

Golden Age || Chat Noir x Reader

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Golden Age || Chat Noir x Reader

by [Nacatu](#)

Summary

How can someone who never actually meant to be a hero end up with so many people around her who need saving?

And how can he save anyone when all he thinks about is saving his lady?

Chat Noir x Fem!Reader

She/Her/They

****bisexual reader****

Notes

Thank you guys for checking out my fic :)
It takes a bit to warm up, but not too long

Rough Day in Paris

It had been about a month since I met Eevee, and not much had really happened besides having to do a bunch of homework and transfer it to French just to get a bit ahead of the program. Eevee helped in every way she could, but she said she was a fairly new kwami compared to the other ones that existed so she wasn't too 'worldly'. So she was extremely poor when it came to history, but she was surprisingly good at math.

That was handy sure, but, I was more worried about my french speaking abilities than anything else, even if I'd been working my ass off to nail it. Mom was also working hard to speak French, but Charlie didn't seem too worried about it.

Despite my seemingly constant pestering for him to at least learn a bit more than just the basics.

Anyways, I was on track with my homework, a little ahead even which was really good news for me, since I am moving to a drastically different place and such.

Speaking of moving I was actually in the airport right now, waiting for the flight to be announced. I had Eevee hiding in a roomy shoulder bag I'd bought for her, which was currently sitting in my lap, protectively.

"Y/n..!" Her small voice called out. Casually I opened my bag slightly (it had a zipper with a handle on the inside too) and rested my head in my hand while curling over Eevee, trying to make talking to my bag look as natural as possible.

"Yeah?" I whispered quietly, eyeing around us.

"I'm hungry!" She cried urgently looking up at me with her tall ears back to keep them out of sight. "Do you have any wafers left?"

My eyes widened at her request. "What? I just fed you like thirty minutes ago!" I said grabbing both sides of the bag.

The hare made a sad face. "I know, but I'm still hungryyyy!" She whined with her little paws on her belly. I couldn't help but roll my eyes as I aimlessly dug through my luggage for some goldfish crackers.

I'd fished them out and slipped some fish crackers in the bag, only for the food to be greeted with a groan. "What? What's wrong?" I asked with a slight frown.

"I asked for wafers." She said down-heartedly while puffing out her chubby cheeks.

"Well it's not my fault that you've been inhaling them like a vacuum!" I argued loudly down at the bag, only for a passing couple to slowly walk passed me with concerned looks. I pursed my lips into a timid, embarrassed smile. "Uh, heh... My purse is a lot bigger on the inside heh

heh... Heh..." Once they passed, still seemingly weirded out, I hurriedly closed the bag after pouring more goldfish inside.

I could practically feel the insane amount of crumbs that would indefinitely coat the inside of the purse.

Waiting a few more minutes Charlie and Mom came into view, returning from their lengthy restroom visit. "Hey Y/n! You ready to go to je suis Paris?" Charlie asked happily as he skipped towards me.

I laughed at his words. "That makes absolutely no sense." I said as he sat next to me. "You are not going to do well there."

Charlie shrugged in response and shoved his hand in the open, half filled goldfish bag. "Well, I'm sure a bunch of people know English too so it's not a big deal." He said as he stuffed his mouth full and purposefully chewed in my face.

I recoiled from his open mouth. "Ugh, you are disgusting." I groaned, pushing him away by the head.

Right as Mom was about to scold us both, a sudden bing sounded from the speakers to which the voice of a monotone woman followed.

"Passengers for flight GA 623 to Paris, please proceed to gate 15 and prepare for boarding."

"That's us." Mom chirped excitedly, pulling out the one way plane tickets, completely forgetting about getting after us as she gathered her bags in her hand. "Let's go kids." She said helping Charlie with his stuff.

I got up and followed them both towards gate 15 in a hurried manner.

Finally when we got on the plane, I found that it wasn't completely as terrible as I'd initially expected. Really the worst thing about it would be trying to keep Eevee out of sight, especially sitting next to my bother of a brother.

The kwami understood that planes would have a lot of people on it and she most likely had to stay in the shoulder bag. Honestly, neither one of us really wanted that to be the case.

Could be worse though, I could've been sitting in the middle where Charlie was instead of having the window seat. Eevee also seemed to like this because every now and then I opened the top of the bag and let her look out on the world twelve kilometers from the Earth. It did shake her up the first time for a minute, but she quickly grew to enjoy the view high above a soft, pillowy blanket of clouds.

Luckily both of us enjoyed sleeping too. So once we both fell asleep, neither of us woke up easily.

Before deciding to get some sleep though I zipped the bag up and set it between me and the window. I didn't really trust Charlie to not snoop through my stuff at any given moment.

Classic brothers, amiright?

The last thing I saw before dozing off was the expanse of the world far beneath the plane and the purse beside me before a sleepy and welcoming darkness behind my eyelids greeted me like an old friend.

As I closed my eyes I was gently taken to a weightless world, wading through my unconsciousness. But it was easily recognized that something wasn't right here, making itself known with a foreign and steady pressure on my chest. The darkness around me morphed and warped, subtly at first, but its urgency raised to dizzying tendrils folding and sliding against itself.

The thick, meaty chunks of nightmare suddenly started to push and punch towards me, erratically. I ducked and dodged, narrowly missing the hits thrown towards me. However, after a quick analysis, the darkness looked like it was trying to keep me safe from what was trying to burst through as its appendages tightened and curled, reinforcing its weakening bonds.

Unfortunately, it couldn't keep up to whatever was so determined in invading my subconsciousness.

A bubble began to form on my right, enlarging under the mess of inky black, like a balloon pushing through vines.

I absentmindedly took a step back, landing me against the other side of the small orb that held me tightly inside.

I didn't ready myself in time for what was pushing through.

The darkness exploded away, the vines flung open like saloon doors then evaporating almost instantaneously. Remnants of the protective darkness slashed against my face.

This was barely anything compared to the a plethora of colour and visions jumbled together that followed, erupting in my immediately overwhelmed mind. The pressure inside suddenly shoving down my chest, pinning me where I was. Blinding lights flew and swirled around my dizzying head like fairies that were accompanied by sirens. "French newscasters yelled out of excitement or terror, none of the words registered in my head. It was utterly terrifying and I tried to pull myself out of this acid trip of a dream, but I was hopelessly locked inside my drowning mind.

Through the blazing colours and defening noise there were a few voices that cut through it all, one was my brother, another belonged to Eevee, there were many more. Five, maybe six all talking over each other making it impossible to know what they were saying. The jumble of voices intensified, but one of them climbed and clawed over the rest. A flash of green smeared across my eyes as a scream let out. "Y/N!"

With that I was finally free from the spiny clamps that held me in that horrifying dreamscape that was still very alive, stirring uncomfortably within my psyche. "Fucking hell!" I cried as I jolted awake with full control over my suddenly thrashing body.

Mom was quick to shoot me a deathly glare. "Y/n!" She whisper-yelled. I didn't quite hear since I literally just had the worst experience ever. My breath was shallow as swallowed as much air as I could in thick gulps. My sensitive eyes darted all about as I slid down in my seat farther, subconsciously trying to relax despite my nails curling into a deadly grip on the arms rests.

I swear I didn't mean to, but in the process of my jumpy waking, I accidentally shot my arm out, hitting my brother's unsuspecting face along with knocking Evee's purse down onto the ground. "Ouch! What the flipping burgers Y/n!?" Charlie cried out cradling his nose.

Once my mind cleared I realized what I just did and quickly leaned down to scoop up the bag, easily ignoring Charlie. "Sorry! I'm sorry!" I said hurriedly to Evee through the closed zipper. She simply groaned, dazed and dizzy.

Charlie frowned at me with an irritated glare. "Are you serious? You're apologizing to a bag? Right after you socked me in the face?!" He rubbed his cheek while glaring death my direction. "God woman, get yourself together!"

My mother placed a firm hand on Charlie's shoulder while her glare shifted between us both. "Hey! Stop it!" She snapped lowly. "Can we just keep it together for five more goddamn minutes?!"

Five more goddamn minutes?

A confused frown crossed my face as I looked out the window. There out the window was the bustling city of Paris, France lying beneath the rapidly declining plane and getting closer by the second.

What the hell?

It felt like I was only asleep for a minute, not even, and now I was already in Paris? This was beyond weird. Looking down at the bag held in my lap I made a mental note to talk to Evee about that, maybe it was some weird kwami magic side effect or something.

The landing went smoothly and our small family grabbed their respective carry on luggage and headed out into the airport.

It was bustling with ecstatic tourists, stressed or irritated locals and overly peppy employees in sky blue uniforms, enthusiastically greeting anyone that passed them or needed questions answered.

As we all made it to the front after collecting everything we needed, I felt a flutter of nervousness tickle the inside of my stomach. My palms began to get sweaty, wrapped tightly around my suitcase handle.

I took the deepest breath of the conveyor belt smell, trying to mentally ready myself for the rest of my life.

But that breath was forced out when Charlie shoved the heels of his fucking sharp hands against my back, pushing me out the doors I was apprehensively approaching. It was most likely revenge for smacking his face.

Anyways, the arrival wasn't as ceremonious as I would've liked but it was surreal either way.

High in the sunny sky flew a small group of plump little birds, probably pigeons, accompanied by just the lightest of breezes. People walking hurriedly in and out of the airport, taxi's pulling up and peeling away all blanketed by the consistent chatter of French speakers. The light, distinct smell of fresh bread floating gently along within the breeze from a tourist trap bakery built into the side of the airport, which was most likely there to attempt to cover the faint but ever stubborn smell of burnt jet fuel. A copious amount of peddlers crowded the outside of the airport with homemade goods, scattering immediately at the sight of the occasional security guard.

I guess you could say that it was a bit overwhelming. But it was at the same time... surprisingly exciting.

Mom raised her hand, attempting to hail a taxi. It took a good amount of time so Charlie and I sat on our bags and played 007 for probably fifteen minutes. That was until a taxi finally pulled up beside the curb, right in front of our small family. The taxi driver smiled and waved in a very friendly manner.

Charlie cheered tiredly and made haste towards the taxi alongside Mom. It looked like he was about ready to drop as he pulled himself into the back seat.

I followed closely as my mother put both her and Charlie's carry on bags into the back. As I was the last to put my luggage in the back I heard a sudden, extremely irritated sounding French man tossing around grumpy insults I wasn't fully familiar with just yet.

Curious I looked up from my the partly full trunk, only to see the man gripping my mother's arm to keep her from getting into the cab. Her face read confused, insulted and above all, nervous.

A sudden jolt of confused anger prickled under my skin, quickly forcing my brain to remember my French. "Arrêtez!" I hollered, swiftly running to intercept the stranger, tearing his hand off my mother. "What're you doing?" I snapped sharply as I threw his hand to the side, catching him slightly off guard.

He growled down at me then jutting his finger to the yellow cab we were loading into. "This is my taxi!" He fumed with a deep frown creasing his twisting, middle aged face.

"And you don't grab someone like that, you psycho!" I matched his ferocity, stepping stubbornly towards him.

There was a small voice yelling at me to stop and let it go under all the confusion and anger that went ignored.

"I've been having one hell of a week missy. I would advise you and your thieving family to give my taxi back to me!" His tone was low and dangerously angry as he stepped closer, getting in my face with his disgusting peanut breath wafting over my now burnt nostrils.

Charlie then spoke up confused at what was exactly happening. "Y/n? What's going on?" He asked in english, obviously intimidated by this man.

A couple of strangers came over to us and attempted to diffuse the situation in a way that was almost desperate scrambling. I may have calmed down if it weren't for what the man said next.

He looked over my shoulder and sneered down at my brother who was peering around Mom, protectively standing in front of him. "Shut up you stupid fuck!" He snapped blindly. Charlie flinched back as scared confusion flooded his suddenly tearing eyes. A hot knife cut up along my spine, spidering liquid fire through my blazing veins.

My attention cracked back to the man, now focusing in on him with flames licking at the insides of my ribcage feverishly.

My hands curled tightly into themselves, and before I could even think it was in mid flight.

I connecting my fist to the side of his jaw with a punch I put all my might into. A sudden pain shot through my wrist and knuckles but nothing could stop my follow through with the swing.

His face jarred to the side as he violently stumbled back into the few people who attempted to calm us down. My eyes widened at the realization of what I had just done. I've never legitimately punched someone before, but the way he tripped back made it seem like it was a pretty hard punch. The aching in my wrist would agree.

Unfortunately, it didn't take him long to he regain himself. His teeth bared and his body trembled through a murderous glare.

He went to fight back, But Mom clamped down on my shoulder and yanked me back, just missing a fast swing of his fist.

He didn't get another chance to try again as more strangers caught him in a tight hold, pulling him away.

I couldn't really do anything from that point on, my mother pulled me back into the taxi with her and Charlie. The whole situation escalated so quickly, I could barely register what just happened.

One of the strangers outside closed the taxi door behind me and hit the trunk urgently, making the driver zip away as fast as he legally could.

After getting a ways from the airport I only then noticed the total uneasiness of the driver. His knuckles were white with how hard he was gripping the wheel, his shoulders couldn't seem to

relax despite the obvious attempts and his eyes kept nervously looking in his rear view mirror.

It was unsettlingly quiet.

Only when I looked over at my equally as nervous family did I realize what I may have caused.

That man was perfect bait for an akuma.

I surprisingly wasn't all that angry, in fact punching him in the face was kind of a stress reliever. But where anger subsided, guilt arose.

I sank back into the seat, Paris would go through an akuma attack because I couldn't calm down and let things go.

However, when I peered over to see that Mom was still tightly holding Charlie, who was close to crying, my guilt faded to almost nothing.

That man was the one at fault for this situation. He was insulting and scaring Charlie so he'll get what's coming to him.

For a long while the only sound was the gentle thump of the taxi rolling over dips in the pavement, and the jingling of the taxi drivers key chain that followed suit.

"So... uh.. I take it you're from out of town?" The taxi driver attempted conversation. Mom looked my way, and seeing that I wasn't in a talking mood answered him for us. "Uh, y-yes, we're from y/c actually."

He nodded stiffly. "Ah, n-no way, you know I have a cousin who moved there last year!" He cheered, tonally misplaced.

Mom forced a smile. "Oh wow, really? Small world huh? Where?"

"//a place in y/c//" He said with a bit of a shaky chuckle.

She smiled and nodded but said nothing.

Silence overtook the cab once more until the driver spoke up again, but he didn't bother looking back through the mirror this time. "Look, I don't wanna be rude but... you'll have to keep track of your emotions here."

I looked up to the mirror, intensely watching his eyes stare at the road ahead, as if daring him look me in the eye. But I knew if he did I couldn't hold his nervous gaze.

"I'm sure you all know about the akuma's and Hawkmoth and all that, but lately his influence is getting stronger and emotions are running high around here." He finally moved his old, wrinkle framed eyes to me through the mirror. "So I suggest that you steer clear trouble, it'll make living here a whole lot better for everyone."

I took a moment to mull that over. He was right, sure, but if I'm being quite honest with myself, I'm not very empathetic towards strangers. I didn't actually care about these attacks, Ladybug and Chat Noir always took care of it anyway.

But, he has a point, me and my family live here now. Although casualties are rare, it'd be preferable if Charlie isn't ever put in that kind of situation.

I offered a weak nod. "Okay, it won't happen again."

His face crinkled up into an appreciative smile. "Thank you miss."

Only a few minutes later we got to our new home. We unloaded all our luggage, waved the man goodbye then headed into the apartment building.

Upon opening the door a waft of apple and jasmine greeted us, however after the initial pleasantness, a cool yet stuffy smell of sitting laundry shone through.

The place was not glamorous by any means, and it was quite a bit smaller than our last home but it seemed to have everything we needed. A kitchen, a bathroom, two bedrooms and a living room with a not-so-great view of the back ally behind the building.

But I was a bit too emotionally exhausted to care about how cheap the place felt in comparison to the steep price.

I knew Charlie would have something to say about this place if he were in better spirits, but upon looking at him he was probably in a lot worse of a mood than you and just wanted to sleep.

I couldn't blame him.

He shuffled his way into the partly furnished house and made haste towards our now shared room. I didn't particularly mind that we were sharing a room. After all I wasn't planning on having anyone over to the apartment anyway, let alone my room.

I paused for a moment as it hit me, I had Eevee to worry about now too. How was I going to keep her a secret from Charlie?!

I looked down at my purse with the zipper slightly open to see Eevee frowning up at me.

Oh crap.. she's not happy with me.

"Welcome to our new life Y/n." Mom said gently before ushering me farther into the apartment. I tried to roll with what was happening but the deadly glare I was getting from the bag was a good motivator to do what the kwami wanted.

Mom began to smile widely, thinking about the future that was held here. "Oh I can't wait for all the adventures we're going to have here! We can tour the city and eat baguettes or maybe-!"

Before she could go on I hurriedly interrupted her. "Yeah! Heh, Can't wait! It'll be a blast for sure! Ha! Speaking of blast I gotta go!" And with that I made a beeline for the bathroom. Leaving her standing there, a bit confused but she didn't seem to mind since it gave her time to look out the window and survey the surrounding area.

Once I stepped foot inside I locked the door behind me and turned on the old water faucet. It sputtered for a couple seconds then ran smoothly down into the white sink.

Evee zipped into the air in front of my face. "Y/n!" Her voice squeaked angrily.

"Yeah I know." I said timidly looking at the fuming bunny floating close enough to see the whites of her eyes.

"You punched him in the face!" She cried out smacking her nubs to her cheeks. A small, guilty groan left me as I ran my hand through my hair. "I know."

"You're supposed to save people from akumas! Not cause them!" She seemed extremely upset about this as she swung her little arms all about, almost like she was throwing a temper tantrum.

"I know Evee." I sighed and let my head fall back before walking forward and leaning on the sink in front of me, making Evee float around my head and look at me through the mirror.

"We need to get you trained, and quick. You shouldn't be doing these types of things!" The serious tone in her voice was almost off putting, but she was made to protect and help humanity so it was only natural for her to feel so strongly about situations like this.

"...I know..." I grumbled and peered into my mirrors eye. However a sudden, dramatic gasp from Mom made me snap from the conversation and turn off the faucet, listening carefully. Evee seemed to pick up on the sudden mood change as her ears stood tall, turning once and a while to listen in all directions.

It was quiet.

Until Evee's large eyes became wide and her little jaw fell Evee so slightly before she turned to me. Her words seemed to lace perfectly with the exact same words Mom said out in the living room. "There's an akuma!"

I felt my heart spike in fear and I was left speechless. Evee and I peeked out the door to see the TV, broadcasting live from the airport we'd just been at.

Evee groaned worriedly and looked up at me to my matching worried expression. Her little nose was sniffing uncontrollably.

There was the man from the airport, covered in an obscure outfit that looked like shattered glass. The words 'New Akuma victim Unlucky Break: level 6 villain' slid along the bottom of the screen. I probably wouldn't have been worried if it weren't for him yelling about how he's like 'a mirror that so many people had carelessly broken', and he was 'the seven years bad luck catching up to anyone who hurt him.'

