

Angel with Blue eyes

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Angel with Blue eyes

by [Jinx-Jade \(Trial_and_Error\)](#)

Summary

Marinette happily lived in a bakery with her parents, until she didn't.

Damian loses a bet with his brothers and has to work as a bartender for a month, it's supposed to be annoying but uneventful.

Until his last day, when a woman with blue eyes walks in and orders an Angel Shot with Lime.

He calls the police and was later surprised to discover that this woman is Marinette Dupain-Cheng, 21 years old, and was missing, presumed dead for 8 years.

Notes

The story itself seems to jump around quite a bit, such as skips, and flashbacks. I apologize if you get confused. The skips and flashbacks make sense to me and seemed to be the best way to write this story.

I had posted the idea for Angel with Blue eyes (AWBE) on my Tumblr since I had not been initially planning to write this. I then gave @elizabeths-rambles on Tumblr, permission to write her own version of this story. So while the story Angel with a shot of lime has the same base plot, I have confirmed with the author that these stories will end up on entirely different paths.

(Just to clear up any confusion)

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

What's a Kwami?

Marinette had always been a mature child. Growing up she worked in the bakery doing various chores, helping out whenever she could. As such, her parents had left her alone while they delivered baked goods to customers. They were always very busy, leaving Marinette with little to no supervision.

On their most recent delivery, Marinette had been tasked with cleaning up the kitchen. Wiping down counters, doing the dishes, and putting away some of the smaller ingredients. She *was* only ten after all.

It was still early morning by the time she had finished. The bakery would open slightly later than usual, due to the delivery, but it would not be that big of a deal. All the regular morning customers already had their usual orders baked and ready to sell. New customers could pick from the various pre-made goods from any of the glass display counters. Anytime her maman and papa were too busy the customers would be directed to the ten-year-old girl, after all, Marinette knew how to work the counter.

While cleaning the kitchen, she had ended up tripping over thin air, spilling flour all over herself and the kitchen. Marinette had quickly finished cleaning up the flour and then ran up to her room to change into a clean outfit. There, she had noticed a small black box with red markings sitting on her desk.

It wasn't there when Marinette had left her room earlier. She curiously ambled over to it. Marinette was also fairly positive that there was no special occasion. Marinette picked up the box for a closer look. As with any child, curiosity got the better of her. The box was about the size of her hand, and hexagonal. Instead of the normal four sides, it had six. The red markings looked like they could be from Chinese culture, so it could have been a gift from her maman. It wasn't anything her papa would get her.

Marinette opened the strange box only to be blinded by a ball of light. Once Marinette could see again, she saw a floating, red, polka-dotted bug-mouse? Of course, like any reasonable child Marinette's age, she screamed. Throwing the box that she had previously been holding, it bounced off the other side of the room. The creature ignored the fact that Marinette was currently freaking out, and decided to come closer and opened its mouth.

“Hello, I’m Tikki and I’m your kwami,” they said.

“Giant bug-mouse! There’s a giant bug-mouse in my room,” Marinette mumbled frantically, waving her hands just as, if not more frantically. “Why is there a giant bug-mouse in my room?!” She started walking backward as the flying thing flew closer.

“I’m not a bug or a mouse, I’m a kwami.” the bug- no, kwami, the kwami declared.

“Right, cause that makes it better!” Marinette cried out as she grabbed an empty container off her desk, quickly putting it over the b-, kwami.

“If that makes you feel better,” the kwami said with a sigh.

At this point, Marinette was thinking that she might not have gotten out of bed this morning. She patted her face a few times as if trying to wake up. As such, it caused the kwami to giggle,

“You’re funny,” the kwami said through giggles. “I’m very real, Marinette.”

“How do you know my name? Wait, who are you? What are you?” Marinette asked in a little less frantic voice. She had too many questions and not enough answers.

“As I said before, I’m a kwami, my name is Tikki. I know your name because you were chosen to be my holder!” The kwami said.

“Your name is Tikki,” when the kwami nodded their head she continued. “You’re a kwami,” receiving another nod. “What’s a kwami?”

“A kwami is a god of a concept that came into being,” Tikki faded through the container causing Marinette to take a step back. Instead of going towards Marinette, Tikki grabbed the forgotten box from earlier. “And each kwami is tethered to a miraculous.”

Tikki moves back towards Marinette, handing her the box.

“So you’re a god of some sort?” Marinette asked, cautiously taking the box from the kwami’s hands/paws/flippers- no, appendages.

“Correct,” Tikk said with a cheerful smile. “I’m the ladybug kwami, Goddess of creation and good luck!” It could be weirder Marinette thought with a shrug. Wait...

“Who decides to randomly give a ten-year-old child a GOD!”

“That is something I cannot exactly explain right now,” Tikki trails off. “None of the Kwamis can.”

Marinette blinked a few times, staring at the ladybug kwami. This was both too much and too little information. Now she has to try and figure out what to do with this new knowledge.

Marinette was smarter than most kids her age. She loves puzzles, riddles, and any kinds of trick games. Maybe that's why Marinette was thinking so much about the way Tikki decided to say that.

Tikki had just given her some very useful, if not strange information in the form of a trick statement. The definition of cannot is that whatever the person is talking about is not possible. If Tikki said they wouldn’t be able to explain then that would mean Tikki could and decided against it. Therefore if the Kwamis cannot say something does that mean they can be controlled?

Tikki had just said that the definition of kwami is a god. That would mean someone or something could control the kwamis. It is a little unnerving to think about. If something can control the kwamis, does that make them slaves?

“...inette? MARINETTE!!!” Tikki called, bringing her back to the real world. Blinking a few times Marinette released that she must have been staring, too deep in her train of thought.

Shaking her head to get rid of the unpleasant idea, “Sorry, you were saying?”

Tikki looked at her curiously, “As I was saying, to transform just say spots on. To de-transform say spots off.”

The ladybug kwami looked at Marinette making sure she heard it this time. Once Marinette nods her head, Tikki continues, “The magic glamour the miraculous has makes it so others can’t figure out who you are. If they see you transform or de-transform they will know your civilian identity. The only other way is if they were told by the user themselves or if the grand guardian tells them.”

Marinette tilts her head with a puzzled look, “Grand guardian?”

Tikki’s eyes widened, realizing her mistake. The kwami clears her throat, “If your identity is found out then that person is unable to inform anyone who doesn’t already know.”

Marinette narrowed her eyes, about to ask why her question was glossed over when she heard someone call, “女女 (Nữ Nữ), we’re about to open. Could you come down and help with the regulars?”

Knowledge is your best weapon.

“I’m okay!” Marinette calls out from her new spot on the floor. This prompted the Couffaine twins to burst out laughing at their friend’s usual antics.

“For someone blessed by good luck herself, you sure have a knack for bad luck,” Juleka stated with an amused tone. Marinette just rolled her eyes at the girl she now saw as an older sister.

“Maybe it’s because I spend so much time with you,” Marinette points out with a huff. “After all, *you’re* the one blessed by bad luck himself.” Juleka simply shrugged her shoulders before catching sight of her older, only by only a few moments, brother. More specifically, what was still on his plate.

Juleka watched for a few moments, waiting for the perfect opportunity. This opportunity arrived when Luka picked up his doughnut. Moving it towards his mouth, only for it to be snatched by someone else. Blinking in surprise, Luka looked in Juleka’s direction only to see the same surprised look that was on his face, on her face as well. The twins then heard laughter coming from in front of them near the ground.

When they looked in that direction they saw Marinette grinning from ear to ear with what seemed to be raspberry jelly on her face. Realization dawned on the Couffaine twins, as they both started whining dramatically about how betrayed they feel.

“The little lady has betrayed us!”

“Betrayed by my little sister!”

“How could you!”

“My flesh and blood!”

“We aren’t even related, Luka!” Marinette claimed with a wide smile adorning her face, amusement clear in her voice.

“Hmm!” That was all Luka said, or rather, breathed in response as Marinette took her previously abandoned spot on the couch.

To think that a few weeks ago, Marinette had not known the Couffaine twins at all. The only reason they met was that someone, maybe this “grand guardian” that Tikki had mentioned once, decided to leave the fate of Paris and, on occasion, the world, in their hands.

Tikki had said that their identities were to remain a secret, even from each other. Marinette had simply put her foot down, stating that it would increase the stress that was already being placed on, for all she knows, kids her age or older, maybe even younger.

After the first Akuma battle, the debut of Lady Luck, Misfortune, and Todd, Lady Luck gave the two other miraculous users a time and meetup spot. Once Misfortune and Todd agreed to meet her at the designated time and place, they went their separate way to de-transform and recharge.

Lady Luck was the first to arrive at the meetup spot. She had transformed once again, wearing a black bodysuit. On top of that, she wears a blood-red armored chest plate, with a crimson cropped jacket. Her thighs were mostly covered by armored plates. Lady Luck had crimson boots with a considerable platform, making her appear taller than she was. The platforms themselves were hard to notice. If one didn’t know better they would assume she is older than her actual age. The crimson boots faded into black near her thighs. They have a large-scale pattern, making her seem like more of a beetle than a ladybug.

The next to arrive was Misfortune. Her suit seems to have a similar aesthetic, starting with a black bodysuit. Much like Lady Luck’s own suit, Misfortune had a dark forest green armored chest plate. She also has a cropped jacket, except hers didn’t have any sleeves. She has black boots that seem to blend in with her bodysuit. Lady Luck was unsure if she had platforms like herself or was simply older than her. Unlike Lady Luck who looked like a beetle rather than a ladybug, Misfortune looked the part of a black cat. She had black fluffy looking ears, as well as a fluffy looking black tail with hints of green.

A soft thump was heard a few moments after Misfortune landed, indicating the arrival of the last member, Todd. Unlike the ladies, Todd's suit seemed to start with an orange bodysuit instead of a black one. His suit had more of a gray armored vest than a chest plate. He had black-brown gloves and boots, both of which faded into his orange suit. The stomach area of his suit was white. Todd's suit followed Misfortune's in the scenes of being like their designated animal. He has red fluffy looking ears with white inner fluff. His tail started as the same orange as his bodysuit with hints of red before fading into white.

Once they were all settled, Lady Luck asked what type of kwami they each had, and what their kwami's names were.

"I have the ladybug kwami, goddess of creation, and good luck. Her name is Tikki." Lady Luck informed them. Todd and Misfortune shared a look, both seeming rather confused.

"I have the fox kwami, god of truth and illusion. Their name is Trixx." Todd stated, still looking for some sort of answer to cure his confusion.

"I have the Black cat kwami, god of destruction and bad luck. His name is Plagg." Misfortune tilts her head with a puzzled expression.

Lady Luck nodded her head in acknowledgment of their kwami's. Letting out a small hum, as if contemplating her next move.

"I have a background in competitive gymnastics starting at the age of four. I quit when I was eight but still go to open mats when I'm free." Lady Luck looks up to the night sky before continuing, "I've learned self-defense since I was four and a half." Lady Luck looked back at her new teammates, "Do you have any skills that could help?" she questioned. "It's best to know who we're working with."

A look of understanding crosses Todd's mask covered face. He looked towards Misfortune to gauge her reaction. Misfortune continued to look confused before straightening herself.

