

The Story of the Year

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The Story of the Year

by [Xanoka](#)

Summary

Ladybug and Chat Noir are finally together! It's the biggest story of the year, and Alya's riding high, covering it on the Ladyblog. Nothing could possibly eclipse it. Nothing. (Shameless fluff. I am (not) sorry.)

Notes

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

Breaking

Alya is vibrating with excitement when Marinette meets her at the school gates.

“Girl! Where you been? Why’ve you not been answering my calls?”

Back pressed against a chimney, Chat’s warmth and scent filling her world, fingers in his hair, his claws just pricking the small of her back as he gasps. The brick scrapes pleasantly against her shoulder blades, reminding her that it’s real and happening.

“Never mind! Have you heard?”

He sighs her name into her neck, her real name, and she shivers and replies with his. He smiles brighter than she’s ever seen him smile. She feels light and bright and alive; she’s made of stars, fizzing like champagne bubbles.

“I have the story of the year!”

Marinette blinks.

“No. What happened?”

“Ladynoir! It’s finally happened! Look! I’ve had pictures coming in all morning. Ladybug and Chat Noir are *finally* together!” She flicks her thumb carelessly against her phone so Marinette can glimpse a reel of photos of Ladybug and Chat Noir, kissing on the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, the Arc du Triomphe, on a balcony at the Louvre... They had not been subtle.

The Eiffel Tower had always been their favourite spot. At the very tip, they can see almost the whole of Paris spread out before them. He takes her hand and her stomach jumps and flutters, like her hair in the cold night air. She used to tell herself that it was just the buzz of being so far above the ground, a residual fear. But now she knows better.

She blushes and tries to be annoyed, despite the warmth pooling in her chest.

Alya doesn’t seem to notice. She seems to have forgotten all about Marinette and hugs her phone with an expression of bliss. “My babies! I’m so happy!”

“Wow, Alya!” Marinette finally remembers to respond. “That’s great! And it must be great for the Ladyblog!”

“Yes! It’s a Ladyblog exclusive! See, I took this one at the Centre Pompidou last night, but the others were all sent in by my followers. It’s breaking news! And I broke it! This is so huge!” She’s practically dancing on the spot.

“That’s so great, Alya!”

Alya screams and envelops her in a hug, only breaking away when the bell rings for class.

“Oops, sorry!” She doesn’t look remotely sorry. “Come on! Let’s go!”

They run to class, breathlessly laughing (Alya’s excitement is contagious), before slowing to a walk just outside the door. Mme Bustier hadn’t arrived, but everyone else seems to be present.

Marinette feels her breath catch for an entirely different reason.

He is sitting in his usual place, straight backed, plainly not listening to Nino. His eyes slide to her as she enters and the Cheshire Chat smile curls his lips.

She waits until she’s at her seat behind him before, with a thrill of daring, leaning right over her desk until her mouth is level with his ear.

“Chat,” she breathes.

It’s easy to imagine his cat ears twitching. The smile turns into a grin.

“My lady,” he purrs back.

He turns in his seat and catches her cheek before she can even think of moving away.

She meets his eye, confident and smiling, despite the blush dusting her face. His eyes burn as he strokes her cheek for a second, before sliding his hand into her hair and leaning into her.

His lips are soft and warm, gently moving against hers, but not enough. She presses closer, opening her mouth with a sigh to let him in.

She feels his tongue touch hers and it tingles, sending a jolt all the way down to her stomach. His fingers tighten in her hair and his breath hitches as he pulls her even closer. Her toes barely brush the ground. She smiles against his lips, completely lost in him.

Unfortunately, breathing is still a requirement of living.

Breaking apart, she beams up at him, a little embarrassed, but ridiculously happy.

Up close his eyes are huge, as big as Chat’s, even crinkled up with warmth. Her busy fingers had taken it upon themselves to muss up his hair, so he looks a little rumpled and dazed and more *Chat* than ever.

Then, Marinette becomes aware of a strange chocking noise in the background. Out of the corner of her eye, she sees Alya and Nino, staring at them both, open-mouthed.

Glancing the other way, she can see her other classmates, frozen with expressions of varying degrees of astonishment and (in Chloe’s case) fury.

She should be embarrassed, a detached corner of her brain notes. *Marinette* would be embarrassed. But with Adrien looking at her like that, out of Chat’s eyes, she’s never felt

more Ladybug.

A smirk tugs at her lips, and she can't resist reaching up to boop Adrien on the nose.

"Down, *chaton*," she whispers, so only he can hear. "Mme Bustier will be here soon."

That seems to wake him up.

He grins at the familiar gesture and takes his seat as she does, just as their teacher walks in and begins issuing instructions. Marinette barely hears her.

