

Sleepybug and Cuddle-Chat

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Sleepybug and Cuddle-Chat

by [Runadaemon](#)

Summary

To deal with the increased stress of being the Guardian, class president, starting her own online business, working part time for her family, and general life living, Marinette has decided to train herself. She already knows how to fight, now she's training herself to slip into sleep whenever the opportunity presents itself. What she doesn't know is that Chat aka Adrien is becoming roped into her naps because she keeps grabbing him in her sleep.

Notes

I currently have no plans to continue this, but it could easily be continued if there's enough ideas/demand for it. Sorry, folks. *yeets*

Chapter 1

Marinette stumbled into the classroom a full 15 minutes before class started. Alya dropped her phone, and Nino caught it before he noticed Marinette. Then he too dropped her phone. The clatter silenced the room who stared in befuddled awe at Marinette.

Marinette paid no heed to her classmates, casually strolling to her desk and dropping into it without a care. Reaching into her pocket, she pulled out an eye mask and covered her eyes before setting her head on her arms. Almost immediately her breathing changed into soft snores.

Adrien peeked over her desk at the sleeping girl. “Marinette?” He whispered. It was the first time she hadn’t greeted anyone before sitting down. Adrien was worried something might be wrong. Marinette didn’t answer, so Adrien got onto his knees and leaned over her. Surely she wasn’t actually asleep already.

“Marin-mpf!” As Adrien leaned over to whisper into Marinette’s ear, his hair brushed her neck. Marinette’s hand shot up, grabbing his head and pulling it down with her. Adrien’s mouth was now buried in Marinette’s hair, her hand tangled in his locks, and her fingers absently scratching his head.

Despite himself, his face blushed an incriminating red, and his eyes fluttered closed. Marinette gave the best head scratches. “Mmm, shhh, kitty, sleep,” Marinette murmured softly. Adrien’s eyes shot open, but no one was close enough to have heard her besides him. Adrien was able to see several phones out though, apparently recording this strange phenomenon.

As Adrien’s eyes trailed back to Marinette, he noticed a bit of drool forming at the edge of her mouth. Marinette truly was asleep. With a sigh that sent Marinette’s bangs fluttering everywhere, he shifted around to be as comfortable as possible. Her fingers occasionally scratched at his scalp, and he closed his eyes.

Nothing would make bending over a wooden desk like this comfortable, but the soft breaths ghosting across his forehead, and the warm fingers finding the perfect spots to softly scrape at certainly came close. Adrien closed his eyes and let the rising chatter of the classroom lull him into a half-aware state. Marinette was obviously not going to wake up yet. Adrien could wait.

“Adrien? Marinette? What are you two doing?” Ms. Bustier’s half alarmed tone sent both students sitting up groggily. Adrien struggled to contain the adrenaline that sent his heart skyrocketing, but Marinette yawned and removed her eye mask nonchalantly. Marinette easily put her eye mask back in her pocket before smiling up at the teacher.

“I was napping before class, Ms. Bustier. I’ve decided to take every chance I can get for a nap during this busy time.” Marinette offered candidly. “But speaking of, here’s my homework for the last week. I really appreciate the extension!” Marinette smiled brightly as she offered

her work from her bag to the teacher. Ms. Bustier hesitantly looked between Marinette and Adrien before obviously deciding to dismiss it.

Nodding at Marinette, Ms. Bustier took the offered documents with an unsure smile. Adrien just sheepishly attempted to straighten his hair with a flush, looking down at his desk in embarrassment. He studiously looked away from Nino's Cheshire grin, determined to play it all off. So Marinette had grabbed him and held him down by his hair. It wasn't a big deal.

So the day continued. At any class breaks, if Marinette wasn't using the restroom or working on homework, she was pulling out that eye mask and taking a nap. Adrien fully expected Alya to show Marinette the photos of them from this morning. Beyond knowing smirks in Adrien's direction, however he saw no signs of anyone saying anything to Marinette directly.

Lunch arrived, and with it, further development. Marinette joined Alya, Nino, and Adrien for lunch at the park, eating and chatting with cheerful abandon. Adrien noticed she didn't talk directly to him with a sinking sensation in his heart, but she smiled at him. Awkwardly at times, but it was still a smile, so he pushed down his dissatisfaction. Adrien ignored the fluttering in his heart when their eyes met. It obviously didn't mean anything to either of them.

Still, when Marinette yawned, glanced at her phone and brightened as she reached into her pocket, Adrien felt a thrill shoot through his body. As he suspected, she sheepishly pulled out her eye mask. "Sorry guys, I'm gonna CATch a nap before class. Wake me when you head back?" Marinette cheerfully requested. The three nodded and exchanged confused glances.

Marinette stood up and walked to lay under a tree nearby. As she curled up for a nap with her over shirt under her head as a pillow, Adrien noticed that her white shirt was riding up. Even as he discreetly watched, she started shifting, obviously feeling the grass prick the sensitive skin of her back. Glancing at their friends, he smiled awkwardly.

"Marinette looks kind of uncomfortable. I'm gonna lend her my over shirt real quick. Be right back." Oblivious to Alya's frantic fumbling for her phone, Adrien stood and removed his white shirt. Walking over as quietly as he could, he knelt next to Marinette's hip, leaning over her to tuck the shirt under her back. As Adrien examined his work, Marinette's hand crept up until it found his hip and pulled him down.

"Whoa!" Adrien exclaimed as he landed half on his left side, half-way onto his back. Marinette had an incredibly strong grip. Adrien took stock of himself as he felt a warm hand tightly grip his hip. As Adrien looked down, he watched Marinette roll forward so she laid halfway across his arm and snuggled directly into his chest. Hot breath puffed against his left pectoral, directly over his heart, and Adrien felt his breath catch.

As Adrien watched, Marinette nuzzled his chest, one hand wrapped in his T-shirt next to her head, and the other fisted his T-shirt over his hip. He wasn't certain, but there might have been steam coming out of his ears at the adorable sight. His right arm hovered, unsure of where to go, while he felt the weight of her head settling across his left bicep. He raised up a bit to see his over shirt was partially falling off of her. Using his right hand, he resettled the shirt around her torso before giving in to his fate and wrapping his free arm around her.

He already knew he couldn't escape without waking her, and it was a really nice day. They had over an hour before lunch ended anyway, so Adrien happily snuggled in to nap with his princess. As Adrien closed his eyes and sighed contentedly, he felt a purr start up in his chest. Without thinking about it, he leaned in to Marinette more, covering her head with his shoulder, wrapping her in his purr.

Marinette sleepily giggled. "Silly kitty," She muttered. She tapped his chest with her fingers before she resumed softly snoring. Adrien smiled, sleepy and warm with contentment.

"Adrien? Dude? Marinette?" Adrien sleepily woke to Nino's whispers. Marinette remained happily oblivious, drooling into his arm and adorably smiling in her sleep. Adrien smiled down at her helplessly before looking up. Nino's amused face sent a spark of embarrassment shooting through Adrien as he unconsciously covered Marinette with his body.

Nino didn't miss the protective stance, raising his eyebrows and hands in surrender. "We need to get back to class soon or we'll be late. You two coming?" Nino smirked, glancing down at how tightly Marinette was being clutched to Adrien's chest. "Or are you two going to get to know each other better?" Adrien flushed and sat up.

"Mmm?" Marinette startled awake, automatically wiping her drool and stretching with the mask still covering her eyes. Nino snickered and started walking back to Alya, who Adrien noticed was either recording or taking photos. Adrien scratched his neck in mortification, but at the sliver of toned belly Marinette showed when she groaned and stretched, falling back onto the ground with a smile, he forgot the audience once more.

"Ahhh, that was the best sleep I've had in days," Marinette happily announced. Adrien felt his mouth go dry, and scrambled to get up, but he was still on his knees when Marinette tugged the eye mask off. "Oh? Adrien!" Marinette sounded shocked, and Adrien did his best not to look at her.

"Sorry, I lent you my... uh, my shirt, and I," Adrien fumbled for words. "I need it back?" He asked. Marinette blinked at him blankly before glancing around herself. As she sat back up she realized she was laying on his shirt.

"Oh!" She scrambled to pick it up, checking it over before offering it back. "I'm surprised it's not covered in grass stains if I was laying on it. Thanks!" Marinette continued to frown at the shirt thoughtfully, noticeably not looking at Adrien. "Though I'm normally a really restless sleeper, so it's really strange it's not covered in stains. You might not want to lend it to me again." Marinette softly suggested.

Adrien felt a flush cover his face. Once she'd wrapped herself in his arms, Marinette had slept like the dead. There was nothing restless about her sleep. "I don't mind." Adrien squeaked out, quickly standing up and offering her a hand. Marinette grabbed her black shirt and took his hand, smiling her thanks. Marinette quickly moved off to collect her bags, and it felt like she took Adrien's heart with her.

Adrien absently clutched at his chest where the warmth of her breath was rapidly fading. He wasn't sure what to do. He couldn't seem to resist his sleeping beauty but it felt like she was going to tear him apart and eat him for dinner if he didn't start avoiding her.

OMAKE:

"Plagg." Adrien's annoyed voice rang out into the dark room.

"Plaaaagg." Plagg grunted in irritation as his nap was disturbed. Adrien poked Plagg's soft forehead with his finger. Plagg grumbled.

"Wuuut." Plagg groaned.

"I can't sleep." Adrien admitted in a huff. Plagg hovered over an irritable Adrien in complete confusion.

"So you stopped me from sleeping?" Plagg yowled. Adrien frowned at him.

"Can you sleep while I'm transformed?" Adrien asked in a nonchalant tone. Plagg froze.

"What." Plagg's voice was monotone. Adrien smiled innocently.

"I'm just curious." Plagg stared down at him.

"I believe that about as much as I believe Camembert is bad for me." Adrien grimaced.

"I'm worried Marinette might not be sleeping." Adrien offered. Plagg glared down at him, unimpressed.

"Uh huh. This wouldn't be another attempt to nap with her, would it?" Plagg questioned. Adrien smiled innocently.

"Of course not. If she's asleep, I'll leave without waking her, cat's honor." Plagg stared for a minute.

"Two wheels of cheese, one now and one later." Plagg demanded.

"Done." Adrien immediately answered. Plagg snorted, obviously amused at the easy capitulation.

Plagg savored his cheese while Adrien fussed over what to wear. Savoring his cheesy victory, Plagg deigned to not point out Marinette would never know what he was wearing under the suit anyway.

Finally they were both ready, and Chat Noir quickly vaulted to the balcony of his only princess. Glancing down, Marinette was indeed already in bed, he noted with disappointment. As he watched, Marinette's hands felt around, obviously looking for something. Deciding she might be awake, Chat Noir opened the skylight carefully and peered down.

Marinette was frowning, moving around in her sleep and obviously seeking something. With a suspicion in the back of his mind, he eased himself into her bed, carefully staying over the covers. With obvious relief, Marinette sighed and immediately glued herself to him tightly. She tucked her head under his chin, smiled happily, and slung a leg over his, all while sighing contentedly.

Chat Noir allowed the blush to travel from his forehead to his chest, jubilantly resigned to his fate as a cuddle-cat for his princess. As his purr started up, he contemplated his new knowledge. Marinette wasn't a restless sleeper, she just needed someone to cuddle. Wrapping an arm around her, feeling drowsiness finally settle in, he was content once more. He fell asleep to her quiet snuffling, and woke to her first alarm.

As he eased out of her bed and skylight, gently putting the door down and making his way home, he smiled. She obviously needed someone to cuddle and he was obviously the best choice. He smiled through his breakfast, and all the way to school until a surprisingly repugnant thought occurred.

What if he wasn't there and she found a new, better cuddle buddy?

Possessive Kitty

Chapter Notes

Still undecided about continuing it further, particularly with Hammy Noir demanding his sequel, but I made this for you all! I hope you enjoy it.

Once he arrived at school, Adrien found himself unable to stop fidgeting. Marinette entered the classroom and he felt like his entire body was tuned to her every move. She smiled and greeted everyone, telling Alya about how she slept unbelievably well. Adrien couldn't help but straighten up proudly.

As Adrien realized he was preening, he groaned and buried his face in his hands. Even then, his body was jolting and reacting to every movement of Marinette. What if someone else offered to cuddle with her? Could he interfere? Should he? It wasn't like there was a cuddle agreement between them. He wasn't even sure she knew he'd been joining her sleepy cuddle sessions. He wondered if he could make a 50 shades of naps –esque agreement before dismissing it. He didn't have a room full of napping essentials to invite her to.

All the reasoning in the world couldn't prevent him from nearly scratching Nathaniel and growling when Nathaniel stopped to say hello to Marinette. Marinette looked up from her design and Adrien could feel her smile, despite facing the other direction. This seat wasn't working out. He couldn't keep watch over her if he couldn't see and glare at anyone that came close.

Adrien casually turned around, examining the seats in the classroom. He realized Nathaniel had a perfect view of Marinette from his desk, but he wouldn't be able to cuddle her. Adrien ignored the conversation Nathaniel and Marinette were having, simply relieved it was about her art and not her naps. Finally, his eyes landed on Alya and Nino, casually squeezed together in Alya's seat as she showed him something on her phone.

Adrien realized he could use that. If he did, Adrien shot a discreet glance at a distracted Marinette, he would be sitting right next to her. That would be perfect to keep an eye on her and keep all other cuddle contenders away. He just had to be as casual as possible. It wouldn't be a problem, he was the king of casual.

Adrien casually leaned an elbow on his desk and looked at Alya and Nino. "That doesn't look very comfortable." Nino blinked up at Adrien's voice, scanning until he realized Adrien was talking about him and Alya. Nino blinked and pointed at himself and his girlfriend and Adrien nodded emphatically. "Yes, you."

Nino laughed while Alya looked up, putting her phone down. "Dude, what? This is super com-owch!" Adrien blinked at Alya, who had just elbowed her boyfriend. That looked really

painful actually. Adrien hadn't known elbows could be such good weapons, but he winced in sympathy as Nino rubbed his chest.

Alya leaned forward with a smile, both hands innocently framing her face as she looked down at Adrien. He felt oddly like prey. "What do you suggest, Sunshine?" Adrien blinked up at her owlishly. He glanced at her elbows guardedly before glancing around at the small audience giggling nearby. He just had to casually make his move. No one would know what his real goal was, he was sure.

"Well, I wouldn't mind switching seats with you if you want to sit with Nino, Alya." Adrien smiled innocently. "I'd still be right near my best bro. And you'd get to sit right in front of Marinette, too! That would work out great, wouldn't it?" Adrien hurried to add. "For you, I mean. Totally for your benefit." Adrien pulled out his best model smile.

Strangely, Alya and Nino looked at Adrien as though they saw right through his brilliant plan and execution. They actually appeared exasperated, and he wondered if they could be onto him. Surely they didn't see through his super casual suggestion. He smiled and waited for them to agree. There was no way they saw through his super-secret plans to his true motive. Alya sighed and hung her head, while Nino covered his face with a hand and his shoulders shook.

"Sure, Sunshine. I'll switch seats with you, 'so I can sit with my boyfriend'." Alya said. Her voice was heavy with irony, but Adrien was too busy eagerly grabbing his things and moving to take his new seat to notice. Nino and Alya slid off of the bench and Adrien immediately slid right in, next to a Marinette that still hadn't realized her seatmate had changed.

