

When The Heart Can't Stop Fate

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When The Heart Can't Stop Fate

by [QueenCorb_Starrgazer](#)

Summary

When Chloe gets a strange new interest, she convinces her father to give the class a summer field trip. They journey to a college elsewhere to enroll in a creative program. On the short trip, they all grow closer together, but when becoming closer, that allows some secrets to be reviled. Are they dark or embarrassing? Yet, something else changes and evolves the group into something new and different in each one of them

Tune in to find out.

Notes

Hey guys! I hope yall enjoy this. It originally is on Wattpad but I'm going to hopefully put it on here as well. I also have it up on Quizzaz (Quotev). I believe all of my names have Starrgazer in it so it's fore sure me! I'm hoping yall like it. I've not recived much feedback on it just yet.

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

Pity

Chapter Summary

The first Akuma of this story is found by Hawkmoth.

Chapter Notes

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

Things were going nowhere, which irritated the designer, slamming his notebook shut. He stood up, pushing the call button to his receptionist.

"Natalie, do not allow anyone to enter my office until I let you know otherwise. If I have any meetings, make them wait." He said and shut his door, locking it and heading to the portrait of his beloved. Pressing the keys, he slowly transcended downwards into his lair. Cracking his knuckles, his kawami flew into the open.

"Master." The quaint voice said, bowing its large head to the man.

"Nuuroo, Dark Wings Rise!" The grin that spread upon his face as Nuuroo flew into his miraculous, allowing him to transform. Slamming his cane down, he headed over to the window. "Let's see who's having a bad day." With a smirk, he looked out into Paris, awaiting the feel of disappointment, rage, or unhappiness come go him. Sensing distress he focused in on it, taking in the situation.

"You don't understand!" A female screamed, throwing a pillow at someone. "It's not fair! I just want my food." The surge of anger pulsed through him.

"Ah yes, the perfect-" he cut himself off, taking a better feeling of his possible victim. This one was different. "No, a pregnant mother. Ah I remember those times. I can't do that." He decided, going and branching out upon the city once more.

"Sorry Ma'am. You can't park there." A cop spoke, approaching a woman who had just gotten out of her car.

"No, sir, I'm sorry. My car ran out of fuel and I was going to quickly get some fuel." She explained, holding up the container she would put the fuel in.

"Is there anyway you can try to move it somewhere else?" He asked, looking around. "What about that meter over there?" He asked, pointing towards it.

Hawkmoth groaned, even finding injustice out in the city was difficult today. Why was no one upset? He crossed his arms, feeling annoyed that he couldn't attempt to find a victim to gain the miraculous. Just when he was fixing to detransform, his window emerged open to a new possibility. Rubbing his hands together, he focused in on the subject.

"Ah the sweet taste of bitterness towards ones boss. How fitting." He chuckles. "Let's see about fixing that, shall we?" He gathers one of the pure white butterflies, enclosing his hand around it, he ascends the evil power upon it, releasing it to the world to claim onto the victim. "Fly my little akuma, evilize them!" He raises his cane before lowering it, a chuckle rumbling in his chest, watching as the window closes, awaiting to the connection to his victim.

~~~~~

The cold room was vacant, the single desk that was in the corner of the room empty. It was like a waiting room rather than a office. It was open but separated from the home area. Just outside of the door, a woman was talking quietly on the phone, trying to remain calm.

"Yes, I understand Mr. Ragnook. I'm sorry you-" she nodded her head, listing to the clients ranting, a hand resting gently on her nose, pushing her glasses against her face steadily. "I understand that this is inconvenient for you. Mr. Agreste sends his greatest apologies. Something came up. He did say he was still expecting to see you today." Her voice became soothing almost, willing that the client wouldn't cancel. With a blunt response the call ended. A groan escapes her as she locks her phone, sliding it away with an angered expression.

"If he keeps doing this, he won't have anymore clients!" She exclaims softly, marching back to her desk in the silent office space. Opening and shutting the door behind her, she approached her desk with stiff movements. Sitting down she clutches her head in her hands, trying to calm down to no avail. She reaches for her pen, going to mark off a client from the list. As she picked it up, everything turned dark as if she was asleep.

"I am Hawkmoth. I can give you the powers to make your boss give you the praise you deserve and show him what he is doing wrong as The Scheduler. In exchange for the miraculous's from Ladybug and Cat Noir. Are you up for it?" The neon around her face glowed, slowly she looked up.

"Yes Hawkmoth." She spoke, slowly being engulfed by a costume of his design.

## Chapter End Notes

I do hope you enjoyed it. I'm really excited to continue it for yall! The next chapters are longer (and probably better) so just let me know what yall think!

# The Scheduler

## Chapter Summary

Marinette is late for school, nothing new. Right? Except for the explosion that happened off in the distance. Welp, at least there was a excuse for her today!

## Chapter Notes

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

*Oh no, I'm late, I'm late, I'm late!* Marinette thought as she ran down the side walk, trying not to run into anyone. She had been working on a assignment that was due tomorrow but she had completely lost track of time. Her purse at her hip opened to show her Kawami poking her head out just enough to be heard by Marinette.

"Oh Marinette, you really do need to set more alarms."

"I know Tikki, but shh, hide before someone sees you." She gently closed the purse, turning the corner and seeing the school insight. I'm almost there. I can make it. With great use of her muscular legs, thank you Ladybug, she launched herself forward before colliding with someone who was staring up at the sky behind her. As she landed, screams erupted from behind her. Looking over her shoulder she saw things flying around in the air, going towards people.

"Oh great. A akuma attack. Well, there goes being on time." She mumbled to herself as she got up and quickly ran into a alleyway, hiding behind a dumpster she quickly let her Kawami out. "Tikki, spots on!" A flash of red surrounds her, lighting up her body as her suit encloses her. "Alright, let's go find the akuma." She says, quickly using her yoyo to fly into the air, the feeling of being lifted into the air never gets old. It's like you are your own roller coaster ride. Landing steadily on the rooftop, she looks around, taking in the scenery to see where it could be coming from. Hmmm towards the Agreste house. The Agreste house?! She yells to herself in her mind, knowing that's where Adrian lives. He may be at school already but she wasn't going to take that chance. Casting her yoyo out as far as she could be transported safely, she leapt through the air to head to that house. As she landed on the building and was getting ready to cast her yoyo out once again, she noticed she wasn't alone.

"Hello m'lady." The black cat spoke with a sly smile.

"Hi, nice of you to join. But we must hurry." She said, throwing the yoyo out before jumping out, not waiting on him. He smiles as he watches her swing away, shaking his head.

"Looks like it is time to go to work." He starts jumping off the roof, using his staff to eject himself into the sky. He caught up to her about two buildings until the Agreste house. "Where is the akuma anyways?" He asked, looking around.

"It's at Adr- the Agreste house." She explains. "Gabriel Agreste is a fashion designer, and his son, the perfect Adrien Agreste, is a model." A light blush appears on her cheeks as she says the perfect

part.

"Oh yeah, I know them. Is it one of them that was Akumatized?" He snickers to himself silently, knowing very well that Adrien was not the akumatized victim.

"I'm not sure. I just know the attack is coming from there." She glances at him before jumping off the building, headed to the streets.

"Oh Mr. Agreste, where are you? You have a appointment in 30." A voice ricochets off of the buildings followed by a warping sound. "You don't want to miss it, do you?"

"That's Natalie!" Chat Noir exclaims, standing next to Ladybug. "She's the manager for Adrien and his father's secretary." He explains to Ladybug, making sure he said Adrien and not himself. Ladybug nods.

"Ok. But the question is, where is the akuma?" She thinks aloud to herself, looking over Natalie.

"Not sure. Maybe her cell phone or pen? She schedules so maybe it's one of those two items." Cat Noir thinks, taking the situation in quickly.

"Good thinking Cat Noir! You go for the cell phone and I'll see if there's a pen!" She says excitedly before throwing her yoyo at the arm of The Scheduler. Nodding, Cat Noir bounces, boosting himself with his staff, attempting to get a look of The Scheduler. They quickly went to the target area. Ladybug quickly discovered the location was indeed a pen. Good thinking, Cat Noir. She looked around before calling out to him.

"Cat! It's the pen!" She yells as they begin to go towards the pen. A huge lumbering arm was coming towards her. "Cat!" She yells as it hits her mid-air before she's able to grab her yoyo out. He nods, knowing what she's meaning as he lunges towards the pen that was clasped in the opposite hand. Ladybug regains her balance as she throws the yoyo at Chat, wrapping it around the arm next to him, swinging up to stand beside him as he breaks it.

"Devilize!" She yells as she throws the yoyo into the air, capturing the darkened butterfly. It lands steadily in her palm, opening it she smiles simply. "Bye bye little butterfly." She muses before throwing it back into the air. "Miraculous Ladybug!" She screams, watching as The Scheduler detransform back into herself, Natalie as Cat Noir had said. Around them, people were turning back into their normal selves.

"W-what? Where am I?" Natalie looks around, very confused. Cat Noir bends down by her side.

"It's alright. You were a victim of a akuma." He says gently, helping her up. Her eyes widened.

"No... Are you serious?!" She exclaims. "Thank you, both of you." She nods and turns, heading back towards the mansion with the isolated broken family.

"I hope she will be alright." Cat says with a worried expression.

"I'm sure she will be." Ladybug reassures him. "I devilized the akuma."

"And that was some clawsome work with your yoyo, m'lady." He bows before her. Chuckling, she shakes her head.

"Silly kitty." She rubs his head causing a slight purr to escape the happy cat. "Well, since we didn't have to use our special powers, do you want to patrol a little?" She asked, looking at him, extending her hip as she rests her hand on it.

"That is pawsativity a dream come true my lady." He starts before swinging his baton onto his shoulders, wrapping his hands over the sides of it. "But, unfortunately, even this handsome cat can't escape homework. Or class. So, I better be on my way." With a wink and a two fingered salute bouncing off his forehead, he quickly bounced off, racing towards school.... wait.... I still have to get to class! Marinette thinks to herself before quickly heading in the same direction, wondering if they were going to the same school or not.

## Chapter End Notes

Short I know, but it's just the start, I expect to add more to the chapters upcoming. Please be patient with it but I'm pretty sure it's already added on. It is just the beginning chapters.

I'm still low-key trying to get used to how this site works, so forgive me for things that are oddly placed! Anyways, I've created a discord area for this story! Feel free to check it out! It includes fun little things like songs that inspire it, updates about when I'm working, as well as some of my other stories! <https://discord.gg/EyMpD7H>

If you want to be a beta for this story, or any of mine, you'll be able to find information here for that! Thank you once more for reading my story! Please enjoy and leave feedback! I can't even begin to tell you how excited I get when I see there's any interaction with my stories.

# The Anoucement

## Chapter Summary

The class gets a little idea of what is occurring in the mind of their rich, blond, female classmate. This time, they get to benefit positively from it.

## Chapter Notes

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

Once Marinette arrived at school, she saw that a lot of people were running late from the Akuma attack, including Adrien himself. Marinette wondered if it was because of Natalie or what. She arrived in the classroom, seeing the students that were already there being Nino, Alix, Rose and a sleeping Nathaniel. She went and sat down in her seat, nodding and waving to Nino as she passed him. Pretty soon Alya entered, waving happily at Nino before sitting next to Marinette.

"Hey girl! Did you see that akuma attack?!" Alya exclaimed happily.

"How could you not? I think it made many of us late." Marinette explained, laughing almost nervously. She was thankful that she had quickly put some cookies in her purse for Tikki.

"Strange they didn't have to use their special powers." Alya commented. "No Lucky Charm was needed." She shook her head, looking over the footage in her phone.

"And Cat Noir destroyed the pen without having to use his Cataclysm." Marinette quickly came to her partners side. Alya nodded and showed her friend some of the footage she caught today as they waited for class. Pretty soon, Alya ran out of new footage to show her friend so they began discussing the twins and the Sabotage attack from a little while back. Nino was leaning against his desk, watching his phone as he listened to some music.

The class was slowly filing in and taking their usual seats. Ivan and Mylène walked in, holding hands shyly. Marinette stole a glimpse at them, waving and winking at Ivan which cause a blush to creep on his cheeks but a happy smile spread across his face nonetheless. Marinette turned her attention back to Alya as they remembered the amusement park adventure that took place after that. As they laugh at the memories, Nino looks up to see Adrien enter and sit next to him.

"Hey dude, 'sup?" He says extending a hand for Adrien to high five.

"Hey man, and finally getting here. Were you caught in the akuma attack?" Adrien asks Nino as he completes the high-five.

"No dude, but many others were. I think Alya and Marinette were." He gestured back to the two girls. Whilst they had their conversation, the rest of the class had gathered. Everyone turned to the front when their teacher, Mme. Bustier entered, setting her things down as she greeted the class. Smiling softly at her class, she began speaking with happiness in her voice.



"We have an announcement today everyone. It's an exciting one that will occur over the summer holiday for a few weeks. And the one to tell us about it is Mayor Bougeois himself!" She stepped aside so that Chloès father would lead the announcement.

"Thank you Mme. Bustier. So, I have set up a three-week long summer camp experience at MADD institute for the entire class over the summer. All costs have been finalized so all we need is a signature from your parents agreeing that it is alright for you to go on this trip." He explains. "With this being said, my dear Chloè will be one of the stars of the production. There is something for each one of you at this to enhance your already brilliant minds." He nodded, waving a gentle wave to his beloved daughter. Excited chatter erupted from the students. He smiled happily at the class in front of him. "Mme. Bustier is going to be passing out the papers with information on it." He smiled, gesturing as she began passing it around a stack of papers, nodding happily. "And with that, I'll leave you to your class." He nodded and waved, exiting the classroom.

"Oooh can you believe this?! I wonder what all we would be able to do." Marinette's eyes were wide as she looked at Alya.

"Girl, I know! You better be one designing the costumes. Oooh! What if I was able to be the interviewer or camera person!" Alya excitedly grabs Marinette's hands as they talk about it. "You know, it would help with the Ladyblog."

"True and oh dude!" Nino piped up. "I could see about doing some awesome tracks!" He says excitedly, looking between the girls and Adrien.

"That would be great Nino! And I'm sure your designs will be wonderful Marinette. Hopefully I'll get one." Adrien smiled at them, nodding to Alya. "But you are right, this could be excellent training for the Ladyblog. I wonder what all they have there." Adrien thought out loud to himself, shrugging before looking at the paper and thanking Mme. Bustier for the packet. He began looking through it.

"Oh wow. This is exciting! I can't wait." Excited words were spread around the classroom. Once Mme. Bustier was done, she headed up to the front to begin the lesson for the day.

~Time skip to Lunch.~

Mme. Bustier watched as her class exited excitedly at the news. She was quite excited herself. The kids would be able to express themselves creatively! She would love to see the designs Marinette will create, she also thought about it being a good outlet for Ivan and a way for Mylene to come out of her shell a little bit. Maybe this experience will also strike a little compassion into Chloe. As she finished gathering things up for her lunch break, an elderly man entered.

"Hello, are you Madame Bustier?" He asks, a slight accent to match his looks.

"Yes? Whom might you be?" She asked, standing behind her desk.

"I'm Master Fu, I know that the children are going on a trip soon for summer." He spoke wisely, leaning humbly on his cane. "I was wondering if there was a way of having two students sit together." He explained.

"Well, typically we allow for them to pick their seats. Why?" She eyed the old man. He spoke wisely but he also had a odd mysterious aspect about him. He nodded at my response.

"Hmmm. Would it be possible if Marinette and Adrien sat together?" He asked. "I believe that it would be beneficial for both of them." He explained.

"Oh? Them two? Hmmm they are friends- Wait, Why?" She shook her head, furrowing her eyebrows in confusion. A knowing smile played on his lips.

"They would be able to support each other in a way no one else can." He explains critically. "They are two peas in a pod if you would. The important thing is that Chloe shouldn't sit next to Adrien or near Marinette. It would be bad for them. I've heard word from Ladybug and Chat Noir that something we citizens do not know. I was sent as a message to let you know." He explained, a wise look in his eyes. Mme. Bustier sat down, thinking about what he said.

"Ladybug and Chat Noir sent you?" She asked. He tilted his head, a small smile on his lips.

"Ladybug did. She informed me that to prevent akumas, make sure to not have Chloe next to Adrien or Marinette." He explains, nodding to her. "Well, I am complete with my mission, I will leave you to lunch." He bowed gently before letting himself out. As he exited the room, where no one else was near, a little floating turtle came out, chuckling.

"Oh Master. What have you done?" He tilted his head as he looked at Master Fu.

"Well, Wayze, you and I both know that Plagg and Tikki will know about each other. Who knows, it could make everything easier." Master Fu chuckles with a wink, motioning for his kawami to fly back inside his pocket.

Meanwhile, Mme. Bustier was thinking of what to do. How will she arrange the seating? Maybe when the class returns from lunch, she'll have them write down three options of who to sit with and she picks them. That away, it doesn't look very suspicious of them sitting together. She had already planned on having Kim and Ivan nowhere near each other, instead having Ivan with Mylène. Kim would either sit next to Max or Alix. She began jotting down some ideas about seating, momentarily forgetting about lunch for herself.

## Chapter End Notes

I know I said it's going to be getting longer. I promise I'm working on it! These are just the chapters I've got so far on Wattpad. I got up until chapter 6 published there so I'm just working on transferring it over and trying to figure out the parts that makes it easiest for me to put the chapters here.

# Seats and Meetings

## Chapter Summary

The girls begin to plan for preparations of what is to come for the trip.

The class returned from their lunch, heading to their normal seats, excitedly speaking to each other about the trip. Most of them had time to run home and get the papers signed, leaving the signed papers on Mme. Bustier's desk. Smiling, she waited until they had sat down and settled. She had specially requested for this meeting before they went to the proper classes of this time.

"I would like you all to write down three people you would want to sit with on the bus ride. You may not get your number one pick, but I will do the best that I can do with sitting you amongst people you would like to." Mme. Bustier explained to the class, they all getting out scrap paper or splitting it in half with the person next to them. She began organizing the signed sheets so far in alphabetical order for organizational purposes. "Once you are done, you can leave it upside down on my desk and leave for your next class." She explained, glancing up as some finished. She smiled, watching her students exit the class so their head to the other class. As the class finally emptied, she began looking at the names on the slips, figuring out who would sit with whom.

~~~ Marinette's P.O.V. ~~~

I walked with Alya as we headed to the science class, discussing what Mme. Bustier had told us earlier. That we would be going basically on a field trip to MADD.

"You know, I don't really have much desire to act, never really have. But at least I'll be able to create costumes!"

"Totally. I am so excited to see what you create." Alya agreed, nodding her head. "You come up with some really great stuff Marinette! I wonder if we will be able to keep what you make." She rubbed her chin as we enter class.

"Maybe since it's a camp we will?" I questioned, thinking about it. "Cause typically, don't we take the things home we create from camp?" I wondered, looking at Alya to see if she had any information.

"Maybe. It would make since." She agreed with me.

"Exactly!" We entered Ms. Mendelev class, heading to our seats, which weren't next to each other. I wonder who I will end up sitting with. Pulling out my notebook to take notes, my thoughts drifted. The entire class would be going. That included Adrien! He would probably get the lead role, being as handsome as he is. Leaning on my hand, I sighed softly as I doodles a little on the paper, thinking about what an awesome trip this would be. Class had begun moments ago but concentration wasn't very well at the moment. Just having daydreams of Adrien at a modeling

shoot for this theater trip. I looked up just in time to see the question that Ms. Mendeleviev had put on the board before she was looking straight at me.

"Ms. Dupan-Cheng, do you know the answer?" Ms. Mendeleviev asked, a sneer almost on her face letting me know she had caught me daydreaming.

