

(Rigel is) Miraculous! Simply the Best!

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by [Doreling](#)

Summary

The Dominion Jewel is a concept of subjugation. The other kwamis are not a fan. Harry is not a fan of Paris' lack of Potions. Marinette needs to get some sleep. Alix is just along for the ride.

Notes

Uhh, yeah, so you both had mlb au/crossover requests. enjoy?

The Burrow

Pain and darkness, a constant thirst. Rigel wasn't sure she was going to make it. The Dominion Jewel was not going to let themselves be buried again so soon. With Rigel too weak to function, Dominion made her magic obey them, it was in her best interest after all. Strong-arming the annoyingly loyal magic into listening to them, Dominion accessed the reclaimed time-turner. With their control over the core, filtering it, an eighth Rigel wouldn't die. Probably. Perhaps, divine intervention would come around to help them out. If not, Dominion could get them out with the core under their control, weak as it was.

Harriett Potter went back in time, and Dominion's machinations paid off.

Temporal disturbances always had pissed her off to no end.

Bunnyx, a holder of temporal responsibility, was literally jarred out of her seat in the Burrow by the disturbance in the force she felt just now. *What in the ever-loving name of Jalil has that overconfident hunk of corundum done now?* The voice of Fluff resounded in her head. She'd open that can of worms later.

Hopping through a suddenly summoned portal, she landed in a small, wooded clearing. The dirt below her feet was fresh and the trees were towering and menacing. Shivering from the feel of many eyes watching her, she opened herself to the feeling of the disturbance: under the ground. She dug quickly, a mere echo of that force was approaching from somewhere off in the forest, and a stronger reverberation was three meters away, and two meters down from where she was digging. These forces could *not* be allowed to converge.

One last burst of digging opened to a shallow...grave. Grave was the most appropriate term, Bunnyx thought, if the small body lying there was any indication. Still, she had only ten seconds before a world ending event occurred. She scooped the child up, *eight seconds left*, jumped out of the grave, *six seconds*, threw a portal in front of her, *five*, willed her action of digging to un-do itself, *two!* and jumped back to her Burrow.

Bunnyx willed a bed into existence and settled the child upon it, taking the opportunity to take a closer look at her rescue. The child, for indeed it was a child, no more than twelve by the looks of them, had clearly been mistreated (as if finding a kid who was buried alive in some wood wasn't enough to clue her in to some sort of villainy). Cuts and abrasions were visible all over their body and underneath the rips in their dirty and soiled clothes. Sunken eye sockets and cheekbones spoke of starvation, cracked and bleeding lips of dehydration. If that wasn't bad enough, the vibes of *that rock* were rolling off the child in nauseating waves.

Alix separated from Fluff, and the nausea dissipated. Fluff hovered over to the child's head and pressed against it, forehead to forehead. Alix let the kwami do faer thing, instead rummaging under her desk for a first aid kit. She started addressing the injuries she could reach without undressing the child. A warm washcloth to wipe the dirt and blood off their face. At least they were still breathing regularly, if a bit laboured. Alix wiped their hands, the fingers were bruised too, like the child had punched someone, and a burn on their left middle finger, possibly from a metal ring that had been heated and held there as another torture to be endured? The other fingers near it had burns as well, so it must've been a very hot metal.

Alix didn't want to undress the child while they were unconscious, but with Fluff still doing faer thing, she wasn't going to be able to use her timey-wimey powers to reverse the child's physical state to before the torture. The abuse hadn't been happening for more than a week or two, as far as she could tell. Consistent and long-standing abuse and starvation left different marks than were visible here.

She started with removing the obviously well-loved and well-worn boots. Then the robes they'd been wearing. The shirt and trousers were of a men's fashion cut and style, (one thing of many she'd picked up from being friends with Mari), but the child was wearing a makeshift binder underneath.

Alix would stick with they/them pronouns for now and ask the child later. The binder wasn't dangerously tight, so she was content to leave the child with some dignity. (Nath used to wear his binders too tight for too long, but this was more like a sports bra but extra, not that bad, Alix had done her fair share of wearing a sports bra for days on end when she'd been feeling most dysphoric) More scratches and abrasions, like a strong wind had run through the kid, soiled pants, (too weak to move?) but no other severe injuries visible. She'd have to ask Fluff to take a look for internal injuries.

Alix gently gave the child a sponge bath and redressed them in a pair of her sweats and a stolen hoodie from Jalil. The child might actually be older than twelve, as they were almost too tall for her pants, damn her short genetics.

She really didn't want to disturb the kid further, but they were dangerously dehydrated, and Fluff *still* wasn't done with whatever fae were doing. Alix set up a drip line, which had miraculously appeared, just to get some fluids into the kid.

With that set up, she wouldn't have to change the drip bag for a few hours, she turned back to her post: watching for time anomalies.

Some time later (it did get hard to tell the passage of time in the Burrow, but the drip was half empty, so probably about two hours?) Fluff was finally done messing with the kid's mind or whatever. Fae flew over to Alix, concern evident on faer face and exaggerated by the set of faer ears.