"You said who," Misfortune states, letting them know she had realized what was being hinted at. Lady luck nodded her head once, raising a brow, asking a silent question.

“The kwamis specifically said that we were to never reveal our identities,” Todd informs Lady Luck as if she hadn’t been told this already. Misfortune nodded her head in agreement with Todd’s statement. Both question why they should go against the kwami, a literal god’s, wishes because some random person said they should.

“I messed up today.” Lady Luck explains as if that statement alone would answer all of their questions. “I messed up due to the fact I wasn’t given all the information that could have aided me during the battle.” Lady Luck stared down at both of her new partners.

Does Lady Luck know anything about fighting a magical terrorist? No, not at all.

Did Lady Luck know anything about this war that was being handed to them with no explanation? She knows as much as Misfortune and Todd do. Which isn’t saying much.

What Lady Luck does know, is that she has spent hours reading books about wars and fighting tactics since she had nothing else to do. She has played every magic, war, battle strategy, riddle, fantasy, and tactics game she could get her hands on.

This knowledge that seemed random to know became Lady Luck’s sharpest weapon today.

In for a penny, in for a pound.

“I am not saying that I wouldn’t have messed up if I was told to catch the Akuma, to begin with. I am not saying that I did a perfect job. Hell, I am not even saying I did a good job!” Lady Luck explained, getting more confident with every word.

“What I am saying is information can change the whole game. Had I have known that I would be working with two partners, we could have planned for the best way to work together, at the very least, how to not step on your toes.”

“Had I known your magic abilities, we could have worked with them instead of having to rely on randomly use a pocket-sized god’s magic, causing a five-minute countdown to start. A countdown that causes us to turn back into civilians.”

“Had I have known what your skills are physically, as well as mentally, we could have used it to our advantage.” Lady Luck explained confidently, sounding every part a fearless leader ready to win a war. Exactly what they needed in all honesty. They were fighting with what seems to be the fate of the world at stake.

“Information is one of the most valuable things we can have at the moment. We can use any piece of information to our advantage. The more knowledge you have, the sharper your abilities and senses will become. Although, we must always assume that our enemy has the same knowledge.” Lady Luck looked at her teammates, really looked at them, trying to see if she got through to them.

With a nod of her head, Lady Luck dropped her transformation. Leaving a ten-year-old Marinette in her place. She was a lot shorter without her platforms, but she still stood tall and confidently. “My name is Marinette Dupain-cheng, I’m ten-years-old.”

Lady Lu-, Marinette, Marinette’s introduction seemed to sap Todd out of his shock. Misfortune looked to Todd, once again shared a look before they too dropped their transformation.

“Luka Couffaine, age fourteen,” To- Luka informed Marinette.

“Juleka Couffaine, age fourteen,” Mis- Juleka said with shock still in her voice.

Marinette nodded her head before calling her transformation again, The Couffaine’s following her lead.

“While it’s nice to meet you both, I have school tomorrow, and I think you do too. Meet me at the Dupain-Cheng bakery after school and we can continue talking.” Lady Luck said with a more cheery tone of voice than she had used for her speech.

With that, Lady luck flew off into the night.

“...ake up Little lady,” Luka said for the um-teenth time.

Marinette sat up with her tired eyes only making it halfway open. “Hhmm?” Marinette asked.

“You fell asleep, Luka and I are heading home now. Make sure to get some actual rest.” Juleka said quietly, not wanting to deal with a cranky Marinette.

“Yeah. Okay.” Marinette agreed with a yawn. Hugging her friends, her older siblings, before drifting back into unconsciousness.

Stay out of Paris!

Lady Luck moved to capture the newly released Akuma, still purple from the corruption. The ladybug-themed yoyo snapped shut with a flick of her wrist, purifying the akuma. The yoyo re-opened, letting the pure white butterfly fly off. Lady Luck breathed heavily from the battle after she chanted her usual fleeting phrase. Looking around, all she could see was destruction. Bodies lying lifeless on the cracked streets with crumbled buildings surrounding them. Todd and Misfortune looked completely exhausted, both heroes covered from head to toe in open wounds. Air puffed out of their lungs like Lady Luck's. It was a hard and difficult battle. The aftermath was almost to be expected after this kind of Akuma.

Throwing her lucky-charm into the air, the miraculous court let out a collective sigh of relief as the damage was reversed. Their wounds were closed up as if they never existed. The dead bodies became reanimated as if they were never slain. The memories were tampered with, to avoid the extreme trauma of death. Those who were injured during the battle were healed. The buildings that were once nothing but rubble were rebuilt. The blood disappeared, bones mended, rubble cleared. Creating the illusion that the violent bloodbath never happened.

Everything was back to how it should have always been, before the deadly akuma. The latest victim on their knees on the black road. The miraculous court reflected on the battle they had barely won. It was by far the deadliest and most destructive battle the court had ever faced. Hopefully one they would never have to fight again.

The newly defeated Akuma had declared their name to be Krypton. They had all the powers that Superman would have, except for the new ability- one where Krypton could multiply as he saw fit.

Krypton was the akumatized version of Superman after he felt upset. Angry and ashamed that he couldn't do anything, one would think he would go after Hawkmoth. That an akumatized Superman would want to help the suffering Parisians. However, it was not so. He had been manipulated to see the Parisians as the terrorist. As such, no Parisian was safe from Superman's wrath. Krypton was unaware of the killing he had done, focusing on eliminating Hawkmoth.

The Justice League members had come to Paris originally to investigate a tourist post about Parisian superheroes and villains. When the Justice Leagues members saw that the heroes and villains were real, they offered their assistance. The Miraculous court had informed the

Justice league members of their decision that it would be better for all heroes and vigilantes to stay out of Paris until Hawkmoth had been defeated.

However, Superman's strong emotions had attracted the Akuma before anyone realized it. The court had yelled out demands for the other members to get as many civilians to safety as possible and to stay out of the fight. The Justice League members tried to argue, but before they could, Krypton had started his attacks. The Akuma's attacks were mainly focused on Lady luck, Misfortune, and Todd, but anyone who got in the way was just another casualty that had to be reversed. All Krypton had seen was the terrorist and not the heroes and civilians they truly were.

To reverse the casualties and destruction, the Miraculous court had to win. There were no other options if they wanted to keep everyone safe. The Justice League members had surprisingly stayed out of the battle, only intervening to get civilians to safety. It was the court's fight, not the League.

For the fight, the court had relied heavily on Todd's illusion magic. It had become clear that the man-of-steel was vulnerable to not only kryptonite but magic as well. The illusions kept the Miraculous court and Justice League members cloaked in invisibility. This made it easier to move around without getting attacked frequently. However, it was a double-edged sword- because Krypton focused on the others not invisible. In the end, it was Todd's illusions that tipped the scale in their favor, causing the miraculous court to win the fight.

Lady Luck watched as Wonder Woman cautiously comforted her fellow hero, Batman watching from the sidelines with a calculated look in his eyes.

"Stay out of Paris." Lady luck orders in an authoritative tone. The League members snapping their heads towards her direction.

"I beg your pardon?!?" Wonder Woman questioned with an aggressive tone, clearly displeased with the young superheroine's order. Lady Luck raised an eyebrow in response, as Todd and Misfortune moved towards their leader in case she needed backup.

"The reason my court decided we didn't want heroes in Paris to begin with, was so they couldn't be Akumatized." Lady luck informed them. "So while we accept your offer of help, we will have to meet at a safe zone, not in Paris."

The Justice League members looked at each other, having a silent conversation. They seemed to come to some sort of agreement.

“Very well. We will permit one of you to have access to the Justice League headquarters.” Batman informed them.

Todd raised a brow at that, “Only one of us? I wonder which member of our court would that be? Assuming you had someone in mind.” Todd questions, glancing in Lady Luck’s direction.

Batman gave a stern nod of his head, “Lady Luck will be granted access to the Justice League headquarters.”

“And what help are you planning to give?” The Ladybug heroine added.

“Help will be given thorough training, battle strategy, and-” Wonder Woman informed before hesitating, knowing her next words could have adverse effects. “And therapy.”

“Therapy?!” Lady Luck shot back. “We do not need therapy!”

“It will be optional.” The now standing Superman replied, weak from the possession magic. “For as much as we would like to make it mandatory, it is not something we can make you do. We would much rather help than inhibit you and your team. Much like we-no, I- did today.”

“It isn't your fault that you were akumatized, Superman,” Misfortune added. “Nobody can control it. Nobody we are aware of at least.”

Lady Luck looked away guiltily before composing herself. “Thank you, as much as we appreciate the offer for therapy we must decline. However, I will gladly take up your offer for

training and battle strategy. Although you must be aware I will teach Todd and Misfortune anything I learn from the League. They are my team, we are equals.”

“Understood.” Batman cut in. “Your first meeting will be in a week and will be every other week. You may enter and exit the Watchtower at any point, however. You shall receive the help you require.”

With that, Lady Luck received a transceiver for any potential emergencies. The Justice League soon parted and left the City of Love. Leaving a transformed Marinette, Luka, and Juleka behind to ponder the interaction and decide what to do next.

Can you track a butterfly?

“Uuhhh, this is impossible!” Lady Luck groans in a tired tone. Her voice was muffled by the desk she and Red Robin have been working at for the past four or so hours. Time was only a vague concept for the two vigilantes. It was the weekend and neither of them sleeps anyway. The best thing they could do was be productive and hunt for Hawkmoth.

“While I would love to agree with you, there is probably a way to figure out who he is.” Red Robin reasoned as he finished his eleventh energy drink.

“Most likely some magic tracing spell we could use.” he mused out loud.

“We already asked all the magic users about it and they all said the same thing to an extent. That they wouldn’t mess with magic this ancient. Even doctor fate agreed with them.” Lady Luck reminds him.

Red Robin and Lady Luck were currently trying to track down Hawkmoth from the watchtower. They were making very little progress due to the glamorous and protections that the Miraculous have. While the glamorous was most likely causing the same problem for Hawkmoth if he was trying to figure the Miraculous court identities, it was also making their job harder than it had to be. The magic jewelry with literal gods attached to them just couldn’t let them figure it out easily now, could it?

The older and younger vigilantes had first met shortly after Lady Luck’s first visit to the watchtower. She had been introduced to Red Robin due to his history of figuring out people’s identity. At some point, he became the main member of the Justice League she interacted with.

They had originally started the search for Hawkmoth about six and a half months ago.

After six and a half months you would think they made some kind of progress.

Nope!

Hawkmoth's butterfly miraculous uses the same magic as Lady Luck, Todd, and Misfortune. Meaning even if they did find out Hawkmoth's identity they can inform anyone at all. They would have to figure out Hawkmoth's identity. Then they would have to figure out a way to take down hawkmoth while still playing within the miraculi's laws.

So while they made no progress with the Hawkmoth problem, Lady Luck did somehow get pseudo-adopted by Red Robin.

Which she counted as a plus.

They get along very well and made sure the other one didn't do anything stupid while mainly surviving off of caffeine.

Lady Luck and Red Robin both have a caffeine addiction.

Both of them are insomniacs.