"Uh... The answer would be 72." I said, feeling confident in it, glad that her brain had switched that it was Math class quickly rather than science. Shew. This trip has got me all over the place! I need to focus more. I thought, biting my lip as I take a few more notes. Suddenly, I realized something. If I go on this trip, so does Ladybug. Oh No! I can't not go. I'll have to tell Chat and talk to Master Fu and Tikki. Oh no. I completely forgot about Tikki! How am I going to take her on this trip?!

~

Alya shook her head gently, the red hair bouncing off her shoulders ever so gently as she watched her best friend have a meltdown internally. Probably the realization of going on this trip with Adrien. Ms. Mendeleviev had turned around, so she took this opportunity to slide her phone out and send Mari a text.

Alya- You Ok?

She didn't watch for her reaction, heck, Marinette probably didn't even have her phone within a grabbing distance. She briefly wondered who she wrote to sit by. Alya had put down Marinette as number one, Nino as number two, and Mylène as her third. Fingers crossed, though, that Marinette would be chosen to sit next to Adrien. That would be one way to help her out of her nervousness. Right? A several hour bus ride. Chuckling to herself, Alya thought about what was going to happen. Wondering what Adrien would do. He can speak several languages so that could definitely open up more doors for him. Class drained on, not exactly enjoying this class mainly because of being so focused on the trip. The class was paying attention for the most part. Alya beginning to doodle little Ladybugs all over her notes, thinking about the trip. Marinette was continuously in a daze, daydreaming up some ridiculous scheme involving Adrien not wanting to be with her because she wasn't tall enough. Just as the teacher was handing back tests that had been graded, the bell rang showing that the class had ended. Everyone quickly gathered their things and rushed out, excited to discuss the trip with their friends once more. Alya and Marinette met up outside the classroom.

"Girl, what would you say if we hung out after school today to gather some things for the trip?" Alya asked her best friend.

"Oh yes! That sounds great." Marinette agreed, seeing Rose and Julika exit the class. "What if we invite some of the others? Have a girl's day?" She suggested.

"I love it!" Alya clapped, turning around and seeing the two best friends fixing to walk by. "Hey guys! Would you like to join me and Marinette to get ready for the trip?" Alya asked the blonde and dark-haired girls.

"Yeah... that'd be rad." Julika responded first, nodding and offering a small smile.

"Oh my goodness! That sounds so fun! I would love to!" Rose exclaimed happily, cupping her hands in front of her chin.

"Great! How bout we meet up out front of the school a hour after school?" Marinette suggested.
"We gotta ask Mylène and Alix." She thought out loud, tapping her chin as she looked for the said girls.

"I think I saw Alix go to the locker room."

"And I saw Mylène walk out with Ivan."

"Alright, we can ask Alix, I was headed to the locker room." Rose said happily, Julika nodded with the same soft smile.

"Cool, we'll go find Mylène and let her know!" Alya spoke happily, grabbing Marinette by the arm as they separated to find the said girls.

Girls Day

Chapter Summary

The girls go about shopping around a small shopping district and Marinette get's a idea about how to bring Tikki along.

Adrien walked towards the locker room to grab his belongings, remembering at Lunch when he went home and told his Father about the trip.

~

Adrien had sat down at the long table, his father at the other end for once. He glances up from the plate that was in front of him, seeing his dad on his phone.

"Father?" Adrien asks for his father's attention. He glances up before looking back down at his phone.

"Yes Adrien?" He asked, acknowledging him with a slight nod of the head.

"In a few weeks, the class is going on a field trip to a university to learn some skills in some theater and other areas. It's already arranged and paid for by the Mayor." Adrien begins to explain, watching as his father puts down his phone, clasping his hands at his chin.

"Continue." He arches an eyebrow.

"I-I was letting you know that the entire class is going and it's a school function. So, I won't be here for the time of it. I think it's two weeks or so. I have the paper right here!" He pulls it out of his backpack, getting up and walking over to his father, passing him the paper. His father takes it, motioning for Adrien to sit down again. Doing as told, Adrien nervously awaits for his father's reaction. The nod of approval and a slide of the pen showed him his father agreed to let him go. He attempted in controlling his excitement.

"I do believe this trip of yours is also the time I'm having an exclusive business trip as well. I will not be here." His father explains.

"Oh! That's great! That would mean the staff would be able to have a holiday correct?" Adrien wanted the cooks to have a little vacation, hoping his body guard and Nathalie would be included. Mr. Agreste tilted his head, thinking about it. With a sigh and a shrug, he nodded.

"Very well, Nathalie, will you please tell the chefs?" Mr. Agreste asked his secretary. She nodded, writing it down on her tablet.

~

Adrien arrived at his locker, putting his normal items in and grabbing things for his fencing lesson. He saw Rose and Julika enter, waving as he exited as they headed to talk to Alix.

Marinette finished grabbing her travel bags from the storage area beneath her bed. Her kawami floating in the air next to her.

"Marinette, are you going on this trip?" Tikki asks as she watched Marinette open her suit case.

"Yes, I am." She looks up at her kawami. "But don't worry, I've got a plan." She smiles proudly at the floating enlarged ladybug caricature.

"And what is that plan?" Tikki asks, her high-pitched voice a little higher than normal out of fear.

"Well, first I'm going out with Alya and some of the other girls at school shopping for things. While out shopping, I'm going to be looking for some things to create a mini travel bag for you to be comfortable in. After that, before it's time for Patrol with Chat, I'm planning on visiting Master Fu about this situation and see what he says." She explained, beginning to pack some essentials that she already had. She glanced at her little friend, seeing the worry on her face she paused her packing. Going and standing in front of her, she cupped her hands around the floating Kawami, allowing her to rest in her hands. "Tikki, I promise this will be fine." Marinette smiles, trying to sooth Tikki like all the times her kawami has soothed her. A small smile appeared on the Kwami's face.

"I want you to have fun, but you also have to be safe." Tikki blinked, searching Marinette's' face. "As I know you will be." She sighed, smiling and flying up to rest her forehead against her friend. Smiling with a soft giggle, Marinette returned with gentle pressure against her Kawamis' forehead. She backs away and looks at the time.

"Ready for an adventure Tikki?" Marinette asks, excitedly as she grabs her purse and opens it for her friend. "It's time to meet the girls!" She cheers happily as Tikki laughs, flying into her purse before Marinette exits, heading to the school.

Adrien sat at his piano, actually practicing for once rather than just having his music player play on his phone. Plagg was laying on the couch, consuming camembert. Adrien used the piano as background action as his mind drifted off, thinking about how he was going to have to tell Ladybug he was going to be going away for a little bit soon. It was perfect timing, actually. His father was going on his own trip at the time of the field trip, so he wouldn't have to worry about his father. His phone buzzed, catching his attention. It was Nino asking if he wanted to play games. Adrien looked over at Plagg who was exploring around his room. Replying with a simple 'sure', he set up his gaming console that they would play together. After a few rounds, Nino was called away by his parents causing Adrien to get off, spinning in his chair in a circle.

"You look tired kid. Maybe you should take a nap before patrol tonight." Plagg says, floating over to the boy. With a scratch of his head, Adrien agreed.

"Yeah... I think your right." Adrien stands up with a yawn and stretch, checking the time and setting an alarm for when he would have to be downstairs for diner, he plopped down in bed, not bothering to change his clothes as he rolled onto his side and gently fell into a nap. Plagg watched his kid, snacking on a piece of cheese before belching when he finished and went to lay by Adrien's head. He listened and watched him, making sure he didn't have a nightmare before drifting off into his own nap.

"This is so exciting!" Rose exclaims as she twirls in a market that they were in.

"I know! It's really cool that we are getting to be able to do this. It was actually kind of Chloè to allow us to join in." Mylène spoke, picking up a mini traveling bag and inspecting it.

"You know she probably did it so that Adrien would be in the lead." Alya spoke, looking at a neck pillow. She tried it on, looking at the girls, sticking her tongue out.

"Then why didn't she just invite him instead of the entire class?" Alix wondered, looking at a hat, trying it on in the mirror.

"Who knows. I just hope she doesn't sit with him on the bus." Marinette interjected as she was looking for some soft material to use as an inner lining for Tikki's hide-a-way for this trip.

"I just hope the trip isn't too uncomfortable." Juleka mumbled, following after Rose as she discovered something pink and unicorn themed.

"When are we supposed to find out the seats?" Marinette asked, giving up the search in the shop that they were in for fabric for Tikki.

"You know, that's a good question Marinette. I don't know. Probably the day of the trip?" Alya countered, thinking out loud. They nodded at the logical reasoning.

"Well, at least this will be a fun trip." Alix speaks happily, nodding in the mirror at another hat she was trying on. The others nodded in agreement, slowly drifting off their own ways in the small market. After a few of the girls finding some things and a few of the others not, they gathered their purchases and exited the shop, looking for another place.

"Oh, Marinette, I've got a question." Juleka asked, looking over at Marinette as the girls window shopped.

"Yes Juleka?" Marinette looked up at her taller friend.

"Would you, uhm, mind making an eye cover?" Her voice let out gently, glancing at Marinette. "I'll buy the materials, if you make it."

"Like a eye mask to sleep with?" Juleka nodded. Hmmm, this would be a good excuse to find a fabric shop. "Yeah! I can do that." She smiled. "Hey guys, let's go find a fabric store. Juleka wants something and I also need to check some things out." Marinette explained.

"Sure!" Alya exclaimed, pulling out her phone and typing in it. "There's one a couple shops down." She pointed in the direction.

"What are you wanting?" Mylène asked out of curiosity.

"A sleeping eye mask." Juleka responded shyly, a slight blush creeping on her cheeks. "Lights sometimes bothers me when I sleep."

"I'm sure Marinette will make one that is wonderful." Mylène smiled, patting Juleka's arm before walking over to Alix to discuss something that they were looking at. Marinette smiled gently at Juleka.

"Don't worry. We'll find the perfect fabric for you. I have to get stuff to make a traveling bag. I need to keep my sugar stable." She explained, using it for a excuse to have sweets in her travel bag for Tikki. She had never been sick before like that, but it would be a good excuse to use. They slowly departed from the other girls, agreeing to meet at Marinette's parents' bakery for lunch. Alya tagged along behind Marinette and Juleka, on her phone updating a blog of hers. Which one, probably the personal one. Or working on a ladybug one. Speaking of ladybug, Marinette realized that she would have to explain to Chat about the trip. *Oh, I hope Hawkmoth would take it easy on our beloved city.* They finally entered the fabric shop that Alya had found, heading to a section with silky-like fabric that would be great for resting eyelids. As Juleka looked for a fabric she liked, Marinette looked for something a little more solid, so that if she ended up having cold sweets, they would remain a bit cooler. Not to mention her parents bakery as a good backup for having sweets on her. Things were falling into place, which was great.

"Would this uh material be. Good?" Juleka showed Marinette adding a shrug as she offered the fabric out to her designer friend.

"Yes! This is alright! You like it?" Marinette checked with Juleka before taking it from her, adding to her own small pile of cloth that would turn into some amazing things at the touch of Marinette. They finished the necessities for the items and headed to check out, hearing Alya's stomach growl causing the girls to laugh.

"Well, I'm hungry and I'm super excited to eat some of your parents' fresh pastries." Alya laughed, snapping a picture of the girls, Marinette with her signature peace sign and Juleka with a timid smile. "Awesome, I'm sending it to Alix to let the others know we are headed to the bakery." Alya explained, pressing send as they began heading towards Marinette's home.

"I actually can begin working on your eye mask tonight and bring it to class when I've finished so you can make sure it fits right. At home, I can take your measurements and even do a few sketches so that you could possibly have a idea of what it looks like." Marinette explained to Julika as they walked along the sidewalk, ideas already swarming in her head about how it would end up looking.

"I'm super excited to see what you create." Juleka spoke with her soft voice but her eyes lighting up showing how she was extremely excited.

"Just think Juleka, you'll actually have a Original Marinette design!" Alya exclaimed happily, wrapping her arms around her two friends. "Oooh and you could even model it for Marinette for when she actually creates her website as one of the products that people could buy."

"U-uh. I-I'm not model uh material." Juleka stammered, pushing her bangs to the side slightly.

"Girl, you rocked it in the hat when you and the others were over at Marinette's place that one time!" Alya gave Juleka a reassuring squeeze on the shoulder.

"She's right! You did it effortlessly! It would be no problem for you to do it again." Marinette did a simple smile, beaming her bright eyes at her lovely friend. "You are a wonderful model, especially for things that I design specifically for you."

"Now, if only Adrien realized that the scarf he got for his birthday was made by you, and not his father." Alya sent a side look towards Marinette who waved her off.

"Honestly, he was extremely happy with it being from his father. That's all I really wanted, was for him to be happy. On his birthday." A light rosy color crossed over Marinette's face as she spoke of

it, remembering the day of his birthday and when she gave the present.

"I just wonder why he thought it was from you, though. You did put that note on it. I saw it with my own two eyes!" Alya wondered aloud, wondering if with Marinette's bad luck it could've fallen off.

Soon, they arrived at the bakery and began to look through what yummy treats they would eat themselves when the rest of the girls arrived. They headed up to Marinette's room to talk about what was going to happen next.

Nightly Pawtrol

Chapter Summary

When Ladybug and Chat Noir both have to discuss some pressing matters with their partner, will secrets be reviled? Or will they laugh and brush anything off?

Chapter Notes

(If I can ever figure out if I can add a picture to this or not,) The picture that is linked/associated with this chapter was created by mlbirb.tumblr.com and it is truly wonderful! I'll see what I can figure out to get it posted.

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



Pacing back and forth on the roof, Ladybug checked her compact for any information about her feline friend. She arrived 15 minutes ago, to their usual meeting spot for patrol, to an empty roof. He was typically there on time; early even. Not today, which concerned his Lady. She would try and go look for him, but she had no idea where he lived.

"Five more minutes, then I'll start." She spoke to herself, looking across the sleeping city. If he didn't show up on time, maybe he'll show up late. She didn't want to stay out too late tonight,

school was the next day and they were learning more about the trip. She was so excited! That is something else she had to tell her cat. That she wouldn't be here for a little bit. She looked up to see the moon almost at the top of the night sky.

"Hello m'Lady." Chat says, jumping next to her, landing gently. "Sorry to keep you waiting. I overslept during my cat nap." A sleepy wink sealed his excuse before stretching with a yawn. "Ready for the patrol, bug-a-boo?" He cooed gently, lazily looking at her.

"Yeah, I'm ready. Are you ok? You're later than usual Kitty." Ladybug stretches her arm, warming it up for the yo-yo jump.

"Yeah. I am. Just a bit tired m'Lady. But no worries, your kitty is on the prowl for the evil." He winks, tail curling behind his back as he headed to his launching area. "Meet back here when patrol is done?" He asked, eyes searching her face. She nodded, her pigtails bouncing ever so slightly with the ribbons faltering gently.

"Yeah, I need to tell you something. It's important." Ladybug said, almost self-consciously which caused the cat's ears to twitch.

"Everything ok?" He asked this time.

"Yes. It's quite great actually." Her laughter caused him to relax. "Just need to tell you something." She responds once again, a smile erasing his worries.

"Alright, that's good. I've got to explain something to you as well." Chat Noir nodded towards her, extending his baton before he began launching off. Ladybug watched after him before throwing out her yo-yo out to a chimney to launch herself over the rooftops of her beloved city.

~

Chat Noir landed on the roof, that was a very quick and thorough patrol, but he didn't want to keep his lady waiting any longer than necessary since he overslept earlier. When he awoke from his nap, he had covers pulled over him and Plagg was under his pillow. Typically, he hides there if someone pops in unexpectedly. So, someone must have come in, that's the only explanation. But who? It must have been Nathalie.

"You alright there, Kitty?" His lady's sweet voice floated down to him, he looked up as she stood next to him, ruffling his disgruntled hair before sitting beside him. "You had an odd look on your face."

"Yeah, something odd had happened before I came out on patrol, reason why I was late is that I believe someone turned off my alarm." He said, eyes drifting back to where he looked over the city.

"Huh, I guess that is weird." Ladybug tilted her head, sitting beside her companion. "So, was that what you wanted to tell me?"

"No." He shook his head, his emerald green eyes going to look at her, his sly smile back on his face. "No, that is not it. But, why don't you share your news first? Lady's first." He smiled very slyly.

"You sure?" She asked, arching a eyebrow that was hidden under the mask.

"Yeah, it's fine. I wanna hear what my Lady has to share."

"Alright. Well, uh, here soon I'll be leaving for a little bit." His eyes widened, and ears twitched. "I'll be back. I just won't be in the city." She explained, looking down at her hands.

"Well, I guess that works out because I'll be gone as well." Chat Noir spoke, nudging her shoulder gently. "School?"

"Yeah, school- wait what?!" Ladybugs eyes shot wide open, looking over at Chat Noir now.

"Yep. My class got an exclusive field trip for the first few weeks of summer." He shrugs. "Someone really wanted my entire class to go so bam. Free field trip."

"Huh... Well...then..." Ladybug quickly stood, trying to avoid her shaking hands. "I g-guess I'll see you when we get back then?"

"Who knows," He cast a glance up at her, a knowing look in his eye that caused fear to strike through her. "Maybe we will see each other on the trip, Ladybug." He stood up, kissing her hand before he catapulted off the building and headed in the direction of his home. Ladybug stood shocked for a moment. Does this mean they are in the same class? If so, who could he be? She shook her head before focusing on flying over the city to her own home, detransforming mid-air as she landed on her balcony, quickly entering her room and sitting on the floor, criss-cross3ed.

"Tikki.... D-Do you know who Chat is?" Marinette asked, her floating little red kwami coming up to face her. She blinked almost identical blue eyes up at Marinette.

"What do you mean Marinette?" She floated up a little closer to her face.

"Do you know Chat Noir's seceret identity?" Marinette said seriously, looking in her kwami's face, taking in every aspect of her small red face.

"Yes. I do." Tikki finally responded, tilting her head downwards as she held her little arms together, avoiding Marinette's eyes. A shaky breath escaped the human in front of her.

"Do I know who he is?" There was a long silence, Tikki debating on what would be the best answer. This could change everything, or, it could change nothing at all. All this power is on her shoulders. Grant it, it isn't the first time she's had all this weight on her small shoulders. After a large sigh, raising her shoulders upward and releasing the large sigh, looking up at Marinette.

"Yes, you do."

~

Chat quickly swung through his window, releasing his transformation midair before landing lightly on the floor next too his couch.

"Plagg, do you know why my alarm didn't go off?" Adrien asked, pulling out some camembert from the miniature fridge he had in his entertainment center.

"Kid, I don't know..." Plagg grabbed the cheese and began eating it. "I just heard the door click open and had enough time to hide before I was spotted." He swallowed the rest of the large chunk in one bite. "I'm sorry kid. But it was weird."

"Yeah, it was." Adrien removed his everyday clothes and put on some simple pajamas. He slid into his bed, curling up almost in a ball as he thought about his conversation with Ladybug. He sighs, thinking about what he said and what she said. He knows that Plagg knows who his lady is, and so does Master Fu. It wouldn't be bad if he guessed it, and it be right. Would it? He didn't think so, but as a massive yawn overtook his entire system, causing him to collapse into sleep. Plagg floated over to his kitten. He had grown mighty attached to this little one. He knew that this child didn't deserve the neglect his father brought on him. Sure, the father was missing his wife, but Adrien was missing his mother. That is not an excuse to ignore and neglect your son. Plagg sighed, going and resting on his pillow, trying to think of what to do. As he curled up in a ball and had his small tail and antenna's curl around his body, he suddenly remembered something he saw a while back. Bolting upright, he quickly heads to the door only to pause at the end of the bed, looking back at the kid. Plagg floated from the foot of the bed, up to the sleeping blonde's head. He watched him with concerned eyes, knowing how much this kid needed support and love. He may not show it, but Plagg did love this kid.

