

Songs of the Heart

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/15695022) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/15695022>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Multi
Fandoms:	Miraculous Ladybug , Spider-Man (Cartoon 2017)
Relationships:	felix agreste/bridgette cheng , Ladybug/Cat Noir , Felix Agreste/Ladybug , Cat Noir/Bridgette Cheng
Characters:	Bridgette (Miraculous Ladybug) , Félix (Miraculous Ladybug) , Cat Noir , Ladybug , Melodie(Miraculous Ladybug)
Additional Tags:	Soulmateau , Music , Other Movie/Show References , Spider-Man - Freeform , marvel characters , The Greatest Showman , Broadway Love
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Miraculous Marvel Crossovers
Stats:	Published: 2018-08-15 Updated: 2018-10-31 Words: 6,142 Chapters: 7/?

Songs of the Heart

by [TheLightofMyHeart](#)

Summary

Bridgette savors each time her soulmate plays music. They play the piano twice each day at the same times.

But Felix finds himself annoyed each time his soulmate blasts their loud music in his ears. Though, he finds himself worried when they don't blast music in his ears.

What will it take for them to find each other?

A trip to New York perhaps?

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Prologue: The Soulmate of Bridgette Cheng

For the last nine years, Bridgette has heard piano music played by her soulmate. They had always played at the same times each day, every day. The second time every day was her favorite. Her soulmate would have more emotion through the second one than the first. Their emotions would dip, and rise with the music as if they were a part of it.

Though born in Paris, she had lived most of her life in New York, made friends, connections, even found those she would protect with her life. So when about a month ago she had been told she was moving back to Paris she was... terrified.

But now that she back in Paris she was... adjusting.

Now that she was back in Paris she noticed a lot of things.

The songs sung in the cafeteria of her new school were often ones she had heard her soulmate hear. She listened to everything, every French mutter, every song, and they were all the same...

If her soulmate were here... surely she would find them. Right?

Chapter One: The Soulmate of Felix Agreste

Chapter Summary

While Felix is annoyed with his soulmate, really he's a big softie who likes making them happy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Felix was convinced his soulmate was out to get him sometimes.

They would play loud music that was very energetic and he could practically feel them dancing along with it. What made it worse was that it was almost always in English. A language he couldn't even understand.

The only relief he got was whenever he played the piano. For whatever reason they had decided that they would not play their obnoxious music while he played.

Of course, a few years ago, when his soulmate stopped listening to their preferred music, and went to something more melancholic, it bothered him. Especially with how when they listened to it, their heart seemed to wither, shrink, and break.

It bothered ten year old Felix far too much for him not to do anything. So for the first time in his life, he crept to the piano in his house, and played a happy upbeat tune.

He had felt his soulmate's heart jerk as they seemed to fumble, and stop their music. It made his lips twitch into a smile. He felt their mood lighten, bit by bit as he played. He felt his own heart move with the music, dipping and rising with the notes.

He kept on until he felt his soulmate slip into what he could determine to be a deep sleep. The heart at rest for the first time in weeks.

Felix didn't know it, but, five years ago, when he played the upbeat music for his soulmate, he had practically saved Bridgette Cheng's life.

Chapter End Notes

This is chapter one, we delve into Felix's perspective. Hope all of you like it! ;)

Chapter Two: Meeting People and Making Friends (finding the Miraculous)

Chapter Summary

New school, new beginnings, the flicker of attraction. What am I forgetting... Oh! Stoneheart ! Umm... miraculouses. Oh and mention of Bridgette's old friends!

Chapter Notes

Alright sooo... the way I work is I'll be updating when I can. School for me starts on Monday and my schedule is packed! This chapter is a lot longer sooo... you know? Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Have a good day at school, sweetie!” Bridgette’s mother called out to her.

Bridgette looked back towards her mother, who was kneading dough at the counter, “Of course, Maman!”

School was just starting, a new school, new people, maybe new friends. Her first day... and she couldn’t be more terrified.

Before moving she had her two science nerds, Harry Osborn and Peter Parker, occasionally Mary Jane Watson, or MJ for short, but that was all she needed. She wasn’t sure she could make new friends so easily.

But here she was. Taking the steps out of the bakery, towards the crosswalk, and to her new school. She stopped at the crosswalk, not quite sure if she was ready for this. What if her French wasn’t good enough? What if they made fun of her New York accent? What if they thought it weird that she made her own clothes? What if—

Her frenzied panic was cut off by an elderly man walking across the street while the light was red, a car coming towards a feeble old man, and no one even saw!