Neither of them has ever spent much time with their bio parents.

In all honesty, was probably the whole reason behind Red Robin's pseudo-adopting Lady Luck. Whether Lady Luck noticed it or not, she would, most likely subconsciously, hint at how busy her maman and papa were and how little time they spent together.

He had ended up asking if her parents knew about her vigilante gig.

To which she responded, "No. Why would they?"

“So they don’t notice you disappearing for hours on end?” Red Robin questioned.

“No, they’re too busy with the... with work to notice. Which works out well for me creates fewer opportunities to accidentally compromise my identity.” Lady Luck informs him as if it was an obvious answer to a silly question.

After that Red Robin pretty much adopted her as his little sister. Everyone in the watchtower knew it too.

If Lady Luck was in the tower, then Red Robin would appear through the zeta tubes soon after.

Did he baby her a little bit?

Yes, but he also treated her like an independent person who could do things by themselves.

Lady Luck certainly wasn’t complaining. She was able to let her emotions run free while she was at the watchtower. The members of the Justice League she had met were extremely nice, most of them gave her pointers on fighting styles or offered pieces of advice on how to deal with the stress.

Almost everything she was taught made its way back to Misfortune and Todd. As a result, Akuma attacks were handled faster.

Sadly that also means the number of Akumas Hawkmoth sends out increased. Red Robin had agreed that this was unfortunate, but with how many Akumas there were, they could track them down to the lair.

Trying to track the butterflies was what they were doing right now. At least, it’s what Red Robin was doing while running purely off of caffeine. Lady Luck on the other hand was exhausted from dealing with not one, not two, but three night-time Akumas.

She was exhausted too say the least. At this point, any ideas she would throw out were completely random and most of them made no sense.

“What if the miraculous had their own magic spells? I mean they are magic jewels ya? So wouldn’t they have some kind of magic instructions or spells with them?” Lady Luck questioned, causing Red Robin to chuckle. After a split second, he froze.

“Hey, little lady? Where did you get your miraculous again?” He inquired with caution.

“It randomly showed up in my room. I opened the box. Then there was a floating bug-mouse called a kwami. A kwami is a pocket-sized god.” She explained in a bored voice.

“I know that Lucky, but who gave it to you?” Red Robin asked again.

Lady Luck shot up, realizing what she had randomly said and why Red Robin was asking.

“The Grand Guardian person might have a spellbook to help us find the missing miraculous.” She stated, receiving a nod from her older brother figure.

“Now all we have to do is find them and hope they aren’t protected by miraculi magic.” He says with a tired sigh.

“Let’s call it quits for today. We both need to get some sleep if we want to have a chance of finding one of these people.” Red Robin said, softly patting Lady Luck on the head.

“See you tomorrow, Lucky.”

Lady Luck let out a yawn before responding with, “ See ya tomorrow, Red.”

They tracked a butterfly.

Turns out Lady Luck and Red Robin didn't need to hunt down the Grand Guardian. Master Fu had made contact with Lady Luck as a civilian, informing her that it was time to start her training as the next Guardian.

He posed as her meditation teacher who was supposed to help Marinette better deal with anxiety and stress.

The meditation classes worked as a good cover for needing to leave any situation. Master Fu had somehow convinced Marinette's parents and the school, to let her go to the classes whenever Marinette felt she needed them. Meaning, if there was an Akuma during classes or any other random event, Marinette would claim to go to Master Fu's, receiving no punishments for leaving or being late.

Sadly, Master Fu passed away a year later, two and a half years into the war against Hawkmoth and Mayura. Fortunately, Master Fu was able to pass on his title of Grand Guardian.

Lady Luck ended up spending almost all her free time in the watchtower after receiving the title of Grand Guardian.

When the title was passed to her, the knowledge of all the previous masters had been transferred as well. This included knowledge of spells such as tracking and locating. However, these spells required a risky amount of magic and energy to be used.

She spent countless hours meditating and gathering raw energy to use for the spell.

Lady Luck and Marinette were always in a half meditating state. This made it seem as if she was always spacing out or lost in her train of thought.

The Justice League members that Lady Luck ran into almost daily noticed how off in space yet grounded she seemed. They were growing concerned the longer it went on, but whenever they asked if something was wrong, their concern would be waved off by Lady Luck.

No one in her civilian life seemed to notice the changes in the small bluenette's character. Well, except for Luka and Juleka, but they weren't civilians so they didn't count.

After seven months of being in a constant half-meditating state, Lady Luck finally gathered enough raw energy to perform the spell.

"HEY! WHERE ARE YOU DRAGGING ME! LUCKY!" Red Robin shouted as he was forcefully led somewhere, half against his will.

Lady Luck led them to their usual hangout area before closing and locking the door.

"Okay... Let me just ask, why did you drag me somewhere we normally go to..." Red Robin trails off as he sees the state of the room.

"Why does this look like some kind of magic spell thing?" Red Robin asked with a brow raised at his little sister.

"I only have enough unimportant energy saved to explain this once. This," Lady Luck gestures to the whole room. "Is most definitely a magic spell. More specifically, it's for a tracking spell to track lost or stolen miraculi. I had all the magic spells and stuff stuffed into my head when I became Grand Guardian, so just don't question anything."

"There's a high chance that using this spell will drop my transformation due to the energy the spell requires. When this happens you will know my civ identity and won't be able to inform anyone."

"I packed a med bag in case something goes wrong. It has stuff for anything health-related, be it a major, or minor health problem. There. You're caught up." Lady Luck states before

moving to the center of the room to start the tracking process. Giving Red Robin approximately zero seconds to process anything she had said.

The room went dark, the only light coming from Lady Luck and the red miraculi symbol that seemed to have been painted on the floor.

Then everything went pitch black.

Red Robin woke up to see a civilian Lady Luck lying unconscious in the middle of the room. He quickly got up and made his way to Lady Luck, checking to see if she was still breathing. Then checking that she hadn't gotten any injuries.

He let out a sigh of relief when she was in fact breathing and didn't seem to have any injuries. However, she did seem to be running a low fever.

Red Robin picked the civilian Lady Luck up and moved her to the couch that had been pushed up against the wall. He pulled out a water bottle, pain meds, and a cold compress.

Setting the water and meds down next to the couch since she couldn't take them till after she's somewhat lucid. He then placed the cold compress on her forehead to help reduce the fever.

After an hour or two, the civilian Lady Luck starts to slowly sit up. Red Robin handed her the pills of pain meds, once she put those in her mouth, he held the water bottle up to her lips. She easily drank the water, in the process downing the pain meds.

"How are you feeling, Little Lady?" Red Robin asked once she seemed to be more aware of her surroundings.

"Mhhh... horrible?.... On the bright side... I'm exhausted and will probably sleep for... like... a week." Lady Luck says as she lays back down on the couch, causing Red Robin to chuckle.

“I’m glad one of us will be getting some sleep, but preferably not a coma, please.” He states with amusement, starting their usual back and forth, light banter.

Once their laughter and giggles are back under control they turn their attention to serious matters.

“For starters, my name’s Marinette Dupain-Cheng and I’m thirteen.” Lady Luck informs him.

“So... You became a vigilante when you were ten?” Red Robin asked.

“Yup! Moving on, we’re both aware of who Hawkmoth and Mayura are, correct?” Lady Luck asked before calling her transformation.

“Yup. Do we both feel like idiots for not figuring out that the man whose schedule matches up perfectly with Hawkmoth’s, is Haawkmoth? I know we joked about Gabriel Agreste being Hawkmoth, but now I just feel incompetent for not being able to figure it out.” Red Robin says, sounding extremely tired.

“I mean... magic glamorous... so...” Lady Luck says with a shrug.

“Meh. What’s your plan to retrieve the pin and brooch?” Red Robin asked curiously.

“I don’t have one. Well, I kinda have one? I was thinking that I’d use the mouse to split up and use multiple miraculi? Honestly, who knows. All I know is I need to take a nap or have some caffeine.” Lady Luck yawns with heavy eyelids.

Both Red Robin and Lady Luck falling asleep. All they could do is hope the final fight wouldn’t cause too much bloodshed.

Bubbles

Tim was worried and stressed after watching the final battle between the court and Hawkmoth over the security cameras for what felt like the millionth time. He was switching from all accessible cameras but couldn't find any miraculi users on the recording.

The war ended almost a month ago. Everyone celebrates their freedom to feel emotions and process like normal human beings.

To anyone without the knowledge of the miraculi users' identities, it seemed like the court had won the war and then disappeared until the world needed them again.

The usual make-believe, fairytale ending, that everyone wished and hoped was real, but Tim knew better.

He knew that Lady Luck was the fourteen-year-old who was pronounced missing weeks after her last sighting.

It took Marinette's parents not hours or days, but weeks to figure out she was missing.

They went weeks without contacting their barely teenage daughter and didn't think to look for her till after it was well past the crucial seventy-two-hour mark.

In most cases, a child missing passed seventy-two-hours rarely ever ended pleasantly. Tim had faith in his little sister, and he was trying his best to find her, but he needed help. Help that wasn't available to him due to some ancient magic glamor and protection spells.

The two people he might have been able to ask if his theory was correct about who Todd and Misfortune were, had gotten into an accident. Neither Couffaine remembered anything from the beginning to the end of the war.

Doctors, therapists, friends, and family had all seemed to tell them the same thing.

‘It was better that they didn’t remember anyway.’

While most people were happy for the Couffaine twins, since they didn’t have to remember some of the worst years of this generation’s lives, they had been Tim’s only lead to finding Marinette.

Tim let out an annoyed groan as his head hit the table.

“You good Timmy?” Dick asked as he walked into the library,

“...Fine... just... not any luck with this case,” Tim responded, before sitting up and turning to face his brother. “Did you need something?”

“Uh... Oh ya. B. wants to brief us on his civ. friend’s missing niece” Dick says as they made their way to the cave.

“B. has civ. Friends?” Tim joked with a raised brow, causing Dick to chuckle.

The birds made their way to the table, taking their usual seats.

“Everyone here accounted for. So, who’s your friend and his niece?” Jason asked curiously. Bruce didn’t have a habit of befriending civilians so this was an unusual occurrence.

“Jared Stone, also known as Jagged Stone is an old school friend who’s known about my vigilante identity since I started,” Bruce informs them.

“Wait. Jagged Stone. As in the world-class rockstar?” Jason asks

“Correct,” Bruce answers with a raised brow.

“So his missing niece is the mysterious MDC?” Jason guesses.

“Uhhhh.” Tim groans as his head slammed into the table before Bruce could answer.

“Something wrong Replacement?” Jason questions.

“You know that case I’ve been working on with no... luck?” Tim asks.

“Yeah... Why?” Dick answers.

Tim just made a vague gesture towards the bat computer that has a picture of Marinette pulled up.

“Marinette Dupain-Cheng. Last seen two days before the court’s final battle.”

The other bats tensed slightly at the thought of this missing child being the same case Tim was working on. He hadn’t had any luck finding the missing person, and he’s been working on this case for almost a month.

A month.

“You’ve been working on her case for a month Drake. The file here says Dupain-Cheng has only been missing for a week or two.” Damian states with a brow raised in question, causing Tim to scoff.