"Night little kitten." Plagg whispered softly before licking his head, floating away quickly, phasing through the wall and headed to the office his father used. He had saw something a while back and wanted to check it out again, this time without Adrien around. He phased through the door, making sure no one was around before floating over to the painting. He looked up, admiring Adrien's mother for a moment, wondering what ever happened to her. The kid never really spoke much of her except when he was dreaming. Shaking his head, he dived headfirst into the painting, where he knew the safe was. Thanks to his cat eyesight, Plagg was able to see pretty well. He saw the framed picture of the mom and beside it, the peacock miraculous. Gasping, he touched it, seeing if he was able to sense his friend that was attached to it. No luck. He felt nothing. He backed away, thinking to himself, he needed to see Fu. But... how? He knew Tikki had seen Master Fu, but how would Plagg convince Adrien to go? Turning, he saw the book. Only distracted by his grumbling stomach stopped him from inspecting it. He quickly phased out and floated out of the room, sniffing the air for camembert. The kitchen, where is the kitchen? He thought to himself, trying to follow his nose. He finally managed to find it, going and looking into the fridge to see if there was anything in there. He found something that looked similar but headed out in hopes of finding something else. Just as he was fixing to go through a chill-box thing, there was a noise behind him. His senses told him it wasn't human. And that it was familiar. Turning around and sneaking above the counter just a little, he looked for the culprit.

"P-Plagg?!" That voice! It could only belong to a certain kwami.

"Nooroo!" Plagg turned around to find the periwinkle kwami floating not far away from him. "Y-your here!" He flew over to his friend, ramming his head into the poor little periwinkle one.

"You are here?!" Nooroo looked at the black cat kwami. "Wha- How? Do you know where Master Fu is?!"

"Yes, I do. But, how are you here!? Wait. Hawk Moth..." Plagg's eyes widened, looking at his poor friend. "I'm so sorry." He says, licking his friend's head in a soothing manner as a cat would.

"So... Chat Noir?" Nooroo asked, looking at Plagg.

"I got a good kitten." Plagg winked at his friend, smiling softly before it faded. "Wait. Both Ladybug and him are going on a school trip..." Plagg started. "Do you know if Hawk Moth will come out and akumatize someone while they're away?" He asked, looking at his companion.

"No, I believe Master has a trip planned for the same time." Plagg explained, a frown on his face. "I'm so sorry about this. But, you know, I wouldn't be in this situation if I chose." Plagg nodded in comforting the gentle creature.

"Don't worry. I'll try and speak with Master Fu about this... Cause... This changes everything." Plagg spoke gently, looking at his kwami friend, who he now knows shares the same house as Adrien. But, who is it? The body guard, the handler? His father? "Adrien's Chat. But who is Hawk Moth? Natalie? The guard guy? His dad?" Plagg asked. As Nooroo opened his mouth to reply, a loud sound erupted from another part of the house causing both small floating heads to look towards the noise.

"That's Master. I must go before he discovers me gone. Take care Plagg, please save me soon." Nooroo spoke quietly before quickly phasing upwards through the ceiling, heading to whosevers room it was that he was supposed to be trapped in. Plagg, in shock, slowly floated down on the counter, taking in all this information he had, trying to figure out how to tell Master Fu, how to tell Adrien. Should he even tell Adrien? He would have to ask Master Fu first. With a shake of his head, Plagg phased through the house until he had arrived in his boys' room, going to his little kitten's head, hearing him reacting to another nightmare. He laid down gently beside his head, snuggling to the blonde hair as much as he could when he began to purr.

Chapter End Notes

Hah! Told you guys it was gonna start getting longer!! Yippee! Also, please please please tell me what yall think or if yall like it. I have a bunch of ideas planned for this and I'm excited to be able to post it to (possibly) a wider audience. I sincerely hope that yall enjoy it. Please leave me information about what you liked! Or any ships you'd like to see happen. I have a list of ships that I didn't include in the ship list above so there is a possible chance your ship, if it's not listed above, will appear in my story somewhere.

Chapter 7 A New Ounce of Courage

Chapter Summary

Everyone is on the edge of their seats to find out who they are sitting next to on the bus. Read on to see if Master Fu got his request fulfilled.

Chapter Notes

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

“So, that important secret mission you were on? That was just an alibi? Because you were there regardless?” Chat looked at Ladybug, well Marinette. He knew.

“Uh, Yeah, I guess so?” Marinette shifted her weight from one leg to the other, not meeting his eyes. “I-I’m sorry. That I lied to you.”

“No, it’s fine. I understand why you had to do it.” He smiled his flirtatious smile he always did. “I would’ve done the same if I were you, in fact I have before.” He winks, turning around and releasing his transformation at will, a swirl of black and green engulfing him, blonde hair peaking out of the spiral. Marinette stepped back at the bright light that emitted from around him, raising her arms up, covering her eyes with a arm. A beeping alarm sound awoke her, sending her straight up in bed into an upright position.

“It... It was a dream.” Marinette took a deep breathe, blinking and resting gently back down on her bed. Tikki blinked from her pillow, being awakened by Marinette’s outburst.

“Marinette?” Her kwami’s voice high pitched as she looked up at her, rubbing her sleepy eyes.

“Sorry Tikki, I just had a dream.” She smiled gently at Tikki. “No worries. But I’m getting ready for school, so I won’t be late for once.” She winked happily at her kwami before getting out of bed and heading to the bathroom. She quickly went through her morning routine, grabbing her bag and allowing entry for Tikki to hide out in her bag as she headed down the stairs.

“Morning Marinette.” Her mom greeted her with a smile, leaning over from what she was cooking to gently kiss her daughter’s cheek.

“Morning Maman.” Marinette smiled and kissed her mom on the cheek back, grabbing one of the fresh bakery items from a tray on the counter.

“Ah Marinette, it’s good to see you actually up in time for school.” Her dad said, poking his head out from around the doorway of the oven.

“Yeah, Morning to you too Papa. I wanted to actually be on time today.” A gentle laugh coursed through the family.

“Well good. Will we be seeing you after school immediately or will you be hanging out with Alya?” Her mom asked, wiping her hands on the apron she was wearing.

“I’m not sure. But I should know by the time lunch rolls around. I’ll text you then, if not before, or whenever I find out.” Marinette explained as she headed towards the door, waving one final wave to her parents before exiting the bakery into the morning streets of Paris. Taking a deep breath, she munched on one of the croissants as she walked across the street, heading towards school. On mornings like this, she enjoyed taking everything in, it was one peaceful morning. Birds singing gently in the distance, people going about their business heading to work or school. It was actually quite a relaxing morning for once, which was great. School was going to be exciting only because they’ll get to hopefully find out who they are sitting with on the bus. She had put down Adrien as number one but had Alya down for number two. It was hope nonetheless to be able to hang out with Adrien even more than what it has been. She finally arrived at school, on time for once. Shocked Alya when she arrived in a little later, raising one of her perfect eyebrows at Marinette.

“You’re here already?” Alya asked surprised as she sat down, laying her backpack on the table.

“Yup. Woke up before my alarm went off and decided to just head on instead of sleeping a little bit more.” Marinette shrugged it off, not wanting to talk about the dream, because she couldn’t. Alya can’t understand because she isn’t allowed to know.

“Well, it’s a good thing you’re on time. Cause that away, you’ll be able to see Adrien come in.” She winked, motioning to the door as Nino and Adrien walked in, talking amongst each other and going to their respective seats. As they sat down they turned to face the girls.

“Whoa, Marinette! You’re here already!” Nino laughed, extending his hand to receive a high-five from her.

“Yeah, I mean, it’s not like I don’t want to be on time.” She laughs nervously, even though over half the time it was because she was fighting a akuma and not sleeping in.

“And for once, Adrien is on time also.” Nino pushes Adrien’s shoulder as the blonde ran a hand along the back of his neck slightly.

“Yeah, Nathalie didn’t have very much morning briefing to let me in on soo..” He trailed off with a shrug, sending a smile back at Marinette. “I guess these two love birds don’t know what to do with their time now.” He winked playfully as Alya and Nino both scoffed and attempted to make some sort of excuse.

“O-oh yeah th-that’s true. We guess got them this time- I mean Guess we got them this time.” Marinette’s face grew in color, stuttering over her words as Adrien did his simple amused chuckle and corner smile.

“Yeah, guess we did show them, huh?” He smiled back happily, looking over at Nino who was shooting daggers at him.

“Not cool bro.” Nino glared before pointing two fingers at his eyes then flashing them towards Adrien. “At least I had the guts to get something started.” He smirked as Adrien eyes widened and he began blushing.

“W-What do you mean?”

“Oh we know about your not-so-seceret crush on Ladybug.” Alya spoke with a smirk, nudging Marinette with her elbow, winking slyly.

“Yeah, your computer homepage is the Ladyblog.” Nino pointed out, wagging a finger at him.

“So? She’s a wonderful lady!” Adrien eyes got a dreamy effect. Marinette tilted her head, thinking to herself ‘Is that what I look like when talking about Adrien?’. She had to hold back as she was tempted to laugh, none of them knowing she was Ladybug. That just led her mind to think about the dream and what Tikki said last night. She knew who Chat Noir was in real life. She surveyed the room as the others began talking about Alya’s latest poll on the Ladyblog. Who has blonde hair? Chloe and Adrien, Mylene does as well but she and Chloe are ruled out because they are females. And Chat Noir is obviously a male. She looked back down at Adrien, her eyes narrowing as she considered. He couldn’t be Chat. He was reserved and didn’t flirt with everyone like Chat did. His hair was also neatly in place and not flung everywhere. Adrien looked over at her with a gentle smile, causing her eyes to study his. They were very familiar. This brought back to the picture that Alya had shown her a while back when she got her new phone, the picture of Adrien dressed up as Chat Noir with a mask, thanks to photo edits.

“You alright Marinette?” He asked, eyes curling up with concern.

“Yeah..” She trailed off slightly, if Chat Noir was like her, his ring would change color. “Are you free today?” She asked as Mme. Buister entered class. “Never mind.” She waved him off, sitting back in her chair and placing a hand over her mouth, watching the beloved teacher. Adrien arched an eyebrow as he exchanged a puzzled glance with Alya whom shrugged. He turned back around to face forward, bringing both his hands onto the table, at which time Marinette took this as a opportunity to steal a glance at his hand. There was a silver ring on the same hand and finger as Chat Noirs. Puzzlement ensued in her head as she began calculating everything. A gentle presence pushing on her hip reassured her she wasn’t alone. Yes, Alya was next to her, but this was Tikki. She understood on an entirely different level. Taking a deep breath, Marinette focused upon her teacher, getting ready for today’s class. They were discussing some short stories they had to read, talking about plays since they would be performing one over the summer during the trip. Speaking of which, she was wondering when they would be learning where they were sitting.

“Alright class.” Mme. Buistier spoke midway through her class period, walking behind her desk. Puzzled, the students sat down their pencils and waited for what was going to be coming next. “I’ve made the list about how we will be seating on the bus for the trip coming up.” Everyone got excited, looking between each other, excited for it, curious gazes shifting between each other, wondering who they were going to be sitting next to them. “I have the list up here on my desk. You may look at it when the class lets out. For the last 10 minutes of class, I would like you to write about the favorite short-story that we explained in class. It does not have to be a specific one, just your favorite one that we covered in class.” She nodded with a smile, going and sitting down as the class got out the proper utensils to begin the assignment.

“Hey, do you have plans for lunch?” Alya whispered in Marinette’s direction.

“No, want to go to the Bakery?” A small knowing smile was placed on her lips as she looked over at her best friend.

“You know it. I would never pass up the fresh food from there. It’s delish!” Alya giggles happily as the class begins to relax, thinking about what their story was, discussing things with fellow classmates. As if the list was forgotten, almost. It was hanging in the back of everyone’s mind like mistletoe at a Christmas party. No one wanted to admit it, even to themselves, that they were nervous. Mme. Bustier loves them, so she wouldn’t stick anyone with someone they didn’t like,

right? The bell toll knocks Marinette out of her thoughts, hurrying and packing her backpack. Everyone rushed to the front quickly, looking at it. I heard Chloe sigh dramatically.

“Looks like I’m not sitting with Adrikins.” Chloe crosses her arms and heads out the door as Sabrina follows behind.

“At least you are sitting with me!” She interjected, carrying both of their belongings.

“Yes, at least I don’t have to sit next to someone that stinks like Ivan or Marinette.” Chloe shot a look at Marinette. Just as Marinette opened her mouth to say something, Alya grabbed her elbow.

“Marinette! Come on girl, I’m hungry.” Alya spoke, sending a glare at Chloe, knowing very well that Marinette was fixing to get into it. Thankfully, Alya was rather hungry for some of the homemade pastries.

“But Alya, I don’t know who I’m sitting beside.” Marinette tried to look at the list as she was dragged by the desk but she couldn’t make out her name.

“You’re fine. Don’t worry.” Alya winks at her, a smile suggesting it was her. “Plus it will always be there tomorrow.” Rolling her eyes, Marinette followed suit.

“Well, do YOU know who you’re sitting next to?” Alya shrugged.

“Nah, honestly all I can think about is a cinnamon roll from your parent’s bakery.” As they exited the court-yard and headed down the front stairs, they saw Nino and Adrien heading down the stairs. “Hey! Nino! Adrien!”

Adrien P.O.V.

Relief, he wasn’t sitting next to Chloe. But the question of who he WAS sitting with, popped into his head. He got up slowly and headed down the stairs as he dodged through people to see the list. His heart raced as he was nervous. He had put Nino as number one, Marinette as number two, and Alya as number three. He knew that Nino put Alya as his number one, them being together and all. But it was worth a shot. Marinette is a good friend, she finally seems to be acting more normal around him. Even this morning, when she was already sitting and then had a very strange look on her face when he caught her watching him. But then she spoke with him, so it’s all fine. Right? As he arrived at the list, it was in no order, not alphabetical or anything. Randomly. He searched for his name, finally landing upon it and dragged his eyes across the paper to see who he was sitting next to. A wide smile spread across his face. Mme. Bustier had put him next to Marinette. He and Nino headed out after that, trying to get out of the swarm of people.

“So dude, who are you sitting with?” Nino asked, fixing his ballcap as he looked over at me. “I know it’s not me.” He chuckled with a wink.

“No, I’m sitting with Marinette.” He says as they exited the school, heading down the steps.

“Nino! Adrien!” Their heads snap in the direction of the familiar voice. They saw Alya dragging Marinette down the stairs.

“Well, speak of the devils.” Nino winked at Adrien. Adrien rolled his eyes and elbowed him back, waiting for the girls to catch up.

“What’s up?” He asks, looking and waving between them.

“We were going to head over to Marinette’s place for the bakery, and I thought I would ask if you two would like to join along?” Alya asked, smiling as she moved a little closer to Nino.

“I’d love too.” Adrien replies, looking right at Marinette, smiling happily.

“Great, sounds good to me. Let’s get going while we still have time, yeah?” Marinette spoke, smiling at us, but when she looks over at Adrien, her eyes shifted slightly. Nonetheless, she headed down the stairs, leading the way to her parent’s bakery. Nino and Alya winked at each other, motioning for Adrien to take the lead. Chuckling as he shook his head, Adrien took this invite to start up a conversation with Marinette. He arrives next to her, keeping pace with her.

“So, should I thank you for the invite or Alya?” He asks, rubbing his hand along his neck slightly as they walked, flashing her one of his winning smiles.

“Mmm how bout both? Cause I highly doubt that my parents would let you guys pay.” She laughs, her bluebell eyes sparkling with humor, the laugh igniting something within Adrien. Much like the time he went over to practice for the Mecha Strike 3 battle and their hands brushed. He reached inside his pocket and held the lucky charm. *Ladybug has her own, I have my Marinette charm.* He thought to himself as he smiled, looking back over at her.

“Alright then, thank you for the food.” He winks at her, causing a sly smirk to appear on her face instead of the blush and blabing he has become accustomed to from her.

“You’re welcome.” Marinette smiled, pausing at a street corner, waiting on the cars to stop as Nino and Alya caught up to them.

“So, Adrien, who are you sitting with on the bus?” Alya asked, her arm draped around Nino as his is around her shoulder. Adrien smiled warmly at his friends.

“A very good friend of mine.” His eyes went in the direction of Marinette. “And she is standing beside me.” He gestured towards her. Her face paled only slightly as her eyes widened.

“Oh, that’s great! I’m glad we’re sitting next to each other Adrien.” Marinette exclaimed excitedly before wrapping her arms around Adrien happily, hugging him tightly. A smile grew on his face as he realized she was hugging him. He wrapped his arms around her waist, hugging her tightly. Warmth spread through him, relishing in the human touch. It had been a little while since he had a genuine hug like this. Last time he was this close to Marinette was when they were at Chloe’s party dancing. He backed away and looked down at her, holding her ever so gently.

“I’m glad your happy to sit with me. I was afraid you would have rather sit with Alya.” He says almost shyly, a slight blush hinting at his cheeks.

“No, I’m extremely excited to sit with you.” Marinette responds, looking and seeing that the traffic was stopping. “Lets go get food before we have to be back at school!” She smiles and leads

them across the road, approaching the family's bakery. As she opened the door, they were greeted by a cheery hello.

"Oh Marinette!" Her mother exclaimed happily, running over to her and embracing Marinette in a hug. "I didn't know you were coming over for lunch." She looks over at the others. "With your friends?" She raised an eyebrow.

"Sorry Maman. Kinda a last-minute decision?" She giggled a very cute giggle causing butterflies to erupt within Adrien.

"Oh, hello kids!" A booming voice came from just behind Marinette's mother as her father stepped through. "It's good to see you all! Come over for some lunch did you? Well you're in luck! Fresh pastries just came out. Come on, you'll get first pick." Tom lead them over to where the goods were resting, allowing first pick just as he said.

"And there is some jam, butter, and jelly upstairs if any of you would like it. Why don't you guys eat upstairs? You'll have more room up there anyways."

"Ok, Thank you Mr. Dupain and Mrs. Cheng." Adrien nodded, reaching for his wallet. Sabine extended her hand, patting his arm.

"No! We couldn't let you guys pay! It is your all lunch after all. Head on up." She gave him a sweet smile, patting and squeezing his arm before heading over to some new customers that had walked in. He, along with the others, went over and grabbed their chosen pastries before heading up the stairs to the dining area.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry it's taken so long to update!!! I've been struggling through school, work, and band. I hope you enjoy and let me know what you think! Thank you for reading, means the world to me.

P.S. My laptop was acting funny so I'm updating on my tablet. So, any issues I will try and fix it tomorrow if my laptop coroperates. Thanks!

Paws Lunch, There's a Akuma

Chapter Summary

What's going to happen when Plagg needs to talk to Tikki and the crew are going to eat at Marinette's for lunch? Well, Plagg is a destructive kitty, isn't he?

Chapter Notes

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

Plagg thought about how to bring it up to Adrien. That he knows that nothing will happen while they were away. But how will he without giving it away? That's the main trouble he was having. Ah he needed to talk to Tikki. She would know what, or rather how, to approach this sensitive subject. His boy was headed up the stairs to the girls room. They were all gonna eat on the top of the roof, one that he's seen through Chat Noirs eyes a few times. Wait. The girl sews. All he needs to do is make a rip in Adrien's shirt somewhere that away the girl can fix it, giving him a chance to speak with Tikki about that pressing matter. Brilliant! Now, how to go about it without causing a scene or commotion from his boy. Hmm. Plagg nuzzled against his holder, purring slightly, feigning sleep to allow him to relax. If he focuses enough, he may be able to detect the surroundings just by channeling Adrien. In his trance-like state, Plagg opened his eyes, looking around to see if there would be anything to cause a somewhat medium tare in the shirt. Plants, a few chairs. Ah, the railing. Not the best idea but it may work. Adrien was allergic to feathers, what if one just so happens to fall around Adrien causing him to sneeze so hard that he stumbles and rips his shirt? More plausible via his clumsy friend but he believes this could work.