Something is welling in her chest, something warm and bright that threatens to spill out of her, out of her face, her mouth, hell, even out of her fingertips. She's sure her face is glowing, but she can't bring herself to care.

She had kissed Adrien! He had kissed her! Adrien was Chat! Chat was Adrien! She had kissed him! He had kissed her!

She giggles before she can stop herself and Adrien twitches. He'd heard her, and now the back of his neck and ears are turning rosy.

The bubble expands and she can't help wriggling in her seat, like a puppy.

Surely, she's going to float away, any second now.

Alya seems to have gotten over some of her shock and, being the good friend she is, leans over to squeeze her wrist.

"Keep it together, girl," she whispers, barely audible.

Marinette nods and bites down on the next giggle, managing to turn it into a sappy smile.

Alya scribbles something as Mme Bustier starts to say something about Marcel Pagnol. A note lands on Marinette's knee.

Later, girl! You totally owe me all the deets!!!

In front of them, she can see Nino nudging Adrien, so she knows he's having the same problem.

It's the best problem she's ever had.

News

Chapter Notes

Yes, the fluff continues. Ah, well. It's my first Miraculous fanfic, in my defence, and I just want them to be happy!

Thank you to everyone who left kudos, comments or bookmarks! I've never seen such a quick reaction to one of my fics! Thank you! You guys are simply the best!

Three hours later, the bell finally rings for lunch.

Marinette has barely closed her bag when a vice-like grip clamps around her wrist and she's being dragged away. She just has time to wave and mouth "Bye!" at Adrien before they're in the corridor outside and Alya hasn't even slowed.

Resistance being futile, Marinette allows herself to be towed out of the school gates and around the corner to her street.

Of course, Alya was bound to interrogate her in her own home.

"Hi Mme Cheng!" Alya shouts as she throws the door to the bakery open with a crash.

A customer looks startled, but Sabine is used to the juggernaut that is Alya and smiles indulgently. "Hello, girls! Are you home for lunch?"

Before Marinette can speak, Alya is answering for her. "Can't, Mme Cheng. We've got some serious gossip to discuss!"

Sabine nods knowingly. "Ah, something to do with the Ladyblog?"

Alya seems momentarily confounded, as if she had completely forgotten about the Ladynoir development in the wake of her latest earth-shattering discovery.

For a second Marinette feels her heart freeze.

"Go right up," Sabine continues, blissfully oblivious to the turmoil she has inspired. "I'll make you two some sandwiches to take back to school."

Alya brightens, instantly distracted. "Thanks, Mme Cheng! I'm starving!"

Then they're on the way up the stairs, not stopping until they reach Marinette's room.

And now Marinette is sitting in her desk chair and Alya is standing over her with a hard look. It's her investigative journalist face, and as Marinette watches, the Ladyblog's finest leans over and turns on the desk lamp, shining it directly into her eyes.

"Alya!" She gropes blindly for the switch to turn it off.

"Well? Spill!"

"OK! I'll tell you! Just turn it off!"

Alya laughs and Marinette can see again.

"So, tell me!"

"Oh my God, Alya!"

Alya just shrugs, completely unrepentant. "Seriously, though. Tell me! You better not have been holding out on me!"

Her tone is light, but Marinette can hear the hint of hurt underneath it. Ignoring the much bigger Ladybug secret, she reaches out at once to take her friend's hands, squeezing them desperately.

"No! I swear! It's only just happened! Yesterday, after school," she flushes again, then adds quietly. "We got talking."

Alya makes a noise of disbelief, and Marinette glances at her sharply. "We did! I-I did what you said. I told him how I feel." She's fairly sure her face might melt off, but she perseveres, refusing to meet her friend's eyes, concentrating on twisting the hem of her shirt instead.

"And then... He said he likes me too." That sneaking smile pulls irresistibly at her lips again.

There. That was more or less the truth. No need to add secret identities into the mix just yet.

Now to wait for the explosion.

But there isn't one.

Instead, Marinette finds herself being enveloped in a hug.

"I'm so proud of you!"

Craning her neck back, Marinette can see that Alya does, indeed, have tears in her eyes, like a mother on her daughter's wedding day.

"I mean it! That takes serious guts! I'm so proud! My little Marinette, all grown up!"

"Alya! We're the same age."

Alya wipes her cheeks with an indulgent smile. Marinette can't decide whether she should be insulted.

But she doesn't have long to ponder, as Alya drags her towards the chaise and pushes her onto it, before plopping down next to her.

"So! What happened then? Why didn't you call me? You could've at least texted me, you know."