Adrien flushed with excitement. He was seat buddies with Marinette now! Now he could watch for any potential cuddle contestants and warn them off with his ferocious glare before they tried to take his place! Adrien gave a content sigh as he watched Marinette work, a hint of her tongue peeking out as she worked. This was going to be perfect, he just knew it. Until Marinette glanced up and screamed in his face.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAA-Drien!? Wha-what?!" Alya burst out laughing from in front of Marinette. Adrien leaned back from where he'd been casually scooting closer and closer to Marinette. His ears were ringing and his heart hurt a bit to be screamed at without any warning. He'd just been sitting nearby, he pouted. He absently listened as Alya gave his reasoning to Marinette, who nodded unsurely at the logic.

Adrien rested his chin on a palm as he watched Marinette's reaction. Too many expressions flitted across her face for him to be sure, but it looked like overall she was feeling positive about the change. Marinette kept her eyes on Nino as she turned to Adrien. "Sorry I screamed." She offered in a muttered reply. "I was startled."

Adrien smiled excitedly. Marinette was talking to him! "It's okay!" He hurried to reassure her. "I'd be startled if my seat buddy changed without warning too." Marinette made a vaguely disagreeing face but dismissed whatever she'd been thinking of. Adrien smiled happily. Yeah, she still wasn't looking at him, but she'd spoken to him! And there weren't any cuddle contenders! The only way this would get better was if she napped on him soon!

Unfortunately it seemed he'd done his cuddling job too well last night. Marinette was well-rested all the way until during lunch, when she began yawning a little bit. Adrien perked up when she reached for her pocket, and he could absently hear muffled laughter coming from their friends. He ignored them. Marinette smiled at everyone and waved her mask.

"I'm just gonna nap at my desk until next period guys. Feel free to ignore me!" Marinette covered her eyes, missing the way Adrien perked with excitement. Alya was already recording but Adrien took no notice, concentrating on warning away everyone that looked at Marinette. He waited until she put her head on her desk to begin scooting sideways toward her. Every time she shifted, he stopped, waiting with breathless anticipation for her to start searching for a cuddle buddy.

Within minutes, Marinette's breath evened out and she began frowning in her sleep. Adrien watched her hands as they began aimlessly seeking a warm body. With quiet enthusiasm, he moved forward, letting his hand lay right next to hers. As though her hands were heat seeking missiles, she grabbed onto his hand quicker than he anticipated. Adrien couldn't help jumping in his seat when she zeroed in on his body, fluidly scooting the rest of the way to cuddle him.

Adrien flushed as the heat from her body lined up along his right side from knees to hips. That didn't appear to be enough for Marinette though. Using the hand she was still holding, she pulled him toward her, wrapping herself into his arms as though wrapping a blanket around herself. Adrien stared into Alya's camera helplessly as Nino and Alya gaped at them. His chest was half covering her back, and his hands were perilously close to cupping her chest.

Still scarlet, Adrien wordlessly shook his head at Alya, who lowered her phone mournfully. Marinette pulled one of his arms forward even more, setting her head on the arm and humming contentedly. "So warm," She praised. Adrien felt the flush slowly creep down to his chest and just felt thankful she hadn't called him kitty. Sighing, Adrien considered his options. He glanced around, reassured when no one stepped forward to take his place, and then looked at her shoulder.

Her shoulder looked soft and firm, the perfect place for a hardworking cuddle buddy to rest his weary head. Glancing up at Alya and Nino again, he was relieved when they were quietly talking to each other instead. With a content purr, Adrien leaned forward and turned his head so his nose could take in the scent of her shampoo as he rested his cheek against her scapula.

To everyone's surprise, Adrien also quickly drifted off to sleep, only waking when Nino reached forward after lunch. Adrien moved to wake Marinette, gently unwrapping himself from her as he did so. Marinette pouted at him and Adrien felt his face soften in some unknown emotion, but he insisted. With a forlorn sigh, Marinette yawned and sat up, stretching before pulling off her mask.

Adrien was too busy glancing around the classroom to be sure no one said anything to notice Marinette frowning down at her hands. Marinette glanced around the room as well before resting on Adrien. As though her gaze was a magnet, Adrien felt his own eyes drawn to hers once more. They wordlessly stared at each other, one questioning and one basking in satisfaction until the teacher called the class to order.

OMAKE:

They were finishing up a battle and Chat Noir tiredly sank to his haunches beside his lady. As they observed the akuma victim surrounded by their friends, Ladybug sighed.

“Now I’m tired again,” Ladybug whined. Chat Noir grinned up at her.

“May I suggest a CHATnap?” He joked. Ladybug hummed in consideration, and Chat Noir stood up, surprised she was considering it.

“That’s not a bad idea, chaton, but not in costume. That’d be asking for Hawkmoth to take our miraculous.” Ladybug smiled at Chat, who pouted at her wordlessly. “I’ve taken your advice, actually. I’ve started napping any time I’m free. It has been absolutely amazing.”

“Ah, I had a question, actually, Ladybug!” Ladybug turned back to him with a smile, absently tapping her thigh to show she was short on time. “If you constantly want to cuddle someone, and hate the idea of them cuddling someone else, what does that mean?”

Ladybug gaped at him. “Is cuddle a euphemism here?” She asked cautiously.

Chat Noir frowned. “No? What would it be a euphemism for?” Ladybug laughed nervously.

“Nothing! Nothing at all! You like cuddling with someone?” She reconfirmed. Chat nodded. “And you hate the idea of them cuddling someone else?” Chat nodded again, sighing impatiently. “Well, doesn’t that mean you have romantic feelings for them then? Possessiveness? Wanting them to just be yours?”

Chat nodded at each idea, a happy thrill filling him at the idea of having Marinette to himself. “But I’m not in love with her, I’m in love with you! She’s just a friend!” Chat snapped out of his happy cuddle daze.

Ladybug stared at him, vaguely disapproving. “Chat, if you hate the idea of her cuddling other people, you’ve got some kind of romantic feelings for her. But she’s certainly NOT ‘just a friend.’” Ladybug turned away, but Chat heard her mutter. “I HATE that phrase.” Ladybug scratched her head and turned back.

“Look, you can be in love with more than one person, okay? And I really cannot date you, so I won’t be hurt if you look for love elsewhere.” Ladybug held up a hand, forestalling his protests. “I mean it. It would be a misuse of our powers, and could lead to Hawkmoth winning. I won’t do it, no matter how loveable you are.” Ladybug smiled sadly at him.

Chat Noir was silenced by the heartbreak in her expression. The beeping filled the air insistently, and they smiled at each other. “Chatch you later, milady!” Chat offered. Ladybug smiled at him as she spun her yo-yo.

“Right. Good luck, Chaton. Bug out!” Ladybug flew away, and Chat jumped into the alley nearby.

He had a lot to think about.

Only one can reign supreme

Chapter Summary

Alya tries to be the cuddle buddy Marinette needs.

Adrien is jealous.

Also, the cuddle floozy chapter, thanks Jarl.

Sleepy bug 3

For the rest of the week, Adrien zealously guarded his position as Marinette's cuddle buddy. While Marinette sputtered at his constant nearness, and often turned an adorable red, she never protested when he hovered around her. Every time he woke her, Marinette looked oddly happy to see him, even as she obviously (adorably, a persistent part of his brain supplied) checked herself for drool.

Unfortunately, as Friday rolled to a close he overheard something dreadful. Alya and Marinette were planning to spend the entire weekend together to do a history project, all the way through to Monday. Adrien felt abandoned. He'd been sneaking out to sleep with Marinette all week, but while Marinette had never noticed his presence, he was absolutely certain the Ladyblogger would.

Adrien sighed mournfully as he walked out of school with Nino. Nino was trying to cheer him up, but with Adrien's self-pitying silence, it was hard for the DJ to know what to say. "Look dude, I'm sure it's hard to have to go without a warm nap partner for a weekend, but you could always call Marinette to hang out, right?" Nino tried.

Adrien glared at him half-heartedly. "She's spending the whole weekend with Alya." Adrien hurled Alya's name out like a curse word, and Nino recoiled in surprise.

"She is?" Nino asked. Nino stared at Adrien in confusion. "How do you know that? I didn't know that. And I thought you liked Alya?" Nino sounded a little wounded by Adrien's venomous tone.

"They decided it in class. Didn't you hear them?" Adrien asked sullenly. Nino blinked before shrugging, no longer surprised at Adrien's voyeuristic tendencies toward Marinette. "Well they did. The whole weekend, Nino. Together." Adrien's voice sounded so pouty, Nino had to bite his lip to keep from grinning at the adorable jealousy.

“Dude, you act like Alya’s stealing your girl or something.” Nino smiled, gently ribbing Adrien. “If anything, I should be jealous. Alya’s my girl. Maybe Marinette’s gonna steal her from me.” He joked.

Adrien stared in stony silence, obviously unhappy at the situation. “It’s not funny Nino. What if Marinette prefers Alya to me?” Nino gaped at Adrien, who flushed as he thought over what he’d said. “As a cuddle-buddy! We’re just cuddle buddies!”

Nino barked a short, incredulous laugh. “Dude, I’m sure Marinette would always choose you over anybody. Just chill. Let the girls have a weekend to themselves, okay? You’ll see her on Monday, and maybe catch some ‘z’s together like you have all week.”

Nino grinned slyly. “Unless of course you really can’t wait that long. In that case....” Nino trailed off meaningfully.

Adrien stared at Nino in supplication. “In that case?” He asked, waiting on the precious advice that might give him a warm, soft, adorable cuddle buddy tonight. Nino grinned at Adrien and raised his eye brows meaningfully.

“In that case, just ask Marinette to be your girlfriend and get it over with, dude!” Nino clapped Adrien on his back as they reached the car. Adrien gaped at Nino in confusion.

“But we’re just friends!” Adrien protested. Nino stared at him in judgmental silence.

“Nah dude. WE’re just friends.” Nino pointed between himself and Adrien. “What you’re doing with Marinette every day? That’s more than friends’ territory dude.” Adrien felt a flush rising in his cheeks as he considered it.

“Friends can cuddle together, man. It’s called skin-ship.” Adrien sullenly replied, protesting the idea so weakly Nino just rolled his eyes.

“Friends can cuddle for sure, dude. But every day? Multiple times a day? That’s not ‘just a friend’ anymore. That’s almost your paramour, you get me?” Nino replied. Adrien opened his mouth to argue but Nathalie chose that moment to roll the window down.

“Adrien, we’re going to be late. Say goodbye to your... friend, and get in.” Adrien nodded at Nathalie.

“Bye Nino, gotta go!” Adrien hugged Nino briefly before climbing inside. Before he could shut the door, Nino shouted back at him.

“Bye dude! Think about what I said if you get lonely!” Adrien flushed as Nathalie raised an inquiring brow at him.

“It’s nothing, Nathalie. Sorry for making you wait.” Adrien busied himself with buckling his seatbelt and getting comfortable, avoiding eye contact with anyone as they pulled away. He had a lot to think about.

First Ladybug suggested he liked Marinette, now Nino said they’ve been more than friends? This social interaction thing was harder than he’d thought. Adrien squirmed under Nathalie’s

piercing gaze, but kept silent. He would have to figure this out himself.

Adrien dragged himself into school on Monday morning in a terrible mood. He growled when Nino said good morning, and sank into his seat with a frown. His sleep had been awful all weekend, and his photoshoots reflected that.

Eventually Adrien had been told to come back when he'd recovered from whatever sickness he had, and been sent home. Nathalie hadn't even scolded him, and his father had come out to make sure he was okay. Dinner had been a robust soup and salad, but his father had joined him.

Normally the whole situation would be a dream come true, but he really needed time to think over the whole cuddle buddy situation, and he wasn't really willing to talk to his father about it. Over the weekend, he continued to check in at Marinette's place in the guise of Chat Noir, but he was disappointed to see that Alya never left.

Friday night, they'd slept together in the living room. Saturday night they'd moved to Marinette's floor, talking late together into the night. He knew because he'd hopefully sat around for an hour imagining the warmth of Marinette's bed, and her arms wrapped around him before giving up and leaving.

Sunday night Adrien had hopefully peered in, sleep deprived and almost desperately jealous to see the girls cuddled up together on Marinette's bed. Alya had taken his spot by the railing, and Adrien was ready to cry at being replaced so easily.

Marinette was an unfaithful cuddle buddy! Apparently she would just cuddle up with anybody. She was shamelessly cuddling around. Their wonderful, heartfelt cuddles didn't mean anything to her, he despondently lamented. He steadfastly ignored the Plagg in his head that reminded him Marinette didn't even know they were cuddling.

Despite his dreary thoughts, Adrien's head still shot up at the sound of Marinette's voice. He didn't notice Nino sigh in combined annoyance and relief. Adrien frowned at the tone of Marinette's voice. She didn't sound like she'd slept well at all, if he trusted his ears.

"I'm SORRY!" Marinette's voice echoed into the room before Alya stalked in and took Adrien's old seat with a huff. An apologetic Marinette trailed in after her, holding her things protectively to her chest with tears in her eyes. Alarmed, Adrien stood, ready to comfort his princess.

Unfortunately, his movement caught Alya's eye, and she glared at him angrily before turning back to Marinette with a frustrated snarl. "I'm sure you are! You're sorry I'm not your special little cuddle buddy, aren't you?!" Alya cried. Marinette blinked down at her in complete bafflement while alarm spiked down Adrien's back.

"What are you talking about?" Marinette asked. Alya huffed as Adrien quickly walked around their desks to put his hands supportively on Marinette's shoulders. Marinette didn't even notice, focused entirely on Alya. From his new position, he frantically shook his head at

Alya, desperate for her to not give away his secret yet. Alya ignored him, angry tears building in her eyes.

“I’m not a good enough cuddler, is that it?! You don’t want to cuddle with me anymore now that you found someone better! So much for gals over pals!” Alya choked out. Adrien felt the accusation strike Marinette as she stepped back stiffly. As he gently kneaded her shoulders, he could feel exhaustion thrumming through her.

“What cuddle buddy? Alya, you aren’t making sense!” Marinette angrily replied, her confusion and sleepiness increasing her irritation at the situation. Alya blinked at her in absolute disbelief, markedly staring into Marinette’s eyes, then Adrien’s, and repeating a few times.

In a disbelieving tone, Alya replied. “‘What cuddle buddy?’ What?! You don’t have a cuddle buddy? A certain special someone who cuddles with you all the freaking time?” Adrien felt sweat trickle down his spine. Alya was being rather blatant with her hints, but to his relief, Marinette just seemed angry and confused.

“No, I don’t!” Marinette shouted, obviously frustrated past her limits. Despite his best intentions, Adrien’s hands tightened possessively over Marinette’s shoulders. ‘Yes you do,’ a traitorous part of his mind hissed in satisfaction. ‘Me. I’m the cuddle buddy. I’m the best cuddle buddy.’ Adrien subconsciously smirked down at Alya victoriously.

‘I’m cuddle buddy’ his eyes said. ‘Not you. Me. You can’t replace me.’ Alya seethed at the blatant smugness emanating from Adrien. Alya’s eyes shot back to Marinette as she continued to argue.

“Alya, you KNOW I’m a restless sleeper! I warned you last night before we crawled into bed!” Alya opened her mouth to argue but Marinette doggedly continued. “I didn’t MEAN to kick you out of the bed!” Alya’s eyes narrowed.

“Twice.” Alya hissed in a low, threatening voice. Adrien could feel Marinette shrink in mingled embarrassment and guilt.