Taking a deep breath, he surveyed the area, wondering about the best way to go about this. Strategic planning was always fun for him. He caught a glimpse of a bird roosting, cleaning itself up just beyond the chimney pipe. He stared at it, willing a feather to blow off and head down this way. He couldn't just fly out and get it. No, Adrien would catch him and the other kids would see him. I know! He can start meowing! That'll startle the bird. Adrien can just deal with it, say it's his phone or something. Opening his mouth, he did a large intake, ready to start screeching like a wild cat when the bird was suddenly startled from something the girl with glasses did. This was falling into place. He saw it though the shirt that the feather was falling his way, good, good. Adrien was distracted by the video on the girls phone of the latest akuma attack as they were fangirling over Ladybug. The feather dropped right in front of him, causing him to begin sneezing. Plagg leaned against Adrien, hoping to push him towards the railing. His excuse? He was a startled kwami awoken from a slumber. He felt his boy land against the railing, that step was completed. As his boy let out a final sneeze, Plagg went through the shirt and ripped a slight opening in the back of his shirt, just beneath the arm hole.

"Whoa, dude, are you ok?" His best friend asked, going over and helping steady Adrien. Plagg quickly went to his inside pocket before anyone noticed him.

"Yeah, I am. Thanks Nino." Adrien's tired voice followed, straighten his shirt. "What the-." Adrien started twisting around. "Is there a hole in my shirt guys?" He turned around, allowing his friends to look at his shirt.

“Yeah, but at least we are at Marinette’s! She can fix you right up.” Alya spoke up, causing Plagg to snicker some. He hoped Tikki wouldn’t kill him but also that she would realize his attempt to speaking with her.

“Yeah, come on. Let’s see how I can fix it.” Marinette spoke up, going to her trap door. Plagg felt Adrien follow the blunette down the stairs into her room. He clutched onto his shirt as it was taken off. Hoping that Adrien wouldn’t make a scene about this, as in making Plagg hide.

“I’m sorry about this Marinette.” Adrien spoke gently, moving his shirt around some.

“It’s alright. But are you ok? You’re the one that fell against the railing, not me.” Marinette begin moving drawers around, looking for something. Adrien nodded, rubbing the back of his neck awkwardly.

“Yeah, just clumsy thanks to the bird feather allergy.” He awkwardly responded, trying to think of a reason to escape the moment. “Uh do you mind pointing me to the restroom? I want to check my back.”

“Yeah sure. I can check your back at the bathroom. I-I mean You can check your back in the bathroom. Uh I can show you where the bathroom is to check your back!” Marinette flustered, causing the black Kwami to chuckle silently, waiting for them to exit the room before flying out of his hiding spot.

“Tikki?!” Plagg called out to his other half as loudly as he could without being noticed.

“Plagg! What are you doing?” Tikki scolded, flying down towards him, dragging him to the shelter of Marinette’s wardrobe.

“What? I needed to speak with you sugercube.” She crossed her arms at that one.

“Well?” She prompted, seeing the serious glint in Plagg’s eyes.

“I know where Nooroo is.” He spoke quietly, looking into her bluebell eyes gravely, seeing the caring-ness in her eyes reflecting his. “But there are more problems than just that.” He took a deep breath, “I know who Hawkmoth is and I also know that he is going to be out of Paris the same time our chosen’s are.”

“How do you know this?” She asked, floating to sit down on a pile of winter-wear. Plagg floated down next to her, resting his head beside her.

“I saw Nooroo one night when I went on the hunt for food.” Plagg explained, cuddling to Tikki. “I wanted to help him out, I really did. But his ‘master’ doesn’t allow him to be far from him.” Plagg shivered from memories of a previous wielder of the Chat Miraculous who basically imprisoned him. Tikki felt his demeanor change, going and petting his head rhythmically.

“Well, at least that’s a starting point.” He nodded.

“Yes. And since I knew you were pigtails, I decided to try and talk to you because we need to deliver this message to Master Fu. But I’m not sure how, my kitten has had a horrible time with his father and I just don’t want to see him in anymore pain.” He began to explain, almost whimpering at the idea of Adrien dealing with the fact that Hawkmoth was his father.

“Wait. His father?!” Tikki exclaimed just as they heard the door open. Their eyes widened as they looked at each other, trying to figure out their next move.

“Tikki?” Marinette’s voice called out softly. Tikki held up a motion for Plagg to hang on as she phased out of the wardrobe.

“Marinette, it’s ok. Mind bringing some Camembert up if we have any? But something serious is happening.” Tikki spoke quickly and quietly before zooming back to Plagg. “Don’t worry, I got us covered.” Tikki patted Plagg’s head just as they heard Adrien enter back into the room.

“Thank you, Marinette. Do you want to finish lunch before doing the shirt?” Adrien asked, seemingly out of sorts.

“Yeah, but first, I need to run downstairs and grab some uh cheese.” Marinette said, her footsteps leading towards the trap door.

“What kind?”

“Camembert?”

“Oh.. Ok..” And after the trap door was closed, there was a very angry noise “Plagg!” almost as if Adrien was tossing through the shirt looking for the cat kwami.

“I’ll be right back.” Plagg exited and looked at his chosen. “Hey, sorry about that but don’t worry, everything is under control.” He tried to soothe his kid.

“What are you doing!?”

“Uhhh planning something.” And with that, Plagg flew back into her wardrobe just as she reappeared with some of the cheese.

“I’ll leave this here, we can continue our lunch.” Marinette spoke to Adrien, leading him back out on top of the roof. After it sounded like they had left the room, Plagg looked over at Tikki.

“Well, do you have a idea, Sugercube?” He asked, his eyes pleading, not wanting to make Nooroo suffer longer than what he’s already been. Tikki’s blue eyes looked at him, searching his small face with serious eyes.

“Maybe.”

Marinette and Adrien were on the balcony along with Alya and Nino when an explosion happened from afar, jarring the balcony causing them all to reach for a solid foundation. Looking over, there was a large black ink spreading across the buildings and city.

"I uh gotta go. Uh to the bath room." Adrien says, quickly jumping and going down the hatch.

"Uh, l-lets get inside!" Marinette said quickly, getting up and heading over to the trap door.

"Oh no! I gotta get this for the Ladyblog!" Alya says anxiously pulls up the camera to begin filming live on the Ladyblog.

"I'm going to make sure my parents are safe. You get Alya in. Or at least off this balcony safely." Marinette spoke to Nino before racing down the ladder into her room. "Tikki!" Her little red kwami flew out from her wardrobe.

"We need to talk. But first, akuma." The little red sprite said seriously. With a determined nod, Marinette nodded and let Tikki into her purse before racing towards the stairs where she could at least attempt to transform without having anyone be too suspicious of her. As she raced down the steps, she called out the magical words allowing her to transform into Ladybug. Looking around, she was trying to figure out where the akuma was. Another shot of black liquid zoomed over her head. Deciding to head towards where it came from, she turned and headed that way. A spray of white went over sideways, followed by sound of car alarms. Ladybug shot up to on top of the building, looking around trying to spy the akumitized person. About five buildings away, she saw Chat Noir attempting to fence the villain with a gigantic fountain pen. Swinging her yoyo, she transported over to the akuma, knocking it down very much like she did with Stoneheart.

"I am Inkblast and I will take your miraculouses!" It shouted, facing Ladybug whenever it stepped over the string of the yoyo, saving themselves from tripping.

"Nice of you to join, Buggaboo." Chat winked over at her with a sly smile.

"Stop calling me Buggaboo, now do you know where the akuma is?" She asked with a exhausted look.

"I believe it's in the tip of the pen." Chat bounced over towards Ladybug, twirling his baton before placing it in it's holding place.

"Alright." Ladybug nodded, studying Inkblast as it pointed it's pen towards a building, painting it with blue ink this time. The person was wearing a formal attire, a suite that was fitted to a woman, it briefly reminded her of a mob-boss seen in the old movies. "Seems that it shoots out liquid to change the color of the place?" She arched a eyebrow, looking over at Chat. "Do you know any other things about the powers?"

"They've shot some people with the color, and they've frozen." Chat Noir nodded towards a person that was standing with their mouth agape, like a solid grey statue. "Seems they shoot out blue, grey, red, and white ink." He informed her, going into a battle stance. "You got any ideas?" He asked, eyes trailing over towards her before Inkblast.

"Hah! You are no match for me." Inkblast hit the bottom of the pen on the ground three times before pointing it at one of the people. "Inkblots! I command you to attack Ladybug and Chat Noir! Imprison them!" She zapped the people with the pen, having the people come to life in silence, making their way over to Ladybug and Chat Noir. Slowly, Ladybug and Chat Noir turned to where they were back to back, eyes trained on the oncoming attackers.

“I got your back, LB.” Chat said, eyes shifting to Ladybug. She looks back at him with a nod. They exploded into the fight, Chat knocking people on the ground, throwing them to the other side of the street, anything and everything to cause a distraction as Ladybug hopped up onto a light post to summon her lucky charm.

“Lucky Charm!” She called out, tossing her yoyo into the air, waiting for their saving grace. What falls from the sky was a blank comic book. Tilting her head, slightly puzzled at what was in her hands. She quickly attached it to her hip as she jumped back in to save Chat from one of the ink people that was fixing to get his tail. “Hey now, leave the cat’s tail alone. It’s not nice to mess with their tails.” She came up next to Chat, looking around for Inkblast.

“What’s the plan?” He asked, standing guard as they looked around, all the comic ink people were groaning and attempting to get up.

“I’m not sure, I’m thinking...” She looked around, just as an inkblot reached over to try and grab her, she turned and had the character get transported into the comic book. “Huh...”

“Well, it’s just like the collector all over again, isn’t it?” Chat Noir said unhappily, that wasn’t a good day for him. That was for sure. Ladybug shrugged, looking around.

“You know... Maybe their characters to Inkblast’s story that they have to write.” Her eyes sparking with a idea, she rushes towards Inkblast as she loses a spot on her earrings.

“Ah, think you’re so sly, ladybug? You’re nothing but a pest! What a lovely character you will be. Perfect for a villain.” Inkblasts cackles as they turn the pen towards Ladybug, shooting out red ink. Ladybug dodges in time causing a random door to turn red. Chat Noir follows up behind her, his baton aimed for a well precise hit at his lady’s cue.

“Well, I think that this is a very un-fur-tunant to let you know, Inkblast, but she’s not the sly one.” Chat Noir speaks as he extends his baton, causing the pen to fly into the air as Lady Bug throws the comic book against their face, causing them to stumble and fall backwards. Ladybug jumps up and grabs the pen, tossing it to Chat Noir who breaks it, allowing the release of the akuma.

“Time to de-devilize!” Ladybug shouts as she captures the akuma and purifies it, thus releasing the purest of white butterflies as she smiles at it, watching it fly away. “Bye, bye little butterfly.” She sighs a relief before throwing the comic book into the air. “Miraculous Ladybug!” All while Chat Noir goes over to offer the de-akumitized person assistance, helping her up.

“Are you ok?” He asks, helping to brush some debris off of her shoulder.

“Y-Yeah, I am.” She pushes aside a strand of blonde hair, her hazel eyes drifting off to watch as Ladybug finished cleansing the area, walking over to them. “Thank you, both of you. I-I just got so upset when they declined me being a comic-illustrator in the news paper.” She stood up straight, a smile starting to spread on her face. “But, I think they’ll love my new comic I’ll be creating!” Giving a hug to both Ladybug and Chat Noir, she quickly rushed off, picking up the fountain pen along the way. Smiling, they looked at each other.

“That is pawstivly great to hear.” Chat smiles cheekily at Ladybug causing her eyes to roll, yet a pleased smile on her lips.

“Hopefully her new idea will be exciting, and we see it in the papers.” She placed a hand on her hip before extending her fist towards him.

“Pound it!” They exclaim as his fist comes into contact with her own, her earrings beeped again, only two spots remaining. Chat Noir was getting ready to propel himself away.

“Chat, wait.” He turned around to face Ladybug with a questioning gaze.

“Yes, my lady? Everything ok?” She bites her lip.

“I think I know who you are.” Silence. “I uh... have been thinking about it. And I have a pretty good guess at who I am- I mean who you are.” Her cheeks burned under her mask.

“Oh? Well, I’ll leave it up to you to let me know. If you do know me, tell me in person.” He looks at her earrings. “I would love to stay and chitchat, but you need to run before you’re reviled to Paris. If it was only us, it wouldn’t be that much of a problem then.” He reaches and kisses her hand. “But, I know whoever you are under that mask, you’re purrfect princess.” He winks before jumping onto the buildings and disappearing into the familiar skyline.

“Well, Chat, I’ll see you soon then.” She mumbled before slinging her yoyo in the same direction.

Marinette was fixing Adrien’s white shirt. He’d left it here during the Akuma attack. She was pretty sure that he was Chat Noir. It’d make since. Especially as to why Tikki had asked for that foul smelling cheese, that Adrien so happened to know the name of... and somewhat smells like after fencing class every once now and then. She was trying to figure out how to let him know that she knows. Just... how? She bit her lip, examining the stitching of his shirt to see how it was coming along. He along with Alya and Nino were up on the balcony watching the Ladyblog about the latest Akuma, Inkblast. She was about done with the shirt, surveying it with a tilt of her head, tugging ever so lightly to make sure the stitching was secure. Just as she was about satisfied with her stitch work, she heard a creak and looked up, seeing her friends come down.

“Girl, are you almost done? Cause lunch is almost over.” Alya said, heading over to where Marinette was working.

“Yup, I just finished the final stitch, it’s good as new!” Marinette showed Alya with a smile as Nino followed down.

“Alright, while you give it to Adrien and make sure it doesn’t rip once it’s on, Nino and I are going downstairs to see if there’s any goodies we can bring with us to class.” She winks at Alya before dragging Nino out of her room and shutting the trap door. Her heart began a quickening pace. This was perfect timing to confront Adrien about him being Chat Noir. She could do it. It was Chat Noir, her partner in crime, her best friend. The final steps were taken by Adrien as he landed in her room. She stood up, meeting him in the middle of the room.

“Thanks again Marinette, I really appreciate it. Sorry that I was so clumsy.” He rubbed the back of his neck, exposing his bicep that was well muscled due to fencing and, well, being Chat Noir.

“Trust me, I’m not the clumsy one. You are. I. I mean I’m the clumsy one and not you.” She smiled, taking a deep breath and a blink before looking into his achingly familiar green eyes, preparing herself to let the cat out of the bag. As their hands touch in the exchange of his shirt, she felt warmth and electricity pulsate through her. “Are you feline the connection between us or is it just me?” She asked, the bravest she’s ever been around Adrien, but also the puniest around her partner in crime. Adrien didn’t blink once or twice, no. He blinked about five times, Marinette watched carefully each time his eyes closed, her heart racing.

“Did... M’l.....” Adrien tilted his head to the side, his green eyes narrowing ever so slightly as a smile slowly crept across his face. “Guess the cat’s out of the bag, huh?”

Chapter End Notes

I tried to include some cat puns towards the end for a purpose, but I do hope you enjoyed the puns! What are some of your personal favorites?

Also, I want to thank <http://art-michine.tumblr.com/> for creating the amazing drawing of Inkblast!

Chapter 9: Knowing Sets In

Chapter Summary

They know now, how will this effect them? Who will have a tougher time dealing with it?

Chapter Notes

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

He looked down at Marinette, his Lady. She really was his princess all along. He should've seen it, yet he was blinded by Ladybug. Which was kinda ironic, considering that they were the same person. Guess that just shows the power of the miraculous. Speaking of which, he looked at her ears, seeing the solid black earrings. He glanced down at his hand, his own miraculous a shiny silver when it wasn't activated. Interesting, the earrings of creation's non-activated color is black, meanwhile the ring of destructions color while idle was silver. A soft chuckle escaped his lips. They were even more like two halves of a whole than either of them had originally thought of. His eyes trailed back to the beautiful face of his friend, seeing the tiny freckles that danced across her nose in the sunlight, a gentle smile arriving on his lips. They arrived at school, heading to their respective lockers to grab the belongings for the rest of classes that day.

"Bro, you ok?" Nino asked, placing a hand on Adrien's shoulder.

"Yeah, I am." A goofy smile still implanted on Adrien's face.

"You were zoned out the entire way back to school. And you got this dorkiest grin on your face." Nino studied him. Adrien shut his locker with a sigh, leaning against it with his back.

"I think... I think I.... Got the feelings for Marinette." Adrien shrugged sheepishly, glancing at Nino. "You won't tell her, will you?"

"Bout time you realized it, dude. You have been crushin' on Marinette since like the first week of school. If it wasn't for Ladybug, I bet you and Marinette would've been dating already." Nino chuckled, wrapping his arm around his friend's shoulders, pulling him away from the lockers.

"What do you mean if it wasn't for Ladybug?" Adrien tilted his head, wondering if Nino knew that Ladybug was Marinette. Nino gave him a look that clearly said 'really?'.

"Your computer home screen is the Ladyblog. You get starry-eyed just talking about her. You've gushed to me countless of times how much you are in love with Ladybug. So, seeing how you've always acted towards Marinette, I feel like you would've seen your love for her a lot sooner if you hadn't been obsessed with Ladybug. Sure, she's a superhero and all but underneath that suit, she's just like one of us." Adrien just stood there, shocked. He looked at his best friend then over at Marinette who was talking to Alya and Rose, a little laugh escaping her. Huh.

"You're right, Nino. I guess I've liked her all along." Which is one reason why Chat had always flirted with Marinette all along, she'd get so jumpy around him as Adrien, yet she was a cool-cat around him as the cat.

“Bout time bro.” Nino shook his head, laughing and leading his best friend to their next class. “Who knows, maybe Ms. Bustier sat you two together so you would realize that.” Adrien’s eyes shrunk.

“No way! Is it that obvious?!” Nino gave him yet another ‘really’ look.

“The entire class knows Marinette is pinning after you. And over half of sees the way you interact with her.” Nino explained with a sigh, moving his arm to give his best friend a pat on the back. “Man, you really are dense, aren’t you?” He asked as they sat down just as Alya and Marinette entered the class. His eyes trailed after Marinette as she walked past them, a simple smile on her face.

“Guess so.” He mumbled to Nino as Marinette placed something on the corner of his desk before finishing her way to her seat. With an arched eyebrow, he reached for the paper and began to open the note.

“Girl, I don’t know whether to be proud or shocked by you. First leaving you and him alone in your room and the next thing he’s trailing after you like a puppy and you leaving him notes on his desk?” Alya looked at her best friend with a shake of her head. “What really happened in your room?” Her eyebrows wiggled.

“Honestly? I just gave him his shirt back, without stuttering.” Marinette smiled proudly. Sure, she didn’t mention the cat-pun that had reviled her to her partner or how it seemed to make Adrien putty in her hands. Much quite like how she’s always been the putty in his hands.

“Now I wish I was there to witness that.” Alya smirked as she teased her best friend.

“Well, there are going to be more opportunities for you to witness that, so no worries.” She leaned back in her chair and crossed her arms, a proud and confident smile on her face.

“Oh, really now?” Alya smirked. Just as it looked like she was fixing to do something, Mme. Bustier walked in with a smile, greeting the class happily for another lesson. Marinette just simply rolled her eyes as she gathered her things for the lesson, humming to herself slightly in the process. “But, I do gotta say, I love this mood that you’re in.” Alya smirks as she nudges Marinette with her elbow. Smirking to herself, Marinette pushed her back, biting her lip to try and hide the smirk.