"I'm going to call a meeting with my kin, I know I don't need to ask, but will you still watch over the child until my return?"

"Of course, Fluff. Do you know if they'll wake up soon?"

“Yes, I’ve been keeping them asleep for now, so that I could search their mind easier, so once I leave, they’ll awake.”

“Alright, see you later. Give Mari and Tikki my best.”

Fluff saluted and disappeared in a burst of light blue sparkles, the dramatic shit. The child immediately started shifting around. Alix watches as they kept their eyes closed while their breathing subtly changed.

Alix could feel their growing panic. “Hey kiddo, I’m Alix. The tube thingy in your arm is a drip line to help with rehydrating your body. I gave you a sponge bath and put you in fresh clothes. I found you buried alive.”

The child opened their eyes to stare at her. Their tired grey eyes took in her pink hair and strange pyjamas, (so what if she enjoyed having a reminder of Mari’s ‘Pyjama Girl’ incident to sleep in? It wasn’t *that* weird), the screens behind her, and the drip line that was indeed in their arm.

“Where, where am I?” Their voice cracked. Alix handed over a glass of water. The child eyed her and the suddenly proffered glass suspiciously before accepting it after a moment. She waited, brow raised, until they took a sip, a pause and swallowed.

“You’re in a place called the Burrow—”

“This looks nothing like the Weasley’s home.”

“That would be because I’m not done explaining kid,” The kid’s face was an embarrassed blank, so Alix continued. “*This* Burrow is a place removed from the regular time stream, I’ve brought you here to prevent a potential world ending event and collapse of a space-time continuum.”

The kid frowned, “Do you work for the Ministry then?” They sighed, “I thought that I’d prevented an incident by masking my core, but I should’ve known it wouldn’t work with me.” They brought up their left arm part way before remembering the drip line attached to it and abandoned the motion. “How much trouble am I in for time-turner abuse?”

“With me? None. I don’t work for any Ministry, hell, I’m not even part of your timeline, dimension, universe, whatever, yet. I’m born in the year 2000 CE on Earth, I pulled you out of 1994 CE.”

“What?”

“Yeah, I’m like a mega important time jumper and preventer of disastrous temporal incidents and accidents or whatever. And I’m not even constrained to my original timeline or dimension.”

“How’d you manage that?”

“I made a deal with a god, of sorts.”

“Which one?”

“Oh, a god-esque concept of time, specifically where time brings about evolution, but we’ve both agreed that faer current known moniker is insanely stupid, even if fae do currently resemble a rabbit.”

“I’m almost scared to ask,”

“I won’t make you. It’s Fluff, which is the worst name I’ve ever heard a thing named, not least the literal embodiment of the concept of time.”

“Wow...that’s...really bad.”

“It really is. But it is what it is, as they say, whoever they are. What’s yours?”

“My name?”

“Dur, and I’d also like to ask after your pronouns. As I said before, I’m Alix. I use she/her pronouns, but they/them work too. When I was, oh about fourteen until about twenty-three,” she tilted her hand to estimate. “I used they/them exclusively. I’m still non-binary, but I use feminine pronouns most of the time nowadays.” Alix leaned forward to rest her elbows on her knees. She noticed the kid eyeing her full tattoo sleeves.

“Just so you know, I won’t like, y’know, judge you if your assigned birth gender and name aren’t who you are.”

“Oh, thank you, I guess?” They went contemplative for a moment. “And you really don’t work for the British Ministry of Magic?”

“Nope.” She said, popping the p. “I’m not even British. I’m French. The Burrow just has a handy automatic translation feature, kinda like the TARDIS now that I think about it, hmmm I should talk to Fluff about changing my umbrella to a sonic screwdriver.... But yeah! I’m speaking French! I’m assuming you’re speaking the Queen’s English?”

“Oh, um, yes? So like, it’s not that I don’t believe you or anything, but um, what do you know about me? Did you fully undress me?”

“Ah, yeah. As I said, I gave you a sponge bath, cleaned and dressed your wounds, I did have to change your pants, I didn’t want to have you sit in your own feces for any longer, but I’ve left your binder untouched, but I will remind you that you shouldn’t leave that on for more than eight hours consecutively in the future, cause it can cause lung and circulation problems. But other than the poor physical state I found you in? and your involvement in a temporal anomaly? I know nothing kid. I’m just here to keep timelines from collapsing.”

The kid affected a thoughtful frown.

“Listen, I’ll just keep calling you Kid, and use they/them pronouns until you’re comfortable enough with sharing with me, if you’ve got not protests to that.”

The kid nodded in assent. Alix slapped her hands to her thighs and stood. “Cool, that’s settled. Think you can stomach eating something light and easy? I’m not sure what, if any, internal injuries you’ve got, but maybe you could have some broth? Oh! any food restrictions or allergies? Always gotta ask that, y’know? Never know who eats Kosher or will die from chocolate with blueberries in it, or whatever.”