“Marinette Dupain-Cheng has been missing longer than the few weeks stated in the case. Her parents just didn’t notice till a few weeks into her missing, well past the seventy-two-hour mark.” Tim informs them as if he was reading his file that was upstairs. A file that he has memorized from how long he’s had to stare at it.

“If she was missing for longer than stated, but no one reported it till when the file says, then how did you know she was missing,” Damian questioned.

Tim answered without thinking, only for bubbles to leave his mouth instead of words, causing Tim to groan in annoyance.

“This is why I hate magic,” Tim claimed, clearly annoyed.

“Tim,” Bruce states in question.

“I’m incapable of telling you unless you already know or figure it out,” Tim states tiredly.

“Why?” Dick asked.

“Cause ancient magic rules say so?” Tim answered.

“What does Marinette Dupain-cheng have to do with ancient magic?” Jason asked.

Tim looked Jason straight in the eyes and explained the connection, only for more bubbles to appear instead of words.

“Would Doctor Fate, Zatanna, or any of the other magic users be able to remove the weird spell on you?” Dick asked.

“You can ask but they’ll just tell you the same thing as they told me. They’re not touching this type of ancient magic for any reason other than the fate of the universe being threatened.” Tim informs them. “Now if you’re just gonna go over the information I already know, then I’m gonna go back to working on this case,” Tim says about to leave the room.

“Isn’t that what they said when ...” Jason was interrupted with bubbles, causing Tim to freeze and turn towards Jason.

“Yup. The ...” Tim spoke, bubbles replacing his words.

“You can hear what the other is saying through the bubbles,” Bruce observed.

“The protection spell only works on people who don’t know ... but once you figure it out you’re able to hear it just fine,” Tim informs them

“So all we have to do is figure out whatever words the bubbles are replacing and then we’ll be able to talk about this without bubbles interrupting us?” Dick questioned, receiving a nod from Tim.

“Tch. How hard could it be.” Damian states.

If only they knew.

Silence

Marinette sat on her knees that were now littered with scabs and bruises from the Order's interrogation as to how to open the miracle box. She sat silently as the whip made contact with her skin once more.

A sharp crack sound rang through the otherwise silent room. There were no cries or hissing of pain. The only noise in the room was the crack of a whip, the soft breathing of Marinette, and the heavier breathing of the interrogator.

The guardian drew the whip back, preparing to strike again, only to be interrupted by the door opening.

"So?" An older man questioned.

"My apologies Master, but the Grand Guardian hasn't said a word." The young guardian who had been assigned as the interrogator apologized with a bow.

The older man seemed both impressed and annoyed at Marinette's stubbornness.

He let out a sigh, giving a slight nod of acknowledgment towards the interrogator before turning his attention to Marinette.

"The court has decided upon the name, Wang Xiang for you Grand Guardian. We found it appropriate to name you after your disgrace of a master." The older man sneered, before leaving the room.

The silent interrogation of whips and slashes continued well into the night.

For how long?

Marinette couldn't tell you. Her time in the interrogations had become nothing more than a slow, painful, silence. She couldn't tell the time, what day it was, or how long she's been gone. The only thing she could tell you was that all the members of the old Order are cruel beings.

The only 'kind' one was the one currently holding the whip. They are a bit too soft for the job of torturing or 'interrogation' as the Old Order prefers to call them.

"Wang Xiang, this would be easier if you just told them how to open the miracle box." the interrogator informed her. It was the same thing they said every time they left as they paused at the door, hoping to get a response. This time, however, the interrogator called her by her Guardian name Wang Xiang instead of Grand Guadian.

Marinette did not give a response or any form of acknowledgment, instead, she closed her eyes and listened to the retreating footsteps. Once the only thing she could hear was herself breathing and her heart beating Marinette took in a shuddering breath.

"My name is Marinette Dupain-Cheng. Not Wang Xiang." She protested weakly to an empty room. Her voice cracking as silent tears rolled down her cheeks.

Marinette's body dropped onto the floor from her kneeling position, her exhaustion finally taking over.

While she was unsure of how long this has been going on, she was aware that they had never given her a name before.

She knew what receiving a name meant.

It meant you were now a member of the Order of Miracles.

It meant she was stuck here till they deemed her training complete.

It meant she wasn't going to be free for a very long time.

The Order's 'leaders' had already deemed her unfit for the title she carries, so her training will never be complete.

The point the Head Guardian was trying to make by giving her a new name was that she could give up the Miracle box, tell them how to open it, and then she would be free, or she could keep her claim to the Miracle box, keep it locked up, and never be Marinette Dupain-Cheng again.

They were giving her a choice between having her freedom or being trained till she was nothing but a weapon.

If she chose freedom then she would have to give up her claim to the Miracle box, and in the process, she would give up all her memories. If she gave up her memories, who's to say the Order would keep their side of the deal and set her free.

After all, they would have a person who doesn't remember anything, someone who they could influence however they want.

They would have a new block of clay ready to be molded.

They would have a person whose soul is well bonded and used to the strain of multiple Miraculi.

Why would they give that up?

Master Fu had told her how rare it was for a normal human to withstand the strain of more than two miraculi without a severe physical backlash on the user.

Marinette has been able to wield seventeen of the miraculi with only a slight dizzy spell at the beginning, with no side effects later. There was a possibility that Marinette could wield all nineteen miraculi.

Why would they let someone with that ability walk away?

Maybe this was just Marinette's brain trying to overthink and rationalize her decision to stay, to not say a word, to not give them what they want.

Maybe Marinette hit the nail right on the head, but she couldn't bring herself to care as she curled in on herself, silently crying as she faded into the darkness that was unconsciousness.

Marinette silently promised to hold onto her name, the name Marinette Dupain-Cheng, for as long as she can. She promised to hold onto as much freedom as she could while being trapped in a cage. She promised to make it out of this temple alive.

Marinette finally fell asleep, unaware of the impact her silent promises had on a certain box and its inhabitants.

She was unaware of the thin thread that appeared attaching herself to the box. A thread that is only visible to beings like the kwami.

It was a thin thread of energy, small enough for the magic to avoid the notice of the monks that were tasked with watching Wang Xiang for any unusual energy or uses of magic.

It was this thread that gave the kwamis hope for their master's freedom.

Marinette however, was just as unaware of this thread and the hope it could bring, as all the monks and guardians are.

She has no reason to have hope, the only thing pushing her forward was her determination to be free and the silent promises she had made.

A thread is made

Chapter Notes

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

“Again.” The guardian that had been put in charge of Wang Xiang’s training commanded.

When Wang Xiang did not obey the command, the guardian connected his whip with her skin.

“Again.” He commanded once more, but Wang Xiang didn’t have the strength to continue today’s training.

“Pathetic. You should have just given up the box. It would have saved everyone from having to keep a useless being like you around.” The Guardian says as the whip hits her skin once more.

The trainer stood towering over Wang Xiang’s exhausted body. Once it was clear that Wang Xiang wouldn’t be getting back up the guardian spat at her before leaving the room. One of the guards entered the room and picked Wang Xiang up by her wrists, holding them firmly behind her back as they dragged her back to her cell.

Wang Xiang laid helplessly on the floor of her cell, not wanting to move around and waste energy. After a few moments in her cell, Wang Xiang fell into a light sleep, it was more of a resting meditation state than actual sleep, but any rest is better than no rest at all.

About five or six hours after being thrown back into her cell, one of the guards brought her some water and tea leaves.

The water was a necessity for her to stay alive so the guardians gave that to her at least once a day, sometimes twice if they believed that she made adequate progress, which rarely happened.

The tea leaves can be used in two ways, the first way is as food, the second as medicine. It makes it so Wang Xiang has to choose if she wishes to eat or heal her wounds. She has gotten rather good at figuring out which one she needs and which one is not necessary till a later date.

After being stuck in the old order for the past three and a half years, she has gotten used to her new name, the everlasting pain, and telling time.

Usually, Wang Xiang was able to give more effort and energy during training, which meant less whipping when she gives more during training, but she was too exhausted to do anything today. Even now, she simply laid still in her cell, not making a move for the water of tea leaves.

Wang Xiang slowed her breathing, heart, and circulation down, keeping them moving just enough that she could stay alive.

This was a useful trick Wang Xiang had learned. While she may not have seen or been near any of the kwamis since the final battle, she has somehow been able to harness their magic and abilities.

The ability she was currently using was similar to hibernation. The only difference between hibernation and Wang Xiang's resting state was the fact that Wang Xiang could wake up whenever she deemed fit. The purpose of going into this hibernating state was to focus as much energy as possible on her injuries. This helped to speed up her healing process. Wang Xiang is ninety-nine percent sure that if she could perfect this technique then she will be able to heal herself completely instead of only assisting the healing.

Wang Xiang is unsure how much time has passed when she wakes from her mini hibernation, she is simply aware that it is nighttime still.

Rolling over onto her back, she just stared at the ceiling. Memories of how she got here in the first place flooded Wang Xiang's mind since she had nothing else to do.

Who would have thought that helping an elderly man cross the street and not get run over by oncoming traffic would cause her to be kidnapped to a temple in the middle of Tebet?

What would have happened if Marinette had ignored the elderly man?

What would have happened if Marinette had been six or seven minutes earlier for school?

What would have happened if Marinette had been six or seven minutes late for school?

What if she had successfully refused to continue being Ladybug?

There were so many things that could have happened to prevent Marinette Dupain-Cheng from becoming the wielder of the Ladybug miraculous, yet, despite it all, Marinette Dupain-Cheng had become Ladybug, Savior of Paris.

Despite it all, Marinette couldn't find it in herself to hate or even dislike any of the people or events that caused her to end up where she is currently, staring at the ceiling of her cell, covered in new and old whip marks.

Despite it all, Marinette couldn't bring herself to hate the ones who keep giving her these marks and scars.

Hating people, places, or anything really, wasn't something Marinette did.

It wasn't who Marinette is.

So while the order keeps torturing her, teaching her, and trying to destroy her spirit, Marinette will continue to care for everyone and everything.

She will continue to be the person she has always been.

She will hold onto the girl who used to sew dresses and clothes in an overly pink room. She will hold onto the girl who used to bake in the bakery, helping her parents with customers and treats. She will hold onto the hope of making it out alive, not uninjured, or the same as she entered, but alive.

Being alive is worth a lot.

Sitting up, Marinette grabbed her water moving it closer only for a blue string to appear, wrapping itself around the cup. The water began to float up slowly in an almost bubble-like manner.

Marinette looked at it curiously, checking that her magic isn't the thing causing this just in case the guards were to take notice of magical activity.

It was her magic, but also... Longg's?

Marinette looked around for the kwami worried that the guardians had been able to open the box, but as she tracked Longg's magic, she noticed that he was still safe in the miracle box. The thing creating and using Longg's magic was the blue thread that split into what looked like nineteen different threads.

Marinette let a small smile onto her face. Something she hadn't done in a few years. She hoped the kwami's could feel how thankful she is for their support, even if they could only show it as a small magical thread.

Chapter End Notes

Marinette has been in the temple for 3 and a half years

It takes time

Chapter Notes

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

Wang Xiang woke an hour before daybreak, beginning her morning meditation.