It turns out all cities are the same. Whether they be American, or French.

Not for the first time, Bridgette was glad that she walked around with science nerds whom needed a little guidance, physically, otherwise they would have made out with a pole years

ago. She used the quick reflexes she gained around them to dart in front of the car, and pull the poor man out of the way just in time.

“Thank you, young miss,” the old man’s voice resonated.

“You’re welcome. I’m used to it with my friends anyway,” she responded. The light for the crosswalk turned green, “well, I’ve got to go to school, but I hope to see you again! I’ll be at that bakery!” She exclaimed quickly, pointing to the bakery her parents had managed to gain before moving here, (coincidentally, it was right across the road from her school) and running the rest of the way to school.

She ran away so quickly that she didn’t hear him utter out, “Thank you very much, young miss,” pulling out an octagonal, black and red box, tossing it up and catching it with a flick of his wrist.

Felix’s day started like any other school day. Get up early, eat breakfast, go to school. He was paused in his walk to help a man with his cane, but that was a side note.

And like every other school day, despite this one being the first, Alya Cesaire and Chloé Bourgeois were bickering. Over what, one might ask, but it honestly didn’t matter in the least anymore.

“Why don’t you go sit by that new girl over there?” Chloé tsked.

This was the first time Felix had even noticed there was a new girl.

She had dark hair pulled back into long pigtails, it gave off the illusion that it was blue in the light, with a heart shaped cowlick on the top of her head. Her eyes were an enticing sky blue that darted around the room, as if planning an escape. Her skin was pale, almost a porcelain color, with a pale pink lip color. All in all... she was... pretty.

This had nothing to do with his opinion of her, it was just an observation. Or so he told himself.

“Why would I sit next to her?” Alya scoffed, snapping Felix back to the situation at hand. If Alya and Chloé kept this up they were going to scare the poor girl off... couldn’t they tell she was nervous enough as it is?

He found himself strolling over to her, only stopping once he was in front of this girl, “You’re new here, yes?”

“Yes?” Her awkward fidgeting continued.

“Don’t be too scared, first days are always tough,” he told her in the most encouraging way he could muster.

“Alri-” she was cut off by a long, dramatic gasp.

“FELIX! You’re actually talking to someone! And the new girl of all people?” Chloé’s screech had the girl curling into herself even more, her light dimming. He was finally going to snap. The only time he decided to be nice to someone, and the practice was ruined!

“Yes, Chloé, I was talking to her,” he snapped at the blonde.

He walked to his desk, just in time for class to start, leaving himself to ponder this information. A nice girl, who is new here, Chloé and Alya at each other’s throats, and the start of a new school year.

Just the average start of every year.

“My name’s Melodie,” a blonde girl whispered, sliding into the seat beside Bridgette.

“Bridgette,” she whispered back.

“Felix seemed to like you,” the blonde, Melodie, included.

“Hmmm,” she murmured, looking ahead to keep up with the class in session.

The class went on, and at the end of it Ms. Bustier told everyone, “Some of you are needed by the coach, the rest of you can go to the library.”

Bridgette packed up her things, and followed the majority of the group to the library. But as she came to the door there was a loud accusing voice, yelling, “Kim!”

She turned in time to see a tall, stoic, boy holding another boy, dressed in a red hoodie, most likely the accused, in his fist, with his other fist held back to punch him.

“Ivan!” The stoic boy turned at Ms. Bustier’s scolding voice, “go to the principal’s office!”

“But Kim...” Ivan started.

“Now, Ivan!”

The boy growled, clenching his fists by his sides and stalking towards the doorway.

Bridgette jumped when she felt a hand grab her arm, turning she saw that it was Melodie.

“Come on,” she whisper-shouted, “we need to get going.”

It wasn’t even lunchtime when there was a loud screaming and a rampaging stone being roaring around. Most students had been sent home for their safety and Felix had just sat down at the desk in his room when he noticed an octagonal, black and red box sitting there.

Now, Felix would never in a million years admit to this, but he was a creature of curiosity. Being so, he found himself opening this conspicuous box to a blinding green light. And when that light dimmed, he found himself face to face with a small, floating, cat-like being.

“What in the world?”

Bridgette was a creature of instinct. And growing up in New York, where rats out populate humans ten to one instinct says that you first scare them away, then set traps.