“Oh, um, I’m a vegetarian, and no known allergies. Some broth sounds lovely.”

“Cool, d’you mind if it’s chicken or vegetable broth?

“Chicken broth is fine, I’m not too picky, just don’t like eating meat.”

Fluff eventually returned in another burst of sparkles with Tikki in faer wake. Finally! A real medical professional was in the house, er, Burrow.

Kid was certainly surprised by their sudden arrival, but with Alix filling the hours with a brief look at the Miraculous and Kwamis, they weren’t shocked by their appearances.

Alix gave them both a nod; returned and received in return.

Tikki flew right up into Kid’s face “Hello, Child of Magic’s Blessing! I’m Tikki, concept of Creation and harbinger of Luck. I’d like to take a look at your insides, just to check for any injuries—”

“Or you could just ask me.”

“Oh? Do you know what’s wrong?” She said non-condescendingly.

“I *do* have basic Healer training, but my gut is all messed up because I’ve spent the last week subsisting off unwashed Potions ingredients and what ever non-toxic potions I had on hand.”

“Oh! That’s wonderful! Then mind if I just do a little bit of—” Tikki tapped Kid on the forehead and took on a look of concentration.

Just a few moments of Tikki working her magic had Kid looking worlds better.

“I’m just restoring your basic human physiology, so those recent abrasions and your gut are all fixed up, but I’m afraid you’ll still have to put in the work of building your strength and appetite back up the usual way. I’m not sure how your magic would react if I do much more,”

“Thank you,” Kid said sincerely.

“Now, may I please be allowed into your mind to speak with the entity there?”

Fluff chose to pipe up. “Oh yeah, sorry about breaking into your mind, I really needed to get in there and talk to that entity and you needed to be asleep.”

“Okay sure,”

Dominion was pleased somewhat. Harriett would be alright now, but the divine intervention decided they needed to yell at Dominion for saving a life by potentially risking a timeline collapse. And that was just the Time concept. Time brought back a Creation concept, and she was objectively worse, mainly because Harriett let her in, and Dominion couldn't keep kicking her out like they did with Time.

“DOMINION!” Damn it all.

Marinette was worried when Tikki left with Fluff and hadn't returned after three hours. She couldn't just sleep without knowing when her kwami would return. What if another akuma attacked? Papillion had really started ramping up the nighttime akumas in recent weeks.

Marinette had almost finished her yarn ball (nervous knitting) when Tikki returned in a burst of pink sparkles. They gave each other a quick hug before Tikki said, “I'd like if you'd be come to the Burrow for just a moment? There's been a development, but nothing bad for you, just something Alix would like your opinion on, as Guardian.”

“Of course,”

She decided not to change out of her pyjamas, Alix had seen them before, and Marinette figured it'd be a quick chat and then off to bed. Stepping through the sudden portal, Marinette was met with the sight of elder-Alix playing nurse. A drip line she was removing from a teen's arm laying in a bed that wasn't a usual Burrow feature.

Marinette was immediately worried, another person in the Burrow was never a good sign.

“Oh hey, thanks for coming. This is Kid, they/them. An accidental time anomaly because they've got a Dominion concept stuck in their mind. Kid, meet the Guardian,”

Said Kid gave Marinette a little wave. “Hello,”

“Cool, cool, that's introductions,” Alix clapped her hands. “Now for the fun stuff. Mari, I think Kid can help find Papillion.”

WHAT??

“Just so I get this all straight, you can help us with finding Papillion, *if* you can get this Dominion concept to work with us, by following the conceptual-slash-magical-bullshit resonance and suss out where Papillion is hiding. Right?” Alix, Kid, and the kwamis all nodded. Marinette continued.

“Once we defeat Papillion, the kwamis will help fix your timeline issue and return you to your own dimension, and even grant you a boon if you help. If you don't or can't help, they'll still sort out your issue, but Paris and Papillion take precedence at the moment unfortunately.

So you'd have to wait here in the Burrow for me to fix *that* mess first, which has already taken us three years, and we're not even close to finishing it yet." Marinette finished.

"Yeah sure, why not?"

"Really?" Marinette didn't want to get her hopes up, but if Kid really *could* help...

"I hate sitting around doing nothing,"

"You'll have to learn French," She didn't want to dissuade them, but they needed to think through a commitment this size thoroughly.

"That's cool, I've been meaning to get fluent."

"This isn't something you can easily back out of, once you accept."

"I'm not known for half-assing anything."

"You'll be living with me and my parents, in a small apartment."

"That's fine, I've lived with roommates."

"Okay, um," Well. That was easy enough, but how to get her parents to agree... "Tikki, think we can spin this into an exchange student situation?"

"Yes! I'll get started on the paperwork; you ask your parents." She flew around Kid's head a few times in excitement. It was hard for Marinette to not get excited too! Finally, something to help tip the Balance in her favour.

"I know they're going to agree, Kid. It's just a formality at this point, y'know?"

"Er, sure?"