I was the latest addition to his hit-list for sure and would most likely grab his attention soon. I couldn't let him hurt Charlie, I wouldn't be able to live with myself if he did and I had a way to prevent it.

I looked down to Eevee, hope mixed with a tinge of fear what was coming brimmed inside.

Eevee picked up on it and smiled brilliantly. "Oh! This is perfect! You can fix what you did!-" She exclaimed happily as she flew into the purse, talking excitedly as I ran to the door. "-And you can get some saving-people practice in!"

I didn't mean to sound rude, but my mind was focused on a hundred different things at the moment and my fear was starting to climb to new heights. "I know!" I cried out with an embarrassing voice crack.

I shut the door firmly behind me, making my ignorant mother turn around confused. "Y/n?"

IHOP

It wasn't difficult to find the akumatized man, after all he left a unique kind of trail of destruction to public property. It seemed like everything that he went passed was violently sliced and diced.

The closer I got, the more destruction there was and the less confident I was about this whole idea. "Uh... so where is he from here?" I asked at a crossroads that looked pretty damaged each way I looked. Shortly after, Eevee's ears poked out of the purse like a periscope and scanned the area by slowly turning her perked ears to sweep her sense across the street.

She suddenly stopped. "They're that way." Her ears faced in the direction of a tight little alleyway before twitching and slowly submerging back into the bag.

I gulped and with shaky legs, forced myself towards the alley. It wasn't dark out but I wasn't totally trusting of any confined spaces when there was a big chance of a it harbouring a brainwashed lunatic hashing it out with a pair of superheroes.

I looked up and around as I stepped into the shaded alley, adorned with a crossing pair of laundry lines that boasted damp tee shirts and pants hanging to dry, giving the air a somewhat fresh feel. The end of the alley looked as if it were sparkling with freedom from the narrow street.

Upon slowly reaching the end of the alley I was proved to be right about it sparkling, but it wasn't thanks to freedom. Jagged glass shards where violently sunk into every other thing, seemingly to coat the strip of road and buildings

Geez.

A lump of ice settled into my stomach as I cautiously approached the open avenue, just about to meet the sun. However a sudden, loud, terrified yell cried out and seemed to be rapidly approaching.

Terrified, I cowered close to the alleys edge that was decorated in glass razors. I nervously peeked out from behind the wall, spying down the dead street. I didn't see anything that could belong to that sound until I swiftly spotted a black figure high above the rooftops.

The person must've just piqued in his airborne arc because now he was plummeting down to the street, completely out of control.

He was flinging every which way, it seemed as though he was trying to co-ordinate himself, but at the speed he was spinning made it seem impossible.

Eevee flew out of my purse and hit my shoulder many times. "Y/n! You have to catch him!"

His far off yelling sounded like he was yelling for Ladybug.

My heart was almost beating right out of my chest. "Me?! How?!"

The kwami flew to my pants pocket and pulled out the pink pearl nestled in a bunch of thin little strings. "You have to transform!" She cried out looking over her shoulder to the guy then to me dead in the eye. "Now!"

I was never the best under pressure. I fumbled to put the clip on the back of my head. "I-I-"

"You have to say something! Anything! Just do it already! I believe in you!" She enforced, the urgency in her voice pushing on my frightened mind while looking from me to the falling guy, rapidly.

My eyes flicked from Eevee to him and then back to Eevee within a second. "Uh- fuck.. uh Eevee! IHOP!"

Her determined face faltered. "Wait.. wha-?" She didn't get to finish her thought before she was suddenly and violently swept into the pink pearl held within its neat nest of string.

It was like once she was fully in the pearl a sudden surge of light and power wove through my body in powerful pulses, moving from the core of my soul out to my fingertips. It was a pleasant and powerful feeling and all my worries seemed to get pushed out of my mind to be replaced with a natural confidence.

The warm light that enveloped me dissipated in wisps, all scattering like feathers in a breeze just to leave me behind. I sighed and looked down at myself.

But the screaming that was still persisting told me that I had time for admiring myself later!

When I turned and saw again him my legs stiffened like stone and the momentary confidence vanished into the same anxiety once again, but times 40.

I can't save him, I don't know how! I could die trying to catch him and then Charlie would be left without me!

My fear planted me in place and forced me to watch this person die. To watch him splat against the pavement into a flattened body with a collapsed ribcage.

He was no farther than five seconds away from hitting the pavement.

Four.

Three.

Suddenly a little red circle spun itself around his waist and went taught to his side, putting a stop to his flailing, his body facing the ground. It must've been enough time for him to coordinate himself because as he began to go into a sort of pendulum type swing, his legs started to run mid-air until he made contact with the ground.

He ran for a bit before rolling himself onto the ground safely in the middle of the street, right in front of the alley I stood in.

I instinctually jumped further back between the buildings before kneeling behind a few crates that sat close beside the big green dumpster. My view of the street was greatly limited from back here, but I felt a whole lot more secure.

The figure groaned into the concrete as he slowly peeled himself off the ground, getting to his hands and knees.

Suddenly a red clad girl landed next him causing me to flinch and unconsciously cower back. "Chat, you okay?"

It seemed like it only then, when it was pretty much fed to me, did it click in my mind. That girl in the red was Ladybug and the guy (who almost just died if it weren't for her) was Chat Noir.

He chuckled and pushed up on his knee. "Yeah, thanks to you M'lady, you saved my life. Yet continue to kill me with those gorgeous eyes of yours." He proclaims reaching out for her hand and kissing the back of it. She rolled her eyes and yanked her yo-yo back, the string was still wrapped around the young man and sent him cartoonishly spinning until he finally fell back to the ground on his side.

I almost wanted to laugh if it weren't for how cold she was towards his affection. But upon further thought I had a feeling he may do this a lot. She is Ladybug after all.

He groaned again but she easily ignored him as she ran her finger across the back of her yo-yo's shell. It shone for a moment and opened like a pair of wings before flipping back for her to look into.

This was so weird. I was so close to the pair, and yet they had no idea I was here, being a cowardly creep hiding between a pile of old wooden crates and an overfilled dumpster.

A frown crossed Ladybugs face as her eyes stared at her open yo-yo before she looked up, straight in my direction. I dropped down into the wall, arms spread against the bricks at my back as my legs folded close to me, keeping my feet out of sight from her intense gaze.

Oh fuck.

I felt my heart stumble then kickstart into overdrive. Blood pumped at an irregularly high speed throughout my body, chest suddenly began to heave as my legs itched to sprint away.

"What is it M'lady?" Chat asked, his voice sounded a bit confused as Ladybugs eyes were stuck in my direction. I knew that Chat must've been looking my direction by now too.

"I.-" She cut herself off. "I just thought I saw something." She said, as the sound of her quieting footsteps calmed my heart slightly.

I stretched my neck up as high as I could with my head still against the wall. I could just barely peer over the crates from the side view of my straining left eye, trying to see if they were gone yet. However Chat was still there on the ground, sitting up, looking towards the alley I was in with high ears.

He was looking for something out of the ordinary. Something that Ladybug might have seen. Something that was me.

My legs painfully twitched again, and I silently watched his passive stare into the shaded alley. I didn't dare move. The air that hung close around me and inside my lungs was thick and heavy.

It seemed like right when his eyes went in my direction he stopped and squinted slightly. However the sudden, urgent voice of Ladybug snapped both of our attention elsewhere.

"Chat! Look out!"

The cat boy's eyes darted to somewhere down the street. I didn't see what was happening, but before I could even think he had launched himself out of the way of an enormous deadly glass blade with his metal baton.

I shrunk back behind my feeble cover with one question on my mind.

Why did they both see me?! Well, definitely Ladybug saw me but I shouldn't be that easy to see!

I paused and thought for a moment.

Evee is a hare, she has tall ears...

I quietly reached up to my head.

Oh my god. For fuck sakes!

Sure shit there sat two, tall, soft ears. I groaned and they fell back. This was so weird and they both saw me. My life in Paris was over before it even started.

All the while the two hero's were in danger of their lives actually ending in any moment.

The akumatized man was throwing mirror shards at the hero's with horrifying speed, aiming to kill.

"You are in my way!" He yelled and came into my view from inside the alley as he threw another piece. His obscure outfit looked like a well tailored tux made from mirrors, which made him extremely hard to look at when the sun hit him. His face looked pale and sharp to match his attire and his lanky body was accentuated.

He looked almost... somber.

I knew a good enough amount about akuma attacks. Enough to know the akumatized persons outfit mirrors the reason they were akumatized in the first place. So I goddamn know that this isn't fully my fault since that whole getup had no business with an airport or taxi.

He shouted in anger then just jumped INTO A MIRROR OH FUCK?!

"You can't understand this feeling! Just let me get to her and I'll let you live!!" His voice sounded so atrociously angry as it emitted from every broken mirror shard littered about. "I'm going to end all my bad luck, but until you let me through I'll just share it with you!" He cried out through an unstable, agitated laugh.

I shoved my shoulder to the crate bunker, gradually pushing it closer towards the street so I could get a better view of what was happening.

An insane amount of glass shards were sent maliciously in the hero's direction. Chat slid underneath the attack, legs first as he called out to his partner. "The akuma is in his ring!"

Ladybug leapt backwards over top the majority of the attack. Her body arced over gracefully as her arm wound up to whip her yo-yo towards the man before he could slip back into the mirrors.

The weapon toy of hers soared with acute precision to perfectly collide against his nose with the speed and force like that of a baseball.

A surprised cry yanked from his gasping mouth as he started his disoriented fall backwards, holding the instantaneously bleeding, and probably broken, nose.

Chat wasted no time and leapt forward, catching Unlucky Break by his suit collar mid fall. In a mere second second, Chat had wedged the baton up under the back of his suit jacket, lodging in the perfectly tailored jacket and sending them both up into the air, far away from any mirrors.

The man was cursing and swearing, kicking and punching, trying anything he could to fight his way out of there as blood poured and flung from his nose. Chat easily dodged his weak, uncoordinated attacks by sliding down the pole just out of range of the man's legs and arms.

"Alright M'lady!" Chat called to his partner who swung up to the top of the buildings chimney, level with the man. Impatiently, she reached out and snatched his hand.

Once he realized what she was doing he stubbornly clenched his hand into a tight fist. "You'll take this ring over my cold dead body you bitch!" He snarled with his bloodied face.

Ladybug was at most annoyed by this and she simply held a dead stare, summoning her lucky charm, making a pair of expando pliers land in his hand. Roughly, she wedged it under his weaker medial fingers against his palm, slowly and steadily it pried his death grip open.

In a fit of resistance he flung his other hand out to grab her. She firmly stopped his incoming swing with her free hand wrapping itself around his arm, still paying him no attention.

The man tried his hardest to fight the strength of the tool, but he couldn't. His anger fuelled rampage soon chipped and melted away to the sore helplessness he harboured in his eyes as the realization hit him. He may not be able to do anything about this.

"Stop! Stop it!" He yelled frantically as his body began to thrash erratically for his freedom, the mirror suit cut up Ladybug's hand that held his right arm at bay. She barely even flinched

and that seemed to be the point the man realized he was beaten.

He stopped moving and focused all his strength into his hand. "Please... I can't... I can't let go of her... I can't!" He begged, trying to close his outstretched hand, terror and strife covering his bloody and once ferocious expression.

Chat's ears perked at the mans pained claims and he looked back up to Ladybug. To my surprise she completely ignored his pleas and grabbed ahold of the ring, dropping the pair of opening pliers to the roof next to her feet.

"I-I'm not ready to say goodbye." He was now fully crying as the ring started to slide off his worn in finger. "Don't take the last thing I have of her. Please." He cried, wailed even.

Ladybug paused, looking him in the eye, seeming to search his soul for something, but I couldn't be sure what.

It felt like a long time I was almost tempted to save that man from her.

Her cool analyzing eyes went back to his old and well-worn looking wedding band that she held in her fingers, half off his weathered old finger. He seemed to try and inch forward to put it back on.

She sighed, clearing away whatever thoughts were running through her head before removing it fully off of his finger.

"NO DON'T-!"

It was crushed to dust in her iron fist before he could even properly comprehend. Chat flinched at the merciless action she performed. I couldn't help the sudden, intimidated jump in my chest.

This man's heart was broken, the way his hand fell to his side looked as if his spirit was ripped from him. His body looked like that of a dead man. Chat watched Ladybug a moment longer before his ears fell and turned his attention to the victim, carefully grabbing the man to lower him back down to the street.

As he set the man down to lean back against a fairly demolished store I could get a good look at him and just how ghostly he looked as he trembled. Chat squatted before him and held the mans shoulder as comforting and kind as he could without getting cut up by the mans suit.

"She's gone... she's gone..." The mans face held only a phantom of an emotion. "What am I gonna do, I'm still in love with her." He said with a wavering yet stale voice. Leaning his head back.

The empathy Chat Noir held for this man must've sunk deep under his skin because Chat looked as if the words reached into his heart, like he shared this man's pain as his head lowered and his shoulders slumped. The hero moved to sit next to the man, and for a moment it almost looked like he was going through the same thing as this akumatized victim.

He huffed and let his head lean back, ears bending back. "You'll be okay."

"Miraculous Ladybug."

And after those two words, all damage done from the battle disappeared. The red magic restored the streets, clearing away the broken glass and mirrors from existence. Lastly, the magic came back to Unlucky Break and engulfed him, ridding him of the mirror suit and his pale, sharp complexion.

The magic left behind the man I encountered at the airport not even an hour ago.

The man suddenly gasped and sat straight up. "Wh-Where am I?!" He questioned aggressively, blinking his disorientated eyes rapidly as he tipped back and forth.

Chat steadied the man as firmly his gentle hold would allow. "Sir, I'm sorry to tell you but-"

The man's eyes moved to Chat with wide eyes that suddenly filled with worry. He must've known what has happened if Chat Noir was there with him in an empty street. "Did.. Was I?.."

Chat nodded seriously and calmly, his hand squeezing the man's shoulder. "You were akumatized." He confirmed, leaning into the solemnness of the vacant streets to calm the man.

The man's face contorted from confusion to disappointment. He sighed and let his head fall forward in his hand. "I shouldn't have come back this early."

"What do you mean?" Chat asked tilting his head slightly, friendly as ever.

The man sighed, as his eyes began to get misty. "My wife... she uh... she wants a divorce." He huffed bitterly with a sour smile. "She took me out on a vacation to do it. Heh, she knew I'd react this way, you see I never had the best temper."

Chat hummed and rubbed the guy's back so comfortingly I could've thought they were old buddies.

Ladybug then landed before the pair, frigid air consumed her as she stood proudly in front of them both. "Sir." The man and Chat looked up to Ladybug, towering over the both of them. "You mean to say that you came back and endangered all of Paris when you were in a place where you could be angry without hurting anyone around you?" She asked folding her arms over her chest. Her iciness shot out in all directions.

The man frowned angrily through his obvious exhaustion. "I just wanted to go home." He said firmly.

Chat tried to intervene without getting either party angry. "It's alright, it's done."

"It's not alright. He didn't even think who he'd hurt because of his out of control emotions." She stated with a deadly glare boring down on the man.

Chat shook his head, repeating what he said as if telling her to yield. "It's over, Ladybug."

Ladybug visibly tensed. "It's not over, Chat. It's never over!" She yelled suddenly, making the man flinch and scoot farther back against the wall. Chat frowned, his ears flattened to his head as he stood to his feet, stepping between her and the man.

The titans glared at each other, and for a moment I thought she might attack him.

However, it seemed like right at the breaking point, Ladybug closed her eyes and pulled in a long, laboured breath.

"Fine." She said through a tired sigh. Her ice cold composure returned as she opened her eyes again. "The press will be here soon. I'm sure you'll take care of it." She flung her yo-yo then finished the discussion (if I could even call it that) with a biting comment. "Like always."

And without another word she swung away.

Chat pulled in a long breath and slumped again, placing his head in his hand miserably.

This was not exactly the duo I'd been told about countless times. This pair was undeniably dysfunctional and Ladybug seemed nothing like the one I'd been familiarized with through the media.

At least their problematic relationship doesn't affect how well they take down akumas.

"Alright, we should get you outta here." He said as he turned and offered a hand to the victim still on the ground.

The man looked much more relaxed now that Ladybug took off, but he wasn't completely at ease anymore. "...Yeah... I s'pose you're right." He slapped his hand in Chat's and was lifted to his feet. "Lets go then."

Chat brought out the baton and slipped under the mans arm, draping it across his shoulders securely. As the man was adjusting himself to keep from possibly falling, Chat's attention flicked back to where I was. Fortunately I reacted much quicker than before, slouching farther down, pulling my tall ears down by my head.

I sat like that for probably at least twenty seconds, listening to the silence breezing through the dead street contently before I timidly peeked back over the crates.

However, Chat was still looking at the alley, more specifically, right in my direction. I didn't try to hide anymore though, I just stared at him. His eyes were bright and held an inherent curiosity and intelligence that could never be captured in any photograph. His slit irises stayed static and alert through his squint as his ears slowly rose up.

"Hey." The man cut in, disrupting our staring match. "We going or what?"

Chats head slowly turned towards the man followed closely by his eyes. I took this to my advantage and ducked down completely. "Oh!.. uh yeah," He looked back towards where I was once more and frowned at the empty space where I should be. He scanned the alley once more before shaking his head. "Sorry." He apologized, and before I knew it they were pushed into the air.

The silence that they left in their wake was eerily heavy.

But the thing that seemed to scare me most was the probability of the press scouring all of Paris for any traces of Chat Noir or Ladybug or the man who'd been akumatized.

I didn't need anyone knowing about this hare persona, let alone all of Paris.

So, taking one last breath, I figured it was time to go back to normal and go home. Admittedly I felt pretty useless and wearing this getup seemed to emphasize that. But on further reasoning, I didn't feel too bad since the resident heroes took care of it relatively quickly anyway.

Now, how do I get out of this?

I thought looking at my dark gloved hands. There had to be a way to end the transformation, since it would be insanely impractical to wait for it wear off. I wasn't exactly sure how long that would be or if it would even happen at all.

"So what did I say to trigger this?" I thought out loud as I pushed myself up to my shaky feet, using the wall as a prop.

You said IHOP Y/n... IHOP as in the pancake place Y/n... why did you do this to Eevee, Y/n..?

That wasn't good... she's gonna be stuck with that for the rest of her existence. But now the question is, should I make the detransformation less embarrassing... or... should I make it just as embarrassing to match?

I didn't need to think for long before making up my mind.

"Eevee, ISTOP."

The costume dematerialized and left me in my clothes I had on prior along with Eevee.

She did not look even remotely happy.

"... what?" I asked, a lot more at ease now as I shifted my weight to one leg. "Is this because of the transformation names? Because I swear the one to transform was an accident." I defended casually.

"Are you kidding me?!" She yelled, her face wore a deep frown and her little stubs for hands curled into what imitated fists.

"Okay, Okay, I'll admit the one to detransform was a bit less of an accident." I said with my hands up, while a half smile pulled at the left side of my mouth.

She looked like she was about to explode with how much her little head was shaking as it progressively got more and more red. "You- You- You-!" She struggled to find her words. Concern welled up slightly and I tilted my head.