Of course, instinct doesn't count on the fact that said rat could be bright red, floating, and talking.

When she finally caught said rat in a glass on her dresser it said, “Okay, if this makes you feel safe.”

If only Peter and Harry were here.

Chapter End Notes

Did you like it? I mean... my favorite part is the very end where Bridgette is having a freak-out about a mutated rat in her room, but that's just me! (look forward to this: $W/G^p \Rightarrow G^r$, will find in texts)

Chapter Three: With Great Power, Comes Great Responsibility

Chapter Summary

Bridgette and Felix both accept their miraculous. With Felix, it takes the threat of a curse. With Bridgette, she needs her friends' encouraging quotes.

Chapter Notes

Hey! We're back! Another crazy day, and mine's just started!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"So let me get this straight," Bridgette told the red being, "you want me," she held her hand in front of her chest, "to fight that," she pointed to her computer, where the news was pulled up, showing the stone being, "all by myself?"

"Of course not!" the red being exclaimed.

"But you just said—"

"You'll have help, of course," she (Bridgette assumed the being was female) cut off the exasperated teenager, "most likely a black cat."

"Excuse me?" Bridgette freaked, "help from a cat?"

"They're a miraculous holder like you, Bridgette," she tried calming her chosen down.

"And that's another thing," Bridgette pointed at her, "how do you know my name? Who and what are you?"

"I told you, my name is Tikki, I am a kwami," Tikki sighed.

She hoped Plagg was having better luck than her for once.

"Your name is Plagg, you are the kwami of the black cat and destruction, and you want me to help a ladybug fight that stone being," Felix summed up the black cat-like creature's story.

"Yep, that's about it," Plagg reasoned.

"And if I don't?" Felix inquired of the kwami.

Plagg paused, he hadn't had one of his chosen ask him that in many years. Panicking, Plagg answered, "then you'll be cursed."

"Cursed," Felix mused, "then I will have to accept this role."

Plagg sighed internally. If it was going so smoothly for him, then Tikki's must have been a breeze.

"I need to think about it, phone a friend maybe," Bridgette pushed, trying to avoid answering Tikki.

"No! Nobody must know about this Bridgette," Tikki shouted.

"Could I at least look through my texts between my friends to see what they would say?"

"What are texts?" Tikki's curious question lingered as Bridgette opened her messages on her phone.

~Bridgette: what do you mean Uncle Ben was shot?!!! ?<

~Peter: Just that, he was shot. He tried stopping a robbery, and the guy had a gun now

~Peter: He's just gone, Bri.

~Bridgette: that's sick. When people have power they're supposed to do good things =<(

~Harry: well you can't expect everyone to follow Uncle Ben's wisdom

~Peter: Yeah, not everyone knows that $W/G^p \Rightarrow G^r$

~Bridgette: but everyone SHOULD know Uncle Ben's formula

"Hey, Tikki?" Bridgette called out.

"Yes," Tikki answered, staring at the screen of Bridgette's phone.

"Someone caused the monster to happen. Someone is misusing the power they have, right?" Bridgette calculated, already having an answer for Tikki.

"Yes..." Tikki answered.

"So... someone needs to teach them to take responsibility for their actions, and that their power, comes with responsibility," she confirmed.

"I suppose," Tikki thought.

“With great power, comes great responsibility, Ben Parker taught us that,” she told Tikki, pulling the earrings out of the box they came in, “Now, it’s my turn to pass on that information.”

Chapter End Notes

I know my chapters are a bit short, but I’m sure they’ll get longer. By the way, what should we call Felix? CAT Noir or CHAT Noir? Tell me in the comments what your vote is. (I really just want to see more comments);)

Chapter Four: Team Up

Chapter Summary

Alright! Stoneheart fight! Hey, that rhymed. We learn the names I chose, and my take on our favorite duo. Plus more Peter Parker and Harry Osborn being friends with our girl! Enjoy!

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the wait. There's been a lot going on. First, school. Second, I was stuck on her 'ladybug vision'. Third, the last saturday of August, I went through excruciating emotional trauma. Wanna hear it, here goes... I... *sob* I watched Avengers: Infinity War. *Sob* and I'm like, why! *bawling continues* T-T.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Felix was agitated. How was he supposed to go and 'save the day' when the 'ladybug' had yet to show?