Her magic swirled and twisted, wrapping itself tightly to Wang Xiang's body to not be detected.

She poured out as much energy as possible while still keeping it tightly wrapped around her body. Once all of the energy was out in the open She created an infinity loop of magic, one end connecting to the other, instead of one free end and one end connecting to her.

Something Wang Xiang had learned during one of her 'guardian lessons' was that energy can build on itself, amplifying its power, ability, and effects.

However, building magic takes time

Even with building her energy for the past two years, after having learned about it, Wang Xiang was still nowhere near the amount of magic she needed.

With a start, Wang Xiang quickly broke the magic loop, absorbing the energy, as she sensed people approaching.

One of the guardians who has been in charge of her mental training for the past five years, Ào, arrived in front of her cage.

Wang Xiang has two mental trainers, Ào and Yu Jie.

Ào is the older of the two from what Wang Xiang had gathered.

Ào was apparently supposed to be the heir to the temple but gave that title up for his younger sister and twin, Yu Jie. Both of them are thirty-six years of age.

Whenever Wang Xiang had to interact with Yu Jie she always felt slightly guilty for taking something like the title of Grand Guardian from her, but there was no way she could give up the box and lose her memories.

“Rise,” Ào instructed her, to which Wang Xiang easily complied, giving a bow of greetings before awaiting her next order.

Wang Xiang was always well behaved for her mental teachers. Her physical teachers were a different story.

If her physical teachers deem Wang Xiang’s effort, progress, or performance to be below their expectation then they will simply give a form of punishment, usually in the form of a whip.

If her mental teachers deem Wang Xiang’s effort, progress, or performance to be below their expectation then they will simply send Wang Xiang back to her cage, canceling that day’s lesson and drawing out her mental training period.

“Follow,” Ào commanded, casually beginning their walk to the library.

Ào always walked with an air that commanded respect and attention while Wang Xiang had to walk five steps behind him, head lowered as if she was doing a walk of shame.

In a way, Wang Xiang was doing a walk of shame. The apprentices, guardians, and council members all paid their respect to Ào when he walks by but they all seem to be disgusted by her. Some only whisper, some throw dirt or rocks, some spit at her, but Wang Xiang is expected to ignore it all.

Ironically being bullied and looked down on for being the baker's daughter on a scholarship at her previous school that was for the upper-class felt the same or at least very similar to what the order was doing. It wasn't that hard for Wang Xiang to ignore them.

Years under the weight of an emotional terrorist also helped Wang Xiang to keep a blank expression and not give anything away.

Ào paused at the library doors, waiting for Wang Xiang to open them.

This task was one of the simpler ones she had mastered. Pushing a gust of energy towards the door, both doors opened but stopped before they could slam into the walls.

Ào gave a small nod of his head, acknowledging that she had done an ok or decent job with this task.

Walking into the library Ào took his usual seat on one of the cushioned chairs before gesturing for Wang Xiang to close the door.

Once the door was closed, Ào's usual stone-cold facade broke away as he stood up and walked over to Wang Xiang examining her injuries from yesterday's physical training.

Ào let out a sympathetic wince when he saw the new scarring tissue.

"It's really not that bad Ào." Wang Xiang claimed, causing Ào to give her a skeptical look.

"The only reason it's not that bad is that you chose to use the tea leaves as medication more than you eat them," Ào said with a huff as if he was scolding a child.

Wang Xiang rolled her eyes at him.

“So what am I learning today?” Wang Xiang questioned, moving the topic away from her growing collection of scars.

“According to the Order? Wang Xiang isn’t making progress very fast and is still working on meditating properly. What you’re actually working on? Invisibility, wrapping yourself in an illusion that traps both sound and sight of an object or person behind a curtain of illusion magic to make them effectively invisible.” Ào explained grabbing the necessary books that contained the explanations and spells.

Wang Xiang and Ào got to work on the lesson, spending hours working on the spell.

“Yu Jie is in charge of your training tomorrow, she said she’s gonna try and come up with an excuse to let you bake in the kitchen,” Ào informed her, causing Wang Xiang to light up a bit at the thought of baking.

“What should I make? Ooo, maybe some Crepes, or Macaroons, definitely some Cannolis.” She began a rant on french pastries, and just like that the mask of Wang Xiang was gone and Marinette Dupain-Cheng was left in her place.

Ào watched in amusement as his student talked about all the different treats she could make and what flavors she could try out using the Orders unique fruits. He let her talk to her heart’s content, giving feedback when she asked what flavors he wanted or what treats he would like.

By the end of the day when Ào had to walk Wang Xiang back to her cell, she was able to make inanimate objects invisible but was still having trouble with making living beings invisible.

Maybe if he had redirected the lesson she would have learned more, but he couldn’t bring himself to be the one to turn Marinette Dupain-Cheng back into the mask that was Wang Xiang.

...

On the opposite side of the temple from their favorite guardian, a box full of miniature gods and goddesses cheered as their little guardian made two family bonds here in the temple. Both of them willing and ready to help Marinette escape when the time comes.

The kwamis only wished that time would come sooner.

Chapter End Notes

Marinette has now been in the Temple for 5 years

A gilded cage

Chapter Notes

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

Marinette gasped for air as she resurfaced from the pool of toxic green-colored water.

Her lungs were burning as she finally managed to get a breath of air into them.

Her vision was a little blurry as her brain tried to put its shattered pieces back together.

She could feel her soul shift in almost unnatural ways.

The last thing she remembered was an invasion at the temple.

Why is her memory so foggy?

Why couldn't she think straight?

“Welcome little guardian. You have my apologies for our less than calm introduction.” A woman with shining green eyes said.

The green wasn't as harsh or toxic looking as the water. It looked more like the color of a green gem.

“Who are... where are... what's going on?” Marinette found herself asking out loud. All of her questions bubbling up at once. Her brain trying and seeming to fail at organizing her thoughts.

“I am Talia Al-Ghul, daughter of the late Ra’s Al-Ghul, former Demon head. We are in Nada Par, and I do believe you were killed during our little ‘trip’ to the temple.” The woman, Talia answers a small portion of Marinette’s questions. The questions she had accidentally asked out loud.

“Ok” is all Marinette was able to say as she scanned the room, taking in the people who stood on guard as if they would be attacked at any moment.

Were they afraid she would attack them?

Why?

Marinette let out a sigh. She had too many questions and not enough answers.

“Follow me, little guardian,” Talia instructed with a sharp turn on her heel, leaving the room with the glowing green water.

They walked for a bit before Talia stopped in front of a flower courtyard that seemed to be someone’s living quarters.

There looked to be a large bed, chairs, a table, a desk, mirrors, a small training area, and lots of flowers, trees, and plants.

Overall it looked like a fairies quarters, or more realistically, the living quarters of a high-class member of wherever she was in Nada Par.

Marinette looked at Talia with a questioning gaze.

“This is where you’ll be staying from now on,” Talia answered her unspoken question with a nod of her head before leaving to kwami knows where.

Marinette tensed.

The kwamis.

What was she supposed to do?

How was she supposed to get to them?

Marinette felt as if she was going to be sick.

She quickly sat down in the field of flowers and started to meditate in an attempt to calm herself.

While it didn't seem to calm her buzzing nerves that were a complete mess, the meditation made her notice the unbalanced and chaotic creative energy surrounding her and within herself.

It was the same toxic green as the pool of water she had been in is.

Was that the source of this energy?

Taking a deep breath Marinette let her energy out, creating an infinity loop. It seemed to build faster, trying to derail itself and break free from her control, but Marinette's will was stronger than it's.

She sunk farther and farther into the meditative states. Her brain naturally trying to pull up recent events so she could organize her thoughts.

Memories began to flash in front of her, flooding her brain at an overwhelming pace.

A normal day moving from her cage to the physical training room.

The guardians all yell over each other about something.

People dressed differently from the temple's normal style rushing the room, weapons were already drawn.

Being thrown to the back of the room as the guardian fought.

Ào and Yu Jie had dragged her out and to someplace safe.

Ào and Yu Jie protected her till she got her bearings before they left to join the fight.

Marinette making a run for the opposite side of the temple, her only thought being to guard the box and its kwamis.

A sword piercing through the front of her chest, right in the center between her ribs as she turned a blind corner.

Blacking out from the blood loss.

No.

She didn't blackout.

She had died.

Then how was she breathing and alive right now?

The water.

That's why the toxic green is wrapped around her soul.

It's the thing that had put it back together.

That answers that question, now on to the next.

Why did Talia give her such nice living quarters?

Is she free from the temple?

No, she had to return at some point to get the miracle box.

Letting out an annoyed huff she opened her eyes. When she did Marinette saw the same people that were dressed weirdly in the temple, they all seem to be on edge around her. One of them moved out of their formation coming closer to the entry but not entering the courtyard.

“Did you need something Miss. Grand Guardian?” The person, guard? asked.

Marinette looked at them for a moment, before giving a hesitant nod of her head, deciding to test something.

“I need food, whatever the green water was corrupted my magic supply and I don’t have enough energy or sustenance to clean it, let alone repair the damage,” Marinette informed them with a tired sigh.

“We’ll bring some food right away Grand Guardian,” The guard said, writing something down and handing it to a bird. The guard then retook his post.

The food arrived an hour or so later, the servants asking permission to enter, and didn’t leave till she dismissed them.

The guards kept an eye on her as she eats the food and drinks crystal clear water. This was probably the most food and the cleanest water she has had in years.

When Marinette finished her food the servants came back and removed the dirty dishes. She could feel the gaze of the guards on herself as she sat at the table.

Letting out a sigh, Marinette stood up and moved back to the area of the courtyard that was less covered in life and creation energy. She pushed the toxic green energy out of her body and into the area, green light and swirls filling the air. Once she finished removing the chaotic creative energy and balancing out her soul Marinette looked at the result.

She stood up and made her way to the mirrors.

Marinette saw her reflection and wasn’t sure if she was in shock or awe.

Her hair was the longest she had ever seen it.

Her eyes are an unnatural shade of blue.

Her skin was so pale it looked like porcelain.

She had scars littering her body, creating the image of a shattering porcelain doll.

Using the mirror Marinette saw the guard send off another message.

She inwardly cursed herself.

Of course, she had to be right.

Whoever this organization is, isn't here to help her.

They are here to put her in a gilded cage.

However, the Order is too stubborn in its ways and would never let her stay with another organization for long.

Marinette walked over to her bed, laying down to rest.

She knew what was to come.

She was about to be in the middle of a giant deadly game of tug of war, and she was the rope.

Chapter End Notes

Marinette has been missing for 6 years.

Freedom?

Marinette could hear fighting in the temple halls as she continued her light meditative sleep state.

Internally she let out a sigh, knowing that the fighting meant it was the Leagues 'turn' to keep her, or more accurately, 'kidnap' her.

Marinette silently debated if she should 'wake up' before or after the 'kidnapers' grabbed her out of her 'room'.

She doesn't get to finish the debate before someone enters the room.

She doesn't stiffen or fight it when she feels someone shake her awake.

She didn't fight it as they helped her stand from her bed.