"Eevee?" I questioned, taking a small step in her direction.

"You thick headed BANANA PEELER!!" She cried out suddenly, sending your footing back quickly in response. However she was not even close to finished. "You were going to let him die!!" She yelled as she flew closer to your face. "And to make things worse you didn't even attempt to help anyone! You did the exact opposite! You hid from the fight and from them!!" My back was now against the wall again as she kept floating forward aggressively. "What were you thinking!?! Why didn't you do anything?!?"

Her anger scorching through you felt horrible and was actually, very frightening.

But I wasn't a little bitch. "Evee! That was the first time you'd ever transformed!" I snapped back firmly. "Do you even know anything about your powers?"

This seemed catch her off guard, she looked a bit surprised through her blatant anger and stumbled to find a response.

"Oh, so how do you know that I could've caught him without dying instead?" I questioned lightly, but there was an edge to my tone.

"I... guess I didn't think about that..." she mutters out. "Huh... I-I guess I may have jumped the gun a little there..."

I shook my head. "It was a half baked plan on both our parts." Offering a small smile I held out my hand for her. "Maybe we should practice this hero business before we become hero's of anything."

I could tell she was disappointed at this, but her level headed logic returned as she calmed down. With a defeated sigh she nodded and put her little nub of a hand on my finger. "Yeah. That'd probably be best."

Not The Chosen One and a Honey Lemon Squish

When I got home Charlie greeted me passively as he was watching (and trying to understand) some obscure French cartoon about two Vikings with large noses.

When he alerted the apartment of my arrival, furious stomping shook the floorboards as Mom came storming in from around the corner. At first she was relieved to see that I was okay and home safe, but that was quickly taken over by a blazing fury. So right after a tight, loving hug I was slapped upside the head and put through a loud berating of how stupid and dangerous my actions were. Then I was immediately sent to my room after she took my phone away.

Not that it mattered though, I do kinda have my mind on other things at the moment.

Once I closed the door behind me, Evee zipped the purse open and floated out quietly. I sighed and flopped onto my bed, mentally and physically exhausted.

"So..." the Kwami began, cutting the much welcomed silence. "When should we go out for a test run?" Evee asked with a hushed voice as she floated over. I groaned tiredly.

"I don't know... when I'm up to it?" I replied, my vagueness and tired voice seemed to reach Evee loud and clear.

She placed her tiny paw on my head, letting my hair kindly. "Okay Y/n, you don't need to rush into anything. Whenever you're feeling up for it I'll be here."

A comforted sigh left me followed closely by a relaxing smile. "Thanks Evee," I closed my eyes. "I know you're eager to become a hero and stuff, so I promise we'll do it as soon as possible... I just need to rest."

She laughed softly and floated to where I could see her. "Don't worry about me, Y/n. Just worry about getting your energy back, we'll figure it all out." She said as soothingly as possible. I smiled and made room for her on the bed, making her smile gratefully and make a small tunnel-like den in my comforter, only her face peeked out. Sleep began to overtake us both as my eyelids got heavy.

I hadn't really realized how tired I was, after all the sleep I had on the plane wasn't exactly the most relaxing.

... the dream!!

I snapped eyes open and sat up quickly, startling Evee. "Evee!" I yelled suddenly at her confused and tumbling figure. "What? What is it?!" She asked quickly looking drowsily in every direction, ears still trying to reach their full height.

"I-I had a dream!" I said frantically before she hushed me, putting both her little paws on my mouth. She took a moment, closing her eyes tightly and shaking her head, trying to fully wake up without my loud voice giving her a head ache.

"Oh..." she slowly floated away a bit to my eye level and a look of pity cover her fuzzy features. "Oh Y/n, that's okay. Everyone has nightmares." She said as soothingly as possible.

I shook my head. "Er- no. I mean like, on a plane."

She tilted her head, now very confused. "We- we aren't on a plane Y/n... are you okay?" She attempted to feel my forehead but I moved away.

"Yes I'm okay I just... when we were on the plane here I had a really weird dream and I was hoping maybe you knew what it meant, maybe it's like... a side effect of being a miraculous holder?" The explanation seemed to puzzle her for a moment.

"Well, I've never been told that could happen... maybe it can..." She took a moment, tapping her chin before looking back up at me slightly worried. "Well, What was it about?" She then sat in my raised hands.

"Uh... there was a lot of colour and I couldn't really... I couldn't see anything and it lasted only a second before I woke up in Paris."

Evee squinted at me with concern. "Y/n are you sure you're okay?" She questioned, again attempting to feel my forehead.

"Yes Evee, I'm perfectly fine." I said firmly, then rubbed my temples, trying to thoroughly remember all the details of the dreams.

"Okay.. so instead of anything visual there were just a lot of voices all yelling my name.. You, Mom, Charlie, a couple tiny voices that sorta sound like you, just slightly different and then there was..." I trailed off, looking away with a squint, trying to remember where exactly I'd heard that voice before.

After a long hard moment it finally came to me. I grinned and snapped my fingers. "Chat Noir!" That's why his voice was so familiar.

As I looked back to Evee, however, my smile faded. She looked like she'd seen a ghost. "Evee... what's wrong?"

"I-I..." She thought for a moment before she cried out a sudden sad yelp and buried her face into her paws.

This scared the fuck outta me at first but since she didn't stop crying immediately I kinda started to feel awkward. I couldn't take my hands away because she was sitting in them so I couldn't exactly leave without saying anything. Instead I settled for just not looking at her.

"Uh... Evee? What is Uh... what's going on?" I asked, doing my best to be warm and supportive like she has been for me. However, I couldn't help but feel that holding her as far away from myself as possible was not exactly a very supportive gesture.

"I... I think there's another Kwami that wants you as their miraculous holder!" She cried out sadly before burying her head back into her paws.

This statement kinda put me in a sudden state of shock. More of these magical creatures wanted me, out of all the people on this planet, they wanted me. They wanted to gift me with their powers. But why? Why was I this special all of a sudden? "Oh... I-Is that a bad thing?"

"Of course it's a bad thing! I-I'll be replaced!!" She said, trying to calm her uneven breath of sniffles and tears.

"Well... what makes you say that?" I asked, finally willing my head to face her fully. I half expected her to call me 'The Chosen One' that all Kwami's were trying to get to.

"Because it's happened before! I tried to give my powers to worthy wielders but they're always taken out from under me by the same stupid, goat-faced jerk!" Her ranting was starting to make me actually feel as though I should comfort her. I timidly brought her closer to me.

Okay... not because I'm the chosen one.

"Oh, Eevee, I'm... I'm really sorry." I said, genuinely feeling as though she'd been wronged by a total bag of dicks.

After a few more sobs she struggled out her words again. "So I came to the conclusion that... hic... I thought that if I chose someone who wasn't hero material, like, at all, then... then maybe I'd have a chance at staying with them."

Close to all the concern I held for her pretty much disappeared after hearing that. "...Oh yeah. Of course." The dryness in my voice was comparable to that of a desert.

Yup... not chosen because I'm worthy... just the opposite... makes sense...

I took a small breath to try to focus on what she was so upset about, instead of the implication of my disappointingness disappointing me yet again.

Eevee continued to weep. "This is the most progress I've had with any of my holders and I thought maybe she'd finally leave me alone!" She tried to calm herself as she wiped away a few tears. "But I should've known better I guess... They've had it out for me since we were created and— I don't know what to do!"

I hummed, seeing why she was so scared and torn up about this. It must've been extremely frustrating having someone step up in your business and take whatever they pleased this often.

I gently placed an index finger on the top of her head. She looked up from behind her little paws with sad, teary eyes, trying to calm down. "Eevee, I won't replace you. You are one of the most supportive people I've ever met and you don't deserve to be left behind. So as long as you want to stay, I'll never trade you for anything or anyone."

She sniffled and wiped her eyes clear. "Do you swear on it?" She asked timidly.

I smiled gently. "Of course."

She sighed, rubbing her now distant, miserable eyes. "Yeah well, I hope you mean that, even after she dazzles you with all her talent." She said bitterly, avoiding eye contact while waving her paw around.

"Look, it hasn't exactly been a good day for either of us. So how about we both get some rest?" I suggested tiredly.

Evee floated out of my hand as I flopped back. "Y/n, it's two in the afternoon." She said with somewhat of a scolding tone.

"Evee, it's been a long day." I said before lifting a thin blanket over top of my fully dressed body. "And I'm not about to sit in my room, awake, just waiting for Mom to calm down about this fiasco. Besides we need it, I'm feeling a lot of feelings that I don't want to deal with and you're an agitated, emotional wreck."

It looked like Evee was about get even more angry and lash out, but she took a second to think. She slowly let out a big sigh by pooling air in her cheek then blew out in a quick puff.

"Alright..." She agreed reluctantly then set herself down on the pillow next to my head. "You're right."

"Of course I am. Napping is a great alternative to negative feelings." I said as a smirk began to climb up my face. I could hear Evee chuckling lightly next to me.

"Okay Y/n, but this probably shouldn't be how we resolve all our problems in the future." She said in her mom-like advice voice.

"Fine with me." I said, knowing full well that it would be exactly how I deal with all my problems in the future.

^•. ^•. ^•. ^•.

I woke up suddenly from a long deep sleep. Something seemed to just shake my soul awake, making my eyes roam around the room quickly and warily. Everything looked just the way I left it when I'd gone to sleep. The sun was even in the same spot in the sky as I'd left it.

I glanced at the clock and it read 2:34pm, making me groan, I barely slept at all.

I looked to where Evee was no lonGeR LaYINg?!

...this is fine... it's fine... it's not like she could've gotten far... it's not like she can walk through walls, disappear and fly. She's not more unique than any other guy..

Oh wAI! She is and CAN!!

I jumped up as my panic skyrocketed.

‘She didn't run away Y/n, remember that big deal she made about staying with you?’

This thought calmed me down for approximately 0.2 seconds until another fear came zooming in my train of thought.

‘oh god, I CRUSHED HER!!’

I began to tear through all the blankets around my half setup bed frantically. "Evee? Dude where are you?! Oh my god I'm so sorry!" I whisper yelled then lifted up my mattress, looking under worriedly. "I didn't mean to kill you with my unconscious body!"

"Kill who?"

I whipped around, terrified upon seeing my little brother casually licking a cone of ice cream at my now open door.

I froze up and stared wide eyed at him for a good couple seconds before forcing some type of communication out.

"Uh.. I-I didn't.." I painfully forced out.

Charlie frowned. "You're acting weird." He pointed his cone at me with a raised eyebrow. "Did you lose something X rated you bought off amazon?"

That almost surprised me more than losing Evee. "I- what? No! How do you even know what that is?"

He sighed and sauntered in. "I'm a teenager, of course I know what X rated stuff is."

My frown followed him. "You're thirteen."

"It still counts!" He said defensively and sat on his bed across from mine. "If it's not a corncob, what are you looking for?"

What is wrong with this kid?!

"I- My phone! I was looking for my phone! Jesus Christ Charlie!" I finally lied, baffled at this child.

His bored eyes slid towards my nightstand, making him sigh condescendingly against his ice cream. "It's literally right there." And he took a step towards it. I looked down next to me to see the phone on the surface, but there in the open drawer was Evee, sound asleep.

I shrieked and slammed the drawer closed before as he reached for my phone, cleverly (and clumsily) hiding it like I'd simply fallen into the drawer.

He unplugged the phone and handed it to me at 67%.

A frown crossed my face as he then plugged his phone instead. "What? I plugged your phone in this morning."

He said before walking to the door. I scrunched my nose. "We were at the airport this morning."

Charlie looked at me as if I were the dumbest person on the planet. "Uh.. no. You just slept for twenty-four hours." Then he left a baffled big sister in his wake.

"I slept for twenty-four hours?" I asked myself, shocked.

"Yeah! And I could've gotten some sleep too if you didn't keep waking me up!" A distressed cry sounded out from inside the drawer I'd violently slammed back into the nightstand.

I bit the inside of my cheek and directed my attention to the closed drawer, gingerly pulling it open. As it slid out I was met immediately an unimpressed glaring hare, surrounded by tossed about pens and pencils.

"Uh! I'm sorry! I panicked!"

Her scolding was cut short by her stomach growling. I jumped at the opportunity to make amends as quickly as I could. "I-If you're hungry I can get you some more wafer or something!" I said, hands put towards her as if trying to calm down a wild animal long enough to hatch an escape plan.

This made the majority of her anger melt away to only slight disdain. "... Strawberry flavoured?"

"Yes! Any flavour of the rainbow is yours!" I said enthusiastically, a smile beginning to cross my face once more.

Evee tried to make it seem like she hadn't made up her mind so quickly by squinting at me for a while. She closed her eyes with a sense of finality before floating over to my bag that laid on the floor and lifting the strap up slightly, still not looking at me due to her pride.

I grinned wider and slipped the strap over my shoulder and held the bag open for Evee to gently lower herself into with crossed arms. "I'd like at least three packages."

"No problem buddio!" I said and zipped the zipper halfway while making my way out of my room.

My mother's eyes snapped up from her sudoku puzzle and followed me skeptically from the newly set up kitchen table. However once I got to the door she started flailing her wrist at me. "Hey, Hey!"

I stopped with my hand on the door, itching to turn it. "Yeah?"

She just flopped her hand to the table again, looking flabbergasted. "Are you going to tell me where you're going?" She asked with wide eyes and large, fake, patronizing smile.

"I'm just going out to get some wafers." I said, slightly turning my the knob.

My mothers eyes flew down to the knob and frowned. "Why the hurry? Is there a deranged lunatic out there you need to put yourself in the way of?"

A cold feeling ran up my spine and I glanced down at Eevee who's ears perked before she looked up to me with surprised, wide eyes.

"Uh.." I looked back to mom. "No?"

She hummed, none the wiser. "Well, how would I know, right?" She then laughed, making it obvious this was just a lecture and not a confrontation about my newfound persona.

She continued her tirade. "I'm no one important. I don't need to know where you go, because being your mother must not mean all that much to you, huh? You don't need to communicate with me, especially in a new city with super villains."

My shoulders squared in sudden tenseness. I valiantly fought the urge to point out her hypocrisy of moving me out here in the first place without as much as a question if I'd ever be okay with it.

It felt like I was grinding ungreased gears against each other when I forced out probably the least genuine apology I'd ever uttered. "I'm sorry Mom. It'll never happen again."

She huffed, her cool eyes held an angry, condescending, half lidded gaze. "You're damn right it won't, because if it ever does you'll be in for a real crappy year."

"Okay Mom." I lowered my head, clenching my teeth.

She sighed then waved me to go on. "Okay, thank you Y/n. Now go on, get yourself some wafers."

I nodded wordlessly, exhaustedly thankful she wouldn't force me to stay.

As I pulled the door open I heard her call after me. "And don't forget to keep me updated on where you are!"

I lowly groaned. "Okaaay." And heaved the door shut after me.

Once I was out of there, I actually felt a weight lift. Compelling me to adjust to the new feeling I leaned against the door, relieved.

I could go anywhere to find this food without my mother over my shoulder or having to try and fight an akumatized person with absolutely no fighting experience prior.

Eevee pokes her head out of the bag with a slightly concerned expression. "Are-uh.. are you okay?"

I pulled in a deep breath, coaxing a light smile. "Yeah." I looked down. "let's get you some wafers!"

She smiled gently and nodded, slipping back into the bag as I pushed myself from the door, to the outside world.

The day was sunny, a few sparse clouds painted across the sky like one brush stroke of white. Copious amounts of pigeons sat on windowsills out of the sun, cooing together.

Making my way down the street made the lightness in my being swell more, my steps becoming lighter as well. The crowded streets were bustling with life and plenty of different voices, mostly French, some what I assumed to be Greek and the rare English speakers that must've split off from a tour guide of some type.

It was a busy Sunday afternoon but I was gradually feeling more and more at peace the longer I wondered. Unfortunately my immersion broke with every incessant text from Mom.

Eventually I spotted what looked to be what could be a store that sold cheap, almost garbage items. A dollar store if you will.

I'm not gonna lie, I'm great at finding stuff at the same level of quality I am. "Evee I think I found some budgetary bon-bons!~" I sang happily, glancing down at the kwami.

However she wasn't listening to my Mariah Carey like voice. Instead she was staring out across the street at a homey looking bakery with wide eyes, she almost looked like she was salivating.

I didn't blame her, it was quaint and the pastries and cakes sitting on display looked constructed by angels, and the wonderful smell wafting over would be enough to make Chef Gusteau weep.

It was also enough for me to feel my bank account shrivel up in the near future.

I groaned inwardly as I looked to Evee again who was not in any means hiding her shameless gawking.

I took one last look at the cheap store and sighed, wishing it a silent farewell before crossing the street.

If we thought it smelt good from across the street then were we in for an intense surprise. Opening the doors to the bakery seemed to let loose a tsunami of mouthwatering scents aggressively influencing my nose. The aromas were so strong I could taste them.

I should be paying to just be here, further making my wallet shiver in fear.

A broad shouldered man with an almost comically small bakers hat turned to see who'd just walked into his bakery. I weakly waved at him with a nervous smile.

He grinned back at me. "Good afternoon!" He greeted happily with a freshly baked pan of what looked to be cookies. Whatever it was forced me to use all my willpower to restrain myself from attacking him and running off with the delicacies.

"Ah, Good afternoon." I said, keenly keeping my eyes on the cookies.

He went on with his work for me to scuttle around and browse the treats in the display cases. There were at least eight other people all browsing the expensive treats with admiration and the same hungry look Eevee and I were wearing.

As I perused I felt Eevee reach out of the bag and tug on my pants stealthily. I looked down and saw her pointing towards a small plate of what looked like two large, yellowish cookies with some type of frosting between the two. I leaned closer to the case to read the inscription.

"Honey Lemon squish.." I read to myself making Eevee excitedly bounce up and down in the purse. I smiled and went to stand in the relatively short line.

I took this time to get a better look at the people behind the counter. There was a shorter, Chinese woman working the register with a kind smile painted with pink that seemed to add to the welcoming theme of the bakery. Her short hair was a beautiful, silky black that perfectly matched her kind grey eyes.

She had this motherly aura about her that beckoned me towards her.

The man with the hat and apron had a similar, parental vibe as well. He looked like the protective type who could 100% intimidate milk to curdle. However, at the moment he was nothing but a big teddy bear with big sideburns.

I stepped up the counter with an automatic smile. "Two Lemon Squishes, please."

"Of course! €4.50 please!" The woman chirped as she tonged two of the desserts into a little paper bag.

As I fished around for the money in my purse, trying to maneuver around Eevee.

The woman considered me for a moment. "I hope you don't mind me asking, but are you from around here?"

Mild anxiety wash through me as I tried my best to to sound extra French. In a burst of self consciousness I laughed a bit too loud. "Ha! Ha! What gave me away?" My grin soon felt tight as my eyes thinned into a grimacing squint.

Eevee kicked my hand away making me wince on top of dealing with my awkwardness.