So far he had just been walking along the baton given to him through his transformation. Granted, being given superpowers meant he had better balance than normal. He still nearly fell a dozen times!

"Ah, forget it," he yelled into the empty space. He turned around to go back to his house, but his foot slipped. While falling, he tried to grab his baton, only for it to be just out of his reach.

He braced himself for the impact of hard asphalt, but instead was met with a net-like substance that bounced slightly.

"Sorry I didn't come sooner," a soft feminine voice rang out.

He twisted in the mesh until he was facing the girl whose net he was caught in. She was dark haired, blue eyed, and wore red spandex with black spots. Her hair was tied up with two red ribbons and she wore a mask that matched her suit. In her hands was the end of the rope that he was caught in.

She stepped forward slowly, as she did so the net was lowered. When he was touching the ground again, he quickly stood up, wanting to make a proper introduction of himself. Her rope was back in her hand with a quick tug from her, it was also revealed as a yo-yo.

“Don’t worry about it,” he told her, dusting himself off, “but I have to ask, what took you so long?”

The girl blushed, looking away before stating, “I... kind of had a panic attack... seeing a tiny red being in my room.”

“Oh,” he thought, “well... you’re better now. Aren’t you?”

“Yeah,” she smiled, “I’m better.”

Bridgette didn’t quite know how they got to this point, but here she was, facing a giant stone being, who in his hand clasped her partner.

All while being filmed by a girl in her class who, she had found out was named Alya.

Seriously, it felt like just a second ago she was knocking her partner’s baton from being stuck between two buildings, by using simple physics that had rubbed off on her from Peter and Harry.

She hadn’t even come up with a superhero name for Pete’s sake! Her partner seemed to come up with one right off the top of his head: Chat Noir, French for black cat. Not exactly creative, but not bad either.

She gave a final huff, using all the strength she had received from her father’s genes, and helping in the bakery, she managed to pull the stone being off balance, toppling him and setting Chat Noir free.

She rushed to him, offering out her hand in assistance. He refused. *Boys! What is up with them and their pride?!*

“Do you see anything to break so we can end this?” Chat asked.

She scanned the stone being, shaking her head she whispered, “I can’t find anything,” she looked again. She froze when she realized that, throughout their entire fight, the stone giant had never opened his right fist, “His right hand.”

“What?” Chat asked.

“His right hand!” Bridgette exclaimed, not even realizing that she was speaking English instead of French at the moment, “He’s never opened it that must be where the object is!”

When she turned to face him all she saw was confusion on his face. She mentally replayed her explanation. It didn’t seem complicated, and she knew complicated.

Her attention was snapped back to Chat when he cleared his throat and she realized the problem, “Could you repeat that in French?”

She felt her cheeks heating up as she repeated her explanation.

“So we need him to open his hand,” Chat mused, “then... we need him to hold two things at once!”

“Yes... but what would he catch?” she glared at him.

“Us, duh,” he looked at her as if she couldn’t catch onto anything.

“And how do you suppose we get out of that situation once he catches the both of us,” she crossed her arms over her chest and cocked her hip to the side, showing an attitude that was so rarely seen by anyone (other than Peter and Harry, but still). Her cocky side.

Chat froze, “I... don’t know. I hadn’t thought about that.”

“Let’s figure that out first,” Her voice became softer for the deflated cat-boi, “alright?”

He nodded, his golden waves bouncing as he shook his head, forward and back.

“Why don’t we try using our powers?” Chat suggested.

“Hmmm... maybe,” she rolled the thought in her mind for a moment.

“CATAclysm!” she jumped at his shout, snapping out of her thoughts and back to him.

Covering the palm of his hand were black bubbles that were nothing like she had ever seen, she tried getting closer to examine this new phenomenon that her partner happened to be holding, but he pulled back, “Ummm... with this I destroy whatever I touch.”

Oh , she thought, *he doesn’t want to hurt anyone* .

“Have at thee,” she quoted something she had heard somewhere.

Chat charged the stone being, poisonous claw raised, ready to pounce. Before he got there, however, his leather belt-tail tangled itself around his legs. He tripped over it, catching onto a staircase railing to steady himself... with his dangerous hand, at the end of it he fell as the metal turned to ash beneath his fingertips.

Brushing the ash off himself he glared at her, “Your turn.”

“Okay!” She squeaked, “LUCKY CHARM!!!” A rubber suit of some sort came down from a bright flash and a spiral of ladybugs, “ummm...”

