

## Bells of Notre Dame

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# Bells of Notre Dame

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## Summary

She looks utterly mystified, and he knows there's a distinct cheshire look to the grin that spreads across his face.

"Princess," he purrs, "I have a surprise for you."

## Notes

Marinette's reaction to the bells is based entirely on my own, and I haven't even heard the new bells. I still remember sitting under Notre Dame trying to eat lunch and I had a hard time doing so because the bells rang for a whole forty minutes and I was just about paralyzed from how good it felt.

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

Chat Noir lands on the roof of the Dupain-Cheng bakery with an impressive clatter, jittery with anticipation, and he barely has the foresight to peek through the trapdoor to make sure Marinette's in her room before he tugs it open. She's taken to leaving it unlocked when she's okay with him (literally) dropping in unexpectedly.

This morning is no exception, and he lands on her bed with a slight spring, his tail lashing around his ankles in his excitement. "Princess!"

She looks up at him from her lounge, small and soft, still in her pajamas with her hair loose around her neck, and he flops over on his front and kicks his legs giddily in the air. He loves the way she looks in the mornings, and his ears perk up at the small smile that tugs at the corners of her mouth.

"Boots off the bed, kitty," is her only comment, and he grins as he rolls over to dangle his feet over the side of her bed.

"Marinette," he sing-songs, "I have a question for you."

"Yes?" She goes back to sketching in her book, and he leans forward eagerly.

"You like vibrations, right? That's why you like my purrs?"

She hums and nods.

"And you like bells?"

Now she looks up at him, brows creasing with confusion. "Sure, I guess."

He doesn't really have conscious control over his tail and he can't stop the way it waves behind his shoulders with barely suppressed delight. "And you're okay with loud noises as long as they're good noises?"

"Yeah." She looks utterly mystified, and he knows there's a distinct cheshire look to the grin that spreads across his face.

"Princess," he purrs, "I have a surprise for you."

She raises a single eyebrow. "At ten o'clock on a Sunday morning?"

"Yep!" He lifts himself over the railing at the side of her bed, hits the floor lightly, and reaches down to take her hand and pull her to her feet. "Transform, and let's go!"

She sighs, but smiles as she does what he asks, and two minutes later Ladybug and Chat Noir are bounding across Paris, him racing ahead to lead the way.

She figures out where they're going fairly quickly, but she doesn't comment until they land together at the base of the spire of Notre Dame. "You know I've heard the bells of Notre Dame before. Every day, actually."

He widens his eyes at her, reaching out for her hand. "Trust me?"

"Don't do the face, that's cheating," she grumbles, but goes with him willingly. He tucks an arm around her waist and uses his baton to lift the both of them up to the top of the north bell tower.

As he'd hoped the towers had been closed to tourists already, and in spite of the crowd collecting in the square beneath they were quite alone on the roof. He releases her, though not before nuzzling at the side of her neck to hear her giggle.

"Alright, kitty, what is this?" she asks, and he slides into a cross-legged seat on the gravel rooftop.

"It's a surprise," he murmurs, digging in the pocket of his suit with one hand and pulling out his baton to check the time with the other. There's still two minutes to spare, and he smiles as he retrieves what he was looking for.

She sits down across from him, curling her knees up close to her chest, and watches in confusion as he inserts the earplugs carefully into his real ears. He smiles at her and mirrors her posture, feet flat on the ground and knees against his chest while he waits.

She opens her mouth to say something, and just at that moment the bell in the south tower gives an almighty toll.

Chat claps his hands over his ears with a wince. He strongly suspects that Plagg is helping as well, dulling the sound to just this side of bearable, but it still takes him a moment to focus on Ladybug again.

He'd brought earplugs for her as well, but as the bells beneath them ring out in chorus, he realizes he definitely will not be needing them. At the first clatter her head drops back limply, her eyes slide shut, and her lips part. He can see the way her throat works and oh he would give anything in the world to hear the sound he knows she just made.

He can feel the vibrations too, and while he isn't quite so enthralled he can see why she likes it so much. They radiate from his feet and tailbone where they contact the roof, shivering in his bones, buzzing in his teeth, tugging at something visceral right in his core. It takes effort to keep his eyes open, but he *has* to watch Ladybug.

The expression on her face is pure bliss, her eyes shut lightly, and she breathes in sync with the ringing from beneath them. She starts to rock back and forth in time with the bells, first just her head, then her entire body, and he purrs at the smile that spreads across her face. She looks *radiant*, almost painfully happy, her entire body *singing* to the reverberations in the stone.

He can feel himself shiver when he sees goosebumps running up her neck from beneath her suit, and he swallows a burning flash of pride. *He'd* done this, made her feel this *good*, and he watches her with a dopey grin as the bells finally begin to wind down.

They normally ring every quarter hour, but today is some kind of holy day and they rang for a solid twenty minutes. They fall silent with a final massive toll from the huge bell in the south tower, and he cautiously removes his hands from his ears.

She stays still for long moments, breath escaping in little gasps, and finally her azure eyes flutter open. He smiles, somewhat shakily, because she is almost limp with ecstasy, and it's terrifying how happy that makes *him*.

She reaches for his hand, presses kisses to the pads of his fingers, and he *trembles*. Her voice is low, and he barely catches her words. "Thank you, Adrien."

## End Notes

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