However the woman simply smiled at me, magically calming my sudden nerves. "Well, nothing, I just hadn't seen you around before is all."

Eevee rummaged around and got the money I needed to pay, then tapped it against my unresponsive hand.

I let out a sigh of relief. "Oh good, I'd been working on my French accent and I thought my English may have been showing."

I felt Eevee progressively get more and more impatient as she pushed and rubbed the money against my hand angrily, urging me to get a move on.

The motherly woman looked slightly shocked. "Oh! You're an English speaker?"

I couldn't help the prideful smile slide onto my face at the fact she couldn't tell. "Yes I'm actually from /Country/." I said, as I perfectly flicked Eevee to the other side of the purse and nabbed the money out, handing it to the black haired woman.

"Oh! I wouldn't have guessed! Your French is very good." She praised happily, handing me the bag.

"Thank you!" I smiled and took a squish out of the paper bag and stuffed it in my purse for Eevee to hungrily munch down on.

She watched as her smiled began to slip into a confused expression. "Uh.." She shook her head and regained her composure. "Enjoy!"

"I will!" I said as I began to head out. As I got to the door I turned to wave a last goodbye, only for my eyes to land on another girl behind the counter. She was much younger but looked very similar to the kind woman, her daughter? She had a pair of big pigtails and a streamline frame.

I swear I hadn't seen her before, but, I felt like I had.

She looked over and her cold eyes pierced me in such a way it made my heart jump in fear.

Was... that...?

Before I could finish my thought the door I was leaning my weight against swung out from my under arm, sending me toppling out of the bakery.

People around stopped to look for only a moment before carrying on with their day. Even the people who opened the door continued on and headed inside.

I groaned, starfishing in the middle of the sidewalk. I checked for the bag and I was already holding it unharmed up off the concrete. A weak smile spread across my face as I slowly got back up to my feet, dusting off my clothes.

I looked back into the bakery, however the girl was no longer there. I frowned to myself but a buzz from my phone reminded I probably should head back now.

I pulled the cookie out from the bag and began to eagerly nibble on. It's lemon cookie and honey flavoured icing melded perfectly together, seeming to melt in my mouth, it was probably one of the most delicious things I've ever tasted in my life.

I hummed happily and checked on Eevee, who was patting her stomach happily with less than half of the cookie next to her alone with crumbs coating everything in the purse, including her.

How the fuck??

The cookies size was at least two times her size. She grinned up at me. "I'm not even mad you fell on me, that was so worth it."

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It felt like school was creeping up on me extremely fast. It was only two days since I'd started going to that bakery daily to get those squishes and tomorrow I had to get up early for school.

I groaned and tossed and turned. Insomnia was hitting me hard, and mix that up with all these unpleasant anxiety butterflies made it damn near impossible to even shut my eyes.

I looked across my room at Charlie, sound asleep. I sighed and peeked into the nightstand drawer at Eevee, watching her for a bit.

A small sigh left her. "I can't sleep with you staring at me every three minutes." She whispered then opened her large grey eyes.

An embarrassed heat keeps up my neck. "Sorry, I just can't sleep." I whispered back, looking to the slightly open door.

Evee poked her head out of the drawer. "Are you nervous about tomorrow?"

I huffed out a small amused puff of air bedsores flopping down onto my back, staring at the ceiling. "That's an understatement." I muttered.

The bunny crossed her arms on the edge of the drawer and rested her chin on her forearms. "Why? Remember what Sabine said? Your French is near perfect." Evee reminded me kindly.

"Yeah, but it's not just that, what if I don't like anyone enough to be friends with them.. or what if that don't like me?" I stressed then looked at the clock that read 12:37am.

I rubbed my face with a frown at the hour. "-And I'm gonna look like death."

"You just need to relax Y/n. Take deep breaths, think about a nice calming river... with blue birds singing in the lightly swaying branches of the trees..." her voice became soft and soothing as she described the peaceful place.

I hummed and forced my eyes shut despite my eyes lids feeling like repelling magnets.

"The trickle of the water... the splashing of the gentle current against the rocky shores.... the flutter of leaves..... the sun....."

I frowned when her voice got smaller and smaller until it finally stopped. When I looked over she'd began dozing off, soundly putting herself to sleep.

"Evee." I whispered to no response. I frowned more and poked her lightly, making her perk up with a shake of her head and a sudden intake of breath.

"A deer!... walks past majestically-" she continued, half awake.

"You don't need to keep doing that Evee." I looked back to the ceiling, mind still at unease. "It's not working, I just have so much pent up energy it making me restless."

Evee's ears twitched lightly before she dragged out and interested hum, a smile spread across her face.

I looked over at her after sensing the sudden lighter mood she was in. "What?" I questioned skeptically.

"I think I have an idea how to get your mind off school." She said, barely hiding her excitement.

A jump in my heart made me turn myself towards her. "You mean..." I looked over to Charlie's sleeping figure then to her, timidly lifting my pointer fingers up against the side of my head, as if they were tall ears.

Evee's grin widened making me smile too.

"O-Okay, Yeah. I mean, I'm not getting any sleep anyway." I said excitedly and got up out of bed, creeping out the bedroom with Evee close behind me.

Adrenaline pumped through me rapidly. "Do... Do you think this is a good idea?" I asked, I still didn't feel ready for this. Evee smiled and floated in front of me towards the living room window. "If it was, do you think I would suggest it?" She pointed out as she unlatched the window lock. "Besides, now is as good a time as any!"

I couldn't help my unfading smile. I was so easily convinced it was almost concerning how badly I truly wanted to do this.

"Okay, before we go is there anything I should know?" I asked, hyping myself up by quietly hopping from foot to foot.

Evee took a moment. "Uh, Yes. You're most likely going to be stronger than normal." She then tried to heave the window open. "But... make sure that you actually are... before anything..." she huffed through grit teeth.

I smiled and helped her lift the window open. She smiled sheepishly up at me. "Okay, and what else."

"Just go for it, try anything you can think of just start out small and then get bigger and bigger!" Her enthusiasm was contagious.

"Okay!" I said excitedly, trying my best to keep my voice down.

"Ready?" Evee asked with a grin.

"Ready!" I answered then took a quick calming breath that did just about nothing to calm me down as I placed the small clip in my hair.

"Evee, IHOP." I said giddily.

The bunny was sucked into the pink pearl amongst the swirl of strings, sending out a wave of light in all directions.

The suit soon began to construct itself on my body, crawling all across leaving a distinct feeling of power deep inside my bones.

When the transformation finally finished, I hadn't realized I was floating maybe an inch or two off the ground until I landed back to the floor, unsteadily.

Swinging my arms all about finally got my balance back.

I looked down at my body, stunned and ecstatic. From what I could tell my uppers arms had a solid dark grey colour then a block of pink at my elbows that separated the grey from my white covered forearms, hands, and fingers. My midsection was white in some type of corset pattern. My legs had two blocks of grey, darker at the bottom, with stiletto heels on each foot, both a soft pink colour that lifted up the back on my leg to match the miraculous Evee was sucked into.

I felt the need to scream so I hurriedly stumbled over to a couple of thick blankets on the ground. I promptly stuffed my face inside the next of warmth and screamed my muffled cries in tiny intervals, as to make sure I didn't go too loud or crazy.

I lifted my warm face with a dopey, ecstatic smile and spun around to look out window. I stuck my smiling head out to meet the cool night.

I stepped back and shook my hands out, hopping between feet once again. "Okay, you can do this Y/n, you can do this."

I rolled my neck. "Just send it, just fucking send it."

Keeping my determined gaze on the building across the street from me came naturally. I mentally mapped out the entire thing, I'd jump through the window, grab hold of the flag pole sticking out the side and (preferably) swing myself up super cool like, but climbing would be okay if I can't do that just yet. Then I'll be able to explore.

I did a little spin to get my balance up to par. "Ready? Are you ready? Yeah you are!" I abruptly stopped my jumping and snapped my sights onto the flag pole. "Let's roll out."

With that I sped towards the window in a sprint then leapt through.

But of course I over estimated myself. Before evening getting out of the building my knee banged against the window pane and sent me off kilter, promptly killing all my momentum.

My body flipped downwards, followed by my legs. This kinda made me cartwheel the fuck down a three story drop.

I barely registered what had just happened before the right side of my body slammed against the uneven little alley.

"...uuuuUUuRRGgH...." I gurgled, my head tilting back as while desperately trying to catch my breath through an aggressive wheeze. The type of wheeze you'd only get from Ryan Bergara before now.

It took a scary amount of time but my lungs finally decided that they'd help out again and filled my body's with some good old O2.

I sorely rolled onto my back, heaving air in and out staring up at the dark, star speckled sky. Truly a perfect way to class up breathlessly laying in an alleyway wearing a bunny outfit.

"Fuuuuhuuuhuuck..." I groaned squeezing my eyes shut before gently rolling myself up on my left elbow, cursing the entire time like an angry eighty year old man with arthritis.

Finally rolling to my knees, I propped my legs underneath me and shakily stood up, pushing both hands against my back to straighten out my spine.

I could almost feel Eevee's disappointment in this 'definitely-not-taking-it-slow' suit try out.

Looking up to the window I fell out of I realized that'd I'd definitely be dead if not for this suit.

I couldn't help but laugh at how dumb that was. The very fact that I thought through the whole plan before hand and still thought it was a good idea is worrying. I might have too much confidence in my abilities.

"Okay, well..." I looked down at my completely unscathed suit. "On with the night!"

Warm Night

I walked down the street intently staring at my suit covered self—or at least the parts I could see— flipping my hands over and around, letting my gaze wander up my arms and down to my chest. Soaking in every little detail I could.

Other Parisians who were walking down the street gave me many wary and confused looks, undoubtedly unsure what to make of me. They gave me a wide berth and when I wasn't looking a could hear their footfalls patter ever so slightly faster.

I mean, I get it though. Usually the people who dress like this are either superheroes, or the mindless crony of a super villain who fuels their anger until it turns into blind, intense, violent rage. And so far I haven't shown them signs of either option.

As I walked past a large window, I caught a glimpse of my reflection. I stopped abruptly, then took a step back, taking in my new appearance eagerly.

Tall, flexible ears tipped with white sat atop of my head, sprouting proudly out from my hair which was now tied up into a massively fluffy bun. Where Eevee's miraculous once sat in my hair, the pearl was now protectively covered in thick paracord which was woven into a monkeys knot.

There was a tight, mostly grey blocked suit hugging my body snugly accented with pink trails all throughout. The pink strands all gathered atop my chest in a sharp diamond shape. Despite what the tiny hexagons would suggest, the fabric wasn't the least bit stiff.

I planted my foot up against the wall next to the reflective window, testing the elasticity. It felt like I was wearing nothing but a type of body compression glove that perfectly tailored itself to every dip and curve.

The true miracle here, however, was that the suit didn't go see through at any bend of my body.

I leaned closer, with my leg still up, to get a better look at my mask, only to get my attention snatched by the unnerving adopted shade of black in my eyes. The iris was indistinguishable to my pupil in a mass of dark that had enlarged to take up most of my eye, leaving nearly no white visible anymore.

My animalistic eyes then roamed to my rear only to find a dangling fluff of a tail sitting at my tail bone. A strong feeling washed over me, a feeling that told me that if this tail was attached to my ass, if it was real, I might just lose it.

As I inched my tentative hands closer I took a more inspecting look and, upon taking the time to notice, it was connected to a belt of some sort. Relief fled out of my now smiling lips.

I pulled the white tail belt around to the front and inspected it closer, finding a small zipper at the top of its base.

Ha! Eevee comes with a fanny pack!

I stared at it amused. It was almost painful trying to restrain the laughter pushing to get out of my suddenly puffed out cheeks.

I carefully zipped open my longish, drooping tail and found nothing but a small copper coin with an unfamiliar etching of what could only be compared to a thumbs up, it looked almost rune-like. It didn't really look like it held any purpose however. Despite this, I dropped it back inside anyway safe and sound, a strong feeling told me to make sure not to lose it as I zipped the tail back up.

"Time to test this puppy out." I said to myself, opening and closing my hands with a large giddy smile returning to my face.

The best thing to try first was to see how fast I could go, after all it seemed like that was the least destructive option out of a typical hero's arsenal.

Running in heels is going to be fun.

I stared down at my feet at the heel that curved up the back of my foot. A small smile pulled back to my face.

I guess nobody said this was going to be easy...

With butterflies in my stomach I started out a gentle jog. All was well so far.

I gradually picked up speed, not too bad, but I did feel as though my running was much more effortless than usual. It was like nothing was holding me back. Not even the heels, surprisingly.

I looked down at my feet gently falling against the sidewalk. I grinned widely and couldn't help the tiny, gleeful hop in my running before pushing my speed further.

Each stride pushed me farther than the last, the wind whipped past me as I ran faster and faster, the miraculous that held Eevee fluttered harmlessly behind me.

Finally my speed plateaued, it felt like I was going the speed of a car in the city.

I nimbly weaved through the sparse amount of cowering people walking the streets, a wide grin plastered itself on my face.

A feeling of confidence lifted into my chest and spread throughout my body as I zipped past a sprinkling of parked cars.

I stopped after a moment of skidding across the sidewalk for a meter or two. While my eyes were glued to a sleek, black porche before me the only thing running through my head was:

This is a great idea.

I strode confidently towards it, cracking my fingers then giving them a good shake as I rounded to the front of the luxury vehicle that could undoubtedly be worth three of me.

My hands hooked themselves under the front bumper as I squatted in front of it. Taking a shaky, excited breath I engaged my insanely strong legs. At least, they must have been insanely strong, because the car felt so much lighter than I would've thought. It was still heavy sure, but I was definitely lifting the thing.

"Hhrrrrnngfh!" I grunted, with puffed cheeks as the front tires started to have less and less weight on the pavement until they were no longer touching. A confident smile momentarily tipped the corners my mouth upward.

I guess I definitely could have caught Chat after all... good thing Ladybug saved him, that might've been on my mind.

"Hey!" A sudden, authoritarian voice called out angrily. My eyes flicked to a large, ginger police man who was patrolling the streets. My body froze in place like an ice sculpture that would shatter if I made a move to crack my stillness.

His hand landed on his taser gun, slowly pulling it out of its holster.

My heart rate spiked and I stood straight up, dropping the car harshly with an unpleasant crunching sound (promptly scratching up the underside of the bumper) and put my gloved hands up defensively. "D-Don't shoot! I didn't do anything!!"

"Back away from the vehicle with your hands behind your head." He commanded. I did as I was told and placed my now shaking hands on the space beneath my bun.

A surge of needing to get out of there no matter the risk flossed my racing brain. "S-Sir, don't arrest me! I didn't do anything!" My eyes flit all about the dark street, trying to figure out what the hell I was planning. A bluff bubbled to mind, and as if I couldn't second guess this decision, I acted.

"If—if you're going to arrest anyone, arrest him!" I proclaimed, confidently pointing across the street to a man who was innocently standing at the bus stop, watching the event fold out. He looked shocked and hurriedly glanced around himself.

"Him? Why? What did —erh?!" By the time the cop turned his attention back to me, I was sprinting away at full speed like the survivalist I am.

"Hey! Stop!" His voice was quickly getting smaller and far away as I sped down the street. My ears were bent back behind me, catching the stern yet concerned voice of the cop in my wake. "We've got a 10-14 Southbound of my location! Suspect is dressed as a rabbit, Could be dealing with a possible akuma victim!"

Oh Christ!

Parisians did not take akumas lightly so the Police force definitely didn't. I'd heard rumours that if someone had caught whiff of even the slightest suspicion there may be an akuma

attack brewing, the police sniffed that shit out hard and fast.

I guess I'll find out if that's true tonight.

My feet were flying, propelling me faster than before as I raced down the streets, trying to think of something, anything!

Unfortunately all my being could focus on was running away and finding a hiding place.

The lightness in my flitting footfalls was swiftly evaporating, anxiety weighting down my feet, as if the pressure of the situation was pulling me down to hell.

I looked over my shoulder and saw the man attempting to give chase, but he was already a city block and some behind me. Unfortunately that didn't calm my racing heart in the slightest. Facing forwards again I realized I was heading right into brightly lit road, flooding with cars (compared to the relatively desolate street I was just found in).

I yelped and attempted to change direction, skidding into oncoming traffic for only a moment. The small amount of time I was in the way of a car didn't seem to matter as the horn blared angrily at me, making my limbs scramble and scamper to get away, parallel with the busy street on the sidewalk.

I shoved and pushed people out of my way. Despite trying my best to avoid them the speed I had was making it hard to control my flailing, out of control body.

"Oh god, oh shit." My breath was laboured as tears started to fill my eyes. I could hear sirens coming to life most likely from first responders, I had no idea where it was coming from or how far away it may be, I was picking up way too much for my brain to handle properly.

Running to the end of the street made me screech to a halt. A sudden moment of clarity lifted into my brain as I stilled, standing straight up. Ears swivelled every which way in hopes to locate exactly where the siren where coming from.

Finally sorting through the sounds, I'd pinpointed the sirens.

They screeched around the corner half a block ahead of me, darting forward in my direction, tires spinning wildly.

"Oh FUCK!!!" I reeled back on myself shooting back the way I'd come. The street lights above and the cars that drove past blurred in my confusion. Tunnel vision consumed me as I focused my attention straight ahead.

The prowlers, however, had gained on me. It's sirens feeling as if it were just behind me, biting at my tail. A blaring voice spoke firmly, and aggressively, cutting the sirens down. "Stop! This is the police! Evading questioning will result in—!" The police officers voice was caught in his throat.

Upon coming to another intersection, the danger of cars hitting me didn't even cross my mind until another cruiser ripped out just in front of me, blocking my path. I instinctively came to an almost instant redirect, shooting across the busy road.

"Wait!—!" The voice tried to warn my scattered brain.

My eyes widened as I realized just where I was. Bolting across a busy road, placed perfectly cantered between bright headlights. The horn was blaring in alarm, pleading to me to move faster as they slammed on the breaks far too late.

My legs felt like they were wading through water. Refusing to go any faster. I couldn't.

The incoming bumper was ready to snap my legs in two with its unrelenting force.

There, in the last breath I could take, preparing for my life after this (if I would even had one), a small jingling reached my ears. A strong force collided against the middle of my back, wrapping itself securely around my body as we jolted forward.

The car slipped past behind me, screeching to a stop a good ten metres away.

I hit the ground hard, rolling and bouncing along the warm asphalt. It took a few seconds to remember how to breathe before a large, scratchy breath dragged itself into my lungs, then roughly coughed it's way out.

My hip was throbbing painfully against the pavement, but other than that I was felt perfectly fine. My heart began to calm itself from that perpetual horror that seemed to feed itself off any overthinking I did.

I groaned, lifting my cheek off the ground by weakly propping up my shoulders and with my forearm. A soreness made itself known by the stiff aching in my body that was definitely not going to help going to school tomorrow morning.

I rubbed my hip in pain, but to my surprise, the suit wasn't ripped. Not so much as a scuff on me.

Another groan that I didn't make roused my attention, ears lazily leaning towards the sound a few feet in front of my legs.