“Shush, it’s class time.” Marinette side-swiped at her best friend. Chuckles escaped from the both of them causing Mme. Bustier to eyeball them a warning. The girls focused on the lecture that she was starting to teach. Marinette tried to focus on the task at hand, which was taking notes for lectures. Instead, her mind was drifting to the note she had laid on Adrien’s desk before arriving to her own. She had to gather more materials for the bag she was going to make for the train ride that would hold onto Tikki in a safe and secure place. So, it was a good thing she was sitting next to Adrien on the train or bus or whatever they were going to take. There was still so much about this trip that they as a class didn’t know. Her eyes strayed to the blonde responsible for this trip, Chloe.

What was she even trying to get from this? That was the big question of the century. But she was unsure about-

“Marinette?” She heard her name being called and she blinked, looking around. Alya smirked as she looked over at her.

“Mme. Bustier asked you which play it was that had a ghost told someone a family secret.” Alya explained, leaning over towards Marinette.

“Oh! Hamlet!” Marinette answered excitedly, her eyes lighting up happily.

“Thank you Alya for that push, now pay more attention Marinette.” Mme. Bustier spoke hastily, giving her a look of ‘you’re the class representative, you need to set a good example’ that made Marinette feel ashamed for even thinking of anything else. She nodded, hoping Mme. Bustier understood it was for her that ‘yes I will behave better’. From then on, class dragged by. She concentrated better and took notes. Beside her, she noticed that Alya would go from writing notes to writing ideas down for the Ladyblog. It wouldn’t hurt to think of the other materials she’d need to create the kwami carrying case. She jotted down some requirement’s she’ll need. Like how big they were so that they could fit inside of it comfortably. She would also need to figure out if Plagg had a certain texture he’d prefer sleeping or resting on. She looked up just as Mme. Bustier finished writing something on the board.

“Alright class, we will have an informational meeting about the trip next Wednesday if you’re parents would like to attend to learn more about this trip. It’ll be at 6pm here in this room.” She explained, beginning to pass out a packet to everyone. Marinette briefly wondered if her parents would want to come, taking the packet and passing the other one over to Alya as she began to flip through the pages. It looked like it was going to be either three- or four-week camp. Could they really pull off a play in that amount of time? She guessed she’ll get her answer when it comes. Putting away the belongings as it was time for class to end, her mind drifted to wondering if Adrien had got her note. Maybe she’ll get it by the end of the day. Guess she’ll have to wait and see. She exited the class and split from Alya to head to their next class, for once not in the same. Sighing, she just began doodling different design ideas that spread throughout her mind as she went through the daily routine of school.

By the time the final bell was tolled, she had completed three different sketches of winter coats for Tikki... even though it was summer. Groaning inwardly, she packed up her backpack as she headed to her locker to put things away and gather things for the math homework she had for that night. Marinette went through the errands she needed to run, probably some more for the bakery supplies to build up more back order of designs, and to begin on Juleka’s eye mask for the trip. The new project of housing Plagg and Tikki while traveling to the destination was also on the list. She needed to get the materials and figure out how to insulate it without being too heavy, bulky or smelly. She put earbuds in and started one of her favorite Jagged Stone albums before leaving the school grounds and made her way to her favorite fabric shop. Surely the store will have something that’ll spark an idea. She could also ask the employees help, they work there after all. Meaning that hopefully they should have some knowledge about sewing and making of different things.

Humming along to the familiar tune, her mind drifted away from her. The route to the store engraved in her memory from countless of times heading there. Vibration and a tone cutting through Jagged’s music alerted her and dragged her out of her somewhat daze. Pulling her phone out of her pocket, she checked it and laughed at the sheer fact that Jagged Stone was asking for her. Well, through Penny but Jagged nonetheless. She was asked if they could meet tomorrow to discuss

some things, excitedly she replied. Sliding her phone back into her pocket she saw that she was a block away from the fabric store. Excitement bubbled within her as she quickened her pace, eyes dancing over a sign that said 75% everything in the store.

After the fencing lesson, Adrien was ready for a shower. He quickly packed his gym bag and headed out, waving to his fencing friends as he passed, a tired expression on everyone's face. They were training for the end of the school year match. It was a week before the field trip, so he was more focused on the tournament than the trip. He can worry about it when it's arrived here. Speaking of the trip, his hand reached into his pocket to feel the note that Marinette had wrote him. He remembered fondly her pretty writing, how she had asked when he was available to discuss some things involving what happened at lunch and the trip. She hadn't left her number and he honestly didn't know if he had her number. Arriving to the car, he entered and buckled up just as his body guard began driving towards his house. Hmmm, who would have Marinette's number? Nino? He pulled his phone out, texting his best friend and asking him if he had Marinette's number. It wasn't long before he got a reply which included the number of their friend.

Marinette, maybe she was more than a friend? He had feelings for Ladybug, and he now realized he had feelings for Marinette. So, was she a crush then? But how does she feel about him? Ladybug always refused Chat's advances. Yet he remembered Valentines day when she had told him her heart belonged to someone already. So, who was this person? Was it someone that she had liked while as Marinette or Ladybug? Is it one of their classmates? All these questions were confusing, so he was confusing himself. It was a lot to process. He had known his Lady all along. Oh god. His computer screens were that of the Ladyblog. As Nino had pointed out earlier that day. He had tons of pictures of Ladybug on his computer and phone. Basically, he has tons of pictures of Marinette on his phone and computer. That wasn't weird at all. Well, she as Ladybug is a celebrity so it would make since. But now that he knew who she was beneath the mask? Maybe he should reconsider that album in his phone titled "My Lady". Oh boy. He could just imagine all the things Plagg would grill him about. Lovingly, of course. Even if the little black kwami wouldn't admit it out loud.

The stopping of the car signaled that he had arrived home before his visual senses picked up on it. Gathering his things, he exited the car and headed in his front door, seeing the portrait hanging on the wall casted a gloomy aspect over him. Shrugging it off as he felt his Marinette lucky charm in his pocket. At least he had her. And Nino. And Alya. He quickly headed to his room, his father and Nathalie no where to be seen. Must be having a video conference call in his office. Finally arriving to his room, Plagg flew out quickly, making a dive-bomb into his trashcan.

"So, Pig-Tails is Ladybug, eh?" He spoke, flying out whilst carrying a slice of cheese.

"You knew, didn't you?" Adrien eyed his floating friend, already knowing the answer.

"I have since Dark Owl, officially. But I could always sense that Tikki was near. That's Ladybug's kwami." He explained, eating the cheese in one bite before flying and laying on the little pillow on his couch. "So, what does this mean?"

"Well..." Adrien began but never finished his thought. He honestly didn't know what this meant. "Marinette wrote a note saying that we needed to discuss things. I just got her number from Nino."

He explained, a hand reaching to grab ahold of the back of his neck. “You think I should call or text her?” He asked. Which was a stupid thing to do, asking Plagg for advice over this kind of situation.

“Honestly, kid? Just call her. That away there isn’t no beating around the bush.” He explained, shrugging his tiny shoulders as he curled up into a ball, very much resembling a cat at this moment in time.

“Alright. I’m going to call Marinette.”

“Try and not call her your lady. I don’t think you guys are at that level yet.” Plagg’s sarcastic tone and laughed caused Adrien’s heart to do one of those weird cold plunges. Taking a deep breath, he clicked on the number and chose the call option. He began to pace, laying his phone upon his ear as he rehearsed in his head what he was going to say. Unfortunately, after a few rings, it went to voicemail.

“Hi, this is Marinette, sorry I couldn’t make it to the phone right now but leave me your name and message and I’ll get back to you as soon as I possibly can. Have a good day!” She sounded chipper as always causing his heart to flutter, wishing he could replay the message so that he could hear her cute voice. Oh no, he thought to himself, I’ve got it bad.

“Hi Maribug, It’s Adrien. I uh was wondering when would a good time for you to meet up? Regarding your note you gave me in class today. I believe my schedule is free around 3 tomorrow, just after school. Unless, you know, an akuma appears out of no-where.” He had an awkward chuckle, his cheeks heating up as he realized how dumb he must’ve sounded. Taking a deep breath, he mustered as much of Chat he could in attempt to redeem himself. “Your place would be purrrfect, I do love me some croissants!” He quickly hung up, throwing his phone on his couch, his eyes wide as he realized he had just made the cat pun. A chuckle from the pillow caused a groan to escape his lips before he fell onto his bed.

“I warned you kid.” Plagg peaked up at him. “Weren’t you going to take a shower?”

“Oh yeah...” He trailed off, placing his hands on his face. “Why was I so awkward? It’s just Marinette.”

“Yeah but you were talking about how she is also Ladybug.” Plagg pointed out, letting out a belch before stretching. “You panicked. Just like I warned you that you would.”

“I wouldn’t have if you hadn’t said anything.” Adrien pouted, sitting up and avoiding eye contact. With a huff, he gathered his things for a shower, heading to his bathroom to try and rid himself of the after-fencing stank and away from the camembert.

Chapter End Notes

Hope yall enjoyed it! Sorry for the long wait.

Jagged's Request

Chapter Summary

Jagged Stone loves Marinette, he's super supportive of her and her parent's macaroons.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Sorry for the update taking forever. I really didn't mean to take this long but life happens. Hope you guys enjoy! Please remember to kudo's, subscribe, bookmark, add to collections even, and comment! I appreciate it a lot and I always wonder if anyone out there reads/enjoys this! Much love!

The art is done by the wonderful <http://blackrazorbill.tumblr.com/>

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

Marinette entered the Bourgeois hotel, disregarding the sneer from Chloe off in the corner but sending a wave to Sabrina. Arriving to the elevator, she hit the button and waited for it to join her on the floor.

“Marinette Dupan-Cheng, what are you doing here?” Chloe asked, approaching Marinette at the elevator. Suppressing a sigh, she put on her best smile she could muster while talking to Chloe.

“Jagged has asked for me to stop by and see him today.” She explained. The ding signaled her escape. “See you in class!” She waved as she stepped onto the elevator and quickly hit the button for Jagged’s floor.

“Tikki, why is Chloe still a brat even after everything?” Marinette asked, looking down inside her purse at her companion.

“Some things don’t change.”

“Even if I’m making an effort to?” Marinette didn’t get her answer as the elevator opened and another person got on, caring things for the pool. She nodded and scooped over to give them some room. They rode in silence until the elevator stopped again, allowing Marinette to exit and head down the hall to Jagged’s room. Upon arriving, she knocked on the door three times and waited for Penny to open the door. A smiling penny appeared, waving at Marinette happily.

“Afternoon Marinette.” Penny spoke with a smile, welcoming her into the room. Since Troublemaker, the three of them all became closer. Jagged kept asking her about the crush on Adrien, worrying Marinette that he would try and say something to Chloe in hopes of getting Adrien to realize something was in her heart.

“Hi Penny. How are you?” She asked genuinely, another thing was making sure that Penny knew that she was cared for and are actually worried about her well being.

“I am doing good today, Marinette. You?” She stepped aside, closing the door and heading to Jagged’s living space. Fang had also became used to Marinette’s visits, enjoying the attention from her, always sniffing her bag. Did Fang know about Tikki? Hopefully she’ll be fine and safe. She’s magical anyways so surely that’ll allow her to keep her safe from a crocodile.

“I’m doing well.” She smiles up at her happily. “I’ve got some plans and ideas that I have to start doing here soon. Since my class and I will be going on a field trip.” She explained, entering the room where Jagged and Fang were laying on the couch. “Awww I love how much he loves you.”

“Fang’s a good little boy, yes he is!” Jagged Stone excitedly rubs his belly, causing Fang’s tail to wag a little faster and his tongue lounge outside of his mouth. “Marinette! My favorite Fashion Designer Niece!” Niece?

“Niece?” Marinette laughed, tilting her head to the side.

“Yes! We’ve adopted you as our niece.” Jagged excitedly informed her.

“We?”

“Yes, Penny and I adopted you as our niece. It seems only fitting after the time Penny got akumitized.” Jagged shrugged, jumping up from the couch and heading over to her to give her a hug. “Hope your day was all rock and roll!” He fist pumps the air, stepping outside of the hug.

“Yeah! I’ve got a few projects that I need to start on, but it’s pretty exciting.” Her smile stays, bending down to rub Fang’s chin.

“Well, good. Do you think you’ll be able to do another project?” He asked, raising an eyebrow, making sure that she would be alright with yet another project to do.

“Yeah! It’s just two things. Yours would make a third.” He nodded. “So what would you want?” She asked as they headed to the couch.

“Well, would you be willing to make something matching for me and Fang?” Jagged asked, his eyes darting to Fang then quickly to Penny.

“Yeah, that won’t be a problem! What would you want?” Marinette asked, walking over to the couch and sitting down, opening her backpack and pulling out her sketchbook and opening it to a new page.

“I was thinking about a matching Tie and Bowtie set?” He suggested, raising an eyebrow. “I’ve got this formal thing I’m having to go to but I want to look ‘formal’ rock and roll. So, what better way than to have a Rockin bowtie made by you?” He gestured, going over and plopping down on the couch next to her, motioning for Fang to come over. The little one happily trotted over, his tail swooshing around as he walked.

“Ok, I’ll need to do your measurements for the bowtie and tie, they’ll be different because of length obviously. How far would you like the tie to go down?” Marinette asked, jotting down the ideas for the thing.

“Oh! The tie is for Fang!” Jagged spoke up happily causing Marinette to blink. Honestly, the fact shouldn’t surprise her. It is Jagged Stone she was talking too.

“Uh, ok? So he’s allowed to go with you to the event?” She just wanted to clarify the details.

“It wouldn’t be very rock n roll if he couldn’t, now would it?” Jagged shook his head, reaching down to scratch Fang’s jaw, his tongue lolling outside of his mouth.

“That is-” Penny was caught off with her phone ringing. “I’ll be right back.” She held up a finger and walked away. When Marinette turned back and faced Jagged, only to see him sitting incredibly close to Marinette with a very intense looking face.

“I also want you to help me create a surprise for Penny. For everything she’s been through and everything she’s done for me. Do you think you could design a new outfit for her? One that she would be able to wear to the event with me.... As a date?” His eyes giant as he looked upon Marinette.

“O-Oh ok! I can most definitely help with that!” Marinette nodded enthusiastically. “I think she would really appreciate that Jagged.” She responded to the rockstar happily, seeing the relief on his face gave her a giggle or two.

“Oh thank you Marinette! What would I ever do without you?” Jagged smiled and brought her into a hug, pulling her close to him. “I also may have a slight plan for you in the works.” He winks at her as they back away, standing up to look around, Jagged rubbed his goatee. “Are you hungry? I could really use some of your parent’s macaroons right now!” He clapped his hands and Fang got up from the couch and waddled over to Jagged, licking his leg happily before rolling over on his belly.

“Yeah, I can make more sketches using some of the stuff in my room.” Marinette explained, standing up and gathering her things as Penny entered the room again.

“Penny, me you and Fang will be going with Marinette back to her parent’s bakery for some macaroons and for her to sketch some stuff!” Jagged said excitedly from the floor where he was currently loving on a very thrilled Fang.

“Oh- Alright then. When are we headed out?” Penny asked, clicking the pen on her lip, nibbling on it slightly as she looked between Jagged and Marinette.

“Now if that would be possible.” Jagged smiled up at her from where he had ended up laying on the floor. “See, I’m hungry and Marinette’s parent’s bakery is just what I’m wanting.” He heaved himself upwards, taking ahold of Fang’s leash before leading the way out of the room and towards the elevator. Marinette and Penny shared a very amused look before following suit.

“You alright with this Miss Penny?” Marinette asked her as they followed behind.

“I just still feel so bad about what happened last time we were there.” Penny says softly, clicking her pen at her side. “I’m so sorry about everything.” “No worries.” Marinette smiled up at her. “Everyone makes mistakes. And you just got overwhelmed. Which I know I didn’t help in that fact either. But it all turned out fine!” Marinette reassured her friend with a bright smile.

“You sure?” Penny asked, looking down at the girl with sincerity gleaming in her eyes.

“Of course. What kind of a niece would I be if I didn’t?” Marinette smiled, placing her fists on her hips and stood proudly, looking up at Penny with excitement.

“Jagged! You told her?” Penny busted out laughing as she heard the word niece. “I’m sorry if it makes you uncomfortable, Marinette, but we do indeed see you as sort of a niece to us.” She placed a hand on Marinette's shoulder with a gentle smile.

“Yeah! Why would I keep it from her? She’s so cool!” Jagged fist bumped the air before the elevator dinged, allowing the doors to open and the little makeshift family loaded onto the elevator.

“It’s fine. I find it quite awesome.” Marinette’s laugh rang about the elevator, quickly joined by the other two. Fang also let out a sound that sounded like a chuckle-pant. It just made him even more adorable.

Plagg did his version of pacing, flying back and forth in front of the window whilst eating camembert. Adrien was in the restroom, taking a shower after his fencing lesson today. It was a one-on-one with that Kagami girl. He needed to speak to Fu, and after his talk with Tikki, wanted to take things into his own paws. Chomping down the rest of the cheese, he began tapping his chin, attempting to think of an excuse. Well, Master Fu did come in once saying he was his substitute Chinese teacher. They can just tell them that Adrien had to meet up with him this time or something. Yeah. That could work. Pausing in his floating, Plagg hovered as he looked out the window, thinking about poor Nuuroo. He didn't deserve this. Didn't deserve Hawk Moth. He hoped that having a talk with the guardian could help figure something out. Let the kids have a break, too, with that trip coming up. That would just result in all of them having a break. And since the kids know now, he and Tikki could have some time together. That’d be nice. He hadn’t seen his girl in a while. Being the two main kwamis in which everything was rooted in, they had a bond that was very unlike any of the others. She was, dare he say, his other half. He wasn’t the one to get cheesy, even though it was his one-true love. But he also couldn’t deny the truth. His cat ears heard the water shut off, alerting him that Adrien had completed his shower and would be walking out in a little bit.

“Alright, alright Plagg. Think of a plan. Think of a way to say it without sounding suspicious.” He devoured the remaining slice of cheese before placing his tiny paws together, clapping them silently as he rummaged through his mind about ways to explain the situation. “Adrien. We need to speak with Master Fu. It’s important knowledge. We mustn't waste time.” He paused in his pacing, blinking his big emerald eyes and tilted his head. “That sounded like Wayzz. Nope. Let’s see another way.” He began pacing back and forth once more, this time lowering his head and tapping his temples, trying to figure out what he should say. “What did Tikki say? She was just honest to her chosen?”

“Plagg? Is everything ok?” Adrien’s voice startled him out of his pacing trance. Gasping a large take of air, he turned and faced the blonde haired boy.

“WE NEED TO SEE MASTER FU. IT IS URGENT.” He panicked, his little head whiskers twitching slightly. Adrien looked very taken aback from his outburst, and Plagg really couldn’t blame him. “I’m sorry, you startled me. But we need to go see Master Fu, I have information for him that I need to discuss.” He explained to Adrien, putting on his best kitten eyes.

“Well, I don’t know where he lives, do you?” Adrien asked, running a towel through his damp hair, closing an eye to make sure water wouldn’t drip into it as he shimmyed his hair.

“I can most definitely lead the way. Now, grab me some more camembert and lets go.” He flew to his chosen, going and resting inside of his pocket.

“Uhh.. Ok Plagg. I’ll see about sneaking out.” He grabbed a few slices of camembert for the road, unsure what was really going to ensue in the next few hours, and hastley headed towards the door.

Adrien was left alone outside of Master Fu’s place. Both the Guardian and Plagg thought it would be best if he was left outside for this, so he decided to go out to the street to see if he could find a bench or something. He couldn’t get over how anxious Plagg had been. What could have caused his kwami to act so strange? Plagg wasn’t the one to freak out over anything. Well, except when he was ‘running low’ on camembert. But this was serious, and Adrien had never seen a serious Plagg besides the time of Sandboy when he expressed his happiness and thankfulness for having Adrien as his Chosen. *I guess Plagg just is one of those that becomes serious after knowing someone for a while.* Adrien thought to himself, looking around the small street side. He glanced back up at the building behind him, not wanting to go to far incase he was needed back inside. He really should’ve asked Master Fu for his phone number or something. That would have surely help him in this situation. Sighing to himself, he opted to lean against the side of the building, chuckling to himself as he realized that this was a modeling pose he often was instructed to perform. He glanced up at the sky at that thought, admiring the setting sunset and how the colors painted the sky.