"Well, I need sleep. See you in a week or so, I guess, get healthy!"

From London to Paris

Alix spent her week helping Kid build their strength back up. Kid, in order for Tikki to come up with all the requisite paperwork, had finally given a name and pronouns, and a birthday. Harriett Potter, she/her, of 31 July 1980, but they all decided to change her birth year to match with Marinette's. Kid also said she was older than her age, likely almost sixteen than her linear nearly fourteen, so it worked out in any case having her masquerade around as a sixteen-year-old.

Alix got Fluff to pull out a shallow swimming pool for Harry (as she insisted being called) to have physical therapy. Even if a Creation goddess speeds up your healing, your muscles still need to work back up to full strength.

But Harry was the most determined person Alix had ever met, and Alix had met a *lot* of determined folks in her time, Marinette having been the previous top contender.

Harry displayed a ridiculous notion that if she wasn't doing something (and that something had to be what she considered productive) she was going to explode. This led to Alix showing her how to work the Burrow's screens. Harry wanted to know about modern technology, which, fair, she *was* from like, thirty years ago or whatever, but Alix suspected she didn't know much about *modern* technology, like pre-1800s or something.

Fluff was a huge help, and Harry spent far too much time badgering the Kwami with questions to the point where Fluff just flicked Harry on the nose and said, and Alix would quote, "Work on your own personal evolution,"

Harry suddenly had green eyes (obviously magical) and physically looked sixteen, not boyishly twelve. Though to Alix's delight, she hardly gained ten centimeters in height. She was still taller than Alix though.

Harry grumbled about suddenly having hips and poor eyesight, but otherwise didn't seem concerned about her changed appearance.

Alix taught her about telephones and television and the internet and showed clips of a typical akuma attack (if going by an average, they'd all be Mr. Pigeon/Mr. Rat, but Alix wasn't that much of a nerd, thank you very much Max,). Harry would frown her concerned face at how much destruction happened.

Alix got to see Harry work her magic on a few things, mainly cleaning her beloved boots, but Harry said her coils were still messed up too much to perform much magic. (And also having a Dominion concept in your head led to not being able to use it as much as you wanted)

Alix took sneaky pics of Harry in pouting in oversized clothes (with more pieces stolen from Jalil than just a hoodie) and sent them to Marinette with 'progress!'

Because at least Harry was showing real emotions after the few days. Alix wanted to try a therapist from her own, post-akuma time, and have Harry visit under the pretense of akuma

trauma, but Harry, who wouldn't sleep under the covers or with the lights off, waking up with nightmares every other hour, was adamant she had it handled and didn't need to see a mind Healer, thank you for asking Alix, I'm leaving this conversation now.

She'd already resisted possession from one bastard, she was better with 'occlumency' now, and she wouldn't let it happen to her, especially to an *actual* (she had stressed this point) domestic terrorist.

"London still smells like London."

"You've been?"

"Um, yeah. There's a big community of my folks who live here, not to mention two of my uncles both live here, there, whatever."

They were wandering around London to find Harry her own clothes. Jalil had called Alix and asked her to please stop raiding my entire wardrobe, kiddo, I'm not made of cash. But *boo* to Jalil, cause Alix had the time to wait for him to restock. Harry? Eh, not so much.

Harry, desperate to check on her reality, had them pass a few locations she knew. Her 'Leaky Cauldron' was now the home of a hipster chocolate milk bar. 'St. Mungo's' was an apartment building. Harry sadly reported that she couldn't feel the presence of other magic users besides her and Alix.

"Okay, so like, I'm not the resident fashion expert, that'd be Mari, so I'm not even going to bother pretending that I am. You seem like a sensible and practical person, so we'll visit places that I'd get things from. Your mission, Harry, should you choose to accept it, and also you're not allowed to *not* accept it, is to get eight *complete* outfits for daily wear, and four nights worth of pyjamas. Uhh, I'm not going to dictate your underthings, unless you really need me to? Oh, and I guess, uhh, maybe a formal wear outfit? Yeah, that should be a good start for Mari's approval."

Harry let Alix accompany (read: *drag*) her into a store.

Harry grabbed a handful of the first plain t-shirts she could find and a hoodie (oversized London Eye souvenir) from the front rack. She also gave most other items, especially the sequined ones, a look of utter disgust.

Alix dragged her to the changing room, threw in some jeans and button up shirts and said, remember, she couldn't leave until she had eight complete outfits, consisting of separate clothing items for each look. Harry huffed and rolled her eyes, and selected Alix's choices that fit, even if they didn't fit well. Harry changed them to fit better once back at the Burrow.

Alix warned her that Marinette would chew her up and spit her out fashionable if it killed her, only to get a "thanks, but I appreciate the funeral look" in return.

"You don't know Mari like *I* do, kiddo. She'd scary when she's in Designer Mode™."

Harry rebuffs with “I’d like to see her try, if Pansy, Archie, and Draco couldn’t get me to do that after all these years.”

