

Immortal Poets Society

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Immortal Poets Society

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Summary

"A piece of paper was suddenly shoved into his face. Marie's face was stern, and she averted her eyes. As for the paper, familiar clouds and stars adorned the edges, and a very familiar crescent moon sat in the corner. There were words scrawled over it.

Yu's eyes widened a little upon realizing what it was. Marie never shared her poetry with anyone."

...

Marie asks Yu to give her feedback on one of her poems, but he can't seem to be able to come up with anything good to say about it.

Immortal Poets Society

Spending time with Marie never went the way Yu thought it would. Her rather blunt personality has made him no stranger to some unusual requests. Some days, it's a spontaneous visit to a new place, like the Yomenaido Bookstore. Other times, she asks questions. The kind that are really awkward to explain and make Yu feel like a dumbass trying to, like explaining to her why she shouldn't even be looking at *Witch Detective*, let alone thinking of buying it. Yet some other times, she wants him to do *that thing*. A request that puts Yu into a really awkward spot trying to fulfill, like having to walk up to the register of Yomenaido and actually *shell out the cash* to... yeah. Today's *that thing* came up while they were eating steak skewers at Souzai Daigaku.

While they were in the middle of eating their food, Marie reached into her bag and all at once said, "Ineedyoulookatthis," with her mouth still full.

"I- what?" Yu, of course, didn't quite catch that.

A piece of paper was suddenly shoved into his face. Marie's face was stern, and she averted her eyes. As for the paper, familiar clouds and stars adorned the edges, and a very familiar crescent moon sat in the corner. There were words scrawled over it.

Yu's eyes widened a little upon realizing what it was. Marie never shared her poetry with anyone. Every time he tried to read one earned him some harsh insults.

She loudly cleared her throat. Evidently, she was getting impatient with his staring.

"Read it," she said.

"Really?" he asked.

"Why not?" Marie said. "I... trust you."

Yu tried to suppress a smug smile and failed. "I'm sorry, could you say that again?"

"Look!" she snapped. "I just need you to tell me if it's any good."

Well, what the hell. Yu took the poem and began to read it.

"Heart, don't fail me-"

"NO!" Marie screamed. She snatched the page away and clutched it to her chest. "You idiot, someone's going to hear!"

"Alright, alright, I'll keep quiet," Yu reassured her. He took the page back. Marie pouted and crossed her arms. Yu always thought it was adorable when she did that. He really couldn't explain why. He realized he was staring when she suddenly looked up with a furious look in her eyes.

“What?” she asked sharply.

“You’re cute.”

Her face lit up red, and she looked away again. “Just read it,” she muttered.

Yu chuckled and read the poem.

It was *terrible* .

Heart, don't fail me now. Be strong

In the face of your troubles. Do not wrong

Me or cower away.

My mind's weak. This so-called seat of reason

Tells me that all is lost. But I know that in due season

All will be good in my life.

This world needs more love.

Not logic or reasoning, but love!

Receive it from up above.

I've known ...

Alright, that's enough.

Yu tried to keep a smile, but it probably came out looking really strained. He put the paper down, and Marie looked up to him with anticipation.

“Well?” she asked.

Yu was in trouble. Marie was always sensitive about her poetry. It *was* her inner most thoughts and feelings put into language after all. And she had more reason than most to get a little angsty sometimes. Yu decided that the best thing to do was to avoid the truth.

“It's... not bad.” Christ. If they gave out awards for the fakest-sounding white lies, Yu figured he'd probably come home with the gold.

Marie's eyes narrowed. "Liar."

Yu threw his hands up. "Look, I'm sorry, okay?"

Marie snatched away the poem again and shoved it into her bag.

"That's the last time I let you look at one of those," she said, a splash of embarrassment coloring her words.

Yu couldn't help but laugh a little, which only seemed to make Marie angrier. He got up from his seat across from Marie and sat next to her. She still didn't look at him.

"Hey," he said. He poked her arm, trying to get her to look at him. "Heeeeyyyy." It worked, and Marie looked at him, still trying to look upset. But Yu could see her trying to suppress a smile.

"I hate you," she whispered. Her mouth was still pressed into an adorable pout.

"No you don't."

Before the sun set, they made their way back to the Velvet Room. When they reached the doorway that was visible only to them, Marie stopped in her tracks. She turned around.

"Hey, uhm..." she began. She looked deep in thought. "I'm sorry about what I said - and that I got angry at you."

Yu shook his head. "It's okay, Marie-"

"Just let me finish," she interrupted. "Right, sorry again."

She sighed deeply and stepped closer to him, arms crossed.

"You've helped me out a lot. And you've always been so patient with me." Marie took a breath and brushed her hair aside. "I just wanted to say thank you. Thank you for everything. You've guided me into this world and given me so much happiness - it's more than I deserve, really."

Marie flashed him one of her rare smiles, blushing harder than before. Leaning forward, she kissed him gently, and Yu's heart nearly melted. It wasn't often they did that.

When they broke off, rested her head against his chest and hugged him tight. "I love you," she whispered.

Yu reciprocated the embrace, and he kissed the top of her head and said, "You don't have to thank me, you know. I would do anything for you. I love you too." Marie just hummed

contentedly.

Yu meant it, of course. Sure, being with Marie meant enduring some awkward moments and awkward questions. But Yu didn't mind. He would go anywhere, answer any question, and do anything to make sure Marie felt at home in Inaba.

Epilogue

Ten years later, Yu Narukami was working at his desk in his bedroom when he heard Marie call out to him.

“Yu! Where are you?” Her voice rang out through the apartment. Yu looked up from his work. She sounded excited.

She appeared in the bedroom doorway smiling brightly. She held a book in her hand.

“The first shipment just got printed!” she said. “I managed to get a copy.”

In only three steps, she managed to cross the room and shove the book into his face. The cover was adorned with extremely familiar clouds and crescent moon. The book was small, no thicker than a DVD case, and half the height. It was titled *The Fog of Memory* and was written by none other than Mariko Kusumi.

“That’s amazing!” Yu said. He knew how hard she’d been working to get that book deal, and it had finally paid off. All of her poems in one volume, ready to be shown off to all who wanted to get in touch with their emotions.

Still beaming proudly, Marie opened the book.

“Here it is!” she began. “My masterpiece! My magnum opus! Goodness, I’ve worked so hard on this. Let me tell you, the publishers were a nightmare! They demanded so much from me. Told me that there’s hardly any money in poetry these days. But I kept fighting for it, and now it’s been given life! This has been my dream for...”

God, she’s so adorable when she gets excited. Yu couldn’t help but take in the scene before him. Marie’s eyes shone with pride and joy, and her mouth was talking seemingly in fast motion as she told him about the lengths she went to finish the book and get it published. Truth be told, he was only half-listening to her, captivated as he was with Marie herself.

“Isn’t that amazing, Yu!”

“Yeah, it sure is.”

Marie noticed his staring, and crooked an eyebrow.

“What?” she laughed.

He reached out to poke her cheek. “You’re cute,” he said.

Marie just laughed it off. “Oh. Well thanks, Romeo.”

“You know, there was a time when you couldn’t even look at me in the eye when I did things like that,” Yu mused.

Marie coyly brushed the hair away from her face. “And do you miss *that* Marie?”

Yu thought for a second. “No,” he decided. He reached out to cup her face. “How could I when she’s still standing in front of me?”

Marie’s eyes glowed with joy and she leaned into his touch. She put her hand on his.

“Oh you heartbreaker, you,” Marie said, perhaps with a hint of sarcasm.

“It’s true though,” Yu said. “We all change, you know? But in the end, you’re still my Marie.”

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