I pushed myself up slightly more, getting a better look over my splayed limbs and felt a sudden familiar frozen feeling taking over.

There was no doubt about it, the blonde hair, cat like getup, sharp claws on those large hands, that was Chat Noir.

I sat up fully and scrambled back, staring with wide eyes as my hand automatically clenching itself against my chest.

He slowly pushed his body up off the ground, lifting his head in my direction in a daze.

Once his striking green eyes landed on me a cold, foreign feeling clamped down on my spine, pinning me in place.

A soft, crooked smile lifted his exhausted face before he let out a big sigh of relief, dropping his head back to the road. He clearly was not experiencing whatever horrible feeling I was

wading through.

He lifted his head once more, landing his spellbinding eyes on my wide eyed face. "Are you okay?" He asked, making no effort to stand quite yet.

I opened my mouth, my voice catching in my throat for an awkward beat. "...y-yeah, I'm good."

He nodded once and pushed himself farther up, pulling his legs underneath himself while propping the staff up to climb to his wobbling feet.

"Well, that's a relief." He expressed with an airy tone, padding forwards stiffly. "You aren't after my miraculous are you?" He asked with an amused yet relatively relaxed expression, offering a hand up. The hand without his ring.

I stared at the outstretched palm that was held down to my unmoving form. Another long moment passed before I shook my head, trying to avoid making eye contact. "Uh, n-no I'm not." I said, attempting a smile, but it fell pretty much immediately once my hand landed into his stable grip. He carefully hoisted me to my heeled feet.

"Ah, I see, then Ladybug gave you a miraculous, right?" He said with a side smile, trying to make sense of me.

I blinked a few times, trying to comprehend what he was saying.

Where all the miraculous holders gate kept by Ladybug?

I opened my mouth, attempting to formulate a response that refused to come out. Luckily a police officer cut in just in time. "Chat!" Both Chat Noir and I turned our attention to a well built officer, no older than forty, walking towards us both. "Is everything here alright?" He asked his eyes flitting towards myself, warily.

Chat nodded with a passive wave. "Yeah don't worry about it, there's no akuma here. False alarm."

This seemed to pique the officers interest as his eyebrows raised ever so slightly at me. "Oh! A new hero then?" He asked happily, paired with the brightest beam of a smile navigating through the bushy moustache it partially hid behind. This shift in demeanour nearly gave me whiplash.

The cat themed hero considered the question for less than a second, or possibly didn't even think about it. "Yeah, Ladybug must've found her. It's probably her first night." He said, returning his baton to its place on his lower back.

The officer chuckled, ecstatic now with his attention fully on me. "Oh well, I'm very sorry about that miss, we just hadn't seen you before. Usually you hero's are introduced to the public in a more flashy type of way." He apologized, scratching the back of his neck.

This made me subconsciously step away. "I'm not..." A frown crossed my face as I cut myself off.

Should probably word it better than 'I'm not a hero.'

"I've never met Ladybug." I settled, figuring this would be a better way to break the news to both parties.

They both perked at this, sharing a confused glance momentarily before looking back at me in a way that screamed their sudden, collective uncertainty. The police officer seemed more concerned shown by how his hand flinched slightly towards his firearm.

I glanced from his gun to my surroundings of stopped cars and police, who gating off the area. Pedestrians all stood by, watching with great interest, a surprising amount had their phones out, attempting to get a good shot of what was happening. The small occasional flash from the onlookers forced me to wonder if I was supposed to be put in the public eye, Eevee and I hadn't really spoke about that yet. Guess it's too late for that anyways.

My sight trailed to the spinning blue lights that eagerly flashed around behind the two people in front of me. I settled my gaze on the stunning, picturesque seen that was the hero. The blue lights made somewhat of a halo along the outline Chat's fluffy blonde hair and jaw, contrasting well with the dark space we stood in between the yellow tinted streetlights where it gets dark.

And for the third time tonight I was completely winded.

Thanks.

I forced my eyes over to the older man to avoid staring, just as a heat started to slowly lift to my face. "I don't mean any harm though." The way I put it was plain and straight to the point despite the breathlessness of my voice. That may not have been the best way to present my innocence because the look he gave me made it painfully clear he was not buying it if there was no Ladybug stamp of approval.

Luckily, he didn't have any real grounds to do anything, afterall, I hadn't done anything illegal unless they considered lifting a car up a little a form of vandalism. Even with a shifty looking character like me, that was a stretch.

He looked to Chat once more as if asking him I would be a problem. The blonde considered me for a moment before sending the officer a smile, placing a relaxed hand on his hip. "Yeah, I think we're okay now Luis. Thanks."

Luis gave a firm nod before turning on his heels and barking orders, collecting all the buzzing officers who were trying to get a better look at me to head out back on patrol.

Chat turned his eyes on me and gave a reassuring smile as he trotted off the road. I followed, without much thought either.

It was quiet for a moment as we just stood by each other on the sidewalk, staring at the police who were all working on piling into their vehicles, allowing traffic to flow as usual.

I couldn't help the uncomfortable feeling of silence get to me. Another wave of warmth flooded my face as I shifted about in place.

"So... h—?" While the cars resumed their travel, a yellow beetle had rolled down its window to show a few young Parisians cheering and hollering, cutting Chat short. A brunette hung her head out of the cars back seat window as she screamed out to him. "I love you Chat!" She swooned.

Another from inside yelled along with her. "Tell Ladybug we say hi!"

"Who's the bunny chick?!"

"Marry me!"

That was all I could be bothered to make sense of before they were made their way out of earshot. Despite the abruptness of their Chat calling, the hero simply laughed through a devilish grin and finger guns.

Once they were far enough away the hero sighed as his hands flopped back to his sides, completely and utterly exhausted. There were a few more Parisians watching with great intrigue, they looked like they wanted to run over and talk. Not much but nerves was holding them back.

Chat followed my stare towards the group of people excitedly whispering amping themselves up. He hummed to himself before turning to me, a hand gesturing down the street. "You up for a walk?"

I didn't exactly know if I truly wanted to, especially with this unfortunate development of a possible crush. However I wasn't about to chance it with the police again, that Luis guy was just waiting for a reason to put me into custody. Plus, there was a sizeable side of me that felt I owed Chat that much.

"Sure." I decided, walking hurriedly down the street without him.

Unfazed by the cold demeanour, he jogged after me, falling into my stride shoulder to shoulder with a curious look. He seemed to be mulling over what he was wanting to say from the way his mouth opened and closed every so often.

"So uh, who are you?" His eyes flicked towards me, curiosity brimming over and flooding down onto me in a constant pressure.

This slowed my pace briefly, as I took his words in. "... I uh... hm..." The white-gloved hand of mine found its way to my chin, taking time to steep in this seemingly simple question. Was he looking for my name? I'd have to talk to Eevee about that first.

A timid chuckle bubbled from my throat as I raised my gaze to him. "I don't know."

He hummed wisely, straightening his spine. "Ah. Amnesia?" He questioned, completely seriously may I add, with a tilt of his ears.

Flabbergasted, I stared at him. Was he actually joking? Is this a normal Parisian sense of humour?

It took a bit before I finally spoke. "Uh, no." Another shy bout of laughter took over. "I just don't have a name for... all this." I gestured to my rabbit hero themed body.

"Do you usually encounter many amnesiac kwami-powered people?" I asked, tipping my head slightly to the side. The cat ears that sat on his head perked as his eyes opened a bit wider.

"Oh! Well... No, heh... I guess I was just expecting things to be more difficult." He confessed, scratching his cheek in an almost bashful kind of way.

We partook in another uncomfortable chuckle until a painful, pregnant silence set itself down again. His eyes landed on his feet, eyebrows furrowing gently in thought.

I cleared my throat uncomfortably. "So.. uh, Chat Noir..."

His green eyes landed back on my face, politely giving his full attention to me. Unfortunately I didn't exactly know what to say at this point.

"Uh... heh... how did you get a kwami?" I figured focusing on this hero stuff would be best for the time being.

"Oh! Well..." He fiddled with the ring that sat comfortably on his long, sharp finger. "I helped an old man, and he gave me one." A genuine smile pulled across his face as he turned his eyes back on you. "I guess it's not that exciting of a story, huh?"

I smiled back sheepishly. "Well, at least it's better than the way I got Eevee." I guided the protective monkey's fist knot that dangled down my back over my shoulder and lifted it up for Chat to have a better look. "I just found her in a museum." I confessed with a chuckle.

"A museum? ...Did you steal your miraculous?" He questioned hurriedly, absentmindedly hiding his ring behind him.

"No! No! I mean, she just happened to be at that exhibit at that time!" That poor explanation didn't ease Chat's defensive stance. If anything he was getting more sceptical by the second.

"Okay, no! I mean like, ugh! She chose me to be her holder and that's that! She wasn't even part of the exhibit!" I plopped my forehead against my palm and muttered an embarrassed; 'Oh my god.'

He didn't seem to feel at ease, but an edge had worn off. "What do you mean she chose you? I didn't know Kwami's did that." He commented, rubbing his chin as thoughts swam throughout his skull.

I sighed and pet down the front of my hair while lifting my head. "You're lucky, because being 'chosen' is the most agonizingly painful experience you'll ever have the displeasure of going through."

he frowned, curiously tilting his head. "What? Why?"

I shrugged. "Beats the fuck outta me."

Literally...

As we came to the end of the block, Chat spared me a glance then made it a point to look both ways before venturing across the road with me in tow.

"Okay, so... I hope this doesn't sound too weird, but I recognize your ears." He said, hopping onto the sidewalk.

I absentmindedly lifted a hand, brushing against the bottom of my earlobe. "M-My ears?"

He nodded and pointed upwards with a gentle smirk. "That pair of ears."

"Oh!" I looked up to see the rabbit ears falling forward a bit. "Those ones.." A feeling of idiocy warmed my face as my hands shot back down to my sides.

"Yeah, I saw them at the last akuma attack. You were in the alleyway, right?"

More feelings of idiocy bubbled up and started to fuzz my brain, inducing an unnecessarily high amount of panic. "Wha—? Me? Pft! I don't even— why would you—? I mean..— pfft!" My wrists were twitching and flicking my hands everywhere in some form of poorly executed denial, while I made it my job not to look him in the eyes.

He swiftly swivelled on the ball of his foot, stepping on light feet in front of me to put our walk to a stop. "It's okay, I'm not mad or anything. I just wanted to make sure that it was you."

A defeated sigh pushed out as I hung my head a bit lower. "Yeah, that was me." I peered up at his brilliant green eyes that seemed to emit their own unique glow. "Sorry I didn't help you out there."

He shrugged nonchalantly. "It's no big deal, you're new to this hero stuff so I don't blame you."

Hero stuff? Buddy I'm not even an official citizen of France yet.

He bashfully gripped at his tricep with his clawed hand. "So then, if that was you, then that means you saw Ladybug and I... get in a bit of an argument."

I sceptically nodded. "Yeah.. is it usually like that?"

"I mean, it didn't use to be. But, she's just been getting more and more stressed out ever since our previous kwami guardian passed down his responsibilities onto her..." thoughts fled and flickered about in his head, trying to pin whatever it was in his mind down. "So... it's been a handful of years now." The way he said this squeezed my heart.

But that didn't last.

His downcast expression suddenly turned optimistic in a matter of seconds. "But, what I'm thinking is that maybe it'll help if we had an independent miraculous holder! One she doesn't have to monitor!" He cheered, his hands locked together at his chest while he leaned down towards me.

I couldn't help my jaw dropping a little. "Me?!" I squeaked, placing a hand to my chest.

He nodded enthusiastically. "Yeah! That way she doesn't have to worry about as much stuff, and could relax a little more, like the way she was before!"

"B-But I've never fought before! I have no idea what I can actually do!" I countered desperately.

He waved my concerns off. "That doesn't take too long, plus," He pointed down at my feet. "We know your legs can carry you pretty fast, so, one less thing to figure out!"

This air that hung around him was brimming with unbridled hope, as if convinced I was the key to his Lady's problems. A soft breeze tussled throughout his golden soft hair, making strands sway all about his eyes and tickle the bridge of his masked nose.

Nothing made me want to brush it out of his face more than in that moment.

What kind of person did it take to spend this much time and effort working to protect people they didn't know or have a reason to care for?

Call it selfish, but I wasn't sold on making this a thing I did just out of the goodness of my heart.

"... I really don't have much business as a hero." I said a bit cooler than I'd meant to as I side-stepped around him.

"What?" He tilted his head confused, eyes trailing after me before padding along behind. "Why?"

"I don't know. I just don't really feel the urge to do the 'hero thing' I guess." I said, only sparing the littlest glance at Chat who was thoroughly confused.

"But why not?" He sped up a little stood in my way, staring down at me with his pair of rich green eyes. "Having another hero will help everyone. It's a net positive!"

"Maybe in your eyes." I stated, avoiding him by slipping under his outstretched arms. "I barely have enough time to attend to my own life, so I can't really babysit all of Paris on my downtime."

He frowned after my retreating form. "So you don't have anyone you want to protect?"

An unintended stagger in my feet publicized that his words sunk deeper than I was letting on.

"..Of course I do." I grumbled sourly, keeping my head forward proudly.

"Then..."

I turned my head slightly, to get a better earshot to his softened voice.

"... why don't you?"

The question hung heavily overhead, suffocating me slowly. Something told me not to look at him, but my eyes would not listen as they peeked back.

The street lights around softened to nothing but a dewy glow, capturing everything inside its sweet embrace. All but Chat's blazing green eyes, lapping at the dark of his slotted pupils. The smallest of encouraging smiles turned his stern frown into a kaleidoscope of unreadable intentions behind the sly yet earnest front.

An embarrassing heat slid its gross tendrils up my legs and my wrists, meeting at my neck to light my face ablaze.

"I..." Something innate inside snuffed out anything I might say. So instead of forming a sentence like a functioning person might, I stand there silently, looking away.

"Okay. Just... come to the next patrol!" He urged, stepping towards me.

I took a step away, one shoulder pointed towards him, the other itching towards my escape. I eyed him confused. "... what?"

"Yeah!" He said as the gears turned in his head, gradually getting more enthusiastic, making up this plan on the fly. "You'll meet Ladybug, we'll all patrol, and if we run into something fishy, you can try your hand at being a hero!"

He took another step towards me, smirk teasing and confident. "That way you can be sure if the 'hero thing' really isn't for you. Sound fair?"

My eyes flicked all over his body language, finding nothing that may suggest some type of trick.

A light, pillowy laugh pulled from his chest and wrapped me up in a feeling of security. "I don't bite. Promise." He crossed his heart with his right hand up defensively.

Oh, please don't promise that.

I nearly choked at the sudden perviness floating about in my head unmonitored. I placed my fist to my mouth as my eyes dropped to my toes under a cough.

"Fine..." My tall ears fell back as I cleared my weak voice.

The cat hero smiled brightly, excitedly even. "Purrfect! Meet us at the Sacre-Cœur, tomorrow night at 10:30!"

He started to back up with a skip in his step. "Don't be late, Bunny!" He said, shooting a pair of finger guns right before grabbing his staff off his sacrum and leaping off into the night

atop the moonlit rooftops.

"...Bunny?..." I groaned and fell face first into my palms, completely burning up. "Oh god..."

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Quietly, I climbed back through the window to my new home. Careful not to fall out and land on the pavement again.

Unfortunately I had entered with about as much grace as I left with. I stumbled into the living room, falling against the coffee table when my leg didn't quite get through the window as smoothly as I'd needed.

I fell to the ground in an exhausted heap, curling into a ball at the warm embrace of the home. "Evee, istop." I muttered.

The costume dematerialized off my now completely spent body, like it took that last bit of strength I had. The specs of light culminated back into the tiny hare, Evee who landed on the floor next to me with droopy eyes.

"That was fun." She said with a sarcastic tinge laced in her tone, laying on her back close by.

"Mhm..." I agreed, fighting to keep my eyes open.

She sighed, but stayed quiet, almost letting me drift into a much needed sleep. That didn't last too long before she yanked me back to consciousness with a start. "So, are you gonna go? On the patrol, I mean?" She asked, looking towards my scrunched, frowning face.

"I don't know." I grumbled, keeping my eyes closed, hoping she wouldn't say anything that may need me to respond so I could drift off this time.

Another few seconds passed.

"But you said you'd go." She whispered, staring at me.

I cracked my glare upon her tiny, unintimidated form. "Yeah, I know."

"So what're you going to do?" She pushed.

"I'm going to sleep." I grumbled and closed my eyes again. "We'll see how school goes tomorrow."

She hummed and floated to close the window, cutting off the slightly chill draft. "Well then. You should probably go to bed." She said, then floated back to my limp form breathing steadily.

"... Y/n?..."

No response.

She looked towards the hall that held the rest of my sleeping family in their rooms, then back to the giant baby in front of her. She shook her big head with a tiny smile before floating over and heaving a throw blanket over me.

"See you tomorrow."

School Day

"Y/n?" The sound of my mother's voice took a few seconds to register, slowly winding its meaning about my awakening brain. "Y/n? Why are you on the floor?"

I blinked rapidly, trying to wake up faster than a dead body and groggily forced myself up on my elbows. "Um... I don't know." I lied, rubbing my eyes.

Charlie approaches still in his ladybug pajamas. "She left our room at like... 2 in the morning, and she wouldn't shut up." He complained through a yawn and stretch.

My heart rate sped a little as I casually scanned the room for Eevee.

Mom hummed to herself, then crouched down to me with an inquisitive stare. "Must've sleepwalked." She said scrunching her nose in concentration, placing the back of her hand all over my face. "Huh... could just be stress." She smiled at me and ran her hand over my hair. "Okay let's get this ball rolling. First official day of school for you kids!" She cheered happily, standing back up and walking to the kitchen.

"Shower, brush your teeth, get dressed, you've both got an hour before you have to leave." She announced, padding to the kitchen while wrapping her housecoat around her body tighter.

I laid back on the floor with a big sigh, staring at the ceiling. Today was the start of my unwanted life in France. The only solace about moving here so late in my education meant that in only a year, I'd be out on my own and could move back home.

Just a year. Then I'll be out of here.

With that final thought I cleared my head and climbed to my feet.

The hour came and went and Charlie and I walked out the door. His school was only a few blocks from mine, so it wasn't a huge detour to walk him.

"Oh man Y/n! This is so cool! I can't wait to meet my class, can you?!" He chuckled in what could almost be described as an evil way. "Haha ha! They're all going to love me."

I restrained my concern with mild amusement. The fact that he could only speak the most basic French and still managed to be this confident was astounding.

"I'm sure you're right, Charlie." I mused ruffling his hair.

"Hey, Hey, Hey! Stop!" He whined, swatting my hands away, gaining a few passerby's casual glances. "That took me like, twenty minutes to do!" He grumbled sourly, meticulously placing each hair as it was before.

"Oh! Uh, sorry." I apologized to the grumbly boy, despite it not looking any different than the way it did before. "I don't think anyone will notice though!" I said with a gentle, encouraging

voice.

"But I will Y/n!" He sneered, turning to look at himself in the window of a shop next to us, still picking and plucking at his hair. "I'm not dressing for anyone but myself." He stated pridefully.