Poor kid, Alix thought, she was refusing to see the train barreling down the tracks towards her, but that was her problem.

Tom and Sabine were mildly suspicious of their daughter asking them to be hosts of an exchange student, (in part because that was something that took months of set up to arrange, not a week, and usually coincided with the start of a semester, if not a school year, rather than the middle of one) but mainly because Marinette valued her privacy (due to being Ladybug, but she didn’t know that *they* knew that yet, Tikki did, but they three agreed it would be best to wait for Marinette to approach them with it)

They figured it was something Guardian related and agreed, besides, maybe another kid Marinette’s age in the home would be a growing experience for her. They were set to pick up Harriett Potter from the Star Train station at half ten that Saturday.

Sabine had planned out a casual and relaxed schedule for Sunday to be spent touring Paris sights, but of course, she was open to changes, whether akuma or preferences, whichever came up first.

Harriett would join Marinette at Francois Dupont on Monday, in two days. But the rest of today would just be spent adjusting and relaxing and whatever else Harriett might want to do.

The couple arrived at the station just before the train pulled in, and Harriett’s appearance from *behind* them on the platform only furthered their belief that she was Guardian related.

Harriett was a small thing, far too scrawny for Tom’s liking. But if she ever wanted to help out in the bakery, he’d fix that right up. Extra pastries went to extra hands, after all.

She was extremely polite, if not overly vocal, but she understood them just fine. Her responses were stilted and riddled with odd grammar, and she consistently struggled with conjugating Etre properly, and any tense other than present. But they were all able to practice their English too, so it all worked out. Sabine knew that a few weeks of submersion would help clear that up.

Alix pulled a up a portal to the Star Train station, at half ten that Saturday, making sure she was picked up by the Dupain-Chengs and had left with a reluctant hug (on Harry’s part), and felt like an accomplished big sister.

Marinette was buzzing around her room with half excited, half anxious nerves for Harriett to come. She was *totally* prepared to house another person. There was a bed where her chaise used to be, half her closet emptied, and her sewing stuff was shuffled to one side of the room. Her parents were out picking Harriett up and Alix had just joined Marinette after dropping Harriett off, going over their progress of the past week.

Harriett could walk again, run somewhat, but was still generally winded and tired quickly. Disappointed in herself for not being as strong as before her mysterious ordeal which she still hadn't divulged beyond: "A bitch-ass fucker grabbed me, misused the time-turner I'd been allowed for school, tried to get rid of me by burying me alive, and now I have a megalomaniacal rock in my head not paying the rent." As if that didn't leave *any* questions. Still, Alix was confident that Marinette could get Harriett to open up about her life besides that misadventure, so they'd get along fine. Probably. Either way, there was no reason for Marinette to be nervous about sharing her space with someone new from another time and dimension and culture and oh Tikki she'd totally gonna hate me because I'm *technically* making her take the bottom bunk, and she'd probably want more floor space and—

"Marinette, we're home!" Sabine's voice came through the floor.

Marinette raced down the hatch, Alix leaving with a silent wave through a portal, and tripped down her stairs to slam into Harriett Potter, bowling them both over.

"Oof, sorry about that, I'm really clumsy." Marinette helped pull Harriett to her feet, (the girl was still worryingly light, even for someone with residual super-strength) "I'm Marinette!"

Harriett hid a smirk, as did Marinette (though less successfully), at having to play that they hadn't just spent the past week intermittently getting to know each other, especially through Alix's consistent text updates. Okay, so *maybe* Harriett didn't know Marinette as well as she knew her, but eh, details.

"My name is Harriett Potter. Thank you for being welcoming to your home. Please be calling me Harry."

"Welcome, 'Arry, let me show you to where you'll be sleeping. You'll be bunking in my room, and let me know if I'm speaking too quickly, I don't mind repeating myself, or if you'd rather, we can converse in English."

"Thank you, I will being tired of the French eventually, but I am needing of practicing."

The rest of Saturday was half tours of the bakery and half Marinette fainting at the sight of Harry's closet situation ("What do you *mean* this is all you picked out?? Surely this is just travel wear, or, or, clothes to ruin? *Why do you only have one pair of shoes????!! They don't even coordinate with anything you have?!*")

"So *this* is what Alix was warning me about."

“Yeah. Now take off your hoodie and those clashing boots. I’m taking your measurements. There is *no* way a guest of MINE is showing up to school on Monday dressed like *that*.”

“Rude, but fair.”)

Over dinner, they talked through the typical weekly schedule of the bakery and school, and after dishes were cleared let Harry chill on the couch so she could “observe them in their natural habitat” as she put it.

Sunday was busy: it saw them touring tourist attractions as per Sabine’s helpful agenda; Harriett stopping an attempt at pickpocketing (she was an obvious, non-Parisian target) which ended with the thief gaining a sprained wrist; and which subsequently Marinette had to bail to stop an akuma attack near Champs Elysees; (excusing herself to a bathroom in the Louvre, citing diarrhea) Harriett (to the bewildered look shared by the parents) said “have fun, don’t drown”, and then went along on her merry way. Sabine started to bring up akumas (an awkward segue to be sure, but the *were* near the Mona Lisa at this point)

“Did you know the Mona Lisa has been stolen more recently than 1912?”