“Twice,” Marinette amended with a guilty wince. Behind her, Adrien felt a gleeful grin spread across his face, and he let it. He hadn’t felt so happy and content since before he’d heard they would be sleeping together eons ago. Adrien practically thrummed with satisfaction, leering victoriously over the attempted usurper of his rightful position.

Alya glared back at him, now ignoring Marinette as she attempted to apologize yet again for her bed behavior. As the teacher began pointedly clearing her throat, Alya glared at Adrien.

“This isn’t over,” She hissed threateningly. Adrien smirked as he gallantly escorted Marinette to her seat before running back to sit beside her. He grinned and scooted closer to his beloved princess, pleased and almost giddy at her proven loyalty. She wasn’t a cuddle-floozy after all!

It wasn’t over, not by a long shot. In fact, as Adrien glanced at the yawning, pouting princess sulkily taking notes, he sighed happily and rested a head on his hand. He was just getting

started. After all, loyalty beget loyalty, did it not?

OMAKE:

“Oh my, M. Adrien, you’re getting acne on your jawline!” The makeup artist slyly looked into Adrien’s embarrassed eyes. “Sighing over a lady?” She finished touching up his makeup before leaning back and playfully tapping the brush against his nose.

“Remember not to touch your face. It pushes oils into your skin and causes you to break out!” Adrien gave her an embarrassed smile, scratching his neck gently.

“Sorry M. Fifi. I’ll pay more attention.” Adrien promised. Fifi giggled before checking the set and taking a companionable seat next to him.

“So? Tell me about the lucky lady. I assume she sits to your right?” Adrien blinked. He usually sat on Ladybug’s right, actually. The one that sat on his right was....

“Marinette? Oh, no. We’re just really good friends. With benefits!” He added in a happy tone. Fifi’s jaw dropped and she glanced around before leaning in.

“Friends with benefits?! And your father is okay with that?” She hissed. She hadn’t expected such juicy gossip to come from some acne.

“Well why wouldn’t he be?” Adrien asked, utterly confused. What did cuddling a friend have to do with his dad, after all? Fifi leaned back, staring at him thoughtfully.

“What exactly is a friend with benefits to you, Adrien?” Fifi asked delicately. Perhaps there was a misunderstanding somewhere. Adrien smiled brightly.

“A friend you can sleep with!” He brightly (and loudly) responded. The sound of several people choking filled the air as Fifi winced. Adrien glanced around at the suddenly busy set, filled with coughing people that refused to look in his direction.

Was it something he said?

Oops. Can we pretend I didn't say that?

Chapter Summary

Chat is distracted, Ladybug is irritated, Marinette is confused, and Adrien is a blabbermouth.

AKA, Plagg's favorite show is on, and he's loving it.

Chapter Notes

I'm tentatively saying there will be six chapters, but I have a suspicion I could be coerced to write more if ppl keep giving me ideas. You know who you are. *pouts*

Sleepybug 4

“Chat!” Ladybug’s voice startled Chat out of his sluggish daze. As he blinked, the world suddenly flipped upside down as he was wrapped in Ladybug’s yo-yo string and flung out of the akuma’s path. As he swung like a pendulum from the roof Ladybug stood on, Chat stared at the spot he’d been standing. It was nothing but crushed pavement. With a thankful smile, Chat turned his head upward to Ladybug, hoping to charm his way out of a scolding.

“What is up with you?! You need to pay attention. This isn’t exactly an easy akuma, you know!” Ladybug barked at him. Chat’s ears flattened guiltily but before he could respond, Ladybug cut him off. “Nevermind. We need an advantage, so let me just call for a lucky charm.”

Suiting action to word, Ladybug unwrapped Chat Noir, letting him drop to the roof below hers as she flung her yoyo into the air. She called out her signature “Lucky Charm!” When the mirror dropped into her hands, Ladybug glanced down at it before looking around anxiously.

“Ladybug? What do you need?” Chat asked. Ladybug frowned at him unhappily. Chat noticed the first beep of her miraculous, but he was more interested in the pattern on the mirror. It looked almost exactly like the flower pattern Marinette preferred to use with her designs. Ladybug sighed and Chat refocused himself.

It seemed as though he was always thinking about Marinette in one way or another, nowadays. Now he was seeing signs of her when she was almost definitely safely ensconced in her tower, waiting for the danger to be over. Chat mused to himself that perhaps he was

getting a little too attached to his princess, but he was already prepared to argue with himself. His princess needed his cuddles, and he needed hers. It only made sense that he would be drawn to her.

“I have to go. Keep this mirror safe for me, okay Chaton?” Ladybug tossed the mirror to him, and rapidly disappeared into the nearby alleys. Chat fumbled to catching the mirror and gaped. He knew he hadn’t been paying attention, but that didn’t mean he wasn’t ready and able to defeat an akuma! What was the akuma after, again?

“MARINETTE!! GIVE ME YOUR SLEEP!” Oh. That was a conveniently timed roar, Chat mused. It wasn’t like Marinette was actually nearby, after all. Glancing down at the akuma, Chat froze. He stood corrected, he thought dazedly. Apparently Marinette was trying to talk to the akuma. With no weapons and no one to save her. Not on this knight’s watch!

Chat Noir flung his body off of the roof, juggling the mirror and the pole with the smallest amount of difficulty. As Chat ran forward to get Marinette out of the way, Marinette glanced at him and her beautiful blue eyes widened in alarm. Chat tried to slow down as he realized the akuma wasn’t attacking Marinette, but was unable to stop. He collided into his princess with a quiet “Oomph!”

Chat easily dropped the mirror to cradle Marinette’s head in his arms as they fell, protectively rolling around her and hearing the mirror break behind them. Marinette grumbled wordlessly as she squirmed in his overly tight embrace. Despite her silent admonishment to let go, Chat held tighter to her.

“What are you doing here?” Chat hissed as he leaned his head back to glare at her. “You should be safely away from here! What were you thinking?” Marinette blinked at him before frowning with narrowed, accusing eyes. Despite his righteous anger, Chat could feel his ears flatten in guilt for upsetting her.

“I need to be here!” Marinette whispered. “Ladybug got me. The akuma is just sleep deprived. If we can get them to relax, it should distract the akuma long enough for you to break the keychain. And I can take care of myself!” Marinette quietly asserted. Chat wavered between admiration and concern.

“I know you can take care of yourself, Purrincess, but you shouldn’t have to. That’s my job! I’m here to protect you!” Chat’s hands gripped Marinette’s shoulders tightly, and Chat resisted the urge to shake sense into her. Akuma-baiting was dangerous! The akuma growled and they both looked over their shoulders.

“That isn’t good.” Marinette mumbled. The akuma was beginning to glow. As they watched, the akuma hit a random civilian who immediately straightened up in a frenzy. As the civilian raced away to cause chaos, Chat and Marinette winced at the akuma’s peaceful expression.

“It’s stealing everyone’s sleep, making them sleep-deprived and crazy.” Chat explained. “I can’t let you get hit, Purrincess, you’re too important to me.” Marinette squeaked as Chat scooped her into his arms. As he braced himself to run away and ignore Marinette’s attempts to make him let go, they heard a crunch, followed by a whimper.

The akuma had stepped on the glass from the mirror and was now sitting on the ground, sobbing about their foot hurting. Despite the butterfly mask over their eyes, they continued to cry and clutch their foot. Marinette and Chat stared for a moment before Marinette struggled free of Chat's hold and poked him, silently gesturing for him to take over.

Once Chat nodded, Marinette immediately ran 'to get Ladybug'. Chat sighed in relief. Now that his beloved Princess was safe, he could concentrate on the akuma. Quietly approaching, he activated his Cataclysm and gently touched the keychain. As the butterfly flew away, Chat began looking around frantically. If Ladybug didn't catch the akuma, things would get infinitely worse.

Just as Chat began to panic, Ladybug's yoyo spun around and snagged the butterfly. With the miraculous cure performed, Chat bumped Ladybug's fist with a relieved sigh.

"Chat, I don't know what's up with you, but you need to get your head out of the clouds during akuma attacks, kitty. We're gonna end up in a real bind eventually." Ladybug chastised him. Chat grimaced at her.

"Sorry, Milady. I'll do my best. I've just had some issues lately with showing my friend how compatible we are." Ladybug gaped at him until the beep of his miraculous distracted them both. "Oops! I need to find Marinette! Catch you later, Milady!" Ignoring Ladybug's shout, Chat raced off to find Marinette before his timer ran out.

Twenty minutes later, a defeated Adrien returned to school and despondently began checking Marinette's usual nap spots. To his surprise, he found her happily drooling over her homework in the library. With a relieved sigh, he flopped into the chair next to her.

Adrien considered his seat mate thoughtfully. Despite his best attempts, any time he'd spoken to Marinette for the last two weeks, she'd either shut down out of shock, or they were interrupted by someone.

Adrien rested his head in his hand for a moment before recalling the make-up artist's admonishment. With a grimace, he pulled out a handkerchief to place between his jaw and hand. If he was scolded too often, he was sure his father would hear about it.

As he studied the flutter of Marinette's eyelashes, and the dopey smile beginning to settle across her face, he sighed, besotted. When she was sleeping it was obvious they were compatible. She fit into the curve of his body as though molded for him. She relaxed as soon as he was nearby, to the point that she often fell asleep in public now. Yet they couldn't seem to carry a conversation for the life of him.

As Adrien frowned down at his mysterious princess, she smiled and adorably muttered "Ad...rien," with a happy giggle. Adrien's eyes widened and he sat up, a flush rapidly covering his ears and cheeks. He could feel the prickling heat drifting down his neck as he watched her fingers reflexively reach for him. Without thought, he immediately wrapped her hand within his own, silently cursing the Library chairs for being unbending, wooden, and small.

He studied their entwined hands with interest. Where his hands outwardly showed nearly perfect skin, he knew there were calluses hidden and well shaved inside. He had a few small, miniscule scars in a couple of spots where sports had marked him, but he knew they were impossible to see if you didn't look for them. Marinette's hands were paler, and while there were scars and healed scratches everywhere he could see, the inside of her hand was soft and supple. She only had two small calluses, one from sewing and one from using some pencil or stencil, but even her calluses were softer than his.

For all his father's employees lauded him as a beautiful masterpiece, Adrien could only see Marinette occupying that title. Her thick eyelashes and pink lips paired with the soft flush of a restful sleep were enticing on multiple levels. The softness of her hand in his translated directly to his heart, as he felt it melting from her lovability.

Adrien had been getting the best sleep of his life over the last month. When he climbed into bed with Marinette each night, he felt as though a persistent ache in his soul was filled and healed when she curled under his chin and sighed happily.

Adrien was so drawn to her, he couldn't imagine why he'd been so persistently stuck on Ladybug when she didn't want him. Marinette wanted him with every fiber of her sleeping body, he could tell. She was a flower seeking him out like the sun, reaching for him every time he noticed her.

Adrien flushed a deeper red. He just needed to know if the waking Marinette wanted him as much as the sleeping one did. If he could just sit her down and talk with her without interruption, he was sure he'd know. Well, if he had a few hours, he would know, he amended. Rethinking it, maybe he needed a few months of intense conversation with her, just to be sure they were on the same page.

Adrien sighed, happily imagining years and years of cuddling this girl, talking with her late for hours before falling asleep together every night. As Marinette slowly let go of his hand, Adrien glanced down at her scrunched face. He snickered, pleased that Marinette was predictable. Holding hands would never satisfy her for long, he thought to himself. Marinette craved being as close to his body as he craved being close to hers.

As though hearing his thoughts, Marinette shifted in his direction, and he fumbled to make sure she didn't fall. When she felt the heat of his body, Marinette briefly relaxed, but Adrien tensed. Pretty soon, she would attempt to climb into his lap if he didn't do something.

Thinking quickly, Adrien began running his fingers through the ends of her thick hair, marveling at the soft silkiness. His hair was thick and dense, difficult to arrange into new hair styles, but Marinette obviously didn't have that problem. Adrien felt the velvetiness of her hair and was in awe of how it remained in place despite his strokes.

"A...drien?" Marinette sleepily mumbled. Adrien froze, glancing from his hand in Marinette's hair to her sleepy, visible blue eyes. With a combined horror and thrill, he realized she hadn't used her eyemask for the first time. He hadn't had time to move away from her, and she'd caught him petting her.

“Good morning, princess?” Adrien quietly cooed. If he’d been caught, maybe that meant she’d be able to talk to him for a bit. At least he would try. Marinette blinked at him with a sweet smile before her eyes slowly cleared of their sleepiness. As her eyes widened in alarm, Adrien dropped his hand back to his side and smiled innocently at her.

“What’s happen-ning?” Marinette stuttered, completely flummoxed. Adrien winced a little at the beginning of her stutter. He hadn’t meant to alarm her. Adrien reassuringly smiled down at her and firmly placed his twitching hands under his legs. He wouldn’t reach out to stroke her head without permission when she was awake and able to give it.

“Nothing, Marinette. I just found you sleeping, and decided we should have a talk. Do you have time?” Adrien asked gently. He spoke in the softest, most soothing voice he could manage. Despite his attempts, Marinette shot up with alarm.

“What did I do? Did I do something? Go odd, I did!” Marinette squeaked. Adrien manfully willed himself not to fuss over the adorable mess that was a panicky Marinette, and leaned toward her reassuringly.

“You haven’t done anything bad. I just thought we should talk if you don’t mind. Do you?” Adrien asked again. He was well aware Marinette tended to have a meltdown if you tried to force anything out of her, so he was more than happy to take things at her pace. With Adrien quietly smiling and waiting for Marinette to get control of herself, it wasn’t long before Marinette calmed down.

“Sorry, Dadrien! A! Adrien! Sorry. What did you want to talk about?” Marinette smiled back at Adrien and he relaxed a little bit. Glancing around, even the librarian seemed to have vacated the room. It was the perfect time.

“You know how you’ve started napping lately?” Adrien ventured. Marinette blinked and nodded, her smile fading a bit in confusion. “Do you remember anything about them? Maybe something in particular?” Adrien fished for information. Marinette frowned at him, obviously confused.

“Well, I always seem to feel particularly safe and protected when I sleep at school and at home.” Marinette admitted. “I tried napping in the park a couple of times, but woke up very quickly, and didn’t feel rested at all.” Adrien bristled in alarm. She’d been defenseless in public without him?! As though feeling his alarm, Marinette glanced at his rising shoulders and alarmed expression with confusion.

“Why?” Marinette asked. Adrien willed his heart into slowing down. It would be okay, he would just make her promise not to do that without someone nearby, preferably him. If she was willing to make him promises after this talk, he mused. He could always tell Alya about it, and she would get the promise from Marinette one way or another.

“Well,” Adrien hedged. “When you sleep, you see,” Adrien trailed off. “How do I say that you keep rolling right into my arms and cuddling into me so sweetly that I can’t keep my hands to myself? Sleeping with you has been amazing.” Adrien frowned thoughtfully and sighed. He would have to think hard about how exactly to tell her that. Blinking at Marinette, he noted her frozen expression and tilted his head.

“What?” He asked her. Marinette opened her mouth to reply, but nothing came out. Adrien frowned.

“Marinette?” He questioned. Marinette licked her lips, and Adrien found his eyes following the movement with intense concentration.

“I’ve been,” Marinette’s soft voice faltered briefly. “S-Sleeping with you?” Adrien’s eyes widened.

Well, that was one way to bring it up.

OMAKE:

“Plaaaaagg, time to go!” Adrien called. Plagg feigned indifference, but his tail betrayed him, twitching in eagerness. As Adrien dramatically offered a wheel of cheese to the tiny god, Plagg sniffed haughtily.