She didn't fight it when they walked her out of the room.

She had become, in a way, numb to the treatment of the League and the Order.

The League kept her in a soft environment giving her everything she would ever need or want, but their training caused her to die dozens of times. Each time Wang Xiang had to put her mind back together, piece by piece.

The Order treated her like nothing but dirt as if it was her privilege to be there and she should worship even the lowest members of the Order. Their training was harsher, leaving plenty of scars but never causing her to die.

The Order and the League had, as she predicted, gotten into a tug of war, both sides trying to keep Wang Xiang for themselves.

One side would have her for a day, a week, at most one or two months before the other would kidnap her back, starting the cycle again.

Wang Xiang walked cooperatively to where she was being led to, wanting to get the ‘kidnaping’ over with as soon as possible.

She was far too tired from the harsh training and the lack of sleep, and in far too much pain from her fresh and reopened wounds to care about the fighting that was going on around them.

Until she felt the pull of the thread.

It was close, she could feel it as the thread pulled tighter.

It was the closest she has ever been to it since the start of her ‘training’.

Her eyes snapped to attention as she realized the thread was coming from the box and the miracle box was now right in front of her.

Looking up Wang Xiang saw that the people who had pulled her from her ‘room’ weren’t the League or the Order.

It was Ao and Yu Jie.

“Holy shit! I thought you two got killed in one of the kidnappings!” Marinette screamed in a hushed tone, not wanting to be discovered but still wanting to get her point across.

“We don’t have time to explain,” Yu Jie informed her before picking up the box and handing it to her.

“Yu Jie is going to open up a portal to kwami knows where, and finally get you out of here,” Ào explained as he hands her a backpack.

“I’m gonna open a portal in Gotham, they speak English there. You’ll be in front of a bar. I want you to walk in and order an Angle shot with lime.” Yu Jie instructed.

“What about you two! Why am I going to a bar? What’s going on!” Marinette questioned as she’s pushed through the portal.

“We’ll find you later!” Ào called as the portal closed.

Marinette looked around before letting out a sigh as it seems she would have to wait for their explanation at a later date.

Looking through the backpack she saw money, a notebook, a pen, the miracle box, and a change of clothes.

Marinette cast an invisibility illusion over herself before changing.

Instead of her priestess-looking outfit, she was now in black shorts, a red tank top, and what was probably a faux leather jacket.

‘Thank kwami the tank top is red’, Marinette thought to herself as she felt her sweat and blood soak into the fabric.

Dropping the illusion and using some of the energy she had saved for a ‘rainy day’ Marinette used the energy to keep herself standing and moving.

Marinette hid the miracle box in the alleyway, casting an illusion and

She pulled the leather jacket closer to her body as she walked out of the alleyway and across the street to a bar.

When she walked in, Marinette felt everyone's eyes on her, but she didn't care. She was in far too much pain and wanted to sleep without being dragged out of bed or wiped awake.

Marinette took a seat at the bar, not being able to stand any longer.

"An Angle shot with lime," Marinette ordered, doing exactly as Yu Jie has instructed.

The bartender froze for a split second before pouring water into a shot glass with a slice of lime.

The bartender handed herself the shot glass before excusing himself to take a phone call.

When the bartender came back he seemed to keep an eye on her in a barely noticeable way.

The police arrived at the bar a couple of minutes later.

The police proceed to ask everyone to leave the bar, not giving a reason.

Marinette couldn't help but feel annoyed at that.

Being in too much pain and not really caring, she stayed seated.

She could hear and sense the police officers walking towards her, but once again, she couldn't bring herself to care.

Marinette could feel her consciousness fade away as she became unsteady on the bar stool.

Marinette felt her body hit the ground as the world faded to black.

She couldn't see and didn't have the energy to open her eyes, so she listened.

She could hear the police gasp and whisper.

She could hear as one called for an ambulance.

About fifteen and a half minutes later she could hear the sirens ringing loud through the air.

She could feel herself be lifted onto something soft, like a sparring mat as they moved her into the ambulance.

After that, the world simply faded into nothing more than background noise.

Her magic was relaxing, letting her know it was safe here.

For once in the past eight years, she felt safe as she finally let herself fall into a deep sleep.

Home

Marinette woke up in a hospital room.

She sat up to get a better look at her surroundings, trying to assess if she should run or stay put.

Marinette hissed quietly at the jolting pain that felt like pins and needles stabbing into her skin as it was about to rip apart.

Knowing her injuries, both past and present, her skin probably was going to rip and reopen her wounds.

Not wanting to deal with a freshly reopened wound, Marinette forced her body to relax in hopes of not disturbing her bandaged injuries.

All thoughts of remaining as still as possible disappeared as Marinette's head snapped in the direction of her hospital room door when she heard the sound of two voices the bluenette wasn't sure she would ever hear again.

She heard the female voice talk to someone in her usual 'I mean business' tone of voice and it made her feel slightly bad for the people on the other end of the call, but at the same time, they probably deserved it.

The old memories of that voice talking down to incompetent businessmen made her want to laugh.

And just like that, a switch was flipped.

The realization that it hadn't been some kind of horrible nightmare hit.

The realization that here and now isn't some kind of dream disguised nightmare where she would be free and then wake up to being whipped or having water thrown on her hit.

Both feelings hit a lot harder than she thought they would.

The bluenette didn't know what to do with the swirling emotions that had built up over the years.

How many years was it?

If she's remembering correctly then it would be around eight years.

No.

It's been an additional three years of not feeling negative emotions.

It's been eleven years since she's allowed herself to feel her emotions freely and the next thing Marinette knows she's curled up on herself and started crying.

Her cries grew into sobs as she finally broke down.

That seemed to get the attention of her Aunt and Uncle who instantly rushed into the room to see what was wrong

"Hey, my little star. It's okay. You're home." Jagged cooed at her, gently running his hands through her tangled hair.

The words, 'you're home' made the bluenette sob harder.

'Kwami, was she real home? Was it finally over?' Marinette couldn't help but think to herself.

Penny and Jagged alternated between making phone calls and talking to Marinette while she cried, reassuring her that she was safe and that she was home.

It was a tricky thing to balance between who was in the room and who was not, because if one of them was out of the bluenette's sight for too long she seemed to get anxious. As if something was going to happen.

Once the phone calls were over and done, a nurse came into the room with her dismissal papers.

By that time Marinette had already exhausted all of her tears.

She looked at the papers for a bit before raising a brow at Jagged and Penny.

"Did you think I would forget how much you hate hospitals, Little star?" Penny questioned with a soft smile.

Marinette gave her Aunt a small, grateful smile.

She tried to thank her but her voice got stuck in her throat.

The bluenette furrowed her brows in confusion.

She had been able to talk before.

She had been able to talk at the temple, at the League, and at the bar, so why couldn't she speak now?

After a few more attempts to speak it became clear that her voice wouldn't listen to her.

Instead, it just felt as if she was choking on her own words.

The feeling of tears being trapped in her throat returned when she tried to speak yet she didn't start crying.

Penny waved a nurse down to check on her but they couldn't find anything wrong.

The nurse suggested that whatever happened had probably traumatized her more than she thought and as a response, she may have become mute, or selectively mute. In the best-case scenario, she was simply too tired for her voice to function properly.

Penny thanked the nurse before helping Marinette up and into a change of clothes.

After being discharged Marinette was taken to Stone Manor on the outskirts of Gotham.

"Here we are," Jagged exclaimed, helping Marinette out of the car.

"Feel free to explore to your heart's content. I have to start on dinner." Penny said, kissing Marinette on her forehead.

Jagged led Marinette to her new room with the promise to go shopping tomorrow or whenever she was up for it so that she can personalize it however she wants.

Marinette gave her Uncle a small, grateful smile before beginning to wander around the Manor in hopes of clearing her head.

Ever since waking up from what she had been informed was a week-long 'nap' after the whole bar incident she's been able to sense everyone far better than she could previously.

That was probably due to finally having some proper sleep but at this point, who knows.

The main emotion she could sense directed at her was pity, concern, gratefulness, and relief.

Pity and concern being the more prominent emotions.

She hated it but figured that it would fade away over time.

With that thought Marinette reentered her bedroom, placing a few magic barriers around the room. The barriers ranging from being protective, to simply alerting her when someone is heading towards her room.

Once all the barriers were up, Marinette placed an invisibility illusion over herself before opening a portal into the alleyway from before.

The bluenette quickly grabbed the miracle box before jumping back through her portal and into her bedroom.

Marinette placed the miracle box in her closet with new invisibility and a protective barrier cast over it.

Satisfied with the miracle box being safe in her care, Marinette let herself drift off to sleep, taking a nap before dinner.

to be seen without pity

Marinette let out a huff as she laid on top of her bed, staring at the ceiling.

She had begun to envy her time at the temple and League.

Marinette knows that it's a horrible thought to have and she should never want to willingly go back there.

What were they expecting from her with the way people are treating her.

At least while she was with the league or at the temple, people weren't treating her like she was someone to pity. Like she was a cracked glass, ready to shatter at any given moment.

The feelings of pity radiating off of anyone and everyone she has had contact with the past month were driving her insane.

Doctors.

Nurses.

Therapists.

Police officers.

The Police commissioner.

Aunt Penny.

Uncle Jagged.

The list goes on and on, even though the people she's allowed contact with are very limited.

She hasn't even had the chance to say hi to her older brother, her fox, or her cat.

She couldn't help but wonder if those three would treat her like this as well.

How much was she asking of people to treat her like a regular person?

How much was she asking of people to treat her with more than just pity and sugar-coated words?

She was getting sick and tired of being treated like this.

Of course, Marinette doesn't plan on telling one that this is how she feels.

She couldn't 'tell' anyone anyway. Even if she wanted to because her voice still wasn't back.

Okay, that's a lie.

Her voice works just fine when she speaks to the kwamis.

Her voice works just fine when she's talking to herself.

Her voice works just fine when she's talking to plants and animals.

Her voice doesn't work with anyone else.

Marinette had tried to talk to people by not looking at them, not saying anything about the league, the temple, Hawkmoth, or the miraculi, but it didn't work.

In addition to that any time someone is within a five-mile radius of her, Marinette's magic picks it up and her voice disappears.

It's not like she could just turn her ability to sense people off. It is a skill that has become the same as the skill to breathe. It was a skill you don't even think about when you're doing it, and a skill that you can't just stop doing.

Marinette let out another huff before sitting up off the bed.

She quickly changed into a pair of leggings and a wrap shirt she had made in her spare time. Jagged and Penny being happy to buy her whatever fabrics, supplies, anything she needs or wants really.

Grabbing a backpack, Marinette placed her sketchbooks, Pens, Pencils, and erasers inside the bag.

Marinette sent a quick text message to her Aunt and Uncle, letting them know that she will be in the garden, before placing her phone in the bag with the rest of her things.

The gardens were always rather calming and quiet.

Just not today.

Marinette had already been in the garden for ten, fifteen minutes when a dog came barreling into her.

She tried to coo at the great dame but her voice caught in her throat.

It made sense since the owner was probably nearby.

Except this was the backyard of Stone Manor.

How did the dog even get back here in the first place?

