

## What's a Soulmate?

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# What's a Soulmate?

by [Hime\\_no\\_Kowai\\_Shumi](#)

## Summary

Everyone is born with a destined soulmate. It was something no one could escape, though some tried. At 18, the smudge on your left wrist blooms with the name of your soulmate. There was also the unique gift all soulmates received when they both turned of age: telepathy; no matter how far apart they were, soulmates could communicate. When Addison Montgomery turns 18, she waits and waits. Nothing happens. Until a decade later, when Meredith Grey turns 18.

## Notes

A/N: So, I am a very indecisive person and this took so long to figure out the direction that I wanted to take it.

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

*The house was quiet, something that wasn't out of the ordinary. Rain pelted the windows as a storm raged outside. Archer Montgomery, now 10, looked up from his book as his little sister opened his bedroom door and peeked inside.*

*"Archer?" At seven, Addison should've been in bed a few hours ago, but he supposed that the storm had woken her up.*

*"What is it?"*

*"I woke up and got scared. Can I sleep with you?"*

*He shut his book with a sigh, beckoning her closer, "Alright. Come on."*

*She settled into his bed, smiling widely, "Thank you!"*

*He laid there for a few minutes, listening as the storm raged on. It was almost relaxing. Well, to him anyway. Addie hated them. He'd just begun to drift off when Addison spoke again.*

*"Can you tell me about soulmates?"*

*"Why do you wanna hear about them? You're too young, you know. You shouldn't be thinking about them."*

*"Please, Archie! Pretty please!"*

*He gave a dramatic sigh, "Alright, alright. Everyone gets a soulmate. Some day, the black smudge on your wrist will turn into a name. But not just any name. It's the name of your soulmate. And when you're both old enough, you'll be able to talk to them too."*

*"How old will I be? Will they be pretty? And nice? And smart?"*

*He smiled, "When you're eighteen, silly."*

*"But that's so far away!" she protested.*

*"You know the best part?"*

*"Hm?" Her bright emerald eyes were open in absolute wonder, excitement filling them.*

*"They'll be perfect for you."*

*The sound of the front door slamming had Addison curling into her brother's side, all talk of future soulmates forgotten. From the spot beside her brother, she could hear the beginnings of an argument. Archer smiled reassuringly.*

*"Don't you worry, Addie," he continued softly, "Bizzy and the Captain are soulmates. It's just a little fight."*

*She didn't have it in her to tell her brother that she'd caught a glimpse of her mother's wrist the other day, couldn't tell him that there was no way their father's first name was Susan.*

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*"Mommy?" she began softly, looking up at the woman as she sat in her office, going over paperwork.*

*Her mother didn't even look at her, "What is it, Meredith?"*

*She worried her bottom lip between her teeth, shuffling slightly from side to side, "Um, I was wondering..."*

*"Don't dawdle, Meredith. I'm very busy. Tell me what you want."*

*"Can you tell me about soulmates?" The scratching of the pen stopped suddenly, and she dared to peek up at her mother. The glare in the dark eyes made her tremble slightly, but she still met her gaze. "It's just that I heard a couple of classmates talking about them and..."*

*"Soulmates are nothing but trouble, Meredith," Ellis interrupted, "You'll do well to ignore that you even have one."*

*"But..." she started, and then quickly stopped herself.*

*Ellis sighed, "When you are eighteen, the name will appear on your wrist," She'd caught glimpses of her mother's wrist, knew it had never been her father's name; knew that has been the reason they'd divorced, "And when you're both eighteen, you'll be able to communicate with them."*

*"Do you communicate with yours?"*

*"Enough with all these questions, Meredith. I am very busy."*

*She wanted to keep asking questions but knew better than to push it. She should just be grateful that her mom had even answered the ones she'd asked.*

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When Addison woke on the morning of her eighteenth birthday, she immediately looked at her wrist. The dark smudge that had been there when she'd gone to bed had turned into a name, and she smiled as she read it.

*Hello? Meredith?* She tried to ask as softly as she could.

There was no immediate answer, but she ran her fingers along the name Meredith over and over. It was okay. There could've been a time difference, or maybe it meant her soulmate wasn't eighteen yet. And that was okay. Nothing was wrong with that. She would wait. That was all she could do.