“You realize you’re breaking and entering every time you do this, right?” Plagg delicately bit into his cheese as he slyly studied his holder’s expression. Unlike the first week, when Adrien would blush and deny the accusation, Adrien had become blasé about it over the last month. Today’s Adrien shrugged and gave a cheeky grin.

“What do you care? You’re getting more cheese out of it, and you get to sleep through school. It’s a win-win, isn’t it?” Adrien carelessly replied. Plagg raised his eyebrows quietly. Adrien no longer worried about getting caught, always closing his bathroom door and leaving the bathroom window open to sneak in through each morning.

Plagg studied Adrien’s ‘outfit’ with no little amusement. The first week, Adrien had studiously dressed as though for a semi-formal event. Despite Plagg’s judgmental looks, Adrien had maintained the necessity ‘just in case something happened’. By the second week, however, he’d switched to his normal daily outfit, ‘in case he’s running late and has to go directly to school’ Adrien insisted. Plagg was silently impressed at Marinette’s casual disregard for her alarm clock, personally.

She had yet to wake up in all the time Chat had been visiting her, and Plagg would know, as he sometimes de-transformed to find Tikki when both holders were asleep. Plagg would always have an appreciation and respect for someone that knew the value of sleep, as this bug seemed to. Which brought them to Adrien’s latest ‘outfit’.

Plagg looked over the mail-order pajamas, certain Adrien had bought them for his first sleepover with Nino. It hadn’t happened yet, but this kitten was one of his most optimistic yet. Adrien insisted if he appealed through the proper channels regularly, his father would eventually relent and allow Adrien to have a sleepover.

The oversized superhero themed shirt featured Ladybug and Chat Noir, and the pants were incredibly amusing. Plagg was tempted to wake the princess up just to see the fashion atrocity Adrien was committing every time he put them on. The red pants with black spots clashed wonderfully with the green and black stripes running down the sides.

As Plagg finished off his cheese and licked his paws, he wondered if Adrien would ever be brave enough to transform while naked. Plagg knew Adrien had preferred to sleep in his birthday suit ever since that article came out about it being healthier. Plagg also knew that if Adrien ever dared, Plagg would have to de-transform them just to get incriminating photos for the future. With Plagg's luck, Marinette would choose to wake up that night.

As Plagg snickered over the beautiful chaos he could just imagine unfolding, he didn't even notice being sucked into the ring. Plagg would bide his time. If Adrien didn't confess soon, Plagg would start hinting at things Adrien should try. One of them would wake the sleeping beauty eventually.

And then Plagg would have his chaos.

Misunderstandings, oh dear.

Chapter Summary

Adrien tries to explain. Marinette freaks out too loudly. Plagg gets his chaos.

Chapter Notes

So it's looking like it'll be 7 chapters total, with a possible 8th as an epilogue with all the scenes I wanted but couldn't do with the original premise. Sorry, it was originally a stand alone fic, but ideas kept coming and they don't stop coming. *ahem* Sorry. Enjoy?

Sleepybug 5

“Uh,” Adrien absently felt his head floating. He could hear a strange pulsing sensation but he felt removed from it. A small part of his brain was screaming at him, demanding he find a cover story or explanation. “Sorry, what?”

Marinette stared at him with teary, confused eyes. “You said I’ve been sl-sleeping with you.” She determinedly stated. A flush overtook her face as she looked away in embarrassment before continuing. “And something ab-b-bout to-touching me?”

In the periphery of Adrien’s mind, he could hear someone choking, and with a dull surprise, he realized his throat was perhaps convulsing. He was almost certain that should hurt, but the fuzziness in his head made it impossible to be sure.

“Adrien?!” Adrien found himself focusing on Marinette’s alarmed voice. He could feel someone pounding on his back, if he concentrated hard enough. A bottled water was thrust into his face, and he reflexively drank a few gulps to stop the hand from shoving it against his face. With surprise, Adrien felt his throat. It was sore, but it felt better. Had he started choking?

“Adrien, are you okay?” Marinette’s normally soft voice was shrill with panic. I need to reassure her, Adrien thought to himself. Marinette needed him, and he would always be there for her.

“I’m fine, princess!” Adrien rasped. He didn’t notice the stilling of his companion, checking over his body and trying to find the thread of the conversation. If he didn’t explain everything properly, Marinette might feel hurt. He couldn’t stand to hurt his princess.

“I’m sorry, yes. We’ve been sleeping together for weeks. I always kind of thought you at least suspected. I’ve been waking you up, remember?” Adrien smiled awkwardly at Marinette’s aghast expression. Well, looks like his secret hopes that Marinette knew it was him and was subconsciously seeking him out were wrong. Adrien steadfastly ignored the growing tearing sensation in his heart.

“I’ve been sleeping with you for WEEKS and I didn’t KNOW?!” Marinette burst out, a note of panic clear in her tone. They both jolted at the sound of the library door closing. Twisting around in record time, both teenagers studied the closed door and the empty room. “Someone just heard me.” Marinette muttered, face ashen and eyes wide.

“Yeah, I think so.” Adrien muttered back. Adrien abruptly caught Marinette in his arms as she swayed.

“Oh god, my life is over. I should just jump in front of the next akuma. My dreams are over. No one will ever believe I’m not a slut, and everyone will think I’m a gold-digger, and my designs will be forever ignored because they’ll be associated with me. I’m going to have to move to Antarctica and design penguin suits for the rest of my life.” Marinette spewed her thoughts in a rapid spiral of panic. Adrien blinked as he tried to follow along.

“It’s just sleeping, Marinette. It’s not a big deal. Everyone sleeps.” Adrien turned the rest of his body to face Marinette’s, resting a hand carefully on each of her shoulders. Marinette snapped out of her panic to gape at him.

“Just sleeping?” Marinette parroted. “Adrien, what do you think ‘sleeping with’ someone MEANS?!” She inquired in disbelief.

“Napping, right?” Adrien smiled brightly at her. “You’re the best cuddle buddy I’ve ever had in my life.” Adrien was pleased to see a shy smile warring with an attempt at a frown on Marinette’s face. At least the idea didn’t seem entirely repulsive to her.

“Adrien,” Marinette softly continued. “Sleeping with someone usually means.... Se-inte-uh, repr-um.” Marinette’s face flushed an incriminating red. “Making babies?” She shyly whispered. Adrien frowned at her.

“But babies require se-oh.” Adrien froze. “Oh shit.”

Marinette nodded. “Oh shit indeed. My life is ruined.”

Adrien tightened his grip on her shoulders, before guiltily glancing at her through his eyelashes. “Friends with benefits doesn’t just stop at cuddling together, does it?”

Marinette frowned at his non-sequitur. “Uh, usually it involves a lot of different things, from kissing to full on.... Uh, you know. Why?” Adrien fidgeted before releasing Marinette’s shoulders abruptly. Having been using him for support, the loss made her sway briefly before straightening. Marinette studied his guilty expression and the sweat building on his brow.

“Adrien?” Marinette softly questioned, a thread of steel and panic creeping in despite her best intentions.

“I may have, uh.” Adrien stammered, flushing and playing with his fingers as he looked down. “I might have called you my friend with benefits.” He admitted in a soft voice.

“I’m a friend with benefits?!” Marinette shouted. This time Adrien got a glimpse of a student standing in the doorway before freezing and abruptly shutting the door with a loud bang. Adrien winced as Marinette’s expression lost all of her characteristic liveliness. “Someone just overheard me, didn’t they?”

Adrien, despite Plagg’s voice in his ear screaming for him to lie, nodded with a grimace. Marinette swayed in her seat once more and Adrien immediately grabbed her shoulders again. With a thankful nod at him, Marinette closed her eyes.

“So one person heard me yell that I’ve been sleeping with you.” Marinette mused. “Another, or possibly the same person, just heard me yell about being a friend with benefits. Again, to you. Is that right?” Marinette rhetorically asked Adrien. Adrien hummed for a moment before frowning.

“I think they also heard that you didn’t know you’d been sleeping with me.” Adrien quietly added. Marinette made a short choking sound before falling silent and covering her face. Adrien wanted to offer some kind of comfort, but he wasn’t sure what he could do at this point.

“So I’m a slut that doesn’t even know who she’s been sleeping with, who is also apparently Adrien’s friend with benefits, and who will likely never be able to live down the rumors that are bound to start.” Marinette softly whined into her hands. Marinette froze for a moment.

“Wait.” The sudden intensity in Marinette’s voice startled Adrien into letting go of her, and she leaned forward suddenly. Adrien felt oddly as though he were the mouse in this relationship, and he didn’t like the feeling at all. “Who did you tell? That I was your friend with benefits. And did you use my name? My full name? Because surely there’s other Marinettes in Paris.”

Adrien leaned back defensively, trying to think. “I uh, don’t remember if I, oh. Oh yeah. I definitely named you. Full name.” Adrien smiled awkwardly. “And it was only to, um. Well, an entire set of models, photographers, and makeup artists on set that day. Not that big of a deal, right?” Adrien offered optimistically.

Marinette’s dead-man stare slowly peeled the faux happy grin off of his face. With a sigh, Adrien slowly leaned to the side until he was braced against the back of his chair. “We’re screwed, aren’t we?” Adrien quietly admitted.

Marinette grimly nodded. “At the very least, I’m screwed. You might be in trouble with your father, but if his employees are real professionals, they may keep it to themselves. I on the other hand, am going to be blacklisted by every design house for trying to sleep with the boss’s son, I just know it. I didn’t even know I was sleeping with anyone! I mean, I might’ve dreamt I was sleeping with Chat Noir a time or dozen, but I never thought I actually was. How did this happen?” Marinette groaned and covered her face again.

Adrien guiltily glanced around, unable to admit how much of the blame for this whole situation lay with him. With shock, he saw more than one head quietly peeking at them from the doorway. Adrien scowled and with a shooing motion, the students startled and closed the door again. That reminded him of a few others that had been voyeurs lately.

“Actually, I think if you ask Alya, she might have some videos for you to watch.” Adrien offered. Marinette peeked at him over her fingers and he resisted the strong urge to wrap her in his arms. That was what got them into this situation in the first place.

“Marinette,” Adrien began. “I can’t begin to tell you how sorry I am that you found out this way. It isn’t your fault, and I’ll do everything I can to squash those rumors, okay? But I need you to know this.” Adrien reached forward, gently tugging her hands away from her face. “I’ve never regretted a moment. You’re the best thing that’s ever happened to me, and if I could do it all again, I would. Hopefully without ruining your reputation of course. Again.” Adrien squeezed her hands once more before standing.

“Find Alya and watch her videos. Then, if you’re still willing to speak to me, I would love to have a long conversation with you. I would love- well. Just come find me if you want to talk.” Adrien lamely finished. It wasn’t the time to be confessing how desperate he was for her warmth every hour of the day. Adrien grabbed his bag and with a sad smile at the still flushed girl, he waved and walked away.

OMAKE:

“Tikki. Bug. This is insane.” Plagg quietly muttered as they peeked out of Marinette’s purse at the situation. “Are you sure she’s your bug? Because this kind of luck is worse than some of my kittens.”

Tikki gently kicked at the purse guiltily. “I think she was born with this level of luck. On the plus side, it makes her an incredibly lucky Ladybug. She may never realize just how powerful she really is in her superhero guise.” Plagg gruffly patted Tikki on the shoulder.

“Well, if you ever want to trade, I’m sure she could make an excellent kitten.” Plagg offered. Tikki smiled at him before mock frowning.

“Of course not! Trading would mean revealing identities, and that’s never going to happen at the rate these two are going!” Plagg snorted in amusement before schooling his face into a frown.

“Well that’s not my kitten’s fault! He’s doing all but detransforming in front of her eyes in his attempts to tell her who he is. In fact,” Plagg smirked. “He HAS de-transformed in front of her eyes. Multiple times. Your bug this time is just too slow.” Plagg drawled, purposely ignoring that neither Adrien nor Marinette were lucid at the time.

“Really, Plagg, you’re ridiculous. Get back to your holder before he realizes you snuck off.” Tikki shooed him away. Plagg made a show of grumbling before softly touching foreheads with his partner.

“Miss you, buggie.” He softly admitted.

“Miss you more, sassy cat.” Tikki replied just as softly.

Plagg flew off to Adrien’s bag, dropping in just before Adrien picked it up to leave. Plagg wasn’t sure if he’d be able to meet with his bug for a while, considering the new circumstances. Even as he lamented the loss of cuddles and scratches, he wiggled with anticipation for the chaos he could sense building.

A friend like you

Chapter Summary

Adrien has done his best, but something has kept him from succeeding. Marinette is having trouble sleeping, so she doesn't have the patience for nonsense.

Alternatively, let sleeping mice lie, or suffer the consequences.

Chapter Notes

Maggi8noodlesalfredo2lasagne requested the omake. I hope you enjoyed it. (Is your name some kind of pasta incantation? I feel like I just summoned pasta somewhere in the world....)

This story is mostly written at this point, I'm just tying up loose ends and looking for any further requests I may have forgotten to fulfill. If you have any, this is your last chance before I finish the last chapter and wash my hands of the fic.

I hope everyone enjoys! Please stay safe and wash your hands often!

Sleepybug and Cuddle Noir 6

"I heard she was sleeping with a model." A hushed voice could be heard in the courtyard.

"Not just any model." A devious whisper replied. "The model in her class. Adrien Agreste. She was sleeping with so many people, she didn't even realize it was him!" Adrien winced at the relish with which the whisperer drawled his name. As Adrien searched for the source, Nino placed a calming hand on Adrien's shoulder.

"Nino, what do I do?" Adrien whimpered. "I've been calling everyone out and explaining myself for days, but no one is listening to me. Marinette is never going to speak to me again at this rate." Nino grimaced while shrugging back at him.

"Dude, you technically did keep sleeping with her and you weren't really subtle. Yeah it was cuddling, but all the clarifications you keep making are only looking more suspicious than letting it die down. Just let them talk. They'll run out of ammo eventually. Take the high road, dude."

Adrien huffed a frustrated sigh and ran his hand through his tangled hair. He'd begun stressfully tugging at his hair over the last week, during which Marinette stayed awake and kept her gaze far from him, despite any and all attempts to talk to her. He wasn't sleeping well, and he could see from the pallor of her face and the growing darkness under her eyes that she wasn't sleeping either.

After they talked in the library last week, he'd tried to sneak in for a nap with Marinette as Chat Noir but anytime he dropped by, she was still awake, furiously typing or drawing or reading. Anything it seemed, except sleeping. She never noticed his knocking, and he was beginning to think she was ignoring both of him on purpose. Adrien sighed and rolled his shoulders tiredly. At this rate he was going to end up falling asleep in public himself.

Adrien had never thought 'taking the high road' could be so hard. His tongue was literally sore from all the times Nino had elbowed him into biting it, rather than responding to the rumors. Every time the rumors recirculated, Marinette grew a little more tearful, and a little more ashamed. Adrien was certain someone was stirring the rumors up anytime they died down, but he couldn't figure out who.

"Adri-chooo!" Chloe called from two feet away. Adrien jumped from the loud call, and immediately winced when she tightly wrapped her arms around his shoulders and puckered up for bisous. Grabbing her arms firmly, Adrien stepped away carefully. Chloe was worse than an octopus at times, and he really didn't need any new tears in his clothing.

"Morning Chloe. How are you doing?" Adrien smiled down at his first friend, and she pouted up at him for a moment before smiling viciously. Adrien saw her gaze lock on someone behind him for a moment before returning to his. As he tried to turn to see who she'd looked at, she tugged at him to keep him looking at her.