“How do you expect to defeat him with that,” he asked with a slight hiss to his tone.

She looked up to glare at him, but was... distracted. Everything was... grey. What wasn’t grey was red with black polka dots. The tap on the other side of the stadium, the hose connected to it, and the water suit in her hands.

“I don’t understand it, Bri.”

*She giggled, blowing the pinwheel she had made out of straws and gum wrappers,
“Understand what, Pete?”*

“How can you make anything out of nothing?” Peter asked her, “It’s logically impossible!”

“Looks like your idea will work after all,” she grinned at the black cat.

He watched as the girl was dropped from the stone giant’s hand. He watched as she stepped on the object, turning the being back into Ivan. But he could not watch the ridiculous butterfly flit away!

“Aren’t you going to catch it!” Felix shrieked at the girl.

She jumped and let out a... an unintelligible squeal that sounded inhuman. She also started running after the little pesk with her yo-yo. She was tapping at the contraption in her palm furiously until she finally slid her right index finger up it showing a seam that glowed white. She then threw her toy-weapon at the dark butterfly, catching it and releasing it as a white butterfly.

He felt guilty for yelling at her, but he already had to deal with it once and it scared him. He was *not* dealing with giant stone beings again.

She walked over to her lucky charm, having the urge to throw it into the air. With the combination of a shout, another swarm of ladybug came, rolling over everything, and fixing the damage done to the city.

“Woah!” Bridgette turned around at the shout, catching sight of the red haired girl named Alya, “That was epic! Are you going to be protecting Paris from now on? How did you get your super powers? Were you bitten by a radioactive coccinelle?” Coccinelle? What was a coccinelle again? “Oh, I have so many questions for you miss, uh...”

She froze, what was the French word for ladybug again? “Uh... umm... Ladybug,” she squeaked, “call me ‘Ladybug’.”

“What does ‘Ladybug’ mean?”

“Whoops! Time to go! Bye!” Bridgette never realized that she had transitioned to English. She just left a stunned Alya to record her little slip. Which was posted on the news.

Bridgette slammed her face into her pillow as soon as she got home, well after feeding Tikki some cookies. She grumbled, whining to herself about her mess up.

“Why did I forget that ‘coccinelle’ means ‘ladybug’?” She grumbled, “What French speaking idiot does that?”

“Whash ee ifferensh?” Tikki crunched out through her cookie.

“One’sh in Engwish,” Bridgette mumbled through her pillow, “ee oveer’sh in Fweensh.”

Then she sat up, “Tikki?” she stared at the palm-sized red being, “Can you not tell the difference between languages?”

“Nope,” Tikki clarified, having finished her first cookie, “I mean, I can tell when people speak in different languages, but they’re all the same to me” she then stared hard at Bridgette, “you have a habit of going from one language to the next. Almost as if you yourself can’t tell the difference.”

“I... can,” she bit her lip, “but it’s been so long since I’ve had to,” she glanced around her room, if she transitions from French to English to French all the time, nobody around her would understand. Unless they too spoke both languages. She was sure a lot of them did, but it would still make it hard considering the barely there language barrier, “Hey Tikki? If you ever hear me going to English again, could you maybe... find a way to let me know?”

“Of course!” Tikki exclaimed, “As a kwami it is my duty to help you in any way I can Bridgette.”

She giggled at her outburst, “Call me, Bri.”

Chapter End Notes

Soo... what did you think?

Chapter 5: Catching up With Friends

Chapter Summary

Peter, Bridgette, and Harry catch up. They laugh about their respective superheroes and worry about each other in a way only the best of friends can. Meanwhile, Felix and Plagg are adjusting to each other, and Plagg learns about Felix's softer, more vulnerable side.

Chapter Notes

So... I'm alive?

Sorry it took so long, I was battling vertigo, William Shakespeare's Macbeth, school, Pre-Calculus, and life in general.

So... yeah!

A lot of you will be excited about this chapter, most of you reading it have been looking forward to seeing Peter/Harry/Bridgette interactions.

What would that even be called? Any ideas?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

She listened to the ringing, she knew Peter and Harry should be up. It was like, 8:30 here, considering the six hour time difference it would be 2:30 in New York.

But Peter seemed to be refusing her calls. Her parents had gotten a plan for long distance specifically for this reason.