“Adrien?” A perfect voice struck him out of his daze.

“Huh?” He shook his head, looking to see Marinette standing a little off to the side. “Oh, Hi Marinette.” He waved awkwardly at her, seeing the fresh light of the sun reflecting in her eyes caused his heart to do a pitter-patter.

“What are you doing here?” She asked, tilting her head slightly and her gaze darted to the building. Oh. Right.

“Uhhh. I’m er waiting.” He looked around, seeing Jagged off a few feet, talking to a fan and signing something, Penny holding onto Fang.

“Is your friend talking to my grandfather Fu?” Marinette asked, her eyebrows furrowing as if to help him understand the double meaning of her question.

“Yes! Yes, he is.” He sighed in relief, glad to know for once that they knew about each other. “Said it was urgent but I’m not sure what. If I’m going to be honest with you, my friend hasn’t been exactly the same since... well, since before we found out about the, uh, after school activity we

share.” Adrien ran his hand along his neck, a light pink tint hinting on his upper cheekbones. Hopefully, it was just the warm rays of sun. But he doubted that was the reason. Her eyes drifted off to the side, nodding slowly.

“So has my friend, now that I think about it. She wanted to talk to me about something but we haven’t had the chance yet.” Marinette’s voice lowered an octave, eyes drifting to the side as if she was thinking hard about something. Suddenly, her eyes perked up and was staring right into his. “Well. How about once they are done speaking, you stop by my place so we can work on that physics homework?” She suggested, eyes shifting to where Jagged and Penny was approaching.

“Sounds like a plan. I’ll definitely head over after this. I could use a macaroon or two!” He chuckled slightly, running his hand through his hair before sliding his hands in his pocket, turning to see them arrive. “Hi Jagged, Penny, and Fang.” He leaned down to rub Fang on his head before returning to wave at Jagged and Penny.

“Hello Adrien.” Penny smiled, waving at him happily.

“Adrien! My boy! What are you doing? You should join us to Marinette’s bakery!” Jagged said excitedly, wrapping a arm around Adrien’s shoulders. Did he catch Jagged sending a wink to Marinette?

“I’m waiting on a friend, but me and Marinette were just talking about doing some homework afterwards.” He smiled at the rockstar, wondering about what the actual relationship was between them and Marinette.

“Rock n Roll!” Jagged said excitedly, throwing up the Rock n Roll sign, doing a slight headbang as he uncoiled from Adrien. “We will see you there then! As long as Fang and I don’t eat all the macaroons.” Jagged winked at Adrien as he pretended to whisper to him. Laughter bubbled up and out of Adrien, his smile brighten a bit.

“Alright then. I look forward to it.” He nodded, looking at Marinette in the eye as he said that. Was that a hint of blush on her cheeks now? Or could it be from the rosey sunset? Either way, she looked beautiful and he wanted to see more.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you guys for reading this! Please be sure to let me know what yall think! I hope you enjoyed it. I've had a rough go here the past four weeks and I'm just hoping life improves soon. I'm working on writing so hopefully there may be more updates sooner than what they were. I'm curious to know what you guys think of this so far! Don't forget to comment, bookmark, and subscribe to stay aware of the upcoming chapters! Hope you had a good day and a wonderful tomorrow!

Chapter 11: Sweets and Measurements

Chapter Summary

What kind of macrons does Jagged Stone want to make? Marinette starts the measurements for Penny's outfit.

Chapter Notes

Thank you to @RascallyRaven for the help on proof reading it for me!

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

Kneading the dough, a tune escaped his lips, mind drifting to what had just played out moments ago. Proud feelings washed over himself once more; his daughter was building connections that would work out in her favor towards her dream. In all honesty, it was exciting for him to watch his daughter grow in her dream self. Jagged Stone featuring her with the CD cover and now asking for outfits for a public event? This is amazing for her! And the hat that she designed for Gabriel Agreste and Adrien modeled it? Even better. He knew that his daughter had feelings for the blonde model, but not the extent at which she did. Sabine has mentioned before that it's more than just a 'crush'. For one thing, it's lasted longer. And if his memory serves him correct, he was proud of the hat that she made. He was such a gentleman when he stopped by for the gaming tournament that one time. A chuckle escaped him as he began rolling the dough, remembering how he had admired the family picture and the smile that was so sweet spreading among his face at the sight of Marinette. Sure, Chat Noir didn't like his daughter the way he wished, but Adrien may be a good candidate. Considering how Marinette has pictures of him decorating her room for 'inspiration'. Now what exactly kind of inspiration, he had multiple ideas of what it could be for.

"Tom, honey, I'll finish this if you want to take them up some fresh croissants and see the flavors of macarons they'd like?" Sabine called out from the doorway, holding the plate of butters, croissants, jelly, and chocolate spreads.

"Alright! I can do that!" Tom said excitedly, heading to her to trade positions and head up the stairs. Humming to himself, he headed towards her room, thinking about what they need to create and make for the next few days and how to incorporate that into the requests that they were going to ask. Speaking of requests, he wondered what the outfits Marinette was going to be designing for. Even though he had no idea, he knew his daughters creations would be beyond perfect! He climbed up the stairs, finally arriving at Marinette's room, pushing the trap door up to see an alligator's face in his own. "Ahh!" He nearly fell down if it wasn't for Penny, grabbing hold of his arm with the pastries he carried.

"You ok Mr. Dupain?" Penny asked, helping to steady him and bring him up even further into Marinette's room.

“Yes! Thank you Penny. Uh, croissant?” He offered her some of the treats, smiling at her thankfully.

“Oh, uh, sure!” She took one and happily nibbled on it. He smiled and nodded to her, going and offering some to Jagged Stone who was posing for Marinette, even though it looked like she didn’t need him to at the moment.

“Is there anything special you two would like us to make for you?” Tom asked his guests, looking between Penny and Jagged Stone.

“Some of your famous macarons would be greatly appreciated!” Jagged said excitedly. “They’re so amazing! Fang and I want 20 each.” Tom’s eyebrows shot up into his forehead.

“20?! Each?” He looked between the legend and his pet Fang.

“Yes! They’ll be so awesome! No wonder Marinette is amazing. Your guys’s bakery goods are the best! It’s no surprise Marinette is so gifted and talented when it comes to designing things!” Jagged exclaimed happily.

“I’ll start doing Penny’s measurements if you want to discuss flavors with my dad.” Marinette explained, going over to Penny with her measuring tape.

“Awesome! Sounds like a plan!” Jagged finger guns towards Penny and Marinette before he drags Tom down the escape, leaving behind the previous pastries for Fang and the girls.

“So, how are you doing?” Marinette asked, measuring the length of her legs, jotting them down quickly on her forearm before moving to another section.

“I’m doing alright. I’m still terribly sorry about what happened last time we were here.” Penny said, looking down at Marinette in the mirror. “It’s alright. I should’ve done more to show you two the restroom.” Marinette explained, putting the pen in her mouth so she could measure the inseam of Penny’s trousers.

“Are you sure?” Penny asked, looking down at Marinette as she continued with her trade.

“Yes, I am.” Marinette smiled, pausing her work and removing the pen that was between her teeth. “How about, to make up for it, you wear what I’m designing you to the next release or whatever you attend?” Marinette hoped that this bartering would be alright with Jagged; in a way, it was allowing her to create the option for Penny to have somewhat of an idea as to what this outfit was for. Possibly. Either way, she just really hoped Penny would enjoy the outfit. It was just having to get it started and completed before her school trip. With that in mind, she realized that it was quickly approaching. And she had multiple projects she was wanting to complete, and needing to complete before the trip. Like Julika’s eye mask, the carrier for Plagg and Tikki, and another separate thing for Plagg’s cheese. It finally made sense as to why Adrien was always concerned about how he smelled now. So maybe that’ll be another project for her, once she gets back.

“I guess I can do that.” Penny spoke happily, watching how Marinette worked, moving around her body and jotting down measurements everywhere and anywhere. “So, what are you going to be making for me?”

A smirk appeared on Marinette’s lips. “I’m going to keep it a surprise. Just cause that’ll be more fun than you knowing. And don’t worry, it’ll match Jagged’s outfit perfectly,” Marinette explained, a giggle escaping her as she looked up at Penny. Reaching up she used a measuring tape to measure the length from her armpit to her natural waist then her waist. She jotted down the measurements, already judging just how much fabric she was going to need and which mannequin to use. “So, how have you and Jagged been since the bakery incident?” she asked, glancing up at Penny while measuring her outer arm length.

“Well, he’s definitely paying more attention to me with making sure I’m not too stressed,” she explained with a slight smile, a tint of blush appearing on her cheeks ever so slightly. “He’s been even more kind than what he typically is. Not that he’s not kind! He’s really one of the sweetest people out there.”

Marinette nodded, smiling at the idea that this entire plan was Jagged Stone’s. “Yeah, I can even tell a difference. He’s more cautious in a way with what occurs with a television. Which, I do feel bad about because it seems to complicate your job even more.”

Penny laughed at that.

“Well, I have to say it puts Bob Roth’s more in the predicament than I am.” She shakes her head. “I wish he would understand that Jagged will do what he wants and that he’s nothing like XY.”

“Do you think he ever will?” Marinette sighed.

“No, I don’t think so.”

“At least Jagged has you.”

“Thank you. He also has you.” Penny smiled at Marinette as it seemed like she finished the measurements up. “Since we’ve adopted you as our niece.” She snickered causing the two to erupt into giggles.

“Should we go down and see what they’ve created? I’ve got what I need for now.” Marinette smiled at her happily.

“Sure! It’ll be interesting to see what they’ve created, after the bread guitar incident.”

“At least we can get some good laughs out of what happened.” Marinette smile fondly at Penny, starting to see her as an Aunt figure now. She could get used to the idea. They headed down the stairs and arrived in the kitchen of their house, seeing her dad and Jagged in aprons and chef hats on. Marinette peeked and saw Penny laughing, a slight blush on her cheeks as she covered her mouth. Seeing her like that made Marinette happy, glad to see Penny getting some enjoyment out of her life now and not completely stressed. As they arrived, Jagged turned and saw them approach.

“Look at what we made! Try it, Penny, will you?” Jagged gave her the equivalent to puppy dog eyes.

“Of course, Jagged.” She smiles and takes one of the green-scaled macaroons.

“And you Marinette?” Jagged turned the tray towards her.

“Yeah! I would love to.” Marinette smiled, taking a bite of the macaroon, unsure exactly how it was going to taste. It was different, that was for sure. But it wasn’t a bad different. Tasted like a mixture of green tea, lime, and chocolate. It somehow worked. The lime flavor was more on the top of the macaroon where the scaled design was, the chocolate was in the middle, and the green bun was a minty green tea kind of flavor. Overall, the idea of them being separate and put together was wild and absurd, but put together it was actually kinda good. Surprisingly good enough with Jagged creating it, but not surprisingly because her dad had a way to making things taste delicious, even when they were not supposed to.

“Wow.. These are actually really good!” Penny exclaimed, her eyes widening as she looked between Marinette’s dad and Jagged.

“They should be! Tom here perfected the recipe!” Jagged pulled said baker close to him, smiling triumphantly. “And this means that he can sell it and we both get promotional stuff! Which is totally Rock and Roll!” Jagged said excitedly causing Penny and Marinette to giggle. Tom just reached up and rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly as he blushed ever so slightly. The event was broken up by a knock on the door. Marinette offered to go open it, seeing as she was expecting Adrien to stop by. Marinette’s heart wasn’t as caught up to her mind as she thought it was, for when she opened the door and saw the literal blonde angel before her, it did somersaults before plummeting into her stomach.

“Adrien, hi!” She said excitedly, stepping aside and waving her arm to allow him entry into her home. When, in fact, he had been here before, during Troublemaker. God, he saw all those pictures of her in the family area and all those pictures of him as Adrien in her bedroom. Cue mortification.

“Hey Marinette!” He smiled as he entered, kissing each side of her cheek in the typical French greeting. His eyes on the other hand, spoke something entirely different.

“Ah! Adrien! Try my macarons!” Jagged thrust the tray filled with the yummy goodness towards Adrien. Smiling politely, Adrien took one of the macaroons which just delighted Jagged. Marinette couldn’t say what made her giggle the most, Adrien’s eyes widening with satisfaction at the taste of this oddly pleasant creation or Jagged Stone’s ecstatic reaction to Adrien’s reaction. All in all, it was very cute. “They’re genius, aren’t they! Say, Tom, you should totally start offering services to teach people how to make baked goods! You’re so good at it. It’ll be a sinch!”

“Well, uh, thank you very much for the praise, Mr. Stone. I will definitely think of that.” Tom spoke nervously, rubbing the back of his neck. “Meanwhile, I know these macaroons will sell wonderfully!” He nodded, holding up a second tray of the newly-created recipe.

“Oh! Speaking of the bakery, Ms. Cheng wanted me to pass along a message to you, Mr. Spain.” Adrien turned towards her dad. “She would appreciate some help in the bakery whenever you get a chance.”

“Ok! I’ll head right down then! And start selling these!” Tom lifted up the macaroons before making his way towards the door to head to the bakery.

“Oh, Jagged, we need to head to the recording studio.” Penny spoke, looking between her phone and watch. “I’m sorry to cut this short, but we really should be going.” Penny spoke softly, smiling gently at the two teens, going and giving Marinette a hug.

“It’s alright! And I can take care of Jagged’s measurements later.” Marinette smiled as they changed the hug to Jagged.

“You be good now!” Jagged smiled as he exited the hug, ruffling Marinette’s hair a little bit. “And you two enjoy studying!” Jagged winked at them before taking Penny’s hand and heading toward the stairs. It technically wasn’t a lie; they had planned on studying miraculous lore and learn what their Kwamis could teach them. The sound of the door shutting let the teens know that they were now alone.

“Let’s go up to room my. I mean. Let’s go up to my room. It’ll be easier and more private in case my parents come up.” Marinette looked over at Adrien. “They don’t know. You are the only one besides Master Fu that knows.”

“And you are the only one that knows who I am besides Master Fu.” Adrien responded, his emerald eyes searching Marinette’s bluebell ones. “At least we know that’s on the same page.” He motioned for Marinette to the stairs and followed behind, causing Marinette to take deep breaths, trying to calm herself as they approached her room. She lifted the trap door and crawled up.

“Alright. Uh, I think the chaise is available for you to sit on. I think for the first bit, I’ll work on cleaning up the sewing materials and then we can start.” Marinette motioned to the chaise, heading to drag over her mannequin to pin the information of Penny’s measurements so she could at least have a start tonight. She pushed the now-pinned mannequin with other measurements she had created and pushed it back over to the side. Once she finished cleaning up the materials, she grabbed the chair from her computer desk and moved over to where she would sit near Adrien. Plagg and Tikki were floating next to each other, just coming from the window.

“Well, where do you think we should start?” Adrien asked, crossing his legs and rubbing the back of his neck.

“How about the reason why you and Plagg had to visit Master Fu?” Marinette raised an eyebrow at Plagg and Adrien. Plagg proceeded to fly in front of the kids.

“Well, I had received some information that I felt needed to be passed along to Master Fu.” Plagg explained, glancing at Tikki. “It’s a difficult topic.” He took a deep breath before sitting on Adrien’s head. Tikki floated over and patted Plagg’s head.

“You did the right thing, Plagg. But now we have to tell them.” Tikki said encouragingly, making Marinette’s skin prickle. She never seen Tikki so gentle with Plagg before. He looked at Tikki with big green kitten eyes, nodding and taking a deep breath.

“I’ve spoken with Nooroo.” This simple statement had the attention of both teens. Adrien reached up to grab Plagg but Tikki had pushed his hand away, shaking her head. A slight pout rested upon Adrien’s lips. “I know who Hawkmoth is. He is going to be out of town at the same time as you kids and Nooroo believes nothing will occur during that time,” Plagg explained, taking his tail and running his tiny paws over it.

“You know who Hawkmoth is?”

“Yes. Master Fu think’s that it will be best for him to investigate this further while we are on the field trip. Then when we come back, he should have a game plan. As for Nooroo,” a shaky breath escaped the flying black cat, “there isn’t much we can do.” A tiny whimper escaped him, upset at the feeling of being so helpless. Marinette and Adrien both held expressions of being awestruck at

the tough kwami being emotional about Nooroo. Together, their eyes landed on each other and knew they had decided that nothing would stop them from saving Nooroo.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for this being a super long wait! I hope you guys enjoy the update! Thank you for reading as always. :)

Solidarity

Chapter Summary

Adrien and Marinette talk about the elephant in the room.

Chapter Notes

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

It was... an intense day to say the least for Marinette and Adrien, an understatement even. With the knowledge that surrounded the two, they were unsure how to proceed. Not just with Plagg's confession, but with the knowledge that they are their superhero's partners. That they are the everyday Adrien Agreste and Marinette Dupain-Cheng, neither of them really 'normal' like what Rose or Kim was. Adrien being a famous model and Marinette working with Jagged Stone? None of that was 'normal'.

Yet, they've discovered that they are also their Akuma-fighting partners Chat Noir and Ladybug, the defenders of Paris against Hawkmoth. Marinette finding out that her crush is her pun spewing partner that's one of her best friends; whereas Adrien finding out that when he called Marinette their everyday Ladybug, he had actually nailed her alter identity. No, they weren't prepared for this knowledge by any means. Master Fu and the miraculous' chose well because they put aside their panicked feelings over the entirety of the situation to focus on the main important information that they've gained. Plagg knowing who Hawkmoth was and having communicated with Master Fu about what to do.

Master's response? He'll investigate it more since they both are going to be out of town at the same time. Plagg spared them with that knowledge, that they would both be out of town at the same time. But what Plagg didn't confine in the humans, only to Tikki, was that he was nervous it would still occur like Backwarder, where they were heading to London and Hawk Moth still akumatized someone.

Plagg wasn't happy, to say the least. He just wanted to protect his kitten from the inevitable. One reason he was tolerating waiting until after the field trip. He knew that it was for the better, to let the kids be kids for once while Master Fu does his job and figure out just what they could do. Still, it didn't mean Plagg was happy about it. Tikki had tried to reassure her other half, that they shouldn't worry about that until it comes to the end of the trip when all the powers would be back in Paris once more.

Tilting his head, Adrien got confused for a moment before looking at his dear kwami.

"Plagg, you are having such a personal reaction to this. Do you know who Hawkmoth is out of being transformed?" Adrien asked in confusion. Tikki quickly flew up to in front of his face.

"At the moment, we cannot discuss that. Master Fu, Plagg, and I all believe that it's better to wait and figure it out when the time comes." That said response quickly shut them down for attempting

to continue any conversation with that. Glancing at each other, the two teens silently came to an agreement.

“Well, you two stay here and we will go bring up some snacks,” Marinette spoke, standing up and channeling her inner ladybug with the aspect of control in her voice over the situation. Quickly, before the kwamis could disagree, Marinette grabbed Adrien’s hand and pulled him towards the trap door to allow them to have a brief illusion of privacy. They both knew the kwamis could easily follow them regardless, but they hope that they would respect they're chosen enough to allow them a moment of solidarity.

“So... What are we going to do?” Adrien had asked once they arrived in the living room. Marinette paused in her descent into the kitchen to begin pacing.

“Honestly? I feel like we should talk to Master Fu.” She spoke, eyes squinting at nothing as she paced. He stood there, thinking before crossing his arms as he watched her. Getting irritable at her for making it all inside her head and not discussing it between each other, he stepped in and grabbed ahold of her shoulders.

