

**for what it is (it's not the same)**

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# **for what it is (it's not the same)**

by [HiddenEye](#)

## Summary

Paint me a heaven of love with your bloodied mouth.

## Notes

Summary by Federico García Lorca

Her kisses are like heated metal, he thinks.

They leave a mark on his skin.

It doesn't matter if they're embedded or even just stamped on, he knows she will always leave a reminder of herself onto him, where he will look himself into the mirror and his eyes will know where it is.

Her marks are red.

Whether it is the dark red of her lipstick that smears itself against his cheeks, or the blooming colour of livid pink which rests against his shoulders, taunting him with its textures of love.

Red has always suited her.

It spreads across her cheeks as he brushes her lips with his, where it grows to her freckled shoulders and the tip of her ears, and he kisses them to feel the burn of it all. There are moments, he knows, where she wears it when she has to be a saviour, a false goddess in which people such as himself look up to, all the yearning and want rests like a caged animal in his chest.

Sometimes, he feels the texture of it under his bare fingers, where they run down lazily across her waist, dipping down the slope of her back as she breathes against his chest, her murmurs are music to his ears, as they float in the little space they have between them.

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Love, love, love.

Is what he whispers into her naked palm as he trails his lips to her wrist, following those livid blue roads of life, and he follows them till the very end.

He feels the way her cheek is pressed against the edge of his jaw as she rests a hand on his heart, knowing how she wishes to feel him after every work they do, how she wishes to feel his skin against hers from where they are pressed against each other, their hearts beat as one.

He kisses the red he has given on the end of her shoulder.

"Mon minou," Is what she breathes against his neck, the feather of her lips is what he feels on his skin from where she turns her face towards his, and she breathes into his scent.

"Mon petit minou," She whispers again when he nudges her with his nose, her head tilts up as he nuzzles under her jaw.

The smell of her home is permanent on her skin, where it settles on her delicately that he is drunk with the thought of her, sweet, sweet little princess who slays dragons in her past time, where she becomes the false goddess they have learn to worship.

The darkness around them is their company, as the only light that glows are from his large windows, where moonlight stretches towards them with greedy fingers as it desperately tries to latch onto their skin, kissing their body with its luminous streaks.

Her eyes are skies of the warmest morning he has felt, or the pool that he once drown when he was younger.

He remembers seeing blue, blue, blue in every direction he turns, where he searches for breath to survive in those waters as he kicks and cries, where he knows the blues has get him and will make him meet his demise.

It's the same, he thinks, to drown into her blues, but this time, he doesn't mind one bit.

He accepts.

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Red has always been her colour.

How it spreads across her skin in wondrous glee, with the power of the world in her palm.

But, he thinks, as he gloved hands clutches around her stiff body, red is too good for her.

The bloodcurdling scream that tears out of his throat says so.

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