Her question was answered when a man around her age slipped through a person-sized gap in the fence. The area was covered in vines and soft plants so it made sense that she hadn't noticed it before.

Marinette let herself appear, uncaring to the man as she giggled at the dog that was nosing her for attention.

She observed his energy and had to stop herself from physically freezing.

Her neighbor is the bartender?

He seemed to freeze upon seeing her playing with his dog. The man simply awkwardly stood there until the dog, Titus the name tag read, ran over to him and gave him a push.

The man walked a bit closer, leaving more than enough space for her not to feel crowded, and cleared his throat. She pretended to notice and looked up at him, blinking a few times before

offering a smile.

"I apologize for Titus. I hadn't even known there was a way he could get out of our yard."
The man said as Titus ran back to her for more pets.

Marinette nodded her head as she scratched behind the dog's ears.

The man watched her play with Titus for a bit before she realized that she never gave him her name.

Taking out a spare sheet of paper, she quickly scribbled down her name before offering the paper to the man.

He looked at her questioningly before reading the paper.

He paused to look at her before looking at the paper again.

"Marinette?" The man questioned.

Marinette simply nodded her head and pointed to herself.

That made the man furrow his brows.

"Can you not talk?" The man questioned, clearly confused.

Marinette nodded her head.

"But you talked at the bar." The man stated.

Marinette nodded again.

"Why can't you talk now?" The man questioned.

Marinette looked at him, really looked at him, observing his body language and energy.

He didn't pity her.

He was simply confused.

He didn't quite lack social skills, they just weren't easy for him.

Almost as if he hadn't learned them till much later.

Marinette paused when she could sense the Lazarus pits on him, but he most likely hadn't been in contact with them for at least a decade with how faded the energy was.

The energy made her want to try something.

Taking out another piece of paper, she asked for his name.

"My apologies, that was quite rude of me. I am Damian Wayne, and that's my dog, Titus."
The man, Damian, introduced himself.

Marinette looked at him for a few moments before pointing to her throat, then at her head.

She proceeded to draw a symbol on the paper, writing something down next to it.

When Damian looked at the paper he tensed, reading it out loud to make sure it was correct.

"The doctors said I was traumatized by the bad people." He read, turning the paper to face her. "This symbol belongs to the 'bad people?'" Damian questioned, receiving a nod from Marinette.

Damian looked at her with a new weariness, as if she was a weapon instead of a cracked glass about to shatter, and kwami was it nice to not feel someone's pity.

"Why are you telling me this?" Damian questioned cautiously.

Marinette handed him another piece of paper.

"You have the Lazarus pits energy on you. It's faded, so my gut says you're safe." Damian read out loud again.

He looks at her for a bit before letting out a sigh and taking a seat next to her, Titus happily laying his head down in Damian's lap.

Damian took one of her pencils and wrote a number on the paper before handing it back to Marinette.

She looked at the paper with curiosity.

"You'll run out of paper if you keep talking like that. Texting would be more effective." Damian said as if that train of thought wasn't missing a few details.

Marinette took the number and added it to her phone.

+1(***)-***-****

: *Why do I need your number to talk to you?*

Damian looked at her confused before releasing his mistake.

"You just got out of the League. I'm originally from the League. If you want to talk about something that happened there I would be the best person to talk to." Damian explains.

Marinette tilted her head in thought before shrugging with a nod of her head.

Marinette

: *but why would you do that?*

Damian looked up from his phone and raised a brow at her.

"You said it yourself, your gut feeling is that I'm safe. Plus I've probably been through something similar to you." Damian said with a shrug.

Marinette thought about it for a moment before shrugging.

They ended up sitting in somehow comfortable silence for the next hour or two.

Marinette only left to head back inside when she got a text from Penny that it was time to eat, so she has to go back inside.

Titus let out a whine when she stood up to leave.

Marinette

: it was nice to meet you again

" you as well Marinette."

With that Damian and Titus went back to their side of the wall, and Marinette back into the manor.

Chapter 14

“Are you sure, Lady?” Roarr questioned.

Marinette fidgeted with the chains that connect the bracelet to its rings. “I’m sure. Right now is the only time Uncle Jagged and Aunt Penny will be gone all day. Besides, it’s not like I can set up a meeting with the JL. Ladybug is the only one in their system, and I... I can’t go as...”

“It’s okay Marinette! There’s too much attached to the ladybug miracle. Just do whatever is best for you.” Tikki cheered, but Marinette can read the little goddess’s emotions.

Tikki was upset, but the little goddess also pitied her.

Marinette ignored her annoyance at the pity, instead, she focused on the feeling of Roarr’s transformation washing over her.

It felt different from Tikki’s transformation.

Different in a good way.

Marinette felt lighter, and as she walked around her bedroom she could hear the difference.

Instead of being nearly silent, her steps couldn’t be heard at all, complete silence.

Closing her eyes, Marinette focused on her hearing.

Marinette felt her ears, the fabric ones that sat on top of her head, shift as if looking around the room at every slight movement or sound.

It was, strange, to say the least.

Marinette couldn't help but wonder if that was how Luka and Juleka felt with their ears.

The thought of her former teammates made her eyes sting ever so slightly.

Jagged had set up a video call to them so she could say hi, but they hadn't remembered her.

They had apparently lost all memories of Hawkmoths terror.

Shaking her head, Marinette let that thought sink back, pushing down all the emotions that came with the memories.

Marinette turned to look at herself through the mirror.

She was now wearing a black bodysuit.

Marinette has a cropped dark magenta jacket with lots of pockets concealed knives, needles, and many other blades in it.

She has multiple sheaths and small bags that were more like fabric containers, decorating her waist and thighs.

Her black boots that might be combat boots have concealed blades as well.

Of course, she has her tiger ears and tail as well.

When she moved around and the light hit the fabric at different angles she could see tiger-like stripes lining her body in a dark magenta. The strips appeared to subtly be placed in protective spell markings.

Sure this suit looked less protective than the ladybug's suit in terms of looking like armor, but this suit is far more protective, littered with a whole arsenal of blades, and wouldn't draw attention to her which was the whole point for the miracle of Concealment.

"I'll be going now," Marinette claimed as she turned herself invisible and stepped through a portal she had just created.

Once she was through, Marinette could see all the Justice League members in fighting stances aimed at the portal.

Marinette quickly slipped past them and over to where Red Robin was standing in a fighting stance next to Zatara and Doctor Fate.

"Mlac nwod." Marinette said, letting her voice ring throughout the room.

Marinette was very glad she was invisible otherwise they would have seen her shocked expression.

She was talking to another person and not freaking out!

Okay.

That's a lie.

She is freaking out about being able to talk.

Her voice bouncing off the walls so they couldn't pin her location.

'Lady, are you alright?' Marinette heard Roarr ask in her sub concise.

'Fine, but do you know why I can talk now?' Marinette questioned.

'Lady...It may be due to the fact that you are only speaking in the guardian's tongue or it may be due to the fact that you are wearing a mask and they don't know who you are.' Roarr answered.

'But.... Red knows who I am.' Marinette tries to reason.

'True, but you are not talking directly to them. If that is not the case then you may only be able to talk in the guardian's tongue.' Roarr informed her.

Marinette held back a sigh that probably would have been heard out loud as she tuned back into the conversation.

"They said to 'calm down'" Zatará eventually translates for them with furrowed brows.

"You know what language that is?" Flash questioned.

"Yes. It's the same one we use when casting spells, but I don't know anyone who purely speaks in it." Zatará informs them.

"Arat, llet der ti si ydal keul."

Zatara freezes for a moment.

Taking a shaky breath Zatara translates what had been said. “Tara, tell Red it is Lady Luck.”

Red Robin immediately dropped his fighting stance.

“Lucky?” Red Robin asks as he slowly looked around the room.

“I ma gnisu a tnerffid elcarim. Taht si yhw I ma elbisvni, esuaceb I did ton tnaw ot eb dekcatta eht tnemom I deretne.”

Zatara actually started laughing at that, earning an unimpressed look from most of the league members.

“Sorry, sorry. Uhm. Lady Lucky says that she is using a different miracle. That’s why she is invisible because she didn’t want to be attacked the moment she arrived.” Zatara translates for them through her laughter.

With that said Marinette let herself become visible.

“Lady Luck?” Wonder women questioned, receiving a nod from the tiger weilder.

“Did something happen?” Aquaman asked in concern.

“I saw depandik pu litnu won, I tsuj derugif uoy dluow ekil ot wonk.” Marinette informed them, looking to Zatar to translate, but she seemed too shocked by the news to do it.

“‘I was kidnaped up until now, I just figured you would like to know.’ Is what the little guardian said.” Doctor Fate translates for her.

“You were kidnaped?” Black Canary asked in a mix of shock and horror.

‘Looks like they believed the rumors that I had left or gone back to being a civilian.’ Marinette thought to herself.

Marinette simply nodded her head.

One of the members had been about to say something but Marinette waved them off before walking away in the direction of the training rooms.

Red Robin followed, gesturing to the others to go back to what they were doing.

When they arrived in the training room Marinette was pulled into a hug by Red Robin and the dams broke once again, tears falling from her eyes as she let herself cry for the second time since she escaped a month and a half ago.

Red just held her as she sobbed, rubbing calming circles into her back.

When she got her emotions back in check Marinette tried to say something but English fail, French failed, Mandarin Fail, Italian failed, even the Guardian language failed.

Instead of speaking Marinette just went back to crying as she curled up into her brother’s calming embrace.

She wasn’t crying about the kidnapping anymore.

Marinette ignored the weak protest the tiger kwami made at her train of thought, they were easily drowned out by the sound of her sobs anyway.

She was now crying because no matter what the kwamis say, there is something wrong with her, she's broken and she doesn't know how to fix it.

Chapter 15

“Shhh. It’s ok. Breath. There you go. Just breath.” Tikki instructed in a soothing voice, trying her best to calm her bug.

“I... I... Help...breath...” Marinette cries in between her sobs and gasps of air.

“Shhhh. It’s ok Cub, just do as Tiks says.” Roarr tells the distressed bluenette as they nuzzle into Marinette’s neck letting out a low comforting purr.

After a few moments, the kwamis noticed they weren’t helping their guardian at all.

She was still having trouble breathing.

She was still shaking.

She was still sobbing.

And the kwamis weren’t sure what to do.

It felt strange to the literal pocket-sized gods that they didn't know what to do.

They wanted to help their guardian but at the same time, the kwamis know they won’t be able to because their guardian needs someone she thinks of as a safe person.

So far there are only eight people the little guardian considers.

Less than half of those safe people are civilians, and right now Marinette needs a safe, civilian, person.

“Should we get Penny?” Ziggy questioned worriedly.

“We can’t do that! Marinette doesn’t want them to know! Remember?” Orikko responded a little panicked.

The kwamis ended up getting into an argument on whether they should get Marinette’s Aunt and Uncle or not, none of them noticing how it was only making Marinette more upset.

“Shut up.” Plagg hissed lazily.

The kwami of destruction and ill fortune got up from his spot and flew over to Marinette’s phone, bringing it over to Marinette’s side.