“Marinette.” He said in a serious voice, catching her attention and looking into her ocean-bottom blue eyes that made his heart twist and pound all at the same time. Dang. It really was her. “Please, can we talk about the elephant in the room?” His gaze remained on hers, begging, pleading her to listen to him. Even for just this once.

“Which elephant?” She asked, her eyebrows pinched together as if they wanted to touch. “From where I stand, I can see three.”

“That isn’t what Plagg said?” He questioned, arching one blonde eyebrow. In response, she puffed out her cheeks and pouted that bottom lip of hers, scrunching up into herself.

“Fine. What do you want to know?” She asked, avoiding his gaze.

“Well, I think we should talk about... us.” He said quietly, gesturing to the both of them. “Like, how we are just regular classmates, friends, but also crime-fighting superheroes.” He explained, now doing the pacing.

“Well. I’m Ladybug. You’re Chat Noir.” Marinette clarified before she plopped down on the couch.

“Yes. We are.” He glanced over at her, remembering all of the times he had said he would love the girl beneath the mask. Could he? He paused, looking over at the talented girl that was currently studying her fingers, turning her hands over slowly as if to examine each fingernail like it was the most important thing in the world.

“So...” Marinette began as she continued to look at her fingers, causing Adrien to raise an eyebrow from where he stood, tapping his toe.

“Is that a problem?” Adrien asked softly, eyes closing some as he was worried his Lady didn’t want the other side of him. Either side of him for that matter. “I know I’m not exactly the best and that I have to skip out on a lot of things but I try my best as Chat.” He explains, rubbing the back of his neck and sitting down on the floor.

“Adrien.” Marinette began, looking up from her fingers to look at him. “I’m perfectly fine with you being who you are.” She smiled gently at him. “It’s just a lot to take in, ya know?” She looked back down at her hands. “I flung you across Paris more times than I can count.” She started to tear up. “I can’t believe you! You threw yourself in front of Timebreaker, you didn’t just get pixilated once, you got pixilated twice!” She threw a pillow at him, standing up and her hands turned into balls of fists at her side as she glared at him, tears brimming her eyes. “I’ve watched you die, Chat. Do you know how difficult it is to lose you? Over and over again? And then in Gamer 2.0! When he returned and you just flung yourself over the edge?!” She was almost screaming by now, and he was hiding behind that first pillow she threw at him. He didn’t know she could spark that much anger in a short amount of time. It was scary being on the receiving end of her anger. “And all along, when Gorzila had you on top of that tower! You jumped and could have died, Adrien! You didn’t even have the suit!” She picked up the couch cushion and chucked it at him, bouncing off of him and nearly hitting the TV.

“You aren’t as innocent in all of this either, Marinette,” Adrien spoke before he realized what he was saying. Standing up he faced her, eyes turning into slits as he watched her. “You jumped inside of a dinosaur’s mouth for Kwami’s sake! What would I have done if your plan hadn’t have worked?” He asked, gesturing towards her. He began thinking of everything. Memories from previous Akuma Attacks came, things he never thought he’d remember, things he wished he would never remember. “Wait.” He took a step closer to her, a raised eyebrow and a small smirk starting to spread on his lips. “You remember during Befana when you were trying to hide? That’s what was going on when Volpina appeared for the first time. I don’t actually take that many showers!” He pointed at her, laughing. “I had to make an excuse as to why I was in the bathroom, because of the windows.” He crossed his arms.

“Oh god.... I kissed Chat! To save him, during Dark Cupid!” Marinette hid her face in her hands.

“You also kissed me in the wax museum. But, were you imagining what to say to Chat? Because you did confess your feelings as Marinette to Chat.” He pointed out, shifting his weight to his other leg.

“No! I mean, not in that way.” She groans and smacks the palm of her hand on her forehead. “When I confessed the feelings to Chat, that was because I was worried you had discovered my identity and that was the first plan of action that I had thought of,” Marinette explains, turning red as her suit. “Wait. You didn’t go get Andre’s icecream with us on Valentine’s Day because you were setting up a date for Ladybug?” Marinette looked at him, her eyes full of confusion and questions.

“Wait.” He threw his hands up. “Was I the friend you were upset at because they didn’t show?” Adrien asked, his eyebrows shooting upon his head as he looked at her nervously.

“Yeah... You were... So, you stood me up, for Ladybug. Ladybug never confirmed she would be there. But, to you, Ladybug stood you up for her friends? That you didn’t even believe she went to.” Marinette crossed her arms, eyebrows pinching together in slight anger. “Really Adrien!?” She asked, looking around for something else to throw. “You didn’t trust what Ladybug said or understand that she had other plans, and you just expected her to drop everything to come at your whim? And all because you were so... Soo... Ugh!” She threw her hands up into the air before going and digging into her hair, pacing along the length of the living room now.

“I did admit later that I knew I should’ve realized that civilian life events come before bonus superhero events. Like when you didn’t come to the unveiling of our statue in the park.”

“Hey! I had full intentions of attending that!” Marinette pointed out, turning on her heel to point a finger in his direction. “If I’m remembering correctly, YOU were the one to cause him to get akumatized!! Because you LIED to him about our relationship!!” Marinette huffed. “So, you really shouldn’t be making me out to be the bad guy here.”

“If anything, we are both at fault for different things.” Adrien reasoned, tilting his head and tapping his chin lightly before crossing his arms. “You know what? If we didn’t have this whole secret identity mumbo jumbo, a lot of the things we’ve stated would not have been that big of an issue. Copycat? Could’ve just said that Ladybug’s civilian self had a boyfriend. Glaciator? We could’ve done both. I could’ve snuck out, set everything up and then went to get ice cream with you guys then take you to the rooftop.” Adrien waved his hand as he explained. “With Troublemaker, you wouldn’t have been so panicked about Jagged going into your room because I would know that you just enjoy fashion a lot. With Animistro, we could’ve made appearances at the movie premiere and covered for each other.” Adrien explained, ticking things off on his finger as he named them. “Only a few but the possibilities of fixing things now that our identities are known amongst ourselves are now limitless.” Adrien paused, seeing Marinette’s facial expression change until it was resting in the one she was currently wearing. Confusion.

“You... You would’ve still set up the rooftop date if you knew who I was? Beneath the mask?” She asked, tilting her head in puzzlement. Adrien’s eyes widened, reaching up to rub his neck.

“Yes. I would’ve even if I’d known your identity.” He says softly, a light bashful blush creeping upon his face. She looked away, chewing on her lip then back at him.

“Do... Do you ever wonder what happened during Oblivio?” She asked, raising an eyebrow. “Because I had apparently called you after I had talked to Maman and before I called Master Fu.” She explained slowly. “I’ve wondered why I called you. And now it makes more sense.” She explained softly. “If we... That picture that Alya took after they had been deakumatized where Chat and Ladybug were kissing, and it was genuine... That means that we... We fell for each other rather quickly during those hours or however long our memories were wiped.” She explained slowly. His eyes widened at that thought.

“You know? I have noticed you more than normal after Oblivio.” He rubbed the back of his neck. “I often wondered how come your contact was on the list after my father’s.” He explained with a shrug. “I just assumed that we were trying to find each other.”

“But what if we weren’t?” Marinette said, her eyes becoming clear. “What if we used it as a diversion?” She suggested.

“Honestly? Seems plausible enough.” He nodded before giving himself a shake, going and putting the couch back together before sitting down, elbows resting on his knees and his head in his hands. “So... Even though we lost our memories, we still developed feelings for each other.” He looked up and over at her. “Do you realize that we were friendzoning each other?” A humorless laugh escaped him. “I mean, I’ve always told Plagg that I would like whoever was beneath the mask because I really fell for her character. And when I said you were our everyday Ladybug, I meant it. I guess I just hit the nail on the head with that one.” His smile was awkward as she paused her pacing, looking at him before slowly sinking onto the couch beside him.

“Yeah... You’re right.” She nodded, chewing on her lip. “It’s crazy, isn’t it? That we were friendzoning each other.”

“Wait...” He paused, holding a hand up and furrowing his eyebrows. “Who is the other guy you’ve always told Chat about? Was it the same guy from Valentine’s Day or are there two guys?” He asked, very confused. “Cause you brought Luka along for the ice skating date. You were there during Captain Hardrock, and when Luka was akumatized...” He asked, looking over at her.

“Well... You see...” Marinette rubbed the back of her neck before exhaling very, very deeply. “The pictures I have on the walls, those are because I have liked you. For a while now.” She explains, avoiding his eyes and just staring at the floor as she explained. To make her at least a little more comfortable, he shifted his gaze to look at the bookshelf that held their family portrait. “And I’ve just grown in liking you since that day. Then when you met Kagami, it felt like everything was shifting through my grasp. I... I saw how she was amazing, great, graceful at everything she did. How she was a worthy opponent with you during fencing. How you always treated her so kindly, and when you asked me about how to help get to know her, I tried so hard. I tried so hard to let you go, to let someone else make you happy if I couldn’t be that person. I would understand with Kagami, unlike with Chloe or Lila. Kagami is wonderful. And I’m a klutz. I can hardly speak to you before this.” She risked a glance at him, he was looking down at his hands, letting her vent to him everything she’s ever thought, everything she’s held back.

“Adrien,” She turned her body towards him but still lacking the courage to look at him. “I do have feelings for you. Luka, well, Luka is nice. I do have feelings for him as well, he’s shown me attention and what it would be like to have something with him. Whereas you seemed to be so closed off to the idea of us being anything more than ‘just friends’. You always would say how glad or happy you were that I was your friend. Luka had always spoken about how great I, Marinette, was. Not Ladybug. He would ask Ladybug how I was.” Marinette whispered the last sentence. “But, even though I’ve tried to move on from you. I cannot.” She shook her head, her pigtails bouncing lightly. The cat in him wanted to swat at them but he restrained. For now. “I thought I was going crazy, I had started to look at Chat a different way.” A gentle smile spread upon her face. “My minu. My kitty.” She shook her head and looked at him. “So, if anything. There are three guys, but only two stand a chance. And those two, ironically, are the same one.” She reached over tentatively to rest a hand on his shoulder. He turned and looked into her eyes.

“Really? You like me... All of me?” He asked, tilting his head and turning his body towards her, reaching up to rest a hand on hers.

“Yes, kitty. All of you. Ever since that day you gave me your umbrella.” She smiled softly, turning her hand over to give him a squeeze.

“You know?” Adrien smiled softly as he looked over at her. “The day Lila was akumatized as Chameleon when she forced you into the back of the class, I saw you in a different light.” He explained gently. “The way the sun had shone through the window. A few things clicked into place, and I realized just how much you meant to me, Marinette. When I called you our everyday Ladybug, I meant it. I still do. You have the largest heart I’ve seen in a while. I’m so glad that you are my lady.” He pulled her hand to his lips to kiss her knuckles gently. “I’m so happy it’s you. I know that you don’t want me for fashion connections or money. You want me, for me. That’s all you’ve ever seen of me, and I’m realizing that now. I’m so sorry I didn’t acknowledge you the way you wanted me to before now. I’m sorry you had to have someone else show you before I could show you. You deserve to be treated like a princess, and I promise, from here on out, I’ll do my hardest to make sure you feel loved. For all the times I’ve fallen for Ladybug and for all the times I’ll fall for you, over, and over again. If I could fall for you with no memories, I can fall for you thousand times over. Especially connecting the dots from everything in the past to everything in the present.” Marinette watched him, confusion hiding behind happiness in her eyes.

“If so, why do you always call me a friend?” She asked, frowning.

“Well, at the moment, that is what we are, is it not? I wouldn’t want to overstep and I do not know how you feel about me.” He gestured to himself. “Now, I do. Things will most definitely change after this, and that’s not all a bad thing.”

“Wait.” Marinette abruptly threw her hands up in motion as something seemed to click in her head. “We are sitting next to each other on the bus. I’ve already begun designing something for Plagg and Tikki to travel in. What number did you put me on the list?” She asked, raising an eyebrow in her haste.

“Number 2? Cause Nino was number one although I knew he put Alya down for number one.” Adrien explained with puzzlement in his eyes. “What are you thinking?”

“I don’t know if it could have been just pure luck that that had happened,” Marinette explained. “I might be Lady Luck, but I typically have bad luck outside of my mask.”

“I typically have bad luck under the mask.” Adrien shrugged. “I think it’s a happy coincidence.” Adrien shrugged, smiling softly. “Why do you think it’s so weird?”

“That, weirdly, Plagg brought this up, that he’s had to talk to Master Fu? That they aren’t wanting to do anything until after we get back? Doesn’t that seem strange to you?” Marinette prompted him with a raised eyebrow. Adrien scrunched his eyebrows together, thinking about the things she had said.

“He was pretty adamant about talking to Master Fu.” He nodded, rubbing his chin, thinking about the actions leading up to today, briefly wondering if there really was something else at play here. “Are you thinking that Master Fu has something to do with us sitting next to each other?” He asked the girl before him with a quizzical look that matched her own.

“Maybe? When did Plagg want to speak with Master Fu?”

“After we had already known about our seats.”

“Do you think... that Master Fu knew something before Plagg?” Marinette asked, starting to pace again. Adrien watched her for a minute before standing up, reaching out and holding her shoulders.

“Marinette. Breathe, please.” He looked into her eyes, hoping to be able to grasp her attention away from her mind so he could attempt to get through to her. “Please, just try and think you are talking to Chat Noir, your partner. The one that has been working on defeating Hawkmoth also. Not Adrien who you think has nothing to do with it.” Adrien explained, still holding onto Marinette, hoping for the intensity of the moment and importance will convince her to calm down and rationally talk for just a moment.

“Okay, okay,” Marinette spoke with a large exhale before looking into his eyes, holding up a finger. “Mme. Bustier sat us together on the bus BEFORE Plagg had mentioned anything about going to speak with Master Fu.” She poked the tip of a second finger as she pulled it up. “When I learned that there was this trip, I had begun to prepare a bag for Tikki to travel comfortably in.” She threw up a third finger, tapping the tip of it. “When we discussed it as Ladybug and Chat Noir, we discovered that we both go to the same school. I had asked Tikki if I knew who he really was, and that’s when things started to come together.” She looked up at Adrien, seeing how his green eyes were intense just like how Chat’s were when she was explaining something serious to him. “I didn’t

consider you being Chat until right before we discovered the seats because of Nino's teasing you about liking Ladybug, and then I started to connect some dots, it didn't seem completely plausible until I really looked into your eyes and saw your ring. That's what kinda sealed it for me." Marinette explained. "And that was even before we knew our seats."

"Ok. That would explain the critical look on your face." Adrien nods, thinking back to that moment in class.

"Yeah, you asked if I was ok. But anyway, to continue on the line of the plotting. So, you had found out about the seats before I did. Which you told me while we were on the way to my house. And then after the akuma attack, I figured it out completely." She completed her explaining with a nod of her head. "So, I wonder if Master Fu had involved himself with getting us to sit next to each other."

"And, if so, did he want us to discover who we actually are?" Adrien raised an eyebrow, thinking critically as he furrowed his eyebrows. "But, the main important thing has always been to not know the identities of the others. So why did he put us together? Do you think he knew that Plagg had discovered something before Plagg did?" He questioned, shifting his weight from one foot to another. "Let's get them some snacks and go up to ask them?" He suggested.

"No, I feel like we should ask Master Fu ourselves and see what he says." Marinette countered, turning to head towards the kitchen.

"Why? If we ask the Kwami's and they don't know anything, that'll solve one of your questions. If he really did put us together because he knew what Plagg was going to discover or whatever." Adrien reasoned with her, hoping that if he explained his trail of thoughts, she'd see it from his perspective.

Marinette tilted her head, absorbing the information that Adrien was relaying, to see about what was going to happen. She paused in her hunt in the pantry to turn and looked at him.

"Yeah. I can see the point that you are making. But what exactly should we ask them? If they know or think that Master Fu did put us together 'cause of Plagg knowing or if it's because of something completely different." Marinette thinks through the process, wondering which question to ask and which would solve most of their questions.

"I feel like we should ask if they believe Master Fu had put us together or not. And based on their reaction, we go from there?"

"Yeah, ok. That makes sense." Marinette nodded, resuming her scrummage through the cabinet to pull out some cookies that were in a tupperware.

"Good. Now, should we discuss what this makes us?" Adrien asked, reaching out to hold the offering as Marinette went to the fridge and began getting out drinks and cheese.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, We're partners in crime-fighting. Shouldn't we discuss a little bit about ways to help each other out? If we end up disappearing at the same time, Nino and Alya might start asking questions." Adrien explained, thinking out loud as he casually stole a cookie from the container.

“What if we cross that bridge when we get to it?” Marinette mumbled to herself before she looked over at Adrien.

“Well. We never really talked about what it makes us, we got onto the topic of Master Fu and Plagg. What are we, Marinette? You asked yourself why I only call you a friend.” Adrien stepped over, taking what was in her hands and setting them on the counter before taking her hands in his. “It’s out in the open now that we’ve got feelings for each other. What step should we take next? Should we give it a little bit or should we go ahead and try for a relationship? I don’t want to overstep and this is a conversation that we need to have. It involves you as much as it does me, so we need to discuss things.” Adrien finished his rambling, trailing off with a slight smile and slight fear in his eyes.

“Well, one thing is for sure, Adrien. I’ll never leave you. I promise.” Marinette squeezed his hands for reassurance. “I can’t imagine being Ladybug without you, the reason I’m still Ladybug to this day is all because of you.” A smile lit up his face as she watched him. “For our relationship status at the moment, I’m not sure if being fully boyfriend and girlfriend is the right way at the moment only because we don’t know our dynamic. Sure, the dynamic with us inside the masks is flawless, and I have no doubt that Ladybug and Chat Noir could easily date right now. But Adrien and Marinette?” She tilted her head. “I’m not so sure about that because we’ve not talked much or hung out. And a good portion of that is my fault. ‘Cause I’m just now getting to talk to you.”

“Well, what if we try a friendship with no limits as Adrien and Marinette?” Adrien suggests. “Like... If I wanted to hold your hand, I could.” A blush rose on his cheeks. “And what if we maybe discuss Ladybug and Chat Noir to start dating?” He asks.

“You can hold my hand whenever you like, Adrien. I have no issue with that.” Marinette smiles happily, eyes going down to look at their intertwined hands. “And maybe I’ll give you pecks on the cheek.” She smiled up at him, looking beneath her eyelashes.

“I’d like that.” His voice lowered as he looked into her eyes. “So, what do you think about Chat and Bug dating?”

“I think Ladybug could definitely think about that. She does have a soft spot for her Kitty.”

“Good. Cause Chat is ready to treat his Lady like the queen she is.” Adrien pulled her hand up, lightly giving her knuckles a kiss. “I really have always meant what I have said before, that I would love whoever was under that mask, and I’m so glad it is you.” A giggle escaped from Marinette as she looked up.

“Let’s finish gathering the snacks and we can play some Mecha Strike while we get to know each other.”

“Sounds good to me, m’lady.” His smile widened, stepping back to gather some of the stuff as she finished up before they ascended the stairs to her room.

Sorry about the long wait but I had slight difficulty getting this started. I finally got into a good groove and was able to add a lot of pages. I hope yall enjoy it!! Thanks for reading!!!

Bakers Love

Chapter Summary

The big heart that Marinette has? Well, she gets it naturally.

Chapter Notes

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

Tom looked over at his wife as they prepared to close up the bakery for the night. They had discussed some things once Penny and Jagged left with Fang and a bunch of take-home pastries. Helping to clear out some of the unsold things so that they wouldn't have to waste it. They figured the blonde boy that was upstairs would also take some home for him and his people.

"Pass me that box, Tom," Sabine asked pleasantly as he did as told, kissing her head as he passed her.

"Are you making a box for Adrien?"

"Yes. Do you think we should make a separate one for his father, bodyguard, and Nathalie?" Tom tilted his head.