A smile slapped itself across your face at this tiny feminist. "That's a very good policy." I praised and wrapped my arm over his shoulders, guiding him away from the window. "But we've gotta keep moving if we wanna get to school on time, fix it on the way."

He continued to grumble away, but didn't outwardly object.

After about another ten minutes of navigating the bustling morning streets of Paris, we managed to get to Charlie's school on time. He grinned widely at the school and bounded towards it, almost leaving me behind.

"Hold your horses there bud!" I grappled his backpack and pulled him back.

"Ugh, whaaaaaat..." His eyes never left the bright yellow doors of the middle school.

"Remember your manners!" I unzipped his backpack and rummaged through it, pulling out his excessively highlighted schedule. "Pay attention to the teachers." I turned him towards myself, locking eyes with him like I mean business.

"And speak French! Don't expect people to accommodate you with English." I warned in my near perfected French.

"Yeah, I will! Now let me go! I'm gonna be late!" He cried, looking back to the school where students were all filing in, idly chattering amongst themselves.

I sighed with a faux annoyed look on my face. "Okay, geez." Just as my fingers unfurled enough from his pack, he shot off running towards the doors with a zealous I'd never expected from him. "Have fun Charlie!" I called after him.

He just waved back at me before he slowed down next to a few kids.

An unexplained anxiety bubbles inside of me as I watched him for a few more moments, and reluctantly walk off, leaving him there.

I stuck my hands in my pockets as my mind scurried, Charlie no longer there to distract me from my own nerves.

"Y/n!"

The sudden call of my name sent a jolt through my nerves, nearly knocking the air out of me.

I peered down at my now partially unzipped bag, meeting Evee's big eyes staring up at me. "Are you okay?"

"Evee! When did you get here?! I thought you were hiding at home!"

She shook his puffball of a head proudly, as if tsking my confusion. "Oh Y/n, you never know when you might need a kwami, it's for your safety." A pause ensued as I kept my eyes trained on her. Her confidence cracked as the pride she held defeated. "... That and I didn't want to be alone at home."

The softness in her voice ebbed away at me.

"So... really, how are you feeling about all this?"

I hummed and looked forward at the imposing school now in view down the street. "Uh, just a little anxious." I shook my hand around a bit, trying to warm my chilled, clammy hands. "I should be okay though."

Her eyes held a deep empathy to them. "Well, don't worry, I'll be right here for you. If you need me just put your hand in my bag and I'll comfort you best I can until we can talk!" She said gently, her little paws crossing over each other in a hugging motion.

The genuine care made soup of my heart. Not necessarily the best thing to happen when trying to remember how to act around strangers you would see every day. Nonetheless, it was a comfort to know that she was there, and willing to help.

"Just let me know, okay?" She said, a bit quieter while zipping the bag closed.

"Heh, I will, thanks."

She fully zipped the bag back up as I timidly met the base of the steps, stopping momentarily.

A numbing, dusty feeling settled over my very being, dulling the emotions ripping through me as best as I could. There were a few students loitering around the doors and on the oddly pearly steps of the prestigious school.

Cars cruising past behind me became the perfect white noise I needed. I took in a deep breath of preparation closing my eyes to focus on balancing my mind and gradually ebbing away the anxiety.

"Hello!" A cheery, French voice from beside me practically yelled.

I flinched away, losing my cool as the metaphorical dust fled off my body. "Holy shit!" I screeched back, flailing arms lifted defensively overhead.

"Oh! I'm sorry! I didn't mean to scare you!" The voice spoke through a small laugh. It sounded softer this time, but no less excited.

I peeked through my arms to see an unassuming, blonde girl dressed head to toe in a pastel pink. Her dress reached just below her knees, paired with pink flats and tiny stud earrings shaped as stars. "I uh..." I cleared my throat, switching to my French speaking brain. "It's no problem." I said, swiftly sticking my arms down to my sides.

She smiled brightly up at me. "You're a new student, right?"

"I—Uh—y-yeah." An unwelcome warmth started to rise to my cheeks at her friendly nature. I attempted the same kind of smile, but it came out a bit more embarrassed as I closed my eyes. "Did the English give it away?" I laughed nervously, scratching the back of my neck.

She laughed lightly. "Well, that and I've never seen you around the school before today. I know pretty much everyone that goes here." She stated, adorably rocking back and forth on her heels.

"Oh well, yeah, you're right. I-I'm Y/n." I stuck out my hand for her to shake, suddenly regretting the choice at the slight tremor running through it.

She took my hand and gave it a gentle yet steady shake. "Nice to meet you Y/n! I'm Rose."

As she let go she started up the stairs. "Come on. We better hurry up, everyone's probably wondering where I am." She said with a small laugh.

"Oh! Yeah, sure!" I ran up the few steps that separated the two of us until I fell in stride next to her.

"I think you're really gonna like it here, Y/n. Everyone in our class is pretty close, so I don't doubt after a few days you'll be a part of the..." She paused for a moment before giggling to herself. "I guess you could call it a family, if that's not too weird to say."

A huff of amusement fled through my nose. "Well, it's probably not as weird as you made it sound." I laughed, in a good natured tone of course.

Unfortunately, nothing but a shy laugh pulled itself out of her as she looked off, face turning red as an awkward air floated around her. "Oh... heh, yeah."

Oh my god, what did you do Y/n?!

"I-uh... I didn't mean to offend you, I was only joking."

"Ah... okay!" She said in a lacklustre exclamation.

Yikers

In dire need of a change of subject another voice from atop the steps called out just in time. "Good morning, Rose!"

We both looked forward to a girl with a flannel tied around her waist where her high waisted jean shorts and black tank top met. She waved with a bright mischievous smile beaming down on us.

My heart nearly leapt into my throat at the sight of her.

"Alya!" Rose squealed and ran up the stairs towards the girl, throwing her arms around her, which was quickly returned with just as much enthusiasm.

"Hey girl! Did you have a good summer?" Alya asked, pulling back to look at Rose's smiling face.

"I did! I went waterskiing for the first time! It was so much fun!" The pink adorned girl squealed, pushing back a short lock of her blond hair from her face.

As I approached, more and more people came into view who were standing in a group a few feet farther behind Alya and Rose. A... sizeable group.

Who's attention turned to me, one by one.

Alya tipped her head with a crooked smile. "Rose, who's this?" She asked as her eyes locked on me curiously.

Rose turned to me with an eased smile. "Oh! Yes of course!" She beckoned me closer towards the many pairs of eyes lying on me. "This is Y/n! She's from abroad."

Alya perked up and wove around Rose, striding towards me. "Hey! I'm Alya, it's good to meet you Y/n!" She reached out towards me.

I placed my hand in hers with all the bravery I could muster. "Likewise." I said confidently, despite my racing heart.

She took a step back and placed her hand on her hips. "So... Abroad, huh? Where are you from?" She asked.

"Oh! I'm from—" I didn't get a second to respond before I was interrupted by a girlish squeal from Rose.

"Juleka!!" She exclaimed, running back down the stairs she'd just climbed.

Alya and I turned our attention to the girl sprinting towards a dark green, dated car pulling to the curb. A tall, lanky girl with dark, silky hair that caught every little gust of wind stepped out of the passenger side, backpack in hand. Her eyes were glued to Rose with a strange relief floating around her before a huge swell of joy spread across her face.

She dropped her bag to the ground just in time for Rose to jump into her, wrapping her legs around this 'Juleka' and burying her face into her neck.

A redness flushed across Juleka's face as Rose pulled back and held her cheeks. They exchanged a few words before Rose pulled her into her lips.

I coughed and looked away, suddenly embarrassed for watching.

Alya laughed at my reaction. "They'll be like that for a while, they didn't see each other all summer." She explained. "Next week, the pda will probably be at a normal level."

Alya looked back towards the pair and called out. "Hey Luka!"

The name drop seemed to catch the entire group's attention as the rest of them walked towards the edge of the stairs, around Alya and I.

I turned back around, spotting a guy with blue at the ends of his black locks. He stood on the other side of the car while resting his tattooed arms on the top of the car as a casual smile lifted his lips, waving back slowly. "Hey."

His eyes traveled to the two girls, still kissing and cuddling. A laugh emitted from him as he shook his head, lifting his gaze back to Alya. "Do me a favour?"

Alya smirked, popping her hip to the side. "Sure."

Luka juttied a thumb towards the two girls. "Make sure they actually learn something today."

"I can't promise anything." She responded, coyly shaking her head.

He only laughed then spoke a few words to Juleka before waving to everyone. "See you guys!" He said before slipping back into the car and puttering off.

As he pulled away the large group went back to talking amongst themselves.

"So, you're Y/n?" A voice next to me spoke with the clearness of porcelain bell.

I looked to my left, meeting a pair of rich green eyed guy that felt startlingly familiar.

"...Uh, yeah..." I stared at him for a few seconds, noting his blond hair and friendly yet collected manner with a frown forming in concentration. "Do I know you?"

Taken aback, he tilted his head awkwardly. "Uh..." After a couple seconds of searching my expression, he cracked a nervous smile. "...Heh... No.. I'm actually trying to introduce myself right now." He said, chuckling uncomfortably.

The rudeness of my words hit me, jerking my brain into gear. My eyes widened as I waved my hands frantically as if to swat away the possible petulance. "O-Oh! I'm sorry! No I mean like... I feel like I've seen you before."

A look of realization crossed his gradually widening eyes. "...Ooh!... yeah, well I get that a lot." He nervously scratches the back of his head as a bit of red dusts his cheeks. "I'm, uh... Adrien Agreste."

I nodded to him politely then looked to Alya. "Ah, nice to meet you Adrien." But there was a deep nagging in my stomach, insisting that I had indeed seen him, maybe even had met him before. But Nothing was clicking. I returned my eyes to him. "...I'm sorry, but, I swear I've seen you before."

He looked a bit confused before an amused, playful smile warmed his complexion. "Yeah... I'm, Adrien Agreste."

"... I know... you already told me." I said through a chuckle, thoroughly confused but I couldn't help the unsure smile that mimicked his.

"I-I'm a model." He said plainly, cheeks reddened despite the amusement clearly playing through him. He waved what he said away quickly, as he elaborated. "Have you ever heard of Gabriel Agreste?"

I shook my head, as a bout of embarrassment started to fill up inside my stomach. "S-Should I?"

He laughed, placing his hands in his pockets of his jacket. "I guess not. I'm just usually recognized because of him, he's my dad." For some reason, I felt a certain amount of pride for not knowing who he was and for possibly bruising his ego.

"Oh, that's probably it then." I caved with a small laugh.

The bell rang, signalling all students to get to their classes soon. I looked farther into the school then back to Adrien. "Do you have english as your first class?" I asked, hoping at least somebody I've met already was going too.

He pulled out his phone and looked at the Lock Screen. "Ah, no I have math 30-1." He hummed, pocketing the device. "But Nino and Alya have English now too." He gestures to the pair already walking to class. "Hey Nino!" The call of Adrien's voice made the guy with Alya turn around.

"Yeah? What's good?" A calm vibe hung around this guy as he looked over his shoulder.

"Y/n is going to English too." The blonde said, gesturing a tilt of his head in your direction.

Nino chuckled before waving you over. "Alright then come on Y/n, we're gonna be late."

I almost felt comfortable for the first time since I got here as the welcoming energy drew me towards him and Alya. But before I could get too far I turned around to Adrien, momentarily while still walking their way. "Thank you." I mouthed, then spun back around to catch up to the pair.

Alya is a bit preoccupied with her phone, but still greets you. "Hey again." She chuckled lightly before going back to tapping on the screen.

"Hi." I greeted politely before looking to Nino. "I'm Y/n."

"Nino." He chuckled then swung his arm around Alya's shoulders. "And you've already met Alya, huh?"

A slight feeling of envy floated into my head as he did this, my eyes watching his hand closely as she intertwined a free hand with the one of his slung over her. "Uh, yeah we're acquainted."

"Coolio, Hey! You wanna sit with me today? I don't have a set desk partner, so maybe you could sit with me this year! Desk buddies, y'know?" He chuckled.

I blinked rapidly. "Oh! You two aren't desk buddies?"

"Heh, unfortunately for me no. Alya always sit with her friend Marinette, ever since middle school." He said, tipping his head towards the girl who was aggressively typing on her phone. A mix of frustration and worry swirled over her, causing Nino's easygoing smile to fall a bit. "Uhh... Alya? Are you okay?" He asked, lowering his voice a little.

Alya groaned and pushed up her thin rimmed glasses. "Marinette isn't answering my texts, she hasn't been for like, four days now." She huffed, exasperated.

I would always answer your texts, Alya.

Nino pressed his lips in a thin line, thinking. "Well, she might be stressed, this is our last year of school and you know how she is under pressure."

The girl sighed, and let her phone hang in her lowered hand, slipping it into her back pocket. "Yeah..." She tucked a lock of hair behind her ear. "It doesn't matter anyway, I'll catch up with her later."

Nino gave her a firm squeeze against his side, gaze lingering on her with a solemnness in his eyes.

"So, Y/n." He turned his attention on me. "What brings you to France?"

The familiar nip of annoyance tied to mom bit at the corners of my mind. "Oh.. Uh, yeah my mom... she just kinda decided to move out here. It was a bit of a 'on a whim' of decision." I chuckled, scratching the back of my hand.

His thick brow lifted high in surprise. "Really?"

It was no wonder he thought it was odd. Who in their right mind would make such a move without as much as a plan before buying the one-way tickets.

"That's pretty cool!" He cheered, shaking my entire belief system momentarily, putting a stutter my steps.

"W-What?" I muttered, aghast. I shook my head a little, hoping to clear my head from whatever nonsense was just spewn. "What do you mean? You wouldn't be upset?" I questioned genuinely confused.

He shrugged, scuffing his shoes on the well polished corridor floors with a soft squeak. "Well, at first, sure. But honestly moving here was the best decision my family has ever made. I can't think of a better place to live." The boy said, running a hand over his head.

I squinted up at him, adjusting my backpack. "The constant danger isn't a deal breaker for you?"

A kind of nervous look flashed across his face and he peered at Alya, who just shrugged with a mischievous smile. "Uh heh, I guess not." He laughed and leaned into Alya a little. "It doesn't really bother me very much I guess."

He peered back at me as I stared on confused. His free hand flew into a defensive position. "Okay, but aside from the akuma attacks there really isn't a cooler place to live."

The unconvinced look on my face must not have moved at all, which is why Alya leaned forwards to get a better look at me. "I know that sounds crazy but, just give it a chance." She urged earnestly.

The warmth in her eyes bathed me in a gentle, friendly light.

"I-I—uh..." I broke eye contact, the only option if I wanted to form a proper response. "Okay. If you say so."

She smiled and aimed the killer gaze up to Nino again, who smiled back at her.

A few of the classmates ahead of us started to funnel into a classroom, excitedly chatting with each other. I gulped nervously at the sight of the future waiting for me. That was until my attention was nabbed once more by the pair next to me.

"Ah, don't stress too much about this class." Nino reassured, pulling me from my tailspin.

"Yeah, Miss Bustier is a cool teacher so I don't think you'll have too much of a problem as long as you pay attention." Alya agreed, unwrapping herself from Nino's hold and pulling her phone out one last time.

"Well, it's English, so I should be good at it." A fleeting glint of amusement flickered through me as I broke out into a playful chuckle. "If I don't get straight A's I'm retiring as a human person."

The three of us funnelled into a clean, undecorated classroom with raised desks almost totally filled up. Alya gave Nino a squeeze of the hand and left to an empty desk.

Nino and I sat at a desk second closest to the back, one away from where Alya sat, switching her attention from staring at the door to the ticking clock. Her knee bounced up and down and she did a once over of the almost full room.

"Is... Is Alya okay?" I asked while managing to pull my eyes from the girl to Nino, who was spinning a ring he took off his finger. He slapped his hand overtop the band of metal and casually raised his head towards his girlfriend.

A look of empathy swallowed his expression as his stare wondered off. "Oh, well, I'm not sure." His lively attitude shrunk with his sinking shoulders. "It's just her Marinette. I guess you could say they're going through a rough patch." He momentarily met my eyes before they flicked away again, a bit more bitter than before. "It's been going on for a while."

I hummed and looked at Alya again. "Hm... I take it you aren't a fan?"

This question seemed to catch him off guard momentarily as his face drained of colour. "N-Not a fan?"

"Uh... yeah, y'know, you don't like her friend?" I clarified, a confused smile accompanied my basic explanation. I could have sworn I used that phrase right.

"Oh! Okay, I getcha, I getcha." He laughed uncomfortably. "Well, uh..." His eyes travelled to a lonely Alya two desks away then down to his fingers that fiddled with a ring around his finger. "... I don't really talk with her a lot, but..." He took in a deep, annoyed breath, only letting it go through his strained words. "I don't like how she's been pushing everyone away. Especially, Alya."

We both looked to Alya, who had her head resting in her hand.

I wasn't sure how deep I could dig with this, but my boldness seemed to only reflect off how much it felt like he wanted to talk about it. "And this is her... best... friend?" I asked, tilting my head with a squint while looking back to Nino.

A quietness engulfed him with his eyes trained on Alya, oscillating between a soft gaze to hardened stare until he finally lowered his eyes and slouched down farther onto the table. "Between you and me... no." He placed his chin on the back of his hand that lied flush on the table. His head bobbed up with every word. "I couldn't even say with confidence that she's a good friend at this point. Just someone close with history that Alya is holding onto by a string."

He sighed as a casual, understanding smile lifted his face. "Honestly though, I was never that close with her anyway, so I have less of a problem disconnecting from her than Alya does." He flicked his pencil around in a circle. "It just really sucks for people who were actually close with her."

I frowned slightly. "Where is she?"

Just as Nino was about to say something, the classroom door shoved open and in walked the most exhausted looking person I'd ever seen. Her entire look was put together, but the shuffling steps and the dark bags under her eyes begged to differ.

"Ah! Marinette! Glad to see you, although you are a little late." The red headed teacher chirped, only to be met with an unenthused hum of apology from the girl.

Nino then gave me a pointed look while tilting his head in Marinettes direction.

"Ooh..." I stared with the rest of the class as Marinette greeted Alya quietly and plopped in the seat next to her.

The teacher cleared her throat, off-put before turning to the board and beginning to write down page numbers.

Staring at the back of this girls head felt like I'd seen her before. She was the same girl that was in that shop Sabine worked at.

The iciness that leaked from this Marinette girl made me wonder if maybe she was a distant relative of Sabine's. They couldn't be closely related.

The English class slipped by pointlessly and easily, I was only interrupted by the occasional question from Nino. I'd almost finished the assignment handed out by the time the bell rung. Marinette stood up almost instantaneously and started to leave class with Alya scrambling behind her.

"Hey! Alya, Marinette! Hold up!" Nino called after them as he carelessly threw everything into his backpack, turning his fleeting attention to me for a brief moment as he slung his bag onto his shoulders, half zipped.

