrella to school. He wonders if his soulmate remembered, and laughs as Nino recounts his struggle to get an umbrella from home during lunchtime when he realized the forecast.

Class dismissed just a touch late, so he was rushing to get to piano classes so he would finish with enough time for a quick photoshoot for rubber rainboots.

While waiting for the cameraman to set up and get 'the perfect rain, it is important don't you know?' Adrien quickly doodles, then scribbles a quick note on his palm.

*For his soulmate*, he thinks, a silly grin curling up the edges of his mouth.

He feels like he's on the top of the world!

Chapter End Notes

So there!

I pondered how to go about continuing this for a long time. OSR suggested Adrien's POV, which is perfect in terms of rounding things out!
Also, in the end, I feel this is the best compromise with my utter lack of time once this holiday ends:

This will be a series, titled the same as this first fic. I will do my best to plot each installment so I would be able to clearly finish it, as a standalone, yet adding to this 'verse, slowly but steadily. We'll see how that goes for the next three months-- I cannot afford to let my love for ML affect my academics terribly.

So yes, I invite you to subscribe to the series, and not to this work, which is completed. Thank you for your time!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!