"I'm doing so much better lately, Adri-choo! This past week has been better than my last three birthdays combined! I can't believe the gall of some people, can you?" Chloe fluttered her lashes and smiled at him. Adrien thought of the rumormongers and he frowned in agreement.

"Yeah, some people around here are really awful. I never expected all of this when I started school." Adrien looked down at Chloe with soulful green eyes and a miniature pout. "Why do people keep spreading such awful rumors? Marinette never did anything to anyone. She doesn't deserve this." Chloe's face twitched, and Adrien frowned, reconsidering her motive.

Surely Chloe wouldn't have been the one spreading these rumors. Surely Chloe wouldn't have goaded him into saying something hurtful where Marinette could hear, with the intention of sparking a misunderstanding. Even as Adrien thought about it though, he was fairly certain he would find Marinette running away behind him if he looked. Adrien gazed down at Chloe who was obviously both very pleased with herself and very worried about the disappointment growing on Adrien's face.

"Chloe." Chloe winced at the steel in his tone. "Tell me it wasn't you." Chloe began to sweat, before releasing Adrien and making a show of fixing her clothing. As soon as Chloe released him, Adrien took a quick glance behind him. He saw no signs of Marinette, but met a few

glares from her known friends. Adrien sighed and turned back to Chloe, now certain she'd been causing the chaos he'd been suffering from for the last week.

"Oh Adrien, how could you even accuse moi of such a heinous thing! Why, I'm your only friend! We've been together our whole lives! Surely you believe me over some harlot that snuck into your bed!" Adrien felt his face turning stony, and his father's voice thundered briefly in his ears.

"Chloe, no one has accused you of anything except me. You're the reason I haven't slept in a week. You're the reason the sweetest, kindest, warmest girl I've ever met has been on the verge of tears and avoiding me for a week. You're the reason these RUMORS won't just DIE." Adrien shouted. Chloe's eyes were filled with fear and tears, and despite his best intentions, Adrien couldn't feel anything but vicious satisfaction.

"I have been suffering because of you. But you want to stand here and call yourself my only friend? You've been hurtful to everyone you meet since I've seen you in public. You've been cruel, and unkind, and you pretend it's for others' benefit but it's not. I've done everything I can to stay your friend, support you and help guide you to be better." Adrien paused to catch his breath. "And you betrayed me." Adrien felt his throat close, as a single tear rolled down his cheek.

"If this is how you treat your friends," Adrien brushed the tear away angrily. "I don't want to be your friend anymore! Just leave me and Marinette alone!" Adrien turned and stormed away, ignoring Chloe's genuine crying and calling of his name. Chloe had been dragging this situation on for the last week, when it should have died an easy death when he stopped the rumor spreaders the first time.

Plagg had been having a ball chasing down each person that spread the rumors and sending bad luck their way, but Adrien had been getting more and more worn down. While Plagg might enjoy the chaos of rumors and never ending arguments, Adrien found they hurt him and everyone he cared about. He was ready for this to end.

Adrien quickly checked over the locker room before sprinting to the classroom. To his relief, Marinette was slumped over her desk with her eye mask on. Alya was seated next to Marinette, gently rubbing her back. As Adrien approached, Alya frowned at him, clearly displeased. Adrien waved empty hands, showing he meant no harm. Reluctantly, Alya returned to her seat and allowed Adrien to slip in next to Marinette.

Adrien glanced around the room that was rapidly filling amid hushed and excited whispers. Adrien took in a deep breath and firmly wrapped his arm around Marinette, who quietly sniffled in her sleep. With a gentle pull, Marinette easily fell against his shoulder and he wrapped her in his arms protectively. If the rumors were going to continue regardless, he'd just have to protect her by exposing himself.

"Marinette, I'm sure it's not like it sounded." Alya's voice pleaded but Marinette resolutely got out her eye mask and settled in at her desk for a nap. She was too tired for this nonsense, and the rumors weren't going away despite Adrien's constant efforts to suppress them.

“Alya, I’m certain he wasn’t talking about me.” Marinette quietly admitted. “But I’m also too tired to deal with drama this morning. My sleep has been terrible, and I can’t stop remembering those cursed videos you showed me.” Marinette firmly settled the mask over her eyes.

Alya sputtered, obviously incensed. “Cursed?!” Alya screeched. “They are not cursed! They will become heirlooms of the cutest couple in our country one day! They are the cutest bullshit I’ve ever witnessed! How dare you call them cursed!” Alya hissed, offended on her friends’ behalf.

“They’re cursed because they keep running through my mind and all I wish is that I could have experienced any of that awake.” Marinette muttered. Alya was conspicuously quiet, but Marinette was too busy fighting the tears building in her eyes. They burned and itched but Marinette was determined not to rub her mask and show that she was crying.

Marinette really didn’t believe Adrien was talking about her. It had just been a really long week, and when she’d finally worked up the courage to talk to him this morning, Chloe had thrown herself all over him. Thank goodness Adrien had pushed her away without kissing her. Marinette wasn’t sure she could have taken it if he’d kissed Chloe in front of her, friendly or otherwise.

When Chloe had started hinting at depreciating things, Marinette immediately turned away. Marinette wasn’t up for Chloe’s nonsense, regardless of what the consequences would be. Marinette had rapidly walked to class instead, ignoring Alya’s assurance that Adrien didn’t mean anything by it, whatever ‘it’ was.

Every time she’d laid down to sleep, she’d remembered those videos. While it was true that sometimes she pulled Adrien down, he was rarely surprised by it. Alya’s videos showed him very clearly hovering over her hopefully, sometimes protectively, and sometimes laying or sitting nearby without her prompting. The happy grin whenever she rolled towards him and snuggled in haunted her.

Lost in her thoughts, Marinette didn’t hear Adrien come in, or Alya leave. Half asleep, Marinette almost missed it when someone wrapped an arm around her shoulders, and Marinette drowsily sniffled at the congestion building in her throat from silently crying. The drowsiness was chased away by adrenaline when Adrien wrapped her in his arms though.

Adrien was so warm and firm, soft in just the right spots to make it comfortable for Marinette to snuggle forward bravely. Marinette took a whiff of Adrien, noticing that he wasn’t wearing the cologne he sold. His natural scent was so soothing, though. She wondered absently if they bottled this scent anywhere. It felt so safe and comfortable here, with Chat.

...Chat?

OMAKE (this is set before the current arc of the story, before the conversation in the library):

knock knock

Adrien jolted, tossing Plagg towards his bed and swinging around to face the door as it opened.

Gabriel walked in wearing a candy cane striped robe tied tightly closed across his waist. His pants were a similar red, and the shirt that peeked from under the robe was a creamy white that looked vaguely familiar. Gabriel looked at Adrien and froze with a foot in the air.

“What are you wearing?” He asked in a deep, forbidding tone. Adrien glanced down at his Ladybug and Chat Noir themed pajamas.

“Uh, hero pajamas?” Adrien answered questioningly. The spots and colors really should have clued his father in, after all. Gabriel frowned fiercely.

“The red and green clash. The entire outfit is atrocious.” Gabriel set his foot down physically and metaphorically. “It needs to be burned.”

Adrien gaped. “Father! They’re heroes!”

Gabriel stared back. “Adrien! Spots and stripes do NOT mix!”

Adrien closed his mouth and glanced down. “Well, yeah, but they’re opposites. The differences show that, you know?”

Gabriel stared down at the incriminating pants with a distasteful frown. “I’m beginning to think we’re going to have to marry you off to a proper successor. Your fashion sense isn’t terrible, but....”

Adrien glanced up in alarm. “You mean like an investor’s daughter?” The horror was apparent in his voice.

Gabriel blinked at him in confusion. “Of course not. We need an up and coming designer to help you run the business.” Gabriel briefly smiled as though imparting a joke. “Know any designers I might approve of?”

Adrien flushed as red as Gabriel had ever seen him, and began to choke. As Gabriel rushed forward to pat his son on the back, Adrien murmured. “I might, know one....”

Gabriel blinked down at his embarrassed son. Well, this was new. “Oh? Someone you wouldn’t mind marrying?” Gabriel enjoyed the way Adrien’s skin turned a darker red and his ears flamed when he cautiously nodded.

Adrien peeked up at his father to see him smirking. Adrien slammed his eyes shut and covered his face. “Well now,” His father drawled. “I’ll have to meet this gem.”

Adrien groaned quietly. “You already have.” He admitted. His father hummed for a minute before Adrien felt his father move away. He opened his eyes to see a startled Gabriel staring down at him thoughtfully.

“Ms. Dupain-Cheng?” Adrien gaped up at him. “Don’t look at me that way, Adrien. She’s the only designer whose praise you sing constantly you know. You’ve even written me three

entire emails dedicated to her beauty, her wit, and her design skills.” Adrien wordlessly shook his head in denial.

Gabriel’s eyebrow raised. “I have the emails, Adrien. Do you wish me to show them to you?”

Adrien continued to stare. “I never thought you read the emails I sent. I thought Nathalie got rid of them.”

Gabriel rested his hands on Adrien’s shoulders and frowned down at him. “Of course not. I read everything you send me, eventually. I just get busy at times. If you like this girl, we’ll see about compatibility over time. For now, give me those pajamas. They need to be burned.”

Adrien recoiled as though his father had tried to burn him along with the clothing. “Father! How could you! These are limited edition!”

Gabriel sniffed haughtily. “Indeed. So limited, their days are numbered. Besides, I thought you sleep naked?” Adrien flushed. “Ah, puberty?” Gabriel sympathetically responded. Adrien’s face once more burned a dark red.

“Don’t worry, Adrien. Your little man will settle down eventually. For now, wear boxers. And give Nathalie those pajamas in the morning. We’ll give them a Viking farewell.” Gabriel patted Adrien on the shoulders before turning to leave. He continued to talk as he left the room, calling over his shoulder.

“Sleep well Adrien, and don’t worry. The maids won’t tell anyone if they need to clean the sheets more often.”

Adrien was left in tears, from both mortification and horror. He was going to lose his most expensive pajamas, and his father thought he was wetting the bed. Could this night get any worse?

Plagg popped into the open. “Wow, your old man looked like a candy cane. I wonder what he came here for in the first place.”

As though summoned, Gabriel knocked and poked his head back in briefly. “I forgot to say, you’re not going to school tomorrow. You have a photo shoot at studio D across the city for some jewelry instead. Good night, Adrien!” The door snapped closed once more.

Adrien collapsed to the floor. Now he’d lost his opportunity to nap with his Princess tomorrow too. Adrien glowered as Plagg flew over to him.

“Why did you ask that?! Did you jinx me?” Plagg shrugged.

“Don’t have to jinx you. This kind of luck comes with the territory.” He replied.

Adrien wordlessly groaned in response.

Adrien gets what he's wanted, and then some

Chapter Summary

Our favorite couple uses their words, until they don't.

Alternatively, Adrien is a little careless.

Chapter Notes

I've been asked to up the rating. As a reminder, if you think I'm missing a tag, suggesting it is usually all I need. :) This was supposed to be the final chapter but, well, Chat Noir ran away and it was already too long. Good news is, I'm already working on the next chapter. Enjoy!

Sleepybug and CuddleNoir 7

Dianora's request is fulfilled.

ZincSakira's request is also fulfilled.

Marinette froze up despite her best attempts to pretend to be asleep. There was no way she'd just mistaken Adrien for Chat; they were totally different boys. Marinette felt Adrien reflexively stiffen in response and cautiously squeeze her tighter into his side. Marinette involuntarily compared it to the feel of Chat Noir despite the screeching in her head that demanded she stop. He smelled the same to her civilian nose. He felt the same against her unarmored body.

Marinette's head tilted up curiously. Ever since she'd seen the videos of Adrien cuddling her, she'd wanted to experience it for herself while awake. Now that she was going through it, Marinette was sure her face was rapidly turning a dark red. Marinette felt Adrien's chest rumble for a moment, and he smothered a chuckle in her hair. Marinette grew flustered at the feel of his lips brushing her head. She ignored the part of her that thought he might have been purring like Chat and the small hope that he'd just kissed her.

"You're awake?" Adrien quietly asked. Marinette flushed and fidgeted for a moment before she attempted to pull away but Adrien held tightly to her. "No, no, don't leave. I really want to talk with you." Marinette paused. It had been so long since they'd last talked. It almost felt

like she was having withdrawals in the last week, and she had been ready to talk to him earlier. Marinette tentatively leaned her head back onto his shoulder and felt a relieved breath escape him as he relaxed against her.

“So,” Adrien started. To Marinette’s surprise, the class quieted down at the volume of his normal voice, not the soft mutter he’d used to whisper into her ear a moment ago. “The rumors going around aren’t dying, and I’m sick of everyone getting it all wrong.” Marinette stayed as still as possible, faintly aware of the fast tempo of Adrien’s heart. She discreetly pressed a hand over his heart in support, silently willing him to have confidence.

“I’ve been cuddling up to Marinette for weeks now, and she never knew.” There was a quiet uproar from her classmates, but no one’s comments were loud enough for Marinette to distinguish. Marinette shifted in her seat, and Adrien soothingly ran a hand down her upper arm. “She didn’t know she was cuddling anyone at all, let alone me.” Adrien clarified. A more agreeable murmur swept through the room, and Marinette frowned. It sounded really bad when he said it like that.

“I’ve essentially been sneaking into her bed to be close to her, and now everyone is saying terrible things about her, but not me.” Adrien continued. Marinette’s hand clenched against his shirt and she began to push herself away. Adrien immediately stopped talking and wrapped his arms more securely around her shoulder, gently drawing her back into the warmth of his side. Mentally grumbling, Marinette stopped pushing against his body.

With a soft huff, Marinette gave in to the comfortable warmth and relaxed into Adrien’s side. Adrien obviously didn’t want her to sit up while he was talking. For just a moment, Marinette swore she could feel his lips against her hairline again, before she brushed it off. Surely Adrien wouldn’t be kissing her on purpose. Not in class, and not before talking about what had been going on between them.

“It isn’t right. I was the one that purposely stayed close so she would grab onto me. I was the one that got upset every time I thought she was going to cuddle anyone else. I was the one,” Adrien took a deep breath. “That realized I was in love with her and have been trying to subconsciously make her love me using our bodies.”

The class broke out into loud chattering, and Marinette drew back despite herself. This time Adrien didn’t try to stop her, and Marinette slowly removed her mask, staring at Adrien as soon as he came into view. The burning across her cheeks perfectly matched the color on Adrien’s. Their eyes met and held with unspoken promise and a mutual fear of rejection.

Adrien’s cheeks were flushed a rosy hue, and his eyes sparkled with the vibrant green she so often dreamt of. But there was a nervous tilt to his head and the edges of his smile wavered in fear. Marinette let her eye mask drop to the desk and leaned back in. Adrien held his breath as she drew near, looking quietly into her eyes and allowing her to examine him.

“You’re in love with me?” Marinette choked out in a whisper. Adrien nodded shyly, glancing down at his hands for a moment, but her next question brought his gaze back to her. “You were doing it on purpose? Sleeping with me?” Marinette quietly asked, turning redder at the implication in her words but pushing past the mortification. Adrien flushed and nodded, biting his lip anxiously with a half-smile of apology forming on his handsome face.

Marinette bit her own lip in response before chuckling. “You tried to make me fall in love with you by cuddling me?” She giggled to herself as she asked. Adrien’s face darkened to a mortified red, but he nodded again as the smile on his face faded away. Marinette could see the growing fear in his eyes and rushed to reassure him.