"Hey... this is Peter... Parker. Peter Parker. I can't get to the phone right now, or maybe I left it somewhere," his voice trailed off into a mumble on his voice mail, and Bridgette sighed, face planting into her pillow, *"So, uh leave a message? Or don't! It doesn't matt-"*

His outgoing message cut off from it being too long. She didn't leave a message, because it wouldn't be the same as talking to her friend.

She was about to try and call Harry when her cell lit up saying: FaceTime from Harry Osborn. She instantly accepted.

"Hey Bri!" Harry shouted to her through the camera, waving excitedly. His black hair was a styled mess, which she only knew because she had seen how much gel he used each morning, his blue eyes were alight, and somehow managed to match with the blue sweater he wore over his white shirt with its upturned collar. *"What's up?"*

“Not much,” she found herself grinning, “did you know Paris had superheroes?”

Peter Parker was so dead. Everything had gone downhill after Bridgette left about a month ago. None of it had to do with her, but rather with becoming Spider-Man. Plus... wearing these hoodies on hot days of summer fading was pretty uncomfortable. Especially when running around.

He hardly had time to himself, or for his friends.

He swung through his window, crashing on his bed. It wasn't late at night like it had been a couple times, in fact, it was just afternoon.

He pulled his phone out of his pocket. One missed call from Bridgette. That was all.

He looked at the time, 2:45 it read. Add six hours and that would be 8:45.

He found himself grinning knowing that Bri would still be up. He was about to call when Harry's name lit up his screen.

Answering, he mumbled into the receiver, “Hello?”

“ *Hey Pete! Bri and I are on a Skype ,*” one of his excitable friends shouted, “ *Wanna join?*”

If there was one thing he absolutely loved about his friends, it was that they were always prepared for anything life threw at them. Even if one of them was unable to talk there was the other who could. Plus the fact that both understood that he had always been terrible with time, “Absolutely!”

“ *Great! I figured ,*” Harry muttered through the line, “ *good thing I already included you in it. Bri said she's starting up her computer. We were on FaceTime, but her phone died. So... Skype it is!*”

Peter laughed for the first time that day as he started up his own computer and pulled up the Skype to join his friends.

“So what were you and Miss Fortune talking about before her phone died?” He inquired of his life long friend.

“ *Ah! Y'know, the usual ,*” Harry teased, “ *though, sort of the unusual too.*”

“Whatcha mean by that?”

He heard his friend sigh, “ *It's just, we have reason to worry about her now .*”

Harry's face appeared on his screen, the connection finally adjusted. Had Harry looked anything other than worried, Peter would have brushed the worry for his foreign friend as nothing to worry about.

“Why do we have to worry about her,” he inquired of his stricken friend, “I mean, I know she has trouble making friends, she sometimes switches from English to French without meaning to, and she’s made a habit of picking me up and throwing me over her shoulder, but she’s a very likable person.”

“*Just... when you find the time ,*” he paused, his eyes widened with realizations, “*Hey Pete, Ben taught you French years ago when we first met Bri. Right?*”

His heart clenched at the memory of his uncle. He had died just a couple weeks ago, right when he was testing his ideas on his new powers. But still he replied, “Yeah? Why?”

“*If you ever get time, you think you could look up ‘Ladybug et Chat Noir’? Only if you find time .*” Harry inquired of his life long friend.

“Of course!” Peter happily agreed. “I’ll do it now.”

“*No!*” Harry shrieked, “*Not now. Bri would be PO’d. Just... wait until she’s not in our presence to look into them.*”

Felix tapped his desk nervously. It was getting closer to the time where he would either have to distract Plagg from his odd routine, or he would have to find a way to introduce the Kwami to it.

He wasn’t sure which one he would do. He had kept this part of his nightly routine a secret from everyone he knew.

The only person who might have been aware of this specific shift in his schedule would be whoever his soulmate was.

Every night, at precisely 22:00. He had started this five years ago when his soulmate, whoever they were, seemed to have gone through a bout of depression. Of course his ten year old self hadn’t known that, but now he knew different, and now he helped as best as he could every night.

There were times when playing the piano, like he did every night, helped. There were also times when there was nothing he could do to make them feel better. Sometimes they didn’t need cheering up at all. But he still played the piano every night, for the past five years, and would continue until he met them.

That was another thing, he knew he was bound to meet this person. There was nothing he could do about that.

It was told that when you do meet them that there would be a... pull of some sort. If that was true, and if he recognized it, then he would know when he met them.

