

I Love Being Plural (In-system Relationships)

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I love being plural. And I love being in relationships within my system.

Some nights, when confronting with Shigaraki, we'll need to walk outside for whatever reason. We live in a caravan (yay housing market crisis!) and don't have running water, so we need to walk through the garden to our parents house if we need anything involving that. It's nice, though, to be able to be outside at night so often. The moon is cool to look at, and sometimes there's interesting stuff going on out there.

Nice for Shig in his own way too. You see, he's arthropodhearted, and lots of bugs come out at night. Particularly, you'll see pill bugs, snails and millipedes moving across the cement path between the gardens on either side. We're always careful not to step on any when we need to move through there. But sometimes, confronting with me, Shigaraki will stop and crouch down to have a look at them. He loves bugs of really any sort, and when sharing the body with him, I can feel it.

I feel when he sees a pill bug with an interesting pattern and smiles just a little wider. When he sees tiny little baby ones and wants to hold them *so bad*, but doesn't in case he'd hurt them--our fingertips many times bigger than they are. I feel when he spots a tiny spider scurrying under a leaf and out of sight, and wonders if he'll ever get to see it again. I feel when he sees a millipede and without fail every time, gets filled with joy and the internal resonance that only really comes from seeing something so close to your kintype. I feel him wonder if he'll get to see a centipede walking around out there soon, and how excited he is at the idea. I feel all of his emotions from looking at these tiny little animals and I can't help but feel my own fondness too--for him mostly, but the bugs as well. I won't lie and say I haven't gained an interest in them since we became QPPs.

I go shopping with Red, sometimes--he's my other QPP. I can feel when we're both getting a little hungry, and walk us over to some place to eat. I can buy his usual order for him and feel as happy as him when he eats--I can almost taste the food the same way he does too. I feel when he sees something exciting and can't help but feel excited with him. I can feel his phantom

wings perk up a little when the wind hits just right and his dragon brain wants to fly. I can feel him laughing at my stupid jokes, and I can feel his love for me too.

If we were presented with the opportunity to have separate bodies, I don't think we'd take it unless we could become plural again at will. There's too much closeness tied to being in the same body that we wouldn't want to lose. What would we do if we suddenly couldn't feel each other smile anymore? Feel each other laugh with the same throat and lungs? Feel each other's phantom limbs, tails gently intertwining while we're wrapped up in a nice warm blanket? Feel the little things that bring each of us joy, as strong as if it were our own?

Being a system has its drawbacks. It really sucks sometimes. It can downright hurt. Especially for a disordered system like us. But there's a uniqueness in being within the same body as your partner that's so hard to describe... but it's so integral to what we are right now that I don't think it'd ever be the same without it.