When Archer arrived to take her out to breakfast not even twenty minutes later, she knew she couldn't avoid his constant badgering. His insistence at seeing the name almost rivaled her own excitement, but she knew she would have to avoid showing her parents. Bizzy and the

Captain would never understand. Growing up, she would imagine what it would be like to show them the name, but now, she knew she couldn't. Even with the revelation that whatever name on their father's wrist had gone white – signaling the death of his soulmate – she couldn't show them; they weren't overly religious, but still, she wasn't sure how they would react. Had the death of their father's soulmate been the reason why he'd married their mother? Had that been why their mother hadn't...

"So, you're into chicks now?" Archer joked, interrupting her thoughts. She whacked his arm, a light blush appearing on her cheeks, making him laugh, "Hey, if she's cute, then I don't mind."

She spent the rest of breakfast quizzing Archer for his upcoming Biology final and discussing the med school he wanted to attend.

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When Meredith opened her eyes on the morning of her eighteenth birthday, she glanced over at her wrist, nervous about what she would find. Despite all of her mother's warnings as she was growing up, how soulmates were nothing but trouble, she couldn't help but feel excited when she saw the name on her wrist. Written in perfect black lettering was the name Addison.

*Hello?*

She wasn't sure how she was supposed to hear an answer when she couldn't stop her own worrying thoughts. What if she didn't have a soulmate? What if they were already dead? (Okay, so no, the name would've been white if they'd – if *she'd* – died.) But what if they'd already blocked off the link between them, like her mother had done with hers? What if...

*Hello.*

That one answer had a smile slip onto her lips. For the first time in forever, she felt hope bloom in her chest. Addison sounded older than her, and she was curious how old she actually was.

*Addison?*

The answer came immediately, and she felt her face redden as the words reverberated through her head, *You have no idea how long I've waited for you to say my name, Meredith*.

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Addison had been in her head all day. She knew that. It was probably a bad thing; she was in her second year of residency, so really, it should be expected; but, she had a rare day off and was meeting with Naomi for lunch. So, really, she shouldn't be in her head all day. But when you wait ten years for your soulmate, and you wake up one morning to them finally using the telepathic link, you can't really help it. And she definitely couldn't help it.

"Addison?" She blinked, pulled from her thoughts - from Meredith - as Naomi spoke.

*Just a second*, she said to Meredith, before addressing her best friend, “I’m sorry, what was the question?”

“I asked if you wanted to do something after lunch, but you’re so preoccupied with your thoughts. Thinking about surgery again?” Naomi asked, and she could hear the jealousy in her voice.

“No, not surgery,” She smiled, feeling warmth spreading through her, “My soulmate. I woke up this morning, and she finally spoke to me with telepathy.”

Instead of the support she’d hoped from Naomi, the other woman scoffed softly, “Your soulmate just turned 18? And you’re okay with that?”

Her brow furrowed in confusion. She knew a lot of people whose soulmates were younger than them. Hell, Mark hadn’t heard his soulmate speak yet.

“Why wouldn’t I be okay with that, Nae? She’s my soulmate.”

“And Sam’s mine, but at least we’re the same age. You and this random woman? She’s practically a child, Addie. And you’re okay with that?”

She narrowed her eyes, anger starting to creep into her voice, “She’s not a child. She’s eighteen. What’s this really about?”

“I just think that it’s wrong.”

“What?” she asked.

“We’re supposed to be with our soulmates, but then you have people like you and like Mark that spend forever for yours, and now you’re saddled with this child.”

“Quit calling her a child.”

“You’re well on your way to being a successful doctor, Addison,” Naomi bit back, “Do you even know what she wants to be? Do you even know where she lives? What she wants to do with her life?”

“We’ve been talking all morning, Nae, so yes, I know exactly what *Meredith* wants to do with her life.”

Naomi dropped some bills on the table and stood, “You just don’t understand. You’re going to regret being with her one day.”

“She’s my soulmate, Naomi. I will never regret being with her.”

As Naomi walked away, she stood and paid for her meal, leaving a generous tip for the waitress.

*I’m sorry that took so long*, she began.