“I’m hungry...” Plagg whined, snapping him out of his poisonous thoughts.

That was one more thing on his mind, Plagg's weird diet. What's weird about it? Oh, nothing, just the fact that he only ate camembert cheese.

"I still can't believe *this* is all you eat," Felix grumbled to the small cat like creature, handing him a wedge of the repulsive dairy product.

Plagg devoured the offending mold that some called food in one swallow.

The kwami eyed his chosen, suspicious.

"What?" Felix's patience growing thinner.

"Nothing," Plagg sarcastically floated in the air, "so, any plans tonight? Any disruptive nightly routines I should know about?"

Felix looked taken aback for a fraction of a second, "No. I do not believe so..."

"Kwamis are supposed to stay with their owners y'know," he glared pointedly at Felix.

"And why is that?" He tried avoiding Plagg's original question.

"Just answer the question," the kwami of destruction snapped, "do you have any odd nightly routines?"

He sighed, but answered, "I..." it was harder to admit that he played the piano for his soulmate than he thought, "every night, I, um, I play the piano for my soulmate." He could barely whisper the words.

Plagg was staring at his blond chosen, dumbfounded. That was... oddly sweet.

Giving a dramatic and extremely sarcastic sigh, Plagg sought the answer, "What time?"

"Excuse me?"

"What time do you play, idiot," Plagg was going to get the answer, no matter what, but he realized that he *could* have gone about it in a nicer way.

Felix glared, but complied nonetheless, "22 hours."

"Well then, looks like you'll have another person in your audience from now on."

"Hey Bri," she was instantly greeted by Peter, as soon as her Skype was pulled up, "Harry tells me that you've got a couple super heroes. Thought you might like to know we've got one in the Big Apple as well."

She rolled her eyes, "I already know about the Avengers, Pete. We've been talking about them forever."

"Ah, no. I was talking about a new vigilante hero centered in Queens."

“Seriously Pete? Spiderman again .”

“Yes seriously,” Peter looked offended, while Bridgette was confused.

Peter went on rambling about this vigilante, he got to the fact about his artificial webs when she stopped him, “Wait, wait, wait. Why would his webs be artificial? Wouldn’t they be organic?”

“Umm... I don’t know,” Peter sighed, rubbing his chin thoughtfully.

“Ooh! Google!” Bridgette screeched, going to her phone typing in her search on the screen. Typing in the search: Which Spiders Make Webs

She giggled, seeing the response she got from her search.

“What’s so funny, Bri?” Harry asked.

She couldn’t handle actually *telling* them. So instead she took a screenshot and sent it to the both of them.

Upon receiving the image Harry laughed, while Peter looked flustered for some reason.

“I... can’t ... believe,” she heaved between gasps fighting for her breath, “that... it’s practically... a spider’s way... to, to...”she lost her battle.

“Adult female web-building spiders build species typical webs while adult males do no web-building other than for courtship and sperm induction,” Harry read. *“Well, I don’t know about you, but I find it very interesting, as well as something I could live without knowing.”*

Bridgette giggled harder.

Chapter End Notes

Funny story about that image... a few months ago, like, before I started this story, my mother and I argued about whether or not male spiders could spin webs.

My answer was no, her answer was yes.

I really only googled it to prove her wrong.

I got this crap instead.

So, I got the bright idea to include this in any and all Spiderman stories I ever do, in someway or another.

I was going to put it in there, but apparently I don’t know how! Sorry.

(By the way, I know absolutely nothing about Skype or FaceTime)

Bye!

Chapter Six: The Soulmate of Stoneheart (who knew he was a teddy bear?)

Chapter Notes

Happy birthday to me!
Happy birthday to me!
Happy birthday dear me!
My birthday's Halloween!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The school was bustling with excitement after the first “monster” attack. They were especially paying attention to the one who was “Stoneheart”.

But it was too much for poor Ivan Bruel.

“You really don’t remember anything?” they all kept asking him these same questions that he had already answered.

“No! I already told you,” he responded, feeling frustrated.

“You were out to crush me, dude!” Kim exclaimed.

Ivan turned to look at him, but his eyes caught on Mylene. He had known Mylene was his soulmate for a while now, but he didn’t know how to tell her. She was so shy, he didn’t want to scare her away before he got to hear her scared voice sing out strong in person. He had told Kim that she was his soulmate in confidence, and then, just days later, Kim had used his nervousness against him. He wrote that note, it was the one that turned him into “Stoneheart” in the first place.