"I'm sorry! But I was so happy! I didn't think. And then it got really late and we were talking..."

"Talking?" Alya's eyes glimmer with interest. "On the phone?"

They'd kissed on Notre Dame, sweet and chaste. Then Chat had suggested they go to the Eiffel Tower to talk. Somehow this had turned into a side trip to the Centre Pompidou, the Louvre, the Musée D'Orsay... anywhere and everywhere they could think of.

"...Yes. Oh, and Alya! He texted me too!"

That, at least, was true. She'd given Adrien her number before they parted. He'd texted her as soon as he'd gotten home, complete with a cat emoji. The excitement of receiving it had fended off sleep for a good hour, at least.

Alya sighs dreamily. "That's so cute."

"I know! I *am* sorry I didn't text you, though. I didn't mean to keep it from you."

"Hey, don't sweat it. I appreciate you had *other* things on your mind."

Not liking her tone, Marinette ploughs on.

"Anyway, I was going to tell you this morning, but I totally spaced. And then I saw him, and I just got so excited."

"I'll say! You practically sucked his face off."

"Alya! I did not!"

Alya laughs, pulling herself up on her knees and wagging her finger in the air with a knowing grin. "You did too! Honestly, I was shocked. I thought Adrien was a nice boy!"

"He is!"

"And *you*. You *have* been holding out on me! Where did you learn to kiss like that, girl? Pretty sure I saw some tongue action."

The first time his tongue brushed her lips, she'd almost pushed him off the roof of the Louvre in surprise. By the time they got to Orsay, she'd worked up the nerve to try again. By the time they got to Eiffel, talking was the very last thing on either of their minds.

“And *I’m* pretty sure you could boil an egg on my face right now. Stop! Besides. It wasn’t... well, it wasn’t our... first... time.” Alya has to lean close to hear the last part, and her face is positively gleeful.

“What? There was kissing too? When?! Your first kiss! You didn’t mention that!”

Technically, Marinette reflects, their first kiss had been almost a year ago, last Valentine’s Day.

Moving on.

“Well, after we – I guess – *confessed*, we went for a walk by the Seine to Notre Dame.”

Technically true, if you counted leaping over rooftops as a walk.

“Nice, Adrien. Very romantic. What then?”

Marinette squirms.

“Do I have to tell you *everything*? It’s embarrassing!”

Alya only rolls her eyes. “Mari, if you’re going to be dating a hot stuff model, I’m going to need *all* the details. Face it. You’ll definitely be needing my advice a little further down the line.”

Marinette shakes her head. “I don’t think I want to know.”

Alya smirks, with a gleam in her eye to match Chat’s. “Oh, you will.”

“*Anyway*, we talked and kissed a... few times.”

She’d lost count somewhere around the Arc de Triomphe. There was so much to learn about each other that, it seemed, could only be learned with their mouths. Neck, mouth, tongue, cheeks, every inch of exposed skin. So much, and yet never enough. They tried though. With his hands cupping her head, or on her hips or at her back, probably burning a hole through her costume, she was very happy to try.

“Then I came home, and he texted me, like I said.”

Alya gives her a long, measuring look, then nods in apparent acceptance.

“OK. And then you came to school and gave the rest of us a hell of a show.”

Despite everything, Marinette blushes. “I didn’t even think about that, to be honest. Was it really bad?”

“Well, Chloe will probably try to have you deported.”

“What!”

“Relax. I said “try”. And I think you may have just crushed Nathanael’s dreams.”

“Oh, no! I forgot about that.” She considers Nathanael with his sketchpad and his shy smiles and his innocent crush (akuma attack aside). “I feel awful.”

“Nah, don’t worry about it. This is Nathanael we’re talking about. He’s probably enjoying the opportunity to be a brooding, Byronic hero.” Alya taps her lip thoughtfully. “The rest of us were just surprised. Well, me and Nino more than anyone else. Speaking of which...”

She fishes her phone out of her pocket as it buzzes and grins at it triumphantly.

“Great! They’re here! Come on!”

She disappears down the stairs before Marinette can say anything.

It doesn’t matter though.

The moment she sets foot on the stairway to the bakery below, she can hear his familiar voice floating up to her, filling her with a sense of impending doom.

“Good afternoon, Mme Cheng. We’ve met before. I’m Adrien.”

End Notes

This story was inspired by BullySquadess' excellent story, Tandem. Check it out at the following link (<http://archiveofourown.org/works/5462420/chapters/12627611>). After reading it, I just thought, I would so love to see our favourite dorks kiss in front of all their classmates, and this story was born! Other than that, the stories are completely unrelated. But a huge thank you to BullySquadess! Your writing is inspiring and has kept me very entertained!

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