“Is it being from an akuma attack?”

“Oh, you know about akumas? That’s good,”

“Yeah, I am researching current Paris hazards when I uh, applied to study here. Marinette’s got a weird fear response to them if hiding in a bathroom when an alert to one not even in the area goes off is a regular thing.”

“Oh, yes” (phew!, They didn’t have to cover for their vigilante daughter’s less-than-smooth exit strategies, but then Sabine remembered that Harriett likely knew, and was covering for Marinette. Smart cookie) “She’s been directly targeted a few times though, so we don’t blame her, as long as she lets us know when she’s on her way back.”

Monday started with an early morning akuma (only 12 hours after the previous one, *seriously Papillion*???? What are you even *doing* awake at 4!!) and so Harry was the one who woke Marinette up after an unfortunate two hours of sleep post-battle.

“bitch, wtf, do you know what time it is??” Because Marinette was not Awake Enough To Deal With This Shit™

“Yes, it is half seven, class starts at nine, you need time to be dressing and eating. Get up.” Harry responded with a vicious poke to the side. Ignoring Marinette’s mumbled “and I can get away with not getting up until fifteen til.”

Harriett followed Marinette to her home room and sat next to her. Marinette said she could have her pick of the seats if she'd like, as they were *thirty (30!)* minutes early, but Harry merely replied, "I'd rather am being with you, I don't be liking of the attention. Back of this classroom is being easier to not have other eyes."

"Hello and good morning class!" Ugggg Marinette's rocket fuel had Not kicked in yet to deal with a perky Mlle. Bustier on a Monday. She was not the only one who felt this way.

"Good morning Mlle. Bustier." was the collective flat response.

"We have a new student joining us, she's an exchange student from London! Mademoiselle Potter, would you like to come up front to introduce yourself and answer a few questions?"

"No, but I will anyways," Harry held her head high, ignoring the stares with an ease Marinette was somewhat envious of. (Who was she kidding, she was wholly envious of that confidence)

"Hello, my name is Harriett Potter, I hail from the Midlands of England, not being of London. I am being hosted by the Dupain-Chengs. I am being fond of doing the running, reading, and the sciences, being most fond of chemistry. I have one sister, being baby called Addy. I will not answer all questions."

Kim started off the crowd. "D'you think you can teach me some English swears?"

"Bugger off,"

"Excellent!" and high-fived a much-younger Alix. Who then also asked a question.

"Have you been to the Louvre yet? My dad's the exhibit director there."

"Yes, The Mona Lisa is being much smaller. I was being the thought of it bigger."

Sabrina asked "Have you been pickpocketed yet? My dad's a police officer, so I can help you file a report if so."

"Yes, but the man was being of bad form. I nearly broke his hand when he tried. I have been meeting of good form pickers-of-the-purses. Faster ones too. My dad is also being of the law force."

Lila then just *had* to bring herself back to attention, urgg. "If you ever want help around here with anything, just ask me, I can *totally* help you with adjusting to life in a new place. Unless I'm too busy at one of my charity functions, or out of the country, that is."

"Thank you for being of the welcoming, but Marinette is being my host-sister, I will be asking of her. No further questions."

Harry walked back to Marinette at the back of the classroom, and merely stared at Bustier until the woman cottoned on to the fact that she *would* have to teach a class today, not just let

the students hound the newbie.

Lunch time was a different story. Harry seemed more open to sharing when it wasn't taking up class time, though she still wasn't going out of her way to initiate conversations.

"I am being of the pagans. We are being a very small community, very much without electricity or modern technology. I was going as student—the student?—a student at The Boarding School. Very many of my community are being of students there. But some of us are being students on American, sorry, of the United States. I have one baby sister, one boy cousin, two uncles, and my mother and father. I am not having Aunt, she is being dead. Archie is being my cousin, but is not being a not-brother, we are being very close. He is of my heart, being my friend best.

"Many apologies for my wrong sentencing, my teacher of the French is being of strange speech patterns, even in the English. I is being good at reading of the French, I is being— am of fair listening, speak the French good not much."

All things considered, not a bad way to start the week.

Universe vs Marinette

Chapter Notes

yeahhhhhh

so um

transitions are hard

don't @ me

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

Did Marinette say today was ‘not a bad start to the week’? Because it totally was 100% bad. Two words: gym class. Specifically: dodge ball.

M. Haprele, *for some reason*, decided that dodgeball was okay to reintroduce back into the curriculum again, as if the previous game three months ago *hadn't* ended with multiple broken bones. And no, Lila's “broken” finger did *not* count in that total. Also, totally not Marinette's fault. It was probably Kim's. Yeah, let's blame it on Kim.