He shoved his way past Kim, and everyone else, ignoring Alya’s, ‘Big scoop; Stoneheart doesn’t even remember! This is Alya Cesaire’. He didn’t stop until he was in the locker room. He shoved his headphones into his ears and pressed play on one of his lighter playlists. *Just because I feel crappy, doesn’t mean I need to frighten her.*

He sat there listening to his music until he felt a hand on his arm. He looked up and met a pair of blue-bell eyes.

Oh! It’s the new girl. He thought.

He took out his headphones and gave her his full attention. *She must be scared it will happen again.*

“Hi!” She announced, he noticed that her eyes had a sparkle, “my name’s Bridgette! I was wondering if you were alright.”

“I’m fine,” he nodded gruffly.

Her brows furrowed, “Are you sure.”

He couldn’t bring himself to answer in any way.

“That girl you were staring at...” she began, “was she... your soulmate?”

“I... uh... yeah,” he crossed his arms, this girl seemed better at reading people than anyone he had ever known.

“How did you find out?”

He stayed silent for a moment, longer than a moment, but he finally answered.

Felix had followed Bridgette into the locker room. He couldn’t fathom why he did it, he just had.

She had come and talked to Ivan, he hadn’t known that Ivan was soulmates with Mylene. But Bridgette had. She had figured it out without properly meeting either of them.

He listened to Ivan describing how he found out Mylene was his soulmate. Apparently she sang, beautifully.

“What about yours?” He heard Ivan ask Bridgette.

“Mine?” She whispered.

“I mean...” Ivan stuttered, “you don’t have to... if it makes you uncomfortable... or...”

There was a pause, Bridgette must have stopped Ivan’s ramble.

“My soulmate...” she began. His heart beat harder, more erratic, “my soulmate is a pianist.”

He could almost hear the scratch of a record at her words. A pianist? *I’m a pianist! Do I know him. Or... maybe hers is a girl.*

“Other than that...” *wait she’s still talking* , “I don’t know much about them. They keep a schedule of their playings. Twice a day, same times. Unless there seems to be some event going on. I... haven’t met them yet.”

Her voice grew quiet in the end. He heard Ivan hum, “You know, there are a lot of pianists at this school. Maybe one of the-”

“No,” he heard Bridgette quickly cut him off.

“No? Why not?” He heard him ask, “Don’t you *want* to find your soulmate?”

“I do, it’s just,” she quickly explained, “a few years ago, before my family and I came here, somehow *everyone* in school found out about my soulmate being a pianist and,” her voice wavered and grew timid, “no matter how many of the pianists came up, they just weren’t the *right* pianist, and when I told them that, they would get upset. I *can’t* have a repeat of my search.”

Bridgette had to blink back the tears welled up in her eyes at the thought of fourth grade. *You’re not a ten year old anymore! Besides, they fixed it. They helped you.*

But, no matter how many years passed she knew, her heart had taken hold, and remembered how many people she had disappointed by not being their soulmate.

She took a breath and held it in for a few seconds to calm herself from going into a panic attack.

Now's Not the time. That's in the past.

“I’ll find my soulmate when the universe thinks it’s time,” she reassured Ivan, “until then, I’ll wait. Besides, if my soulmate found me, I think I’d want to know.”

She forced herself to smile brightly. She had been doing this a lot for the past four or five years. The only ones to witness her meltdowns being Peter and Harry, whom she loved like brothers.

First, the eyes. Eyes are the most important part when forcing a smile. Make sure they lift. Second, lips. Slightly curled, upwards, but not too much. Teeth are alright sometimes, but not too wide otherwise it’s obvious you’re faking. Finally, a head tilt. If you told your head slightly, they don’t notice how much you’re breaking on the inside.

“Maybe...”Ivan said, “but I’m not good with words...”

“Who needs words?” She blathered, “you could get flowers, or chocolates, or who knows? Just do your best. I’m sure she’ll love it.”

The large boy gave her a smile, and it made her own heart lift in joy.

“Yeah, I’ll think of something. Thank you, umm...”

“Bridgette, my name is Bridgette Cheng”

Chapter End Notes

I disappeared off the face of the earth for about a month, I know.

End Notes

If anyone wants to draw fan art of this, feel free! I only ask that you A: give me credit, and B: send me the link through the comments.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!