“Oh Adrien, that’s silly!” Marinette laughed happily into the silence of the room. Marinette wasn’t sure when everyone had stopped talking, but it didn’t matter. “I’ve been in love with you for years, you silly c-” Marinette cut herself off for a moment before correcting herself. “Cutie.” Marinette blinked and frowned into his half happy, half panicked face, concerned by the subconscious feeling she was talking with her partner. She immediately pushed the thought away and smiled, her happiness bubbling up irrepressibly.

Adrien gaped down at her, while she smiled happily up at him. She never thought he would confess to her first, this really was an incredible day. “Really?” He asked. Marinette beamed at him, ignoring the small part screaming that she might be agreeing to date Chat and that was NOT ALLOWED.

“Really.” Marinette confirmed with a sweet smile. Adrien reached for her yet again and cuddled her close. Marinette took a deep whiff of his skin at the base of his neck and all of her tension seemed to melt away. Something about his embrace was so relaxing, so intoxicating. Absently, Marinette realized she’d been sleep deprived for a while now. Was there any reason she couldn’t just take a nap right now?

“Ahem.” Ms. Bustier’s voice interrupted Marinette’s sleepy thoughts. “It’s time for class. If everyone could return their hands to themselves?” Marinette groaned in protest. She hadn’t been so comfortable in over a week now. “Now, Marinette.” Marinette grumbled as she drew away.

Marinette and Adrien shared a bashful grin before turning to get ready for class. The rest of their conversation could wait. If their hands brushed and held each other’s under the desk, that wasn’t anyone’s business but theirs.

“So are you dating now?” Alya’s loud voice jolted Adrien out of his happy daydream of cuddling Marinette during lunch for the first time in eternity. Adrien choked for a moment, swiveling his head to meet Marinette’s equally flustered expression. Adrien opened his mouth and raised his eyebrows slightly, unprepared to answer for her. Marinette mirrored him and they both paused, waiting for the other to speak first.

After a moment, they realized they weren’t breathing and let out a long breath. Recognizing they were now breathing in sync, Adrien snorted a laugh before glancing into Marinette’s soulful blue eyes. After a moment of stunned happiness, they broke into laughter together.

Alya stood in front of them impatiently, desperate to know if they were ready to finally put a label on themselves. Sabrina scoffed and escorted a surprisingly docile Chloe from the room as the rest of the class pretended to not be invested in the answer. Adrien gathered his bravery and gently laced his fingers with Marinette’s and felt her freeze.

“Will you be my girlfriend, Marinette?” He softly whispered. Marinette shyly lifted her gaze to meet his as a beautiful flush enhanced the adorableness of her face. Marinette smiled and nodded silently before looking down at their fingers as though entranced. Adrien felt a well of heat slowly infusing his chest with happiness and couldn’t suppress the grin that broke free. Adrien turned to Alya with his irrepressible grin, making Alya and Nino gape at the new expression.

“Yes! We’re dating now!” Adrien enthusiastically replied. Adrien paused for a moment and studied Alya before looking over Marinette thoughtfully. “Does this mean I’m the only one you’ll cuddle now? Because I want to be the only one you cuddle.” He admitted. Alya and Marinette’s eyes grew wide.

Marinette gaped up at him in confused disbelief. “The only one?” Marinette parroted back, looking a little conflicted. Sensing her reluctance, Adrien immediately shyly backpedaled. He didn’t want to lose her before he even had the chance to appreciate her!

“I don’t-don’t have to be! I know we just started dating, I can, uh, well, I’ll probably get jealous, but I understand if you don’t want to be exclusive. You’re so amazing Marinette. If you want to keep your options open, I’ll,” Adrien paused, Marinette’s soft, tiny hand covering his mouth and stopping his mortified rambling. Marinette searched his eyes for a moment before taking a deep breath.

“I can’t promise I won’t cuddle anyone else while I’m sleeping, Adrien.” Marinette sadly replied. “I’m not aware enough to know when I cuddle someone, and I don’t want to betray you without knowing it. I can promise not to knowingly cuddle anyone else, but I do like to snuggle with my friends while watching movies. Will that bother you? I can try to stop! Do you want to break up?” Marinette fearfully asked, tears building in her beautiful blue eyes.

Adrien rushed to reassure her. “No! Of course not! I can understand, I’ve been taking advantage of that part of you for over a month now! I’m not that much of a hypocrite! But,” Adrien choked for a moment before coughing and clearing his throat. “If I’m there, will you promise to choose me over anyone else to cuddle?”

Adrien flushed and looked down, clearly embarrassed at his needy demand. Adrien’s sharp ears caught a quiet tea-kettle sounding squeal, and looked around for the source before finally looking at Marinette’s beet-red face. It sounded like it was coming from her, but surely a human couldn’t make that sound.

“I can promise that.” Marinette choked out, the teakettle sound ending immediately. She grabbed both of his hands and leaned forward intently. “I promise I’ll always choose you first.” Adrien flushed, gripping her hands just as tightly and leaning forward to rest their foreheads together in relief. Slowly they both sleepily closed their eyes, immediately relaxing into their counterpart.

“That’s all I can ask of you.” He murmured easily. A series of clicks slowly intruded upon the hazy happiness Adrien had joyfully fallen into. He frowned and met Marinette’s equally confused eyes before leaning back and looking around. Alya ecstatically clutched her phone, chanting to herself about ships. Adrien chuckled and glanced at Marinette, who giggled at her friend’s antics.

“Break time is over, students. Please have a seat!” Their teacher called. Adrien and Marinette shared a surprised glance, checking the clock to find they had indeed used up the entire break with their discussion. They reluctantly released their hands and settled back in for class.

Adrien passed the day in a happy haze. His first girlfriend spent the day attached to his side, often leaning on his shoulder shyly and always looking at him before anyone else. Lunch was a quiet affair, with everyone shyly or eagerly waiting to see if they would have their first nap together as a couple. Adrien found himself too shy to ask Marinette if she wanted to nap, and Marinette was too busy looking at their linked hands to consider sleep, Adrien noted sadly.

“Parting is such sweet sorrow.” Adrien murmured to Marinette after escorting her to the bakery. Marinette sweetly giggled as she looked up at him with love in her eyes. Adrien felt his breath catch, and thoughtlessly leaned down.

As Adrien and Marinette studied each other’s faces and waited for something to happen, the bakery chime startled them into jumping apart as a customer left. Their eyes met again and they flushed together, nervously grasping at the other’s hand despite the embarrassment.

Alya and Nino both made rude disappointed sounds. Adrien frowned at Nino who shrugged at him, while Alya laughed and linked her arm with Marinette’s, gently tugging her out of Adrien’s desperate grasp. “We’ll see both of you tomorrow then?” Alya called out as she dragged Marinette away.

Marinette waved sadly as Adrien watched her go. He raised a hand to wave but Marinette disappeared before he could bring himself to say goodbye. With a sigh, Adrien considered sneaking in to talk as Chat, before he remembered he needed to get to fencing.

“So bro, congrats?” Nino offered a fist bump. Adrien bumped back before resettling his shoulder bag and beginning to walk back towards the school. Nino obligingly followed, both checking the road before crossing.

“Thanks Nino! I’m really happy, but if I don’t hurry, I’ll be late to fencing. I can’t believe Marinette said yes! Text you later dude!” Adrien waved as he broke into a run. Nino laughed and waved him off. As Adrien ran, he thought wistfully of a nap with his girlfriend. It had been so long since he’d slept well.

“Plagg, do you think it’s too soon to sneak into Marinette’s bed?” Adrien asked as he towed his hair dry. Plagg dropped his cheese as he roared with laughter, and Adrien gawked. He’d never seen Plagg distracted enough to be disrespectful toward his cheese before.

“You’ve been dating a day and you’re already jumping into bed? I thought humans frowned on that?” Plagg chuckled as he picked up his cheese and eyed Adrien with a knowing twinkle. Adrien frowned down at him in confusion.

“I mean, I’ve been jumping into her bed for over a month now,” Adrien replied cautiously. Plagg cackled again.

“Yes, and most would consider you an evil playboy of epic proportions, cuddling up to her without dating her properly. That’s not even considering how she was unaware she was sharing her bed with you.” Plagg slyly insinuated. Adrien flushed.

“That’s not fair! It was all innocent!” Adrien hotly replied. Plagg flew into the air, gleefully cackling in response. “It was innocent! It’s still innocent! I just want good sleep!” Adrien insisted, staring up at his second floor where Plagg had disappeared.

“I’m glad to hear that.” Adrien let out a small scream as he spun to look at the door where his father stood, casually leaning against the doorframe with his arms crossed. Adrien silently stared, unsure what to say.

Gabriel glanced down at Adrien’s lack of attire. “I see you’re back to your birthday suit.” Gabriel drawled, smirking at his mortified son, who covered his crotch defensively.

“Well I don’t exactly have a choice! You set all of my pajamas on fire!” Adrien replied with an angry scowl. Gabriel snickered in remembrance.

“You could still wear your underwear to sleep, Adrien. Or maybe I can custom make you some new pajamas?” Gabriel slyly offered with a smirk. Adrien’s mouth gaped open unattractively for a moment. Adrien was tempted to take him up on the offer until common sense asserted itself.

“Wait. What kind of design were you thinking?” Adrien suspiciously asked. His father wasn’t known for his mischievous side, but that was purely because his family usually suffered the brunt of it. No one wanted to admit it when they got pranked by Gabriel Agreste because he was devious and conniving enough to convince others it wasn’t true.

“Well,” Gabriel drawled, looking up innocently. “I’ve heard your face is very popular, but that might be seen as narcissistic. How about a set of pajamas with Ms. Dupain-Cheng’s face?” Gabriel grinned at Adrien, expecting a fervent denial. Adrien turned a dark red, but was notably silent. Gabriel straightened up.

“Oh? What’s this?” Gabriel entered the room, circling Adrien thoughtfully. “Can it be you’ve realized your crush?” Gabriel stroked his chin thoughtfully. Adrien looked down and scratched his head silently.

“You want the pajamas? I can make it happen.” Gabriel offered, fascinated by his son’s silence. When Adrien silently nodded, Gabriel went mute in surprise. He studied Adrien’s ears as they flamed a painful looking red, and covered his mouth to prevent himself from laughing.

“Any particular picture?” Gabriel choked out. Adrien paused, glanced at his father, then silently walked over to his phone and pulled up a photo Alya had sent him earlier that day. Adrien handed his phone to his father and began vigorously drying his hair again, obviously

embarrassed. Gabriel looked over the adorable photo of Adrien and Marinette smiling with their eyes closed and their foreheads pressed together.

“Is there anything you’d like to tell me, Adrien?” Gabriel cautiously asked. Adrien mumbled a reply. “I didn’t hear that.” Gabriel leaned closer, staring at Adrien’s embarrassed face.

“’s my grlfrn.” Adrien mumbled as his face turned an alarming red. Gabriel stared. His son had never turned such a shade before. Gabriel silently held up a finger, asking for one more repeat. “She’s my GIRLFRIEND.” Adrien shouted out, flushed, sweating, and clenching his fists. His towel dropped to the floor without conscious notice.

“Oh my. Congratulations.” Gabriel numbly replied. “A recent change?” He questioned. Adrien glanced at him with the happiest smile Gabriel had seen in years. With the combined flush and smile, Gabriel was forcibly reminded of Emilie in that moment so strongly it felt like he’d been punched.

“Today. She agreed to be mine today, Father.” Adrien shyly replied, looking a little proud. Gabriel nodded, silently wheezing from the surprise attack. He clenched his hand over his uneasy stomach and handed the phone back to a surprised Adrien.

“I see. I wish you the best. Send me that photo.” Gabriel ordered, quickly making his way to the door. “And get some good sleep.” With a snap, the door shut, leaving Adrien staring after his father’s retreat in confusion.

“That was strange.” Plagg stated from right next to Adrien’s ear. Adrien jumped and stared daggers at Plagg for a minute before sighing. There wasn’t any point in staying angry at Plagg.

“Yeah, yeah it was.” Adrien agreed. With a shrug, Adrien moved on to other thoughts, sending the photo to his father and setting his phone down. “Anyway Plagg, let’s get going. I wanna cuddle Marinette tonight.” Adrien smiled and called out his transformation phrase, sucking a protesting Plagg into the ring.

“Wait, Adrien what abo-!” Plagg’s protest was cut off, and Chat Noir studied his outfit for a minute, feeling like he’d forgotten something. Shrugging it off, he turned the lights off, set up the pillow dummy he’d specially ordered, and turned a light on in the bathroom, locking the door and leaving the window open as he slid out.

“Well, off to see my princess!” Chat happily decided, confident he’d prepared everything properly. Chat easily made his way to Marinette’s balcony, certain he could make the trip in his sleep. Glancing in the skylight, Chat let out an angry hiss.

“How dare that mangy beast try to take my place?!” Chat felt his ears flatten and his hair raise up in his anger. Below, Marinette was smiling as she cuddled that smug, inferior cat pillow in her sleep. Staring, Chat was certain the pillow smirked up at him, obviously taunting him. Chat nearly cataclysmed the skylight in his haste to correct this state of affairs.

He dropped down beside his princess, leaning over her and carefully but quickly working the cat pillow free of her grasp, grinning viciously as the pillow quietly plopped sadly to the

floor. Chat's tail lashed happily. If the pillow were alive, Chat was happy to announce it would be dead after a steep fall like that.

Purring, Chat gently wormed his way into Marinette's embrace, the rumble coming louder as Marinette easily snuggled in, burying her head under his chin and firmly wrapping him in her arms. Exhausted, Chat happily fell asleep.

An indeterminate time later, Adrien woke, feeling oddly cold. Sleepily, he climbed under his covers, and cuddled his pillow close. With a happy hum, he took a deep breath of the sweet scent. His bed smelled heavenly. With that happy thought, Adrien fell back asleep.

Adrien felt something gently stroking his pectorals, and smiled as he woke. He knew Marinette tended to be cuddly, but this felt like a wonderful cross between getting pets as Chat and getting lovingly embraced as Adrien.

Slowly blinking his eyes open, he glanced down into Marinette's sleepy face. Her dreamy smile set his heart aflutter, and he noted with interest he must have been pulled under her blanket during the night. Marinette's face had adorable red marks from her deep sleep, Adrien noted with amusement. The sun was barely peeking from the horizon, so surely they had plenty of time before Marinette's alarm went off.

"What a lovely dream," Marinette softly murmured, smiling beatifically at Adrien, gently running her hand up his chest and neck to protectively cup his cheek. Adrien fought the flush that he could feel springing forward, seeing an opportunity to hear what Marinette thought when she was sleeping.

"Like what you see?" He wickedly murmured back, delighting in the growing mischievous grin that looked oddly comfortable on his girlfriend's face. Marinette leaned forward, resting her head on his chest and listening to his heartbeat.

"I do, very much." Marinette replied, blowing a breath across his neck and sending shivers down his back. Marinette slowly ran her hand back down his cheek, neck, and chest, boldly outlining his abs under the blanket. "I didn't realize you were so packed." She whispered before giggling.

Adrien flushed. Something felt odd. Normally the sensation of being touching through the suit was a little blunted, but this felt almost painfully intimate. He could swear he could feel the callus on her hand as it caressed his hip bone daringly. "M-Marinette?" He stuttered, caught off-guard. Marinette's confident giggle wasn't reassuring at all.