"..Oh!" I shoved the four paged handout into my backpack, hurrying after Alya and Marinette alongside Nino, holding onto my bag by its zippers while awkwardly jiggling it up and down in front of my uncomfortably wide-stanced legs.

"Yo! Wait up!" Nino called again, me hot on his tail as we swerved through the cluster of classmates.

Nino disappeared into the jumble of students, moseying out of the narrow doorway.

"Oh man." I heaved a giant sigh and poked a hand into my purse, trudging into the bustling mass of peers.

The sight of Nino was the life line I was desperate need of finding while clambering through the endless sea of peers.

Evee's soft paws held my hand while I attempted to to maneuver through everyone. "Nino?" I called timidly, trying to peek over anyone I could. "Alya?" Still nothing.

"Erm... Marinette?" My voice was gradually getting quieter as my resolve to find them diminished to nearly nothing.

Fuck this.

I turned towards the path of least resistance to escape, and pushed myself out from the heard and off to the side. Instant relief pulled its comfort over me as I slowed my breathing, resting against the rail that overlooked the large space full of students below.

I huffed, newly marooned as I watched nearly everyone shuffle down the steps without me. Finally able to compose myself, I peered down into my purse to see Evee still petting my hand.

Her big brown eyes lifted to meet mine, concern written all across her face. I smiled in response, she nodded somewhat hesitantly and retracted her soft little paws from my hand.

A bitterness then swept through me as I stood alone, waiting for the stairs to clear enough for me to walk down. I dropped my bag to the ground and moved stuff around inside it to properly zip it up. Once I finished I peered down at the students again.

Everyone looked so friendly. The amount of kids wandering to their next classes was surprisingly more than I expected, and yet, none of them were on their own. They all walked

together, joked together, teased each other. They just meshed so well together, from what I could see people who didn't look like they'd ever be friends were walking to class together.

This was a great group of people who already knew and grew up with each other. They had no real need for another to come in, especially one that didn't really want to be here in the first place.

A strange loneliness settled in.

A little push on my crouched thigh caught my attention. There sat Eevee, reaching her paw through the bag and against my leg.

"Hey Y/n."

The call of my name shot a fresh feeling of fear into my veins. I grabbed the top of Eevee's purse closed as I whipped my attention over my shoulder.

There, standing with a curious smile, was the blonde guy from earlier.

"Oh, hey Adrien." I greeted, turning my back to him momentarily to situate my bag again. Quickly I tossed it onto my back while standing up to my feet. "How was Math?" I asked, facing him again.

He shrugged, pulling his bag farther onto his shoulders. "Pretty good, it's nice to see everyone again." He looked around, as if searching for someone. "Uh, where's Nino and Alya?"

I couldn't help the bitter smirk that slapped its irritation on my face for the world to see. "Ah, I'm not sure." My eyes glided over the sea of people below. "We got separated in all these people."

He stared out into student body then back to me. "Avoiding the crowds then?"

I chuckled; looking where he was staring with a strange feeling of insignificance. "Yeah, I'm not fantastic with big crowds." I rested myself against the railing, exhaling an exhausted sigh.

Adrien laughed lightly and leaned against a vertical beam in the railings that reached the ceiling. "You never really get used to them." He comments, mostly to himself.

A silence settled between the two of us, a delicate balance of awkward and content. We both stared off at the rest of the students rushing about on the stairs.

I took a breath, collecting up all my feelings and tossing them away. There was no way I could hold onto everything that happened to get me to this school and still be in a good enough mood to give this place a chance.

I lowered my eye lids and looked to Adrien, who was already looking at me. He coughed awkwardly and looked off suddenly.

I couldn't help my amused smile at this fluffy haired guy. "So what's your next class?" I asked, crossing my ankle over the other.

"Oh," He checked his phone. "Uh... Biology 30." The phone then slipped back into his pants pocket.

I grinned and pushed off from the railing. "Hey me too! Wanna be desk buddies?" The question floated about with a certain lightness as my feet pattered their way square in front of him.

Adrien blinked his widened eyes a few times, clearing away any surprise from his brain before smiling back. "Oh! Sure!" He looked up to a clock on the wall. "We'd better get going now if we want to get a seat together though."

"Lead the way then." I stepped to the side for him as he walked forward, adjusting his bag strap again as I fell into stride with him.

"Sooo..." The word stretched along my tongue as it slipped into the air, trying to figure out where it was headed. "Are you gonna go to university after high school?"

He peeked down at me, a curious frown crossed his face. "I, uh... well, I kinda have my modelling thing." He relied, rubbing the back of his neck.

My face scrunched a bit on the left in acknowledgment. It made sense he would already know from what little information about him I'd been given, and the general 'put-together' vibe he had. "Oh, already got it all figured out eh?" A light chuckle floated from my lungs. "That's pretty cool, lots of people have no idea what they want to do, long after they graduate High school."

He tilted his head a little, sending a few fluffy stray hairs atop his head to flop over to the other side of his hairs part. "Do you know what your gonna do?"

The question elicited a surprisingly strong feeling from me that I couldn't quite put a name to. "Ha! Me? No, It would be a miracle if I could commit to one thing and not constantly wonder if I'm actually doing what I want." I puffed my chest out. "You're looking at a future freelance couch surfer."

A gentle snort pushed itself out of Adrien despite his casual effort to suppress it. "Is that... a goal of yours?" He asked, genuinely interested with a healthy amount of concern.

"Heh, nah. I'm just setting the bar low, y'know, so if it does happen I won't feel as blindsided." I looked up to him as a grin spread across my face, nudging his elbow as light as a feather. "But it's pretty lucky you already know what you want to do."

He hummed and set his gaze forward.

"... or, do you even want to model?" I asked, curiosity getting the better of me.

He ran a hand through his fluffy tresses, getting the out of his eyes. "Of course I do, it helps my father."

A cold moment of silence passed between us.

Suddenly the bell rang, coaxing movement from large groups of friends to get a move on to their respective classes. "We should hurry up. It's gonna get crowded again." He commented, surveying the copious amount of students starting to flood the walkways again.

Adrien and I weaved through the student body together. He made sure not to get separated from me, standing close enough to make it clear we were walking together, but kept a respectful distance as best as he could in the crowd. He strode ahead slightly with his held high, gliding through the students with little resistance.

"Ha, maybe I should walk with you to every class." The comment didn't fall on deaf ears, despite the loudness of the school around us.

He stared straight forward, seemingly losing focus on what he was doing. "... uh, yeah... Maybe."

The absence in his voice elicited curiosity. My sight went from him to everything in front of him, scrutinizingly surveying until catching one of the few people I was somewhat familiar with. Marinette trudging towards us, in her own little world. The exhaustion radiated off of her in tidal waves.

Adrien's stayed glued on her with an undecipherable mix of expressions, but there was definitely worry. Whether for her or himself was unknown.

As she slugged closer her eyes finally noticed Adrien's, locking for only a moment before she fixed her gaze forward once more. I wasn't sure if it was possible at this point, but she looked even more grumpy now.

Adrien stepped in her direction timidly. "Uh, Marinette can we..?"

She brushed straight past him. "Not today, please." Despite the twinge of anger playing across her face, her voice was rather melancholy.

I opted to remain a quiet observer behind the blonde as Marinette passed. But that didn't stop her from noticing me.

Her dull blue eyes lit with sparks of alertness once they found me. She furrowed her eyebrows with the slightest bit of curiosity, as all the air sucked out of me. Luckily, she didn't decide to say anything and continued on her route down the hall.

Once she was out of earshot I turned back to Adrien who was still staring after her. The emotion swirling in his eyes was something I didn't exactly want to delve into. "Uh, well, we better get to class!"

I swerved around him, taking the lead. His eyes reluctantly pulled away from the retreating girl back to me. "The good seats might be taken already."

"Yeah... uh..." He took a moment, his eyes flicked across mine only briefly before they looked back over his shoulder again.

Seconds ticked by as students rushed past, but Adrien was stuck in a pocket dimension, with a vortex that only seemed to want to pull me in.

The thought of leaving him here and getting a good seat bounced around in my head. I looked away from Adrien towards the class starting to fill up down the hall.

I brought my eyes back to the blonde who was still entranced. I couldn't spy his face, but the space around him folding in on itself reeked of personal complications.

Complications that weren't important enough to entangle myself in.

Impatience finally filled up enough to reach my mouth. "I'll go grab us some seats."

I dodged his eyes by only a hair as I pivoted on the heel of my foot, quickly striding down the opposite way while doing my best to filter through the rest of the students still buzzing about.

I managed to beat another wave of students to the door, slipping inside and quickly scanning the room. There weren't many free desks open so I made a bee-line for the first empty one I saw. There was no way I wasn't getting a seat with Adrien and end up having to introduce myself to someone new. I've been lucky so far with getting people to introduce me to their friends with little effort from my side, and I didn't want to end that streak of luck.

The desk was in the back, second from the one in the farthest corner. I sped towards it while hopping up the raised levels of each row, careless with tossing my bag onto the top of the desk in an obvious claim.

I hummed, satisfied with my small accomplishment while plopping myself down into the chair on the left. An unseen weight slipped from my shoulders, presenting an opportunity to take solace in how smoothly today was going, quite the opposite of the garbage fire I predicted.

Just then, a remarkably dressed blonde girl walked in... maybe rolling in on leering thunder was a more accurate description.

Everyone around perked at her appearance but avoided looking directly at her. The irritated scowl etched into her features didn't move an inch as she stormed towards me. Her ankle boots thudded powerfully under each step as two locks of hair free from her ponytail fluttered along against the sides of her face.

An embarrassing need to cower swelled within, so I averted my eyes once she was within six feet of me. I held my breath as she stopped dead in her tracks next to me.

However, nothing came of this. If she didn't kill me, anticipation might.

Against my better judgment, I hesitantly let my eyes wander over to the blonde flame of raw emotion. Just as she came into view it was blatantly apparent she wasn't here to fight me. A healthy dose of humble slid down my throat at the sight of her sitting in the desk next to mine, thumbing through her phone aggressively. I let a breath out, letting go of my nerves to only be replaced by the overwhelming feeling of idiocy.

She was grumbling to herself angrily, something about someone being ridiculous. I couldn't quite decipher it, but it didn't really feel appropriate to. Besides, I wouldn't even be able to utilize any gossip I might pick up, I know all of five people in Paris so far.

After a few seconds of scanning the room of strangers, I decided to be ready for this class. I pulled out a new scribbler and my designated school tablet, squarely lining them up next to each other along with a cheap, black fountain pen.

Just as I fished out my whiteout, the girl at the desk next to me cleared her throat rather aggressively. I took a moment before timidly glancing in her direction.

Her demanding blue eyes were fixated directly on me, like she was trying to light me aflame with just her concentrated glare.

Awkwardly, I slowly looked back to my whiteout.

"Wha—Hey! Don't turn away from me!" She scolded sharply. I inwardly groaned and peered over my shoulder at her even more intense eyes. "Do you not understand simple social cues?!" The chastising tone in her shrill voice was like a heavy rain of sharp rocks.

"Uh... I guess not." I shrugged, sitting straight in my chair with my bottle of whiteout clutched in hand.

I didn't really want to talk to you...

She looked like she was about to explode as her mouth opened, ready to unleash some type of hellfire. However, Just as her tongue formed the first syllable, she suddenly snapped her jaw closed. Her hand clutched in a fist around the zipper of her yellow bomber jacket as she closed her eyes, breathing slowly and loudly. After a few seconds the air let out, leading to the bonfire in her eyes shrink to nothing more than an agitated, glowing ember.

"I was just going to ask if you had a pen I could barrow. All mine have... been stolen..." She nearly spat the last word as irritation ran hot through her veins.

"Oh! Yeah, sure." I rummaged through my pencil case as fast as I could, grabbing the first writing utensil I could get my hands on. I pulled the old blue pen out and handed it to the girl. "Here you are."

She almost smiled as the pen met her hand. "Ugh, finally someone useful." She popped the cap off the pen, ready for use. She paused for a moment then stiffly faced me again. "Erm... thanks."

A grin pulled across my face, hiding my desperate want to laugh. "Don't mention it." I returned my attention to my scribbler, opening it to the first page. "I'm Y/n, by the way." I said passively.

"Chloe Bourgeois." She said proudly, eyes set straight down on her paper. "I guess your the one from abroad then."

I looked over to her as she kept her eyes locked on. Just as I was about to say something she spoke again. "Talk has been buzzing around the school since you first stepped foot here."

"Oh... anything good?" I plopped my head in my hand.

She shrugged and sat back. "Not a lot. Just that you aren't from here and can maybe speak English... and apparently kind of cute." Her voice was nonchalant as she picked at her well maintained fingernails.

That caught me off guard. "Really?" A smile started to spread across my face, confidence suddenly raising along with my chin lifting slightly higher.

"Oh wipe that dopey smile off your face. You're ...not bad." Chloe huffed.

That deflated me a little.

I glared in her direction. "Dude, come on, I just gave you a pen!"

She chuckled to lightly herself, void of any malice. "Fine, fine... you're okay."

"Is that supposed to be better?" I questioned, turning my whole body towards her with my legs pointed directly at her. A playful air now surrounding us both.

Chloe tucked her loose hair behind her ear as she finally looked at me. "That's all you're getting, Anglophone."

"Anglophone? Are you 80?" We both started to chuckle. "What kind of dated insult is that supposed to be?"

She shook her head gently, turning towards me as while resting her arm along the back of her chair. "All my good insults have been revoked. I'm trying to 'turn a new leaf' as it were." She air quoted.

"Well I'd say you've been pretty good at it so far." A new voice chimed in.

We both followed to voice up to Adrien who was standing there with an amused grin.

When did he get there?

Chloe's face dusted a distinct red as she frowned weakly. "W-What? Ha! That's a nice notion, Agreste. But we both know I'm a lost cause!" She snapped defensively looking away with pursed lips. She brought her knees back under her desk and pouted. "A bit ridiculous that you've know me this long and can't get this through your thick head."

The blonde guy laughed, unaffected and unconvinced. "Sure, Chloe. Whatever you say." He made his way around to his saved seat next me and sat down heavily.

"Thanks for saving me a seat." He said, collecting his things from his shoulder bag.

"No problem." I said, swinging my legs back under our desk. I didn't really know what else to say to him, I definitely didn't want to bring up his weird behaviour before but that seemed to stick to the forefront of my mind. No matter how desperately I tried to pry it off my brain and throw it into the abyss, it stubbornly defied me pleading its defence of curiosity.

I squeezed my eyes shut tightly as if to reset my mind until I could manage to focus on something else. With a slightly more docile headspace, I opted to search the rest of the classroom and figure out if I recognized anyone else here.

A few desks in front of us were Rose and Juleka, with the cute pink girl cuddling her girlfriend happily amongst the light chatter of the now full room.

I leaned towards Adrien with a small, gentle voice. "Hey, so.." The blonde perked at my words, glancing at me. "What's the story with them?"

He took followed my eyes to the duo ahead of us. "Rose and Juleka?" He tilted his head with a small frown and looked back at me. "Why?"

I shrugged, unable to hold down my blank expression as a smile lifted my eyes. "I guess I just want to know the social climate here." I met his eyes as I rested my head in my hand. "They look so happy."

His sight flicked between the pair. "Yeah, they've been close even before they started dating, so it only makes sense."

"Must not be too bad here then." I mused, looking back to them again. "Rose must've really meant it when she said you all were like a family, huh?"

Adrien started to smile fondly at the pair. "Heh, that's a very Rose thing to say." We both chuckled a little. "But she isn't wrong. We look out for each other."

"Hmm... that's honestly a relief." A warmth of hope swelling in my heart took me by surprise.

"Yeah? Well what we're you expecting?" He asked, looking back to me.

"I mean, I wasn't expecting everyone to be nice." I fiddled with my pen idly. "At my last school there were only about two people who were actually nice, one of them being an ex if you could believe it. It was more than suffocating at times." I chuckled lightly, a twinge of bittersweet drizzled atop my words.

Adrien's brows shot up a bit. "Oh! T-That sounds... kind of awful." He started to laugh a bit. "I kind of know how you feel though."

I hummed, and tipped my chin at him skeptically. "Really now? How so?"

"Well... I was actually homeschooled for a long time before coming here. I was barely allowed outside without a bodyguard." He confessed, leaning forward on his forearms. "My best friend for years was my dad's secretary. She's like... 40." He said, a whisper of a laugh floating within his words.

"Oh, Adrien..." I paused as I fought the urge to smile. "...that sucks." I commented through a now nervous laugh, unable to stop for some reason. The thought of little Adrien being best friends with a grown adult was sad, but funny in a kind of adorable way.

He leaned back away from me as if betrayed. "Hey! Don't laugh I told you that in confidence!" He cried despite the playful smirk on his face.

"You laughed at my story!" I retaliated, still smiling like an idiot.

"Just because it sounded like mine!" The blonde exclaimed through a playful scoff as he tossed his hands out to the side, as if that would emphasize his point.

I landed my hand on the desk with wide eyes before I started to laugh again. "Well I laughed because... because you're best friends with a middle aged person!"

"Was! I was best friends with a middle aged peRson!" His voice cracked, and he flushed instantly. This silenced us both for a moment until another, more vigorous fit of laughter fled between us.

Just as we were giggling amongst ourselves the teacher shuffled in sourly. "Hahah—!" The moment I caught sight of her I immediately zipped my lips together, holding my breath in hopes to shut up.

My sides started to ache with how much laughter, nervous and genuine, I was holding back to keep my volume close to nothing. Adrien didn't seem to be doing much better with the way he was covering his face in his hand while his whole body shook rhythmically.

"Alright class. Today we will be going over the types of cells throughout your body and their anatomical purposes." She shuffled through her papers before plucking one from the rest. She readjusting the sharp, purple glasses honing her stern stare down her nose at the little fly-track letters. "But before we do so it seems there is a new student with us."

Oh no oh no

All joy was instantaneously torn from me as I weakly hunched down, meekly meeting Adrien's eyes who peeked over at me. He was barely keeping himself together at this point.

"A... Miss Y/n L/n?" She called, lifting her eyes to scour the classroom.

I took a deep breath, and slowly lifted my head, raising my hand. The whole class turned to get a peek at me.

"Ah! Yes, welcome. I hear you're not from France." She said casually, organizing her papers further. "I hope you're adapting well."

I nodded, swallowing the hysterics as best as I could. "Yes." I croaked unevenly. that was all I could manage.

"Ah, good, good." She said as her eyes stayed on her desk. "Well, I guess we can start ice breakers with you. Go ahead and stand up, tell us something about yourself and what you did

over the summer." Her voice was passive and uninterested, but I knew she was probably the type to get mad if her orders weren't followed.

I inwardly groaned and stood to my unstable legs. "I'm Y/n..." I took a second, letting the chuckles die down before continuing. "I uh, heh, like art stuff... and I learned French over the summer break."

I stood there awkwardly for a couple moments until she finally looked up again. "Yes yes, next student please."

I didn't need any more urging to as I plopped down in my chair again. Adrien turned to me with a small whisper. "I didn't know you just learned French! Your pronunciation is really good!"

I smiled warmly. "Thanks."

He returned the smile with a little nod then stood to talk about his summer.