Harry, to her credit, didn't seem all that concerned when hearing that? (She *did* remember that they couldn't just, *magic*, the bones together, right?) “Eh, can't hit harder than a bludger if the balls are just foam, right?”

Poor sweet summer child.

Marinette didn't doubt Harry's dodging abilities, just her stamina.

Kim and Alix had to be on the same team, as per administrations' request, so M. Haprele made Marinette and Harry the second same-team pair to even it out, but otherwise let team captains pick their combatants. It was going to be a large game, four classes were playing, and Marinette felt this was to make sure that any collateral damage could be written off as a result of sixty or so kids playing sports, and not from any particular lethality of said sport.

The game started out fast and chaotic. Ivan was unfortunately out first thing because his size led to everyone ducking behind him, which brought him under the most fire. Aurore got hit in the face by Mireille, getting Mireille out, no face shots imo, and then Aurore had to go to the nurse's office for a broken nose. Broken bones: 1 (does cartilage even count? Note to self, ask Max later)

Chloe, surprisingly, caught a ball, Nathanael was out. Jean-Claude jumped into the two balls that Jean-Phillipe threw, and Jean-Paul ran over the midline after knocking heads with Jean-Michel, and then Jeanette *also* suffered a head shot, but was able to keep going. Marinette

kept an eye on Harry, but her dodging was *spot on* (heh) and fluid. Damn that was an intense concentration face, oh *fuck*—Marinette dodged, not her fault that Lila was standing right behind her, that little cagna. Marc got a ball stuck up in the railings, Juleka hit Rose out, Claude tripped catching a wall rebound and got hit anyways.

The numbers dwindled; Kim yelled “JAILBREAK!!” and everyone surged back onto the floor, were they even playing that version? Marinette didn’t think so. Adrien flashed her a smile, and she blushed back, barely dodging Alya’s throw—she was weaponizing the sunshine’s smile?? Nino’s hat went flying but he dropped down in time and returned fire.

Harry weaved through the new flurry of attacks, dancing her way across the gym, catching and throwing return fire at nearly the same speed. Unfortunately, her skill marked her as a target for the opposing side, and Alya rallied her team to loose their ammo all at once. Harry did her best, but a few balls must’ve got through her guard; she raised her arms to shield her face—Marinette felt the heat before it happened—and a red shining bubble *ate* the three balls that were about to hit her face.

Half the students stopped at the sight of (apparent) non-akuma related magic. Harry ran off to the sidelines. Marinette shouted, “Headshot! Doesn’t count!” and followed Harry to the bench.

She was hiding her face in her knees.

“Harry?” Marinette approached cautiously and sat down next to her in a similar position. “I doubt many people noticed. It’s a pretty chaotic game and you’re not the first person to react poorly to a headshot.”

Harry kept her head down. “I is being danger to students. Again.” She struggled to speak and reverted back to English. “That shield is destructive and destroys anything it touches. I’ve done it during a similar game to this and hurt my friend.”

She must’ve seen concern on Marinette’s face because she was quick to shrink back. “Not physically! He’s fine. Never mind.”

“I’m sure he is.” Marinette made sure to telegraph her movement as she reached out to pat Harry’s arm. “Do you want to talk about it?”

“...no...”

“Okay,” Marinette turned most of her attention back to the ongoing game. She caught Alya’s eyes and made an ‘all good’ head nod, who sent one back from behind Adrien’s shadow. Three more students were sent to the bench before Harry spoke again.

“It’s called the depasco shield. And I really do mean it destroys anything; I’ve used it to cut through a basilisk’s hide, and they’re tough as dragon scales.”

“I’ve ridden a dragon before,” Marinette offered. “Well, it was a crocodile turned dragon.”

“Akuma? I thought only humans could be possessed?”

“Oh boy, okay, so yes? But there’s also now the peacock at play, remember? And it basically can make akumas out of inanimate objects, we call them amoks and sentimonsters, but Fang was a special case because Uncle Jagged is very emotionally attached to him.”

“Who is Uncle Jagged? Is that his real name?”

“Oh, Jagged Stone, he’s an international rock-star who basically adopted my family? He regularly commissions me for outfits and accessories, and I’ve designed an album cover too. And don’t tell him I told you, but his real name is Jebediah.”

“My lips are sealed.”

Their conversation faded and Marinette was content to sit in silent companionship with Harry as she kept up with the game.

“Are you sure that seeing magic isn’t going to cause panic?” Harry asked quietly.

“Yeah, I’m fairly certain. There’s been so much weird shit happening because of Miraculous influence. This is just another day in Paris honestly.”

Harry frowned but accepted that answer.

“Now come on, Harry. If we leave now, we can snag a shower before our next class!” And with that Marinette dragged Harry off to the lockers.

Freshly showered students filed their way back into their afternoon lesson and Marinette prayed to Tikki that Mlle Bustier wouldn’t go off curriculum because of Harry. And because evidently Tikki *hated* her, (just kidding Tikks, I know you love me) Harry was introduced to the dreaded *group project*. Never had there ever been such a waste of time invented than whoever taught Mlle Bustier that group assignments were an effective learning and teaching tool.