"Adrien, you feel so good," Marinette drawled as her hand scratched at his hip, sending shivers across various body parts, and nearly sending Adrien right out of his skin with shock. That was nails. That was definitely nails on his bare skin. Oh god. The pleasurable sensation was drowned out by the panic as adrenaline coursed through his veins.

"I've dreamt of this before, but this feels so real. Your skin is even silkier than mine," Marinette sighed happily as her hand drifted ever closer to dangerous territory.

“O-Ohhh, no!” Adrien jumped back, briefly losing his breath when his movement caused her hand to brush something that had never been touched before. “Notadream!” He choked out. Marinette blinked and froze, staring at him in confusion.

“What do you mean, not a dream?” Marinette asked, suspicious tone matching the growing realization in her eyes. Marinette glanced around the room, confirming it was her bed before looking at Adrien as he sat up, letting the covers fall. “Oh god. Are you naked?”

“Uh,” Adrien intelligently replied, looking down in equal horror at his bare chest. As Adrien furtively felt himself under the blankets, Marinette slowly sat up as well.

“You’re naked. Well, that proves it. Definitely a dream. Gosh, don’t scare me like that!” Marinette laughed in relief and threw herself at him. Adrien found a lapful of girlfriend happily kissing every inch of him she could reach, and let her push him back down. Adrien helplessly lapped up the amorous attentions of his cuddly girlfriend until her hands began wandering again.

“Mmm, Ahh, Mmm-Marineette!” Adrien gasped in alarm. This was, this wasn’t good. He wasn’t sure why he’d de-transformed, but when Marinette realized this wasn’t a dream, she really might break up with him. Adrien gently began bringing her hands back to safe areas, gasping whenever she brushed against zones he’d never had stroked whilst naked before.

“Mmm, Adrien?” Marinette sleepily muttered in confusion even as she trailed kisses along his jaw. “Why aren’t you touching me too?” Adrien had to freeze at that invitation. Ideas overwhelmed his mind until the only solution was to get away. Right now.

“Plagg, claws out!” With a green flash, Chat Noir ran for his life, leaving a gaping Marinette staring after him.

OMAKE:

“T-Tikki?”

A nervous giggle answered Marinette. “Yes?” Tikki flew to hover next to Marinette.

“Was there just a naked Adrien in my bed?”

A heartbeat of silence.

“Well, yes? I think so?”

Another short silence.

“Did he just transform into Chat Noir?”

Tikki hovered silently before meeting Marinette’s eyes.

“Would you believe me if I said no?”

Marinette stared back.

Then wordlessly screamed.

Always and Forever

Chapter Summary

Things get resolved, but others remain.

Chapter Notes

Fair warning, this chapter is nearly a third the size of all the other chapters combined. You might want a bathroom trip or water before you start. Maybe? I am sorry it came out so late, there was a lot I wanted to include, and I didn't want to make a sequel to this. Its fluffier than you can imagine.

Sleepybug and Cuddle Noir 8

CabbitAndTheWeasel's request is fulfilled. I think I've gotten them all now.

When Marinette stepped out of the bakery to head to school later that morning, she found an incredibly nervous Adrien standing against the wall just out of sight of the door. Marinette did her best to smother the scream that burst out at the sight. Adrien flinched at the muffled dying hyena noise and covered his face for a moment before looking at her with determination.

"Please don't break up with me—"

"So you really were sneaking into bed with me all this time—"

They paused and stared at each other for a moment.

"I'm so sorry—"

"Break up wi—"

They froze, staring for a moment before each gestured for the other to speak. After a pregnant pause, they tried again.

"Oh Cats."

"Oh Creator."

Marinette and Adrien gasped.

“CAT?—“

“CREATOR?—“

“CHAT?!”

“LB?!”

Adrien covered his mouth as he squealed and jumped in place. “I found you! Oh thank the Cats it’s you!” He crowed, victorious and giddy with his discovery. Marinette on the other hand covered her mouth and screamed with an edge of hysteria leaking in.

“I’m dating Chat? I really am dating Chat! I’m not prepared! Oh no oh no nonono!” Marinette sank into her panic, unable to forget the heartbroken blue eyes and pale hair that haunted her dreams more often than she would admit. Slowly there wasn’t enough air, and Marinette began to gasp, crouching down and trying to see through the black spots in her vision.

“I’m dating LB! Of course it would be you, Ma-Marinette!” Adrien sputtered to a stop in shock as Marinette dropped toward the ground. “Marinette, are you okay?” Adrien sank to his haunches and patted her back, rubbing soothing circles and looking around for help, only to find anyone nearby conspicuously looking away when he tried to meet their eyes.

“Oh Creator! Chat Noir! Chat Blanc! Oh no!” Marinette gasped. Adrien paused, realizing she wasn’t handling his identity nearly as well as he was handling hers. Adrien dropped to one knee and gently hugged her, letting her calm down on her own. He listened carefully as she started chanting numbers under her breath and her breath slowly calmed down.

Marinette slowly felt her vision clear as Adrien patiently knelt next to her. Marinette took a deep whiff of his neck, instantly recognizing the scent that she found to be the most comforting in the world. As Marinette felt her mind sharpening, she noticed that while Adrien held her gently, his back felt rigid and he seemed clearly uncomfortable.

“Marinette, is it, is it bad that I’m Chat?” Adrien hesitantly asked in a quiet tone. “I know you’ve always rejected me as our, um, other sides, so if you’ve changed your mind,” Adrien paused with a catch in his throat, and Marinette tightly grasped him to her. Adrien went silent, waiting to see what she had to say. There was a poignant silence as they both thought furiously of the other person, piecing things together.

“I just wasn’t, prepared.” Marinette tearfully replied. Adrien bit his lip as the tears built in her eyes, and she buried her head in his shoulder. “There’s something I haven’t told you about, Chat.”

Twenty minutes later

“Wow.” Adrien finally spoke. Marinette nodded and clutched her jeans tightly.

“Yeah.” Marinette sighed. Adrien turned to look at her, slowly wrapping an arm around her shoulders and gently pulling her in. Marinette let herself be moved, filling her nose with the scent she’d associated with safety and comfort for even longer than she’d realized. Marinette closed her eyes and breathed it in, finally understanding how she’d ended up dating Chat Noir while in love with Adrien in that alternative timeline.

“It doesn’t have to be that way.” Adrien confidently assured her. “We don’t know what exactly happened, but as long as we’re honest with each other, I’m sure we can get through this.” Marinette looked down, clearly unsure.

“I don’t know, Chat.” Marinette murmured. “I haven’t planned it out yet. I don’t have 8 safeguards in place. We don’t have a secure bunker and fake passports in case things go wrong.” Adrien blinked at his girlfriend for a minute.

“Well, think about this. If we were on the route for Chat Blanc, wouldn’t Bunnyx have come to stop us by now? Class started like ten minutes ago, after all, this is the prime time to have us fix it.” They both paused and looked around for the older hero. Seeing no one, they both released a relieved breath.

“You have a point. We can just start prepping a passport and some money now.” Marinette admitted. Marinette paused. “Okay wait. Now that I’m not freaking about you being Chat, I have to ask. Have you really been sneaking into my room at night? How long?” Marinette sat back to fix Adrien with a frown.

Adrien grimaced, clearly expecting it but still unhappy to admit the truth. “Well,” He hedged. “About how long have you been getting really good sleep at night?” He asked innocently. Marinette paused, thinking about it.

“Over a MONTH?!” She screamed. Adrien winced, his sensitive ears ringing. Marinette wasn’t done. As she took in a deep breath, Adrien quickly covered both ears and braced for angry ranting. “Adrien, sneaking into a girl’s room is CREEPY! Why would you do that?” Marinette demanded. Adrien drooped, aghast at being called creepy, but unable to refute it. Adrien let a pout peek out as he glanced at his angry girlfriend.

“You were comfortable. I was going to ask first, but you were so cute reaching for me in your sleep. Then you said you slept so well, and I did too, and then I just couldn’t stop.” Adrien muttered. Adrien deployed his best gooey kitten eyes. “You think I’m creepy?”

Marinette sputtered for an answer for a moment. “A bit,” She finally bit out, exasperated. Adrien pouted, fiddling with his thumbs and obviously upset. “Adrien, you can’t sneak into unsuspecting girls’ rooms. That’s not just creepy, it’s criminal.”

“I’ve only ever snuck into your room!” Adrien defended, affronted at the very idea of sneaking into another girl’s room. Marinette stared, obviously not seeing what made her different. “You’re special! You’re the only one I would ever break the law to be with like that, princess! You have to believe me!” Adrien’s eyes sparkled with his conviction and he clutched her hand to his chest passionately. Marinette had to look away to maintain her sanity.

“I believe you,” Marinette finally admitted. “But no more! No sneaking in without permission!” She admonished, pointing her finger at him firmly. Adrien nodded happily and playfully kissed the tip of her finger. He let out an airy giggle and slyly looked up at her through his lashes.

“I’ll make sure to get your permission next time I sleep with you.” He happily replied. Marinette felt the words she’d planned evaporate as she was reminded of this morning, when she thought she was dreaming.

“Oh god. Did I really jump you this morning?” Marinette gasped in a mortified squeak. Adrien’s mouth worked silently as he tried to find a reply, even as he relived the glorious and terrifying morning. Adrien looked deeply into Marinette’s eyes as she tried to shy away, and leaned in conspiringly.

“Which answer will get me out of trouble?” Adrien smarmily asked. Marinette sputtered at him for a moment before whacking his chest playfully and laughing at his silliness. Adrien burst out laughing and leaned back, relieved she wasn’t about to have another meltdown. The kwami were already conspicuously looking around for any akuma.

“I can’t believe our first kiss was me jumping you in my bed. What are we going to tell our children, Adrien?” Marinette groaned as she covered her face. Adrien felt his breath freeze in his chest as he thought it over. Marinette was already planning to live her whole life with him. She really did love him back.

“I mean,” Adrien hedged. “We could always have a redo of our first kiss? If you want?” Adrien shyly suggested. Marinette’s cheeks turned that fetching shade of pink he adored and they both leaned forward, drowning in their feelings for each other. As Adrien began to lean down and close his eyes, he could feel Marinette’s warm breath against his lips, and he gulped.

With his eyes still closed, he pushed away the reminders of this morning when Marinette peppered his face with kisses and courageously moved forward. Without his sight, his lips landed at an awkward slant, but he determinedly moved back incrementally and tried again, this time meeting her lush lower lip with his upper lip. Adrien felt Marinette’s gasp, and pushed forward to seal it between their mouths. They both let out tiny gasps, trading air, obviously intent upon what they were doing.

“What are they doing, Mommy?” A child’s innocent voice jolted Adrien out of his dreamlike haze, and he separated their lips. Adrien slowly blinked his eyes open to meet Marinette’s fluttering lashes as the child’s mother replied. They both turned a darker red as they unwillingly listened.

“They’re showing their love, sweetie. Let’s get out of their way, okay? Why don’t we go find your friend?” The mother’s gentle voice was both encouraging and admonishing at the same time, and Marinette and Adrien winced guiltily at the reminder. They giddily laughed and leaned back against the bench, lacing their fingers together instead of their lips.

“How’s that for a first kiss to tell our children?” Adrien asked, the purr in his voice as obvious as the embarrassed flush across his cheeks. Marinette debated a sassy reply before

laughing and resting her head against his shoulder instead.

“It was perfect, mon minou.” Marinette murmured. Adrien stiffened and felt his entire head go fuzzy with pleasure. Adrien wordlessly squeezed her hand tighter for a moment as he closed his eyes to consider how much had changed in the last hour of his life.

“Wait.” Marinette’s voice slowly drifted out. “Did you throw my cat pillow off my bed?” Adrien fought the instinctive urge to hiss at the reminder of the interloper and grimaced guiltily. Marinette leaned forward to study his face and Adrien saw the moment her eyes narrowed in suspicion. “Because it’s never fallen to the floor before, no matter how restlessly I sleep.”

Adrien bit his lip. “Do you prefer that cat pillow to me?” Adrien implored, obviously insecure. Marinette’s eyes widened as Adrien pressed his advantage, leaning over her and staring dolefully into her eyes. “Aren’t I warmer? Firmer? Cuddlier? I’m sure I smell better. Probably. Do I smell better? Marinette?” Adrien found himself trapping Marinette between his arms in his quest for answers. Marinette flushed and stuttered without answering as Adrien nearly crawled into her lap seeking reassurance.

Adrien pouted into Marinette’s eyes from far too close, and Marinette mentally imploded. Adrien let out a squeak of surprise when Marinette suddenly shoved him away and covered her face. Falling to the other side of the bench, Adrien stared up at her with a hurt expression until he heard her mutter something to the effect of “Too close! Too CUTE!!”

“You’re the one that’s too adorable, are you trying to kill me?” Adrien sighed as he sat back up and gave Marinette a minute to recover. As he let his head drop forward, he hoped his hair shadowed his face enough to keep the flush hidden as much as possible. He hadn’t realized he’d gotten so close until she shoved him, but now that he was remembering it, he wished he’d kissed her again.

“You’re obviously the best cuddler.” Marinette muttered without removing her hands from her face. Adrien felt a squeezing in his chest and fought the urge to smother her with kisses until she squeaked again.

“Promise?” Adrien pushed. He knew he was being silly, but that pillow had been with Marinette much longer than he had, and what if she decided she preferred another cuddle buddy later?

“Adrien!” Marinette burst out, uncovering her cherry face adorably irritated. “Stop it! You’re the best cuddle buddy, okay? Always and forever!” Adrien felt a giddy grin take over his face and he gleefully drank in her words.

“Always and forever?” Adrien breathlessly questioned, feeling far more possessive and pleased than he’d ever expected to. He leaned forward, breathlessly anticipating her reply.

“Always and forever!” Marinette declared, as though making it law. Adrien watched her fight through her embarrassment and felt himself fall just a little bit more in love. He wasn’t even sure he was capable of loving her more than he did at this moment, but he was utterly convinced she would make him fall harder the longer they were together.

Adrien daringly picked Marinette up and placed her on his lap. As she stared at him from an equal height for the first time, they both studied the other with new eyes. This was their partner, their best friend, and their love. As they heard the school bell ring, they realized something else. This was their tardy buddy.

Laughing, Marinette hopped up and grabbed Adrien's hand, dragging him to school. Any other revelations could wait.

***** One week later

Adrien yawned as he dragged himself to the classroom, certain he'd beaten Marinette there. Marinette had stubbornly refused to let him join her in bed since they had that talk a week ago, and they were both suffering for it. Eyes closed, Adrien ignored the jealous hissing and the quieter, worried whispers from their schoolmates.

Adrien determinedly cuddled up to Marinette at every opportunity during the day, and doggedly tossed and turned at night. He knew she was doing the same, because every day their eye bags grew worse and the snide comments from jealous students increased. Adrien was sure she'd break eventually and invite him back to her bed. She'd already confirmed he was the best cuddler. That damn pillow wouldn't take his place forever.

"Adrien?" Adrien opened his eyes, shocked to see Marinette already in her spot. Adrien rushed to his seat and scooted in as close as he could get, Marinette giggling and immediately relaxing against him. As Adrien looked down adoringly, Marinette's nose cutely scrunched and she shifted around before looking up at him imploringly.

"What's wrong, my beauty?" Adrien quietly asked, fully ready to do whatever she needed. Marinette blushed lightly before smiling up at him. Adrien briefly lost himself in her eyes that sparkled with happiness and pride in him.