*It's okay.*

*So, Dartmouth, huh?*

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Meredith didn't know why she was so nervous. The hardest part of her day was over. She'd survived her first day as an intern. Hell, she'd even managed to get along with the other interns in Dr. Bailey's group. She wasn't quite sure how she'd managed that, but she had. Everyone knew she was Ellis' daughter, and that had sucked. But it had helped that she had Addison. Her soulmate was flying into Seattle tonight, a job offer by Chief Webber, the woman had told her. Was it fate? Chance? Had Addison pulled some strings? She wasn't sure. All that she knew was that she was waiting in the lobby for her soulmate to walk through the doors, and she wasn't even sure what she looked like.

They would speak with their telepathy daily, and there had been instances when Addison was in surgery where the older woman would do it unintentionally. Hell, there had also been that one Biology final that Addison had helped her with in her senior year of college. She told Addison when she'd been accepted into the intern program at Seattle Grace; she knew practically everything about the older woman, but she was still so nervous.

Dr. Addison Forbes Montgomery. Double board-certified in OB/GYN, specializing in maternal-fetal medicine and fetal surgery; one of the foremost neonatal surgeons in the country; a medical geneticist. Her soulmate was a rockstar in the medical world.

*And what am I? I'm just an intern.*

She sat back in the lobby chair, sighing softly.

"Grey," Dr. Bailey's voice made her jump, and she stood on instinct. Her resident stood in front of her, an unimpressed look on her face, "What are you still doing here? Your shift ended an hour ago."

"Oh, I uh..." she blushed slightly, "Well, the thing is..."

"She's waiting for me."

In the eleven years since she'd begun talking with her soulmate, never had she imagined hearing Addison's voice outside of her head would sound so beautiful. Briefly, she could hear Dr. Bailey asking just who Addison was, but she couldn't quite concentrate. Addison looked immaculate, her fiery red hair perfectly coiffed, looking ever-so much like a villain wrapped in a beautiful black coat, matching heels on her feet. But the sparkle of happiness in her eyes, the smile on her lips, it drew her closer. The background faded into nothing. All that she could see was Addison, finally – *finally* – standing in front of her.

"Addison," The name was a mere breath as she spoke, and she felt the first prickle of tears stinging her eyes.

Emerald eyes met baby blue, and she felt her heart stutter in her chest.

“Meredith.” The warmth in her soulmate’s voice drowned out all self-doubt.

Bailey muttered something, but it didn’t matter. She was sure later it would, but her whole world at this moment was Addison.

“You’re here,” she breathed, still not daring to touch her, afraid that she’d leave, that this would all be a dream, and she’d wake up in her bed at eighteen with a white-lettered name.

“I’m here,” Addison confirmed, “I’m right here.” Addison reached for her hand, guiding her closer, and she willingly stepped forward. Addison’s lips were a breath from hers, and she was desperate to kiss her, “I’ve dreamt of this, you know? To finally have you with me.”

“Me too.”

“You’re more than an intern,” Addison muttered softly, slowly stroking her hair, and she basked in the attention, “You’re my soulmate. You are perfect, Meredith Grey.”

“You’re perfect too, Addison,” She glanced into Addison’s eyes to find her watching her intently, “You’re sure that...that I’m who you want?”

“I’m sure,” Addison replied, and then finally brought their lips together in a kiss that she instantly got lost in.

She wasn’t sure how much time had passed when they finally pulled apart for air, but she found that she didn’t care.

“I think I might be in love with you, Addison Montgomery.”

Addison laughed, the sound warm, sending tingles all over her body, “I think I might be in love with you too, Meredith Grey.” Addison kissed her once more, but pulled away much too quickly for her liking, “How about you take me to the Chief’s office? I have some paperwork I’ve got to sign. And then we can go grab a drink.”

“Joe’s is right across the street,” She slipped her hand into Addison’s, leaning her head on the redhead’s shoulder with a sigh, “You know I’m not always this happy, right, Addie? This is just pheromones or something.”

“I’ve had you in my head for eleven years, Mer. I know. Now, off we go.”

She smiled softly, “Alright, Chief’s office, coming up.”



## End Notes

A/N: I ended it happy. You're welcome. I don't think it was that angsty but I like it.

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