"We can see what Adrien says. From what I remember, his father and Nathalie won't eat it. So, I guess we can make him a box and one for his bodyguard." Tom settled the decision with a nod as they finished up emptying the leftovers.

"Can you finish up here? I'm going to go upstairs and start dinner."

"Do you think Adrien will be staying for dinner?"

"Oh. He will. I'll make sure of it." Sabine said with a twinkle in her eye before disappearing through the back, heading up the stairs to the apartment as Tom finished closing up shop. He briefly thought about calling upon his bodyguard/driver for a chit chat. He'd probably have to ask Adrien for his information or make sure the man came inside when he came to fetch the young man. It wouldn't hurt to have his information. And from what he's gathered, the man actually cared about the boy. At least makes an effort, unlike his cold father. He shouldn't turn away from his only child because the woman he loves went missing. Nothing about that is ok.

So, Tom was just glad that there was at least one responsible human watching after the boy. Nathalie was very much his manager as she was his father's assistant. Sighing, he finished up his task and cleaned up the bakery for the night before he left his apron of the day on the hook and headed upstairs to his home. Upon arriving at the front door, he was greeted by the amazing smell of dinner and the wonderful sounds of laughter. At least while Adrien was here, they would make sure he had a good time.

"Mmmm Thank you for waiting for me guys! It smells amazing." He walked over, placing a hand on Sabine and Marinette's shoulders, kissing both of their heads. "I do hope you'll be staying,

Adrien?” He looked at the boy with a gentle smile.

“Uh, yeah. Mrs. Cheng managed to be able to convince Nathalie and my Father to allow me to stay for dinner tonight.” Adrien said, smiling widely and blushing a little.

“Oh, you know it’s nothing.” Sabine giggled, covering her mouth with a hand as the other waved Adrien’s comment off. “Just helping the boy with the Chinese Culture and practicing some of his conversation skills.” Sabine winked at them causing a laugh to go around.

“We actually all made some dumplings!” Marinette smiled happily at him.

“Oh, then I’m sure it’s going to be great.” Tom winked at everyone, he focused on Adrien. “Do you want to know a secret? The reason why the bakery’s goods are so good and why this dinner is going to be fantastic?” Adrien’s eyes glistened in wonder as he smiled.

“Yes, sir!”

“Everything here is made with love.” He smiled warmly at the young boy. “Warmth is the secret, and as long as you are kind to my little dumpling” He wrapped his arm around Marinette and kissed her head, a strangled ‘dad!’ escaped her, but it didn’t stop him from finishing his statement, “you are welcome here, anytime. Even if she isn’t here, you are more than welcome to join in anything!”

“R-really!?” He gasped, eyes widening as he looks around.

“Of course, Adrien.” Sabine smiled, coming up to the boy and placing her hands on his shoulders. “You can think of this as a second home.” She smiled warmly at the boy. By golly, if his home life wasn’t home. They would make sure that this would be the best thing for him. Tears welled up in the boys’ eyes.

“Thank you, both of you. That means more than you would ever know.” Adrien looked at the two adoring parents. Tom smiled, wrapping his arms around the blonde and pulling Sabine into a hug with him. Over the boys’ shoulder, Tom and Sabine shared a look of pitifulness. How bad was this sunshine’s child’s home life?

“Well, how about we try some of the amazing food that you all have prepared!” Tom stepped back, rubbing his stomach as it growled a little. The others chuckled fondly, going and starting to set the table for the four of them. Tom offhandedly thought about how nice it would be to have him as a permanent member of the family. Maybe someday soon they’ll begin the transition to become a proper family.

Adrien didn’t want to leave. They had just finished the main course and had started munching on leftovers from the bakery downstairs. He still had some time before he had to leave, but he didn’t want to leave at all. Was that really so bad? Well, it could tell a lot about his home life... He knew it wasn’t the best, especially since his mother disappeared. At least he had his bodyguard, Nathalie, and Plagg. They’ve been there and supported him more in the last few months than his own father.

And now? Marinette and her parents treated him so much better than Nathalie or his Father. Looking around at the laughing faces, he felt safe, warm, and comfortable. Where he didn’t have to

be on eggshells every second of the day. He smiled as Marinette snorted in a laugh, covering her mouth and playfully glaring at her father.

“So, Adrien,” Her dad started, causing him to snap out of his inner thoughts and look over at the giant bear of a man. “Would you care to join us for a real quick Mecha Strike 3 battle before you leave?” His eyebrow arches as he extends his invitation.

“Really?!” Adrien perked up. “I would love to!!” He glanced at his phone, not having any new notifications gave him hope that it’ll be more than just one round.

“Awesome, my boy!” Tom bellowed as he stood up, picking up the two teenagers and heading to the living room.

“You may want to get used to this.” Marinette whispered to him as her father sat them down on the couch while her mother grabbed four controllers.

“Honestly?” Adrien turned his emerald eyes upon Marinette’s brilliant blue. “I will be thrilled to get used to this.” A soft blush spreads across their cheekbones. Man. It’s going to be difficult getting used to this. He was in his Lady’s house, fixing to play video games with her amazing parents. He couldn’t believe this was real.

“Alright! You two against us two?” Mrs. Cheng asked, smiling and her eyes twinkling the way Marinette’s’ does when she speaks in front of the class for her presidential role.

“You’re on, Maman!” Marinette grabbed her controller, passing Adrien one as she selected her character. He chose his and focused on the screen before him, ready to face whatever skill level her parents were.

At the end, he wasn’t surprised when they were relatively evenly matched. Marinette and her father were close, himself was paired well against her mother. After four rounds, each winning two rounds, Adrien’s phone rang.

“Hello?” Adrien answered, looking over at the loving family.

“Adrien, your driver is outside the bakery. Make your goodbyes and head out, please. You have to practice your piano tonight.” Nathalie spoke through the speaker. Before he could even answer, she hung up.

“My bodyguard is here,” Adrien said, looking down at his phone before over at Marinette’s parents, standing up. “Thank you for allowing me to have dinner with you all tonight. It was delicious and an amazing time. I enjoyed it, it was the best dinner I’ve had in a while. I greatly appreciate this.” Her mom stood up, walking over and wrapping her arms around Adrien tightly in a hug.

“You are welcome to come back anytime, dear. And, we can practice more of your Chinese.” She winked as she backed away from him. “Don’t you worry, we don’t mind having you over. Do we, Tom?”

“Yes! Speaking of, why don’t you come over two days from now and learn some baking? We can use it.... For your photoshoot skills? Yes! We can make pictures so that we can advertise!” Tom hugged him tightly and picked him up. “Of course, we’ll pay you in food.” He winked down at him.

“I will see what I can do!” Adrien smiled. “I really appreciate everything you’ve guys done for me, Dupain-Cheng’s. And you, Marinette.” Adrien looked over to Marinette, their eyes locking for a heartbeat longer than ‘just friends’ before they broke away.

“Let us know when you get home, won’t you Adrien?” Marinette’s eyebrows furrowed causing a cute little crease he recognized as his Lady’s.

“Of course, My- Marinette.” He felt his cheeks heat up, hoping her parents didn’t catch on that he was going to say My Lady.

“Oh! Before you leave, we have some goods you can take with you for your bodyguard and Nathalie.” M. Dupain quickly ran over to the kitchen as the women of the house herded him towards the entryway.

“Here, Marinette can help take the stuff down.” Mme. Cheng passed some of the boxes over to Marinette who smiled gently.

“Of course, Maman.” She glanced over at Adrien, knowing this was going to be a perfect time to finalize any details they needed to.

“Now, off you go, Adrien! Wouldn’t want to push our limits.” Tom spoke happily, placing a hand on his shoulder and giving it a squeeze. “Really, do come back anytime you need to. You are always welcome here.”

“Thank you, I really do appreciate it. This place seems like a safe haven for me.” He speaks softly, hoping that it doesn’t break the subtle atmosphere around him.

“It’s alright, my boy!” Tom smiles happily as Sabine steps over, pulling his arm down lightly to lean upwards and press a gentle peck on his cheek.

“Now, be careful, Adrien.” Sabine’s eyes shined as though she knew something he did not, sending chills double-time over his shoulders.

“Of course, Mme. Cheng.” He nodded as Marinette stepped out the front door, he followed close behind after saying the final goodbyes to her parents. After they were down two flights they both let out a gasp of air they weren’t aware the other was holding.

“That went well.” Adrien spoke gently.

“That it did. I’m sorry if they were overly pushy.” Marinette’s voice floated up from the boxes that were before him. “I think we should go see Master Fu tonight.”

“You sure?”

“I just really, really want to be sure we are doing the correct thing. And now that we know, it would be easy to let them have a conversation while we do something else.” She glanced up at him as she landed on a landing. One more floor to go.

“Of course.” He nodded, thinking about the situation at hand. He was surprised the little kwami’s hadn’t made an appearance. “Notre Dame?” He suggested with a raised eyebrow.

“No.... Maybe the candlelight?” Ah, the roof he made a fool of himself on, not once but twice. To the same girl...

“Yeah, ok.”

“Here,” She reached up with her foot, somehow balancing all of the boxes and herself as she hooked her foot on the handle and opened it, allowing him to walk through it first. “After you, my knight.”

Chapter End Notes

Almost a year wait? I'm sorry about that guys! I've been working on other stories and this one kinda took the rails of its own life and I haven't caught up to it yet. I can't remember if anyone's edited this, so I'm sorry for any mistakes. I'll have to go through it another time! I just wanted to update this sooner rather than later. I can always go back and change what is needed.

I hope all is well with everyone and I truly appreciate yall checking out my story! ♥ Let me know what you think!

Meeting in a New Light

Chapter Summary

Meeting up for the first time since they revealed their identities to one another, Adrien's safety net isn't feel quite as secure anymore.

Chapter Notes

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

The breeze blew steadily as she swung through the air, passing different monuments on her way to the meetup location. It was going to be the first time that they knew who was under the mask while being masked up. It was surreal. Even after a year, she still couldn't get over the sensation of flying through the night. It was always a brilliant way to release all the restless energy she contained. Especially tonight, with the new knowledge of her partner. And the terrifying knowledge the kwamis were keeping from them. She knew that she should trust them and Master Fu, being older than her and whatnot. But that didn't settle the restless nerves that constantly enveloped her. If they were so close to defeating Hawkmoth, why were they waiting?

"Penny for your thoughts, My Lady?" Chat's voice startled her, causing her to tumble backward from the perch she started on the edge of the roof.

"Chat! You scared me." Ladybug gripped onto the railing with her feet as her arm grasped Chat's tail to pull her back upright. "I'm just thinking about how the kwami's and Master Fu knows something that they aren't telling us." Adr-Chat nodded.

"Yeah... I can understand that." He took his tail from where it tried wrapping around Ladybug's legs to twist it in his hands before twirling it. "I have a feeling it's because of this trip."

"Really? Why?" Ladybug asked, confusion wrapped on her face.

"I just get the feeling it does. I mean, we are somehow sitting together for the trip." He pointed out, ears twitching as he looked over at her.

"I guess you have a point." She trailed off, rubbing her chin as she thought about it.

"Well, we can think about that later and talk about this situation going on right now Maribug."

"Maribug??" Ladybug looked at him sharply, frowning at that nickname.

"Yeeaahhh." He drawled out, ears going flat to his head. "Cause we know, now. That changes everything. Or, well, most things."

"I mean, you aren't wrong, but..."

"But?"

“But... I don’t know! I am talking to my black cat right now, not my insanely sunny crush. No, I’m talking to the one and the same! The same stupid black cat that puns at the worst times imaginable is the same as the silly goofball of a boy that sits in front of me in most of my classes with the kindest heart. I haven’t fully been able to wrap my head around that!”

“I know.... Which is why I believe we should talk about it.”

“Why?”

“So we can get our bearings.” Chat threw his hands up, looking at her full-on with slouched shoulders. “Come on, Bug. I know this is major. I know we need to clear the air about this. What we are. Who we are. How we act. I know you trust me, as Chat, but you can hardly speak to me out of the mask. Why, I disappoint my father all the time and I never want you to be disappointed. Nathalie is always frowning at something I’m doing, and I’m constantly getting my bodyguard in trouble! I hate that. And stupid Hawkmoth is making my nightmares unbearable. Poor Plagg has not left my side in months because of my night terrors. I have dreams of you dying, Ladybug. Both in and OUT of costume. So yeah, I think there is something we need to talk about.”

“Night terrors? I have them too. The dreams I haven’t told you about! The ones where You have no memories of ACTUAL events!” Her eyes started to tear up. “I’ve had Bunnix come for me! And let me tell you, it was terrifying. I saw things that I never want to see again. And what happened? I’ll never know. Bunnix wouldn’t let me know! How can she do that? Knowing full well I could try and prevent it? With only having the same phrase repeated through my nightmares.” Her bottom lip quivered for the first time, his cheeks already damp from his earlier freakout upon arriving home. “That it was our love that did this?! Chat! I have to deal with so many questions from so many times that you have died protecting me from akumas!”

“Well, I know how you feel! As you know who I am now, you know that I was Aspik!” Chat looked at her as she saw fresh tears start streaming down his face, his tail lashing out behind him. “I watched you get captured so many times. I was terrified that I wouldn’t be able to bring you back and fix everything.”

“That’s how I feel every single time you step in front of me to take a hit. I’m not weak.”

“No, but you’re more important than I am with the end result!” He shouted, causing a slight echo to bounce from their surroundings. “Don’t you dare say that isn’t true.” His voice shook as he spoke barely above a whisper. “Because you know that I can only bring destruction. You have the ability of the miraculous cure.” Gesturing to her he took a step closer. “Protecting you is the ability and power I have beyond destruction.”

“But you are important. You’re important to me.”

“And at one point, that would’ve been enough.”

“Adrien...” Ladybug spoke.

“No. Don’t.” He raised a hand taking a step back. “It’s always Adrien this, Adrien that. I’m so sick of being called and referenced to as Adrien.” His voice changes to a mocking tone. “Adrien, you need to smile more. Adrien, you need to be more stoic. Well, maybe I have depression! My sunny disposition that everyone wants to claim I have? It’s because I know what it’s like to not be happy. To deal with grief alone. Father never let me express my emotions. Mother never let me go to regular school. At least when she was around, my father was more lenient with me. Now that

she's gone, I can't do anything for myself. I have to be at his beck and call and I'm done. I'm so sick and tired of it. And she was the calm in the open sea." He began pacing causing Ladybug to stay silent and watch her friend hurt. "The house is always so silently chaotic. It's so sterile just like a hospital. Father keeps it too clean. Too this, too that. I can barely have the chaos I desire in my room." A twisted laugh comes from his throat. "Maybe that's why I got the kwami of destruction. Cause Plagg is such a chaotic little one."

"Ok, I admit it. We need to talk about this. But. We need to focus on you more." Ladybug takes a step forward, hand outstretched to wipe the tears off of his cheek. "I am so sorry I've made you feel this way. Please know that it wasn't my intention."

"I know it wasn't. And that's the worst part." He shakes his head as he presses against it, his cat ears droopy. She was secretly glad he had them, that way she can monitor his moods a little better. "I don't blame you. I'm just frustrated that I can't do more."

"But you do so much."

"Doesn't feel like it."

"Well. Forget about your father. Forget about Nathalie." He blinked at her blankly. "They aren't the ones you need to be worried about. Sure, they may control most of your life, but you have to focus on yourself. Your mind is not in a good place, Adrien. Your heart is." She slid her other hand up to rest on his chest where his heart was placed before slowly going up to his bell, playing with it slightly. A soft sniffle escapes her. "I'm sorry I haven't noticed this before, before now. You deserve so much happiness. No matter how much rain is in here, clouding your life and thoughts, there is always a rainbow over your head. We call you sunshine for a reason." She looks up to lightly tap his nose causing his ears to perk up. "I see you struggling, I do. Sure, not as Chat, but as yourself. You are always so confident and sure of yourself in the best way possible as Chat. But without your mask?" She tilts her head to the side as she reaches both hands to cup his cheeks. "I see your pain, Adrien. But I want you to know you are not alone." Closing her eyes she leans her head forward, meeting his chin gently with her forehead.

"My lady..." He started before sighing, moving to rest his arms around her waist and pulling her close to him, burying his face in her hair. "I'm so terrified. Of so much." He felt his legs get wobbly before leaning for support on her.

"I know... I am too. But.... It's us against the world. Right?" She spoke softly into his neck, moving her arms to clutch around his abdomen. He wrapped his arms around her, holding her close. For a moment it really was just the two of them, against the world. Against everything.

"Us against the world, my lady." He mumbled into her hair. They stood there for a while, taking in each other's embrace, not quite realizing that this is what they needed the entire time. A moment to let all the stress off of their chest and knowing that someone was there for them, understanding them, being in the same position.

"Do you want to sit, detransform, and talk with Plagg and Tikki together?" Ladybug asked, leaning back from the hug and looking up at him.

"Do you think that'll be a good idea?"

"I'm asking what you think you'll be able to handle."

“Well.” He thought about it for a moment, eyes drifting to Paris around them. “What are we going to talk to them about if we did?” He asked with a glance at her gaze.

“What do you want to talk to them about? I’ll let you decide the topic.” Maribug explained, looking from his gaze to his ears, trying to figure out how she could help him the most. There was just a slight shake of the head.

“I don’t know.” His voice was barely above a whisper. “I just... need support.” He shrugged as if his mind wasn’t fully in on it.

“I think you don’t believe that.” She spoke at the same volume, reaching up to caress his cheek gently.

“Yeah...” He trailed off, eyes closed and cat ears drooping. “I don’t know what I need.” He mumbled, peeking his eyes open to look into hers. “You probably know what I need more than I do.” He chuckled humorlessly.

“Now, I don’t know about that. No one can be inside your brain like you can.” Ladybug spoke, looking in his eyes. “We’ve had a long day. Do you think it’s rest that you need?”

“But we didn’t accomplish anything, did we?”

“We did. Just not what we intended on topic wise.” A pout appeared on his lips. “Stop that.” She tapped his lips with her finger. “Talking about you is important.” She spoke honestly. “You and your feelings matter. Whether you agree or disagree.” She gave him a sharp look as he opened his mouth.

“Ok, fine. Maybe some cuddles with Plagg will help me fall asleep. I am getting rather tired.” He blinked slowly at her causing Ladybug to giggle.

“Yeah, Mr. Cat Boy.” She reached up and ruffled his hair between his ears. “You act more catly when you are sleepy. And even though I, for one, find it incredibly adorable, you need sleep.” My love, she added silently.

“But I was feeling fine when I got here.” He pouts.

“But that was before you spoke about your feelings. And when you’ve kept them pent up for some time, it’s bound to make you feel sleepy afterwards. Trust me, I would know.” She ran her hand down from where it was between his ears to cup his cheek. “Go home, text me when you get home, get some rest.” He nodded, ears and tail drooping.

“I guess I’ll see you tomorrow.” He looked at her, green eyes shining before he took his baton and jumped off their look out, bouncing through the city before she lost sight of him. Now, it was her turn to go home.

Chapter End Notes

Last updated November 2020? Well, at least I'm updating before a year! Again... Well. If you can tell from the tags, this story has taken a life of it's own and is now going a completely

different than the original plan. Which happens. And speaking along those lines, I need to create a different title for this story, because what it is now doesn't make sense for how this story is going.

If anyone has any suggestions on a new title, throw them at me in the comments! i'm intrigued to see what yall come up with.

End Notes

I'm still low-key trying to get used to how this site works, so forgive me for things that are oddly placed! Anyways, I've created a discord area for this story! Feel free to check it out! It includes fun little things like songs that inspire it, updates about when I'm working, as well as some of my other stories! <https://discord.gg/EyMpD7H>

If you want to be a beta for this story, or any of mine, you'll be able to find information here for that! Thank you once more for reading my story! Please enjoy and leave feedback! I can't even begin to tell you how excited I get when I see there's any interaction with my stories.

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