"This isn't comfy." Marinette admitted. Adrien felt a moment of pure panic and froze. She's sworn he would be the most comfortable, always and forever. Had she already found someone else? He would have to study the art of cuddling and win her love back! The soft warm weight that settled across his chest slowly drew him out of his spiraling thoughts.

Glancing down, Adrien realized Marinette had turned to face him, settling her head into the crook of his arm and smiling mischievously up at him. Despite his best efforts, he was immediately turned on, reminded of that morning a week ago when that exact smile proceeded their first kissing and caressing session. Marinette giggled as Adrien's face turned pink and he clutched at her hip and shoulder carefully.

"This is much better." Marinette confidently confided. Adrien silently nodded, leaning over her and wrapping her more securely in his arms as she wrapped her arms around his neck and breathed him in. Adrien smiled as he reciprocated, happily burying himself in the sweet scent of his girlfriend's hair.

"God, get a room already." Chloe's voice huffed out as she passed. Adrien glanced up at his erstwhile friend, before getting an idea and deciding it would be worth it. He glanced around

to see the room almost full, and Chloe looking even more irritable than usual. Adrien carefully didn't look at Marinette.

"God, I wish we could." Adrien answered, hiding his smirk in Marinette's hair, allowing only his crinkled eyes to give away his glee as he waited for someone to respond. The class immediately broke into screams and shouting. The chaos was even more beautiful than he'd imagined, and he could almost hear Plagg's cackles in his bag. Marinette stiffened before burying her face in his shoulder and hysterically laughing. The other girls in class screamed, half in joy and half in outrage.

The boys in the class all made that low "Ooh" sound when someone made a successful rejoinder. Adrien preened in the approval from the male side, even as Marinette dug a vengeful finger into his side in retaliation. Chloe and Sabrina stared at him, utterly aghast at his crass reply. Marinette finally got a hold of herself and began squirming to get free.

"Noooo," Adrien whined in protest. "You're warm and comfy. Don't leave meeee!" He dramatically begged. Marinette sputtered in laughter yet again, falling against him tiredly after he held onto her too tightly for her to break free without hurting him. Adrien smugly glanced down at her, drinking in the happy, silly smile adorning her adorably freckled face.

"You're ridiculous, utterly ridiculous!" Marinette declared as loudly as she could before she buried her face in his chest. Adrien glanced at Chloe when he heard a choking sound, amused to see Chloe wordlessly gesturing and making rude faces. Apparently Chloe didn't like others using words she often used, Adrien mused gleefully.

Adrien got a very terrible idea. He glanced at where Chloe was already upset and ready to march up to Marinette and tell her off. Then he glanced down at the adorable mess in his arms and decided it was worth it. Adrien cleared his throat dramatically. Marinette immediately stiffened and tried to lean back, but Adrien clutched her head into his chest to delay her.

"How dare you! I'm gonna call my daddy, you know, the designer!" Marinette broke free from his chest to look at him in surprise for a moment before her tired brain finally caught up and she burst into feverish laughter. Adrien had used the exact inflection Chloe often did, even pausing at the exact same spots dramatically. Adrien laughed with her, almost crying with the force of it. At the sound of a furious huff, Adrien glanced up just in time to see Chloe storm out of the room as everyone else laughed with the couple.

Adrien wiped the tears from his eyes before gently rubbing Marinette's tears away. They shared a guilty smile. "That's going to come back to bite us," Marinette whispered. Adrien snorted and kissed the edges of her eyes.

"Worth it to see your smile, my princess." He murmured. Marinette took a moment to drown in the sweetness before the akuma alarm went off. Marinette moaned and Adrien smiled down at her guiltily. "Maybe it's not Chloe?" He hopefully suggested.

"HOW DARE YOU MAKE FUN OF MEEEEEE!" Echoed down the hallway. Marinette stared up at Adrien with a deadpan expression.

“Okay, yeah, we should run.” Adrien caved with no hesitation. He helped Marinette up, and they ran off to do their job.

“Do you think if we asked the mayor, he’d send his daughter out of Paris until Hawkmoth is defeated?” Ladybug tiredly asked her partner as they quietly fist-bumped and leaned against each other. Chat Noir sighed and wrapped his arms around his partner companionably.

“Only if we gave him a hard deadline, and probably possession of our souls.” He replied. They watched Chloe wail into Sabrina’s arms dramatically and decided it wasn’t necessary to console her yet again. “At least we know we can still fight together without too many problems.” Chat quietly drawled into Ladybug’s ear.

Ladybug flushed and elbowed him. “I’ve told you for years, you need to take better care of yourself and not step in front of attacks on purpose!” Ladybug quietly hissed. Chat gulped at the ferocious glint in his girlfriend’s eyes. With a determined scowl, Ladybug pivoted on her toes to poke Chat Noir in the chest as he held up his hands in surrender and backed away.

“My Lady, I know but I have to protect you! Paris needs you more than it does me!” Chat immediately knew he’d said the wrong thing. Ladybug followed his retreat with angry stomps, her chin raising in haughty anger and her lips straightening ominously. The true sign he’d said the wrong thing was the tears that Ladybug was forcing back as she stared up at him angrily.

“Paris may need me, but *I* need *YOU*.” Ladybug growled. Chat was quite impressed when Ladybug grabbed his suit and pulled him down towards her. He hadn’t thought the suit stretched like clothing. Chat gulped and guiltily met the eyes of his angry girlfriend, both oddly touched and even more oddly aroused by her angry countenance.

“Listen here, you mangy cat! Every plan I think of has one integral part. YOU! Without you, it’s much harder for me to win!” Ladybug shook her partner with each exclamation, and Chat found himself fascinated by her once more. Just as he’d thought, he loved her even more than he thought he could. “Let alone when the akuma gets your power on their side! It makes my job twice, no three times as hard! I NEED you, Chat! Always and forever!” Ladybug quietly hissed as she buried her head in his chest.

Chat wrapped her in his arms tightly, finally becoming aware of the whispering crowd. As he felt her shudder in his arms, Chat immediately made sure her face was covered and lifted her into his arms. “Sorry folks! Buggie hasn’t been sleeping well, she’s a little upset! Don’t worry, I’ll make sure she rests!” Chat called out in a high pitched tone, before immediately running away as Ladybug began punching his shoulder in retaliation.

“Ouch, ouch, MEOWCH MILADY.” Chat’s quiet whining eventually soothed Ladybug’s anger enough that he could safely set her down on the roof of the school. Ladybug’s feet

landed, but she refused to move away from her partner, keeping her nose buried in the crook between his neck and shoulder stubbornly. Chat sighed as Ladybug wrapped her arms around his torso. He couldn't feel it through his suit, but he was fairly sure there were tears running down Ladybug's face.

Chat examined their surroundings for any civilians, and patiently shuffled them into the private stairwell. Glancing down to be sure they were alone, he released his transformation with a mutter and waited Ladybug's miraculous out. As soon as Marinette emerged, Adrien scooped her back into his arms and cradled her in his lap, sitting down and resting his back against the door. His position afforded him a great view of anyone that might come up the stairs.

Marinette quietly sniffled, and Adrien sighed as he stroked her hair. She'd been a little more open about her worries and concerns about dating Chat Noir over the last week, but the lack of sleep and the stress of nearly seeing him die again appeared to have overwhelmed her. Marinette made a small choking sound, and Adrien fished a handkerchief out of his jeans to offer her, silently brushing her cheek with it until she took it from him.

With a frown, Marinette leaned back and scowled at him. Adrien studied her red eyes, the flushed cheeks, her adorably pink nose and the irresistible pout on her lips, absolutely itching to cover every centimeter in kisses. As though reading his thoughts, Marinette frowned fiercely, clearly conveying that she was still mad before crassly using the handkerchief right in front of his face.

"Ewww, Marinette." Adrien scrunched his nose in mingled disgust and delight, the funny honking sound she let out making it hard to keep a straight face. Marinette defiantly continued to use the handkerchief as much as possible, keeping eye contact stubbornly. As she finished drying her tears, Adrien let out a chuckle and lovingly wiped her clammy cheek with a thumb.

"There's my beautiful princess. My warrior princess. The Lady of my heart and soul." He murmured, his eyes dropping to half-mast as he leaned forward to finally bury her in kisses. Marinette's eyes fluttered shut against her will as his warm lips gently peppered her eyes and cheeks with kisses, before he softly nipped at her lips with his own. Despite herself, she pouted into the kiss. Adrien eagerly grabbed her lower lip and sucked on it, tracing the shape and taste as though memorizing it.

Marinette sighed and finally gave him a true kiss back before leaning away and placing a finger on his nose to stop him from following her for more kisses. "We really do need to talk about battle strategies, Mon Cherie." Marinette murmured. Adrien sneakily tilted his head up to quickly kiss her finger before she moved away with a startled squeak.

Adrien looked into his beloved lady's hypnotic gaze, getting lost briefly before studying her eye bags. "Hmmm. While I think you're right, I also think we're both too tired to do good planning. How do you feel about a little nap, my love?" Adrien smiled cajolingly, a mischievous sparkle igniting the lighter green flecks in his eyes. Marinette pouted at him before sighing.

“You’re not wrong.” Marinette admitted as she buried her head in his neck once more. “But we should definitely be in class right now.” Marinette grumbled. Adrien huffed a laugh as he moved them into a corner and rearranged her to drape comfortably across his chest, snugly protected between his thighs. Marinette gave a relieved sigh and Adrien did his best not to snicker at her obvious happiness.

“Technically, Pretty Lady, we ran and hid because an akuma was after us. We’ve been so tired lately, we just happened to fall asleep. How are we supposed to know when the akuma is handled if we’re sleeping through it, Princess?” Adrien’s sly voice tempted her, the smirk in his voice telling her he was enjoying their delinquency more than he should. Marinette snorted sleepily and flopped a hand against his chest in an attempt to smack him.

Even as Marinette tried to mumble some kind of recrimination, Adrien felt her drift off to sleep. With one last glance down the stairwell, Adrien let his eyes close, wrapped his arms firmly around his girlfriend and joined her in slumber.

When an unknown hand reached out and grabbed Adrien’s shoulder, Adrien jolted to awareness with a bolt of adrenaline. Operating on autopilot, he bent his neck to give a warning bite to the arm attached to the unknown hand, even as he gathered his slumbering princess to his chest and stood up. As a pained yelp was released into the air, Adrien was already planning escape routes and moving down the stairs to get to a new corner, turning his back to the wall and finally looking around at the potential danger.

Adrien blinked up at the teacher he’d seen in passing, still standing on the top staircase and clutching his hand while eyeing the pair incredulously. Adrien knew he taught the grade above them, but he didn’t know his name. The teacher meanwhile was studying the pair with a scowl, obviously upset at Adrien biting him.

Adrien blinked, shuffled Marinette more comfortably against his chest, and looked around again. The teacher was the only other person around. “Sorry,” Adrien quietly offered, and as the teacher opened his mouth, Adrien immediately took off down the stairs, looking for a safe place. He ignored the teacher’s incensed voice behind him, and made it to their class’s floor before checking the wall clock.

The lunch hour was almost over. With a disappointed sigh, Adrien shuffled into the classroom and dropped into his seat. Ignoring the mutters springing up around the room, Adrien began the delightful process of waking Marinette. He smiled down at her and gently began tracing the features of her face as he cooed at her. “Priiiiinceeeeeesss. Puretty Pretty Purincessssss~!” Adrien crooned.

Marinette’s nose scrunched adorably and she let out a disgruntled growl as she tucked her face against his neck again. Adrien snickered and gently traced the contours of her neck until she scrunched that up too, letting out an unhappy squeak. Adrien then softly traced the vertebrae of her back, going down her spine as he leaned down to whisper into her ear.

“Are you sure you want to continue this with an audience?” He suggestively whispered before blowing into her ear. As Marinette made a mad scramble to sit up, Adrien snorted and

broke down laughing. Marinette let out an angry snarl and as Adrien excitedly braced himself for her to attack, a voice broke them out of their bubble.

“Where the hell have you two been?” Alya’s demanding voice worked better than ice water on Marinette, freezing her and Adrien in place. The couple immediately turned their heads to find the irate blogger standing with a disapproving scowl and crossed arms. “We’ve looked for you everywhere! The akuma attack ended over three hours ago! You both missed all the morning classes! Were you out canoodling or something?” Alya’s angry voice caused a hush in the classroom.

Marinette bit her lip and didn’t say anything. Adrien glanced at Marinette for a moment before answering. “We fell asleep in the stairwell after running from the akuma. We’ve been having trouble sleeping lately.” Adrien gave a winning smile that Alya’s irritated glare punctured within seconds.

“That’s another thing. Are you two up late at night together or something? Why aren’t either of you sleeping? Do you even know the rumors going around about you both?” Alya was still speaking to both of them, but her concerned gaze was fixed on Marinette. Marinette grimaced.

“It’s hard to sleep without each other, and Mr. Agreste doesn’t let Adrien out very much. Sorry Alya, I know you’ve been worried. But we’ll figure out something so we can sleep better.” Marinette promised with a winning smile. Adrien gently squeezed her hand, and was pleased to note that their classmates appeared mollified.

Nino brightened. “Oh hey, I have an idea. Why don’t the two of you give each other a shirt covered in your perfume or cologne? If you’re having trouble sleeping without each other, the smell might sooth you.” Adrien smiled at his friend. He was really relieved someone offered an innocent solution.

“That’s a great idea, Nino! Thanks! We’ll definitely,” Adrien squeezed Marinette’s hand meaningfully. “Switch shirts so we can start sleeping. In fact, we’ll do it after school today! Right, Marinette?” Adrien gleefully leaned into his girlfriend’s space as she gaped up at him wordlessly. The flush on her face wasn’t his best effort, so Adrien pecked her on the cheek to see the pink bloom a little more. Marinette squeaked and covered her face.

Adrien manfully resisted the urge to grab her and squeeze until she squeaked again, content to watch her attempt to answer. When no sounds were forthcoming, Adrien smiled at her again.

“Right, My warrior princess?” Adrien prodded her verbally. As a few coos and mutters went around the room, Marinette pushed her hands into her face harder before silently nodding at him. Adrien covered his snickers with a cough. That was a mistake.

Marinette swung around to face the board and Adrien noted that her ears were adorably cherry red. As their classmates dispersed and Alya and Nino gave them interested looks, everyone missed the moment Marinette stomped her tiny, surprisingly strong foot on his. Adrien yelped more from shock than pain, instinctively leaning forward to grab it. Marinette took the opportunity to lean over and kiss his cheek.

Adrien felt a flush rivalling Marinette's wash over his face and groaned, burying his now flaming face in his arms as Marinette hummed contently. Adrien knew he deserved it, he'd been teasing her a lot after scaring her earlier while she was sleep deprived, but he couldn't find it in himself to regret it. His girlfriend was just too cute.

They still needed to figure out how to prevent another Chat Blanc, but Marinette already had six plans in place, and they were in the process of adding the last two. Maybe they weren't any closer to defeating Hawkmoth, but Adrien was pretty sure Marinette would be getting good sleep from now on, if the way she subtly pinched his shirt in her fingers said anything. Soon they would be regularly well rested, able to cover each other's alibis (though that might be embarrassing), and able to plan privately.

Adrien sighed happily. All things considered, he couldn't imagine his life being better than it was in this moment. Adrien snuck his hand down to hold Marinette's and set his desk up to take notes with his left hand today. Cradling her hand in his, he knew they would be together now, always and forever.

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