He looked at the other kwamis to see if they were ok with what he was about to do and they all seemed to agree that it would probably be the best course of action.

So Plagg pulled up the contact and pressed the call button.

The phone rang for a few moments before the person on the other end of the call picked up.

“Hello.” The voice greets in a neutral but almost hesitant tone.

The kwamis took the call being answered as their sign to leave and disappeared back into the miracle box.

“Hello,” Damian said as he answered his phone.

He got slightly concerned when he could hear shaky breathing and what sounds like crying through the phone.

“Marinette? Are you okay?” Damian asked knowing that it was most likely a dumb question but he wasn’t sure where the line of their friendship if you could call it that, stopped and started.

Sure Damian and Marinette had met four or five months ago but they have only been in contact with each other for a month, most of their time together spent vaguely talking about the league of assassins, simply being near each other while sitting in silence, or working on some art things while keeping the other company.

A couple of questions flashed into his mind as the sound of sobbing and troubled breath continued.

Were they considered close enough friends for him to be answering calls that could ‘wake him up’?

Sure Damian hadn’t actually been sleeping yet since he had just finished getting ready for bed, patrol having just ended for the night, but Marinette didn’t know that.

Why would Marinette call him if she was in no state to talk?

Damian cringed a little at that thought since technically, Marinette is never in a state where she’s able to talk.

Letting out a sigh, Damian decided on his course of action of how to deal with his upset acquaintance? Ally? Friend?

How to deal with the upset Marinette.

Damian plugged in a pair of earbuds into his phone, he began to talk her through breathing techniques while he quickly threw on a shirt, sweatshirt, and a pair of sneakers.

“Marinette. I need some kind of affirmation that you can hear me and comprehend what I am saying.” Damian says into his mic.

He heard shuffling and the sound of choking back sobs as Marinette gives a hum of acknowledgment.

To the current Robin’s surprise, he had let out a sigh of relief at hearing something from Marinette other than the God-awful sobs that made him feel like a horrible person from just hearing it.

“Tap once for our tree or twice for the maze,” Damian instructed, listing the only two places they really hang out.

For once Damian was glad that Jon had messed with his window so it didn’t alert people when it was opened.

There was a single tap heard through the phone.

He waited to see if there was a second one but it never came.

“Tree it is.” Damian states, shooting a quick text to Alfred that he was taking a walk, Damian scaled the building, from his window to ground level.

He continued to talk Marinette through calming techniques as he followed the wall that separated Wayne manor and Stone manor. Damian found the walkway that was covered in vines and easily made his way through it.

Damian took a seat at the base of the large tree, hanging up the phone, and waited.

He didn't have to wait long because a few moments later Marinette stepped out of a portal.

Something told him that the portal seemed familiar, he just couldn't place where he's seen that type of magic.

Then again, his mother did kidnap Marinette due to her unique magic abilities, from what the bluenette has informed him.

As soon as Marinette was out of the portal she quickly curled up on herself, sliding down the trunk of the tree.

The action of sliding her back against the ruff bark, even with the fabric to act as a barrier, probably scratched up her back to some degree.

Damian eyed the bluenette carefully, unsure of what to do besides sit here with her.

She didn't seem to be in any physical pain and had stopped crying, only sniffing every once in a while.

Damian leans his head back against the tree's trunk extending his hand to the bluenette.

He didn't look at her but could feel the confused look she was giving him.

Eventually, Marinette grabbed the cuff of his sweatshirt sleeve.

The two young adults stay there till they're both about to pass out. Then Marinette opens a portal for each of them.

Damian disappeared through his portal and flopped onto his bed with a groan.

He had absolutely no idea how to handle that situation and was seventy-five percent sure that he just blew his chance of making a friend by himself.

Chapter 16

“Little rockstar, you have a visitor,” Jagged informed her through the door.

Marinette furrowed her brows, confused as to who her visitor could be.

Looking at the clock, it read 5:57 am.

Why would she have a visitor so early in the morning.

Marinette stood up from where she had been sitting on the floor to meditate, not having been able to get much sleep so meditating was the next best thing. Walking over Marinette opened the door just enough for her to peek through the gap.

Could she just use her magic to tell her who it was?

Yes.

But she was far too tired to care.

Outside the door stood her uncle, Jagged, and a black hair, tanned skin young man, Damian.

Marinette let the door swing open as she gave a sheepish smile at the sight of them.

With a small wave, Marinette ducked back into her room, not caring to close the door behind her since she would have had to opened it again to leave the room anyway.

She may have forgotten about asking Damian to come over, and that the reason it was so early in the morning was that it gives them 6 hours to hang out instead of 3 or 4.

The bluenette stepped out of her room a few moments later with her bag that was usually filled with art supplies.

Jagged let out a chuckle as Marinette grabbed the stoic young man's wrist and dragged him away through the manor halls.

It hadn't been an uncommon thing for the rockstar to see Marinette with Bruce's kid the past month, but the dragging him around part was definitely new.

Once the two young adults were out in the garden Marinette released his wrist, taking out her phone to type something while they walked.

Marinette

: Sorry about that.

Damian raised a brow at her in questioning, causing Marinette to fidget with her phone before typing once again.

Marinette

: For dragging you around the manor?

: and for grabbing your wrist without your permission.

Damian let out a hum of acknowledgment as they walked deeper into the garden, and into the hedge maze.

They had decided last night, or early this morning depending on your point of view, that they would hang out in the maze since they technically hung out at the tree earlier when the kwamis had called Damian for help.

“I didn’t mind.” Damian states after a few beats of silence.

Once they reached the center of the hedge maze Marinette sent a quick text to her aunt and uncle, letting them know where in the garden she was. The bluenette also sent a picture of a ladybug on a purple lilac that she found pretty.

Marinette turned her attention back to Damian once she was done talking in her family chat.

"What do you feel like doing today?" Damian questioned, giving a pointed look at her art bag that was out of place due to them agreeing to spar today in hope of burning any leftover energy from their previous meet-up a few hours earlier.

The bluenette grinned at him as she removed the fabric, embroidery hoop, thread, and needle out of her bag. All of which has clearly been a disguise to cover the bag’s real content as it revealed an arsenal of different training weapons.

Damian blinked at them a few times in surprise before reaching into the bag and grabbing out what appeared to be a staff-like thing that was only the length of his forearm.

He twirled the strangely short staff in his hands a few times before turning his nose up at it in distaste.

“Tch. This staff is far too short to be of any use for anything other than close combat. It would be more of a hindrance than a help.” Damian claimed

Marinette blinked dumbly at him before she burst into a fit of, be it a little strained, laughter.

Marinette held out her hand, silently asking for the staff.

Damian handed over the staff and watched with curiosity, clearly wondering what was so entertaining. Marinette pressed her thumb against the top of the staff, keeping the pressure on what now appears to be a button, Marinette twisted the button to the left, causing it to spring open into a full-length bo staff with a click.

Marinette twirled the staff around herself with a practiced ease before tossing it back to Damian.

"Collapse-able staff?" Damian questioned as he studied the unusual, lightweight, metal staff.

Marinette nodded her head as she dug through her bag, retrieving a matching staff, and extended it.

Damian twirled the staff he was holding to try and get a feel for the weight before dropping into a defensive stance.

Marinette grinned at him before leaping forward using a quick step move, only moving around on her toes and never letting the heels of her feet touch the ground.

They traded blows, but neither of them was hitting their targets due to the other countering their movements.

The spar continued for what was probably an hour or two before calling quits, declaring that it was a tie, both of them breathing heavily.

Marinette sat down in the grass before laying down like a starfish.

Her chest moving in big, calming breaths as the bluenette attempted to rain in her breathing and heart rate.

Damian took a seat next to her, leaving a foot or two between them.

He was breathing just as heavily if not more, with a slight upward tug of his lips that wouldn't leave his face.

It had been a while since he's sparred or even fought with someone that could match him blow for blow and not overwhelm him or overwhelm him. It was simply a sparring session between acquaintances? Allies? Friends? Where neither of them had to fight for their lives.

After a few minutes, Marinette pushed herself up into a criss-cross position as she dug through her bag and took out her phone.

Marinette

: Thanks

“For what?” Damian questioned, watching the bluenette out of his peripheral vision.

Marinette

: For last night

: and for the spar

: and for being my friend

The former assassin didn't respond verbally, instead, he gave a small nod of his head, watching as the bluenette laid back down in the grass, content to bathe in the warm sunlight as they sat in silence.

Damian smiled to himself.

Looks like he didn't mess up the whole friend thing after all.

Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

I'm doing better now so here's the last chapter of AWBE.

Thank you for all your support.

<3

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

Marinette

: staring at them won't make them bake faster

Damian let out a huff after reading that. Choosing to simply ignore the statement, no matter how true it might be, in favor of snacking on his bowl of sugar-coated fruits, waiting for the cookies to bake.

Marinette let out a giggle as she snatched a sugar-coated strawberry, earning her another playful glare as Damian swatted her away.

Marinette

: who would have thought Mr. ice prince would have such a sweet tooth?

Damian blinked at the bluenette before shrugging.

In all honesty, he hadn't been aware of the fact until he had been over to Stone manor at least half a dozen times. There are always sweets in the manor due to all the baking Marinette did.

Did Marinette bake too much?

Probably.

Was anyone gonna call the bluenette out on her stress / trauma / therapy baking?

Nope.

At least. Not any time soon.

The sweets are too good.

“I believe that my so-called sweet tooth can be blamed on you,” Damian states, still munching on his fruit.

Marinette just giggled again before typing on her phone.

Marinette

: nope!

: pretty sure it's your oldest brother's fault

: [link](#)

: i just looked up the correct things to feed you

Damian let out a snort once he saw what the link led to.

“This is why you've been giving me sweets and fruits?” He questioned with a raised brow before shaking his head. "I suppose I will have to agree with you in this case. After all, this is such compelling evidence.” Damian said with a deadpan voice, but the amusement was clear in his eyes.

There was a buzz of the oven timer alerting them that their cookies were finished.

Marinette easily slipped on a pair of oven mitts before removing the cookie sheets from the oven and placing them on the stove.

When Damian reached to grab a cookie his hand was smacked away.

Marinette

: nope

: you have to wait for them to cool

Damian looked up from his phone with a glare.

“Well then, what are we supposed to do in the meantime?” Damian proposed, glancing at the cookie sheets as if trying to plan the best time to steal one, or a few more than one, of the cookies.

Marinette grinned at him.

With a quick movement, the bluenette surged forward, booping Damiana on the nose before running away in a dead sprint.

It takes a moment for Damian’s brain to catch up with what had just occurred. However, once his brain catches up he gives chase, darting after the bluenette.

A smirk appears on his features as he listens to the blue-eyed young woman’s bell-like laughter.

Chapter End Notes

Is that it!?!?!?

GUYS!!!!!! I THINK THAT'S It!!!!

Will there probably be a part 2?

Yeah, but it's probably going to be in the same boat as "Secret Dreams"

Im not in a hurry to make part 2's of series since I Perfur making random fics that can keep up with all the ideas floating in my head.

End Notes

If you want to hear more, and keep up with any AWBE updates/Art, check me out on my [Tumblr!](#)
[Discord](#)

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