And because the *universe* hated Marinette, of fucking course she was grouped in with Lila. Without Harry.

Honestly? *Fuck Mondays*.

Adrien felt that something was off about the new student Harriett. Marinette, wonderful and compassionate person she was, probably didn’t see the potential danger that British people brought. Harriett was scary good at dissembling, just like Felix. She had a way of commanding attention that felt very similar to Felix. Was there something in the water over there that made teens into dishonest and tricky monsters?

Which was why when Mlle. Bustier asked who would like to pair up with Harriett in a group project, Adrien volunteered. He wanted a closer place to enact surveillance at Harriett’s true

nature when she wasn't around Marinette. Some may call him jaded but after several betrayals he'd had in the past two years he felt he served a trace amount of skepticism aimed at newly suspicious people in his life.

Harry was so bored. It was Friday afternoon and there was nothing to do. She'd already read the French-English dictionary Sabine had gifted her, *twice!* this week, and she was excused from graded homework for her first week at Dupont. Marinette was off fighting another akuma across town, some giant baby? Or was it the pigeon man...

Harry didn't really like the television unless it was a nature documentary or similar.

Marinette had also barred her from reorganizing her sewing supplies. Harry felt that the slapdash piles of dissimilar fabrics would make finding items difficult; Marinette felt that her piles of potential projects were better left as they were.

Harry wished there were potions. Or even tea. Maybe a lower alley? No, she wasn't supposed to wander around Paris without a local guide, aka one of her host-family.

She went downstairs to the bakery to see if she could help, or even just people watch.

Sabine greeted her from the kitchen, "Hello dear, what brings you down here today?"

"Mari's being of the boring, she's doing the homework. May I be of helping?"

"Absolutely! We never turn down a helping hand. I can teach you how to run the counter if you'd like?"

"Yes please."

Harry found it somewhat difficult to remember she was dealing with Euros, not galleons or knuts, but dear Kyprioth, was the Euro value system so much easier than the wizarding bullshit. She knew it was the way that it was because goblins started it to piss off wizards, but then the wizards refused to change it to make sense, even the goblins hated it now.

"And all of your countries on the continent use euro system?"

"Most of us in the European Union, yes."

"Wow, Britain is so dumb not to, sickles and quid are terrible."

Sabine laughed. "Don't get me started on Brexit, dear." *What on Earth was a sickle? That wasn't British currency...*

After the lunch rush, Harry went to find Tom. Customer service was exhausting. Harry wanted something that was hand work, not head-language-patience work.

He was frosting macarons, which Harry learned via Marinette Rant TM that macarons and macaroons were totally different cookies. Double-O cookies were ignoble coconut lumps. Single-O cookies were sandwiches with delicious crème filling and were hardly ever coconut flavoured, unless you were a *heathen*. Obviously, macarons were the superior cookie. (And Macrons were French presidents)

Tom had Harry (after a quick lesson on proper handwashing technique) gently place the top cookie on the crème. She could practice icing them another time, he said. Harry felt this was fair yet unfair. She was a quick learner, and an even more efficient worker. Tom moved her up to dolloping different doughs onto trays and watching oven times when she had proven faster at topping macarons than he was at frosting them. And he was very fast.

Marinette emerged from upstairs. “Harry! Lunch break is over, let’s get back to Learning and Having The Best Days Of Our Lives!” Her fake enthusiasm made Harry snort. Mlle. Bustier really did sound Like That.

Chloe thinks the most fun part about hanging around Dupain-Cheng is Potter’s habit of saying things that are highly alarming, hinting at a *very* traumatic backstory, out of the blue. All with the most deadpan face ever. It’s fascinating, really. So far Potter’s hinted backstory traumas are: being stabbed, being poisoned (twice, different ways), nearly having her throat slit, nearly having her kidneys stolen, nearly being murdered by a classmate (Chloe thinks that one of the poisoning attempts fit here), being kidnapped (twice), being tortured, being starved, surviving an explosion, accused of murder? (or an almost-murder? possibly just assault of not the-murderous-classmate, but a different one).

All around, Chloe is quite concerned. Because Potter wasn’t in Paris for any of this, so it was all from non-akumatized actions. What the fuck is wrong with the British?

Other things about Harriette Pottere: she is used to ignoring the stares of others (both positive and negative, but of the two positive attention makes her *much* more uncomfortable) (which is why Chloe is sure to compliment her often, just to see her squirm, as her insults didn’t work on her)

What? Harriette has a nice ass and *fantastic* shoulders. *Any* self-respecting lesbian is going to pay attention to her.

Chloe really should thank Dupain-Cheng for getting Harriette to wear tops that highlight her shoulders.

Chapter End Notes

so you may have noticed that the number of chapters has increased! yep. plotting ran away from me and I am but a simple fool who lets herself do this
so let us all pray that it doesn't take another year and three months for chapter four to emerge from my brain.

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