I looked down at my blank page in the scribbler as my thoughts started to fold and flip within my head. The one thought that reoccurred more than a few times was the possibility that this might not be an awful year.

Like hell I'll say it to mom, but I'm gonna be open minded about France.

Soup

The end of the school day came quickly and without so much as a hitch. As the final bell rang I made my way to the front doors of the school with the same cluster of students that's been carrying me around all day.

The sun beamed down, blazing hot through the blue, cloud speckled sky. I smiled and drifted to the side of the steps, perching myself on one of the ledges to making sure everything was in the backpack. I also wanted to break off from the stuffy student body, hopefully, to have a better view to spot someone familiar.

That was until Evee's little paw poked at my thigh.

This slapped a sense of sobriety across the back of my head, I casually lifted the bag into my lap to look down at the kwami. She squinted up through the zipper, aggressively tapping her paw against the time on my phone's dimly lit screen.

"Okay okay." I huffed and zipped the purse closed. With little more than leaning forward, my butt slipped from the ledge, landing my shoes against the sun-warmed cement as a muted thump.

The sun arched behind a puffy, drifting cloud that cast a gentle shade over the school and surrounding streets. The summer that still lingered happily behind in the early September days managed to pull a content smile across my lips. Just as the familiar scuff of cement beneath my feet began, the sound of my name being called sunk the soles of my feet into the concrete.

I peered back to see Adrien speeding towards me, a little jog in his steps. "Hey!"

A friendly grin tipped my lips. "Hi, uh... what's up?"

He came to a smooth stop, wearing a matching smile. "Not much, how was your first day?" The politeness in his voice was palpable.

I shrugged, leaning against the ledge I'd just dismounted. "Pretty good honestly. I wasn't expecting it to go so smoothly." A mischievous smile replaced my casual one as I bumped his shoulder with a playful fist. "I guess I have you to thank for that."

He chuckled oddly. "Heh, Yeah—!" His voice cut off suddenly as he swallowed. "Yeah, well, I'm happy to help."

An awkward silence settled over the two of us, making me shift my feet about, both of us suddenly finding the sea of bodies flooding out of school very interesting.

Adrien then cleared his throat and directed his attention back to me with a friendly smile. "So, I was actually meaning to ask if you were free this weekend." He asked, rubbing at his shoulder.

A jolt of confusion and dread painted the walls of my insides, while an open can of worms was dumped in the bottom of my now squirming stomach. "Probably not!" I squeaked out nervously. Warmth flooded my face as I tried to maintain a normal voice.

Adrien's eyes thinned as if taking a moment to read the situation. After a few more unsavoury moments, a soft red visibly crawled up his pale neck to his cheeks and ears. A panic was frantically pushing out from every word until he fumbled into a proper sentence with gentle waving of his hands. "No! Sorry! I-I was just asking— I mean— erm... Some classmates are getting together Saturday, I was gonna ask if you wanted to come hang out with all of us."

An idiotic feeling blistered over as it clicked in my head. "Ohhh! I thought you—" I met his green eyes momentarily before diverting mine away quickly, rubbing the back of my neck. "Sorry... Never mind, uh, yeah! Sure, I'd love to... hang on a second." I took off my backpack and rustled through it, fishing out a pen and a tiny piece of paper I hastily ripped off a corner of some homework. I penned my number down on the little scrap pressed against my thigh.

"Here. Text me the details." I offered the uneven piece of paper to him just as the sun escaped from behind the cloud, beaming its shining rays down on the two of us like a warm rain, blanketing us in a gentle hug.

He graciously took the paper from me, careful not to touch my hand despite the small piece he was trying to grab. His eyes scanned the digits a few times over before lifting back to me. "I really have got to get going, so keep me in the loop. Okay?" I said starting to take small steps backwards.

He managed an amused, crooked grin. "Yeah! Definitely."

I chuckled and gave him my best couple of finger guns, which were interrupted as I slipped backwards down a stair, nearly falling completely backwards.

Adrien flinched towards me, his arms outstretched slightly.

Another unneeded wave of embarrassment crashed down on me as I stiffly recovered with waving arms quickly returning to my now stable sides. "Haha! Oops! Stairs!"

That was all I could muster before just turning and all but running away. This wasn't something I could recover from, so I left it up to Father Time to hopefully dull the humiliation by tomorrow morning.

I rushed down the steps of the school, face lit aflame as a blaze licked hungrily at my speeding heels. I didn't dare look back over my shoulder even when I thought myself to be at a safe distance, I didn't want to remember any part of this situation.

As I got to the foot of the steps, the same car from this morning came puttering up, a few feet from me. My eyes couldn't help but take in the distraction and worm their sights into the drivers seat, where the same tattooed young man that brought Juleka to school sat, poking at his dashboard. He lifted his eyes momentarily and caught me staring. Thankfully he didn't seem creeped out or anything, and before I could look away he simply smiled and gave me a friendly wave.

A relived sigh fled my torso as I waved back, smile slightly strained.

I quickly rushed across the street and began my walk to Charlie's school, hopefully not super late.

Attempting to play off that transpired, I took a few minutes to myself. Staying silent until Evee's judgmental eyes starring became almost too much to handle. "So, do you think Charlie had a good day?" I asked down to the hare as I pulled a sleeve of slightly crushed saltine crackers from my backpack.

Evee shrugged and rested her tiny elbows on the open zipper of the purse. "I'm sure it went about as smoothly as yours did, maybe even better." She mused, attentively watching the crackers in my hands.

I hummed, splitting open the top of the plastic sleeve. "I hope so." —I slid a saltine out and lowering it to the kwami— "If any of those little turds picked on him I'm gonna have to kick some kids into next week."

The hare hesitated to accept the cracker I offered to her, eyeing me skeptically. I rolled my eyes. "Not actually..."

This seemed to be enough reassurance for her as she hummed approvingly and snatched the cracker up.

Upon arrival —Evee tucked away with a surplus of crackers— I spotted Charlie sitting on the stairs... alone. My heart couldn't stop the uncomfortable squeeze this sight gave as I strode closer, eyeing the others kids grouped together, laughing together.

"Hey, goober." I greeted, putting on a smiling, unconcerned face. He quickly looked up from the rocks he was poking about with his foot.

Once he got a good look at me, he deflated. "Oh... hey." He lowered his eyes again, collecting his backpack off the warm concrete. Without another word he started walking down the sidewalk, me in tow.

A nervous, sympathetic sweat started to coat my hands. "Are you okay?"

Do I actually need to beat up some kids?

His fingers were white around the straps fastened over his shoulders. "Yeah... I'm okay."

I stepped up next to him, trying to get a glance at his face. "How was school?"

His jaw set as a frustration started to uncover itself. "It was fine." He looked away from me to something across the street, rubbing under his nose. "But I think tomorrow will be better."

I tilted my head. "Oh yeah? Something cool gonna happen?"

Without warning he looked back at me with a determined frown through a pair of misty eyes. "Of course! Me! I'll be way cooler tomorrow!"

I fought the overwhelming sickness that took my stomach in a tight chokehold and urged me to hug him, opting instead to mask my heart cracking. "Uh... What do you mean cooler? You're already super cool. Anyone worth their salt can see that."

This seemed to strike something in him and his pace slowed, lifting his deflated stare up at me. "Do you... Do you really think so?" His eyes were glossy, but hopeful; hanging off of my every word.

A warm flush of tears warned of their appearance behind my face as my sinuses began to feel liquified. "Ha! Obviously! It's not like I'd say that just to hype you up." I quipped as snarky as I could.

Charlie laughed as he rubbed his eyes clear. "That's true. You're kind of a witch."

I smiled softly down at him before it turned mischievous as I wrapped my arm around his shoulders. "Yeah, so good luck getting rid of me." I lowered my voice, scanning our surroundings. "Witches are immortal you know."

"Oh great. A life time of this." He sighed dryly, but he wasn't able to suppress the light grin that stamped its print on his face.

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"Why are you so bad at using keys?" My brother pesters, leaning his back dramatically against the doorframe.

"What do you mean?! I haven't even put any keys in yet!" I snap.

He just groans and slides down to the floor. "You're so slow though... I'm hungry, hurryyyy."

A glare shot it's red-eyed rage down on him. "You turned down the crackers I offered you!"

He lazily tosses a bored look at me. "I don't want your musty crackers. Who knows where they've been."

"THEY ARE IN A PLASTIC—!" I cut myself off, pulling my hands from their automatic trajectory to wring his little neck.

I force my focus back onto the key in a huff and unlock the door, so tempted to leave him out in the hallway. "Finally." He mutters, standing up and rushing through.

I sigh and close the door, locking it behind us. "I'm gonna make some soup, would you like any or—?" When I turn around he was already at our shared room, shutting the door behind him.

I purse my lips and slide my backpack off my shoulders, onto the kitchen table. Eevee peeked out to survey the desolate surroundings then floated up out of my purse tentatively. "Is he alright?" She asked quietly, eyes stuck on our rooms door.

"I'm not sure, but I don't think he wants to talk about it." I deduce, tipping the hare's crumb coated purse upside down over the sink. Sheets of cracker bits pour out. "Besides, I think we're both pretty tired anyway."

The grey kwami sat in thought, silent, until her eyes sat on the door warily. "Uh when is your mom going to be home?" She asked, meekly circling over to me as I fished out a small pot from a drawer in the little island.

"I don't know, whenever she decides to come home I guess." I turned around towards the oven reaching for a wooden spoon, it had bite marks along the handle. "I don't know why you're so worried about being seen, you're a magical being, it should some kind of catalyst for you."

The glare she sends digs itself into my profile.

"What I mean is—" I turn with a swish of my spoon. "—Who's gonna fuck with you? You're a magical being with powers, right? You could fold any human like a lawn chair." I commented, fishing a can opener out of a half emptied box on the counter nearby.

"It's not humans I'm worried about." She countered, rubbing her arm.

I go to work on the can passively as I stare at the kwami. "Hawkmoth?"

She shakes her head. "No, I'm scared of Hawkmoth for your sake. Plus, they're a holder... they're still human." Her eyes slide up to lock with mine.

"Getting pretty cryptic there aren't you, Eevee?" I chuckle callously to myself, until it sinks in that she isn't so casual about it. A cold apprehension surfaces in her eyes.

The lightheartedness in my voice slips into the void as her gaze turns glassy. I stop turning the can opener. "... Can you... tell me?..."

Her eyes scrunched and widened at random, fighting with herself. "I... can. I just don't know how you might take it."

The warmth drains rapidly from my face. "What does that mean?" I asked, stilling my entire body.

The hare avoided eye contact, fiddling with her little hand nubs. "Your reaction to this isn't very reassuring so far, Y/n."

I didn't say anything, instead continuing to watch her as my brows fell slightly in a deadpan stare.

She cleared her throat roughly into her fist. "Uh, right well... there are more kwami's. Like, many more..." Eevee floated down next to the half open can of soup. "And with so many that have been made, not all of them are actually... particularly... very morally guided." The tone she spoke with was slow and careful.

Unfortunately, despite the gentle delivery, it hit like a stampede. "Wait, hold on, how many kwami's are there out there?"

The hare shrugged shyly, tipping her paw back and forth. "It's hard to give you an exact number, but, I'd say at least one thousand and at most twenty thousand, give or take."

"Twenty thous—?!" I get cut off quickly, harshly being shushed by the grey kwami as she frantically gestured towards my shared room.

We stared at the door, waiting for any sign of movement. A cold silence met us in turn, steadily. I slowly returned my inquisitive gaze to Eevee and whispered.

"Where the hell are they all?!" A valid question, as far as the world knew, there where only maybe seven miraculous out there.

"It's a little challenging to explain to a non-guardian." She mutters, scrunching her eyebrows in thought and floats in a slow, tight circle. "Okay, basically we kwami's are supposed to be in these... communal boxes where we stay dormant, kinda like sleeping, until we're put out into the world by our guardians or makers. Either to be given to a holder, be turned loose to find a holder on our own, or just to stretch our legs for a moment." She punctuated her thought with a slight nod as her circular pattern came to a stop. "From what I hear, the reason not many kwami's are out there is a mixture of there being a shortage of guardians, and miraculous makers just keep crafting more sets of miraculous' boxes. So many other kwami's are in 'storage', so to speak."

This overload of information had me bobbing between the suffocating nether of being overwhelmed, and a frigid air that held an intense curiosity. "Wait, hang on... okay so you were made, and came from a box? With other Kwami's? Like... a litter?"

She lowers her eyelids in a stale stare, slouching against the can of soup. "If that helps you keep up, then yes. I came from a litter."

My legs grow restless and start to pace back and forth in front of the kwami. "W-Well who are your litter-mates?! Where are they? And where's your maker!?" A giddy grin spread across your face as you excitedly pranced in place. "This is so exciting! I didn't know you had a family!"

Evee huffs to herself, kicking her feet over one another as she mutters. "Family is a strong word."

The chilliness she spouted didn't land of deaf ears as it tempered the excitement back to a gentle simmer. I studied her but couldn't say anything in time as the front door's lock jimmied.

My eyes slid over to the door just as my mother swung the door open and strode in. "Hey Y/n."

Panic was all that fuels my motor functions as I swing my head back to Eevee, who was no longer there on the counter.

"Where's Charlie?" She prods, slipping her high-heeled shoes off, placing them on the shoe rack.

The subconscious me pulled my safety line back to earth enough to soothe the unnecessary racing heart caged behind my ribs. I say coolly. "He's in our room."

She shrugged off her jacket. "How was school for him?"

I go back to opening the can. "Not great."

A disappointed frown paints her made up face. "Oh no, why?" She asks, hanging her purse on the coat pegs on the wall.

"Because he can't speak French fluently." My voice is flat as I tip the can upside down, shaking the globbish soup out of it's metal prison. "It's hard to make friends when nobody can understand you."

She tuts at this and walks in, disapprovingly staring at my backpack lying on the table. "Well, he probably should have gotten some help with that."

Something in her tone of voice held an accusatory aspect. An all too familiar bait she used when she was in a bad mood or just itching to air some grievance with me.

Instead of engaging, I breathed a deep sigh and agreed. "Yeah, probably."

Unfortunately, the sigh must've been too loud or something because this was apparently unavoidable. A sharp frown crossed her features as she placed her hand on her hip while the other curled around the back of a kitchen chair. "Watch your tone with me missy."

A fire raged up my spine as I hunched over the soup, chopping up the liquid covered globs before adding any water. "Okay, sorry."

She throws her hands up while laughing sourly. "The sass I put up with." She mutters as she loudly picks up your backpack, hanging it on the wall mounted coat pegs by the door. Now loaded with more ammunition, she spoke again. "All I'm saying is that a little help around here would be nice."

My hand tightens around the wooden spoon I'm using to stir. A soup I'm making for Charlie this very moment.

When I say nothing she huffs, tapping her foot on the floor. "Well?..."

I ask. "Well what?" My jaw sat, clenched tightly.

"Don't you think that you could have helped Charlie with his French a little?" She prodded, lifting an eyebrow at my back.

The fire reached a critical point, we both could feel it rising in suffocating swells.

I slam the spoon down onto the counter and rear my ugly rage back to her. "I never even wanted to move to France in the first place!! Why in the world would you make me responsible for learning an entirely new language over the span of a few months, and expect me to teach it too?!" I screamed, pointing my finger at her. "That's absurd! You're his mother so why don't you act like it?!"

...But I couldn't say that...

Deflated, my shoulder sunk down with a silent puff of air. "Yes mom. Sorry."

She hummed to herself, eyeing me like a lion would after toying with it's next meal. "That's okay. Just try to look outside of yourself, okay?" And without waiting for an answer, she strode away to her room to change.

There was nobody on Earth who got to me quite like my mother did. The sense of entitlement always hung heavy, and whenever she spoke to me it was exclusively condescending. Despite the many times she did this, it never got easier to choke back my pride.

Frustrated tears started to well as a fresh, familiar spring in my stinging eyes. A sob pressed up against my vocal chords that I struggled to choke back as I continued with the soup, filling up a can of water in the sink.

As I returned to the pot and dumped the water in, Evee phased through the backsplash on the wall, peering up at me sympathetically.

I couldn't look her in the eyes, instead opting to train my focus on mixing the canned soup and water. A heat of humiliation lifted to my face as I rapidly blinked my tears away.

Why was I even crying? I thought I was getting a thicker skin.

"Y/n?" Her small voice called, floating only an inch farther out of her hiding spot within the wall.

I took a shaky gulp of air and pulled in any running my nose was doing. I straightened up, lifting my eyes to the ceiling. "I think we're gonna go out tonight."

She visibly perked and fought off any joy that might slip onto her face. "R-Really? Are you sure?"

"Yeah." I quickly swiped the pads of my fingers under my eye, catching the sudden rivulet. "I've gotta get out of here."

Once the soup was finally finished, I scooped a couple ladle's full into a bowl and brought it to me and Charlie's room. The sound of a woman pronouncing the word 'fun' in French was pouring out from beneath the closed door, which was quickly followed by Charlie's crude pronunciation.

I didn't want to get even more depressed, so I quickly knocked on the door. "Goob? I've got some soup here for you."

The video paused and was followed by light footsteps to the door. He cracked it open and eyed me then the steaming bowl of broth and broccoli in my hand. "Oh, Meyer-see." He thanked and reached for the bowl.

I smiled warmly and as encouragingly as I could. "De rein."

He suddenly lit up. "You understood me!"

I chuckled lightly and ruffled his hair, not too aggressively that he spilled his soup though. "Sure I did, did you understand me?"

This stumped him for a moment until he winced as he looked up to me. "You're welcome?"

I broke out into a grin. "Yeah! Good job Charlie! De rein means you're welcome!"

He proudly puffed his chest out. "Heh, I knew I could do it!" He paused and meets my eyes. "Do you need to come in?"

I shook my head. "Nah, I'm gonna go out soon. If mom asks I'm with some friends."

He visibly deflates at this. "Oh, okay, will do... See you later then." As he's closing the door I catch him muttering 'De rein' to himself over and over until it shuts.

With Charlie fed and no other responsibilities, I felt the need to get away from my mother grow tenfold. Pouring soup in a thermos felt almost urgent as I rushed out of the apartment early. I checked my phone.

Five hours early...

Still better than hanging around that old hag.

The streets were busy as ever, so it was made a habit to put all my things of value into my purse and have it zipped and gripped in my hands at all times. Pickpockets we're rampant in big crowds like this.

The sun was on it's path of decent, but still shone brightly down on the city and it's citizens. With all these bodies walking around I couldn't help but wonder just how long it would take to actually get to the Sacre-Cœur.

I whipped out my phone and pulled up the maps app, typing in the location.

1 hour and 40 minutes on foot.

I inwardly groaned at the number. There's no frickin way I'm walking through a slew of strangers for two hours. As I replaced my phone back into my purse, I eyed Evee munching on a cracker.

I swiftly wove through the crowd while clutching my purse to my chest protectively until I ducked into a busy fast food restaurant. There were cameras, but I wasn't really concerned once I spotted the bathrooms.

I rushed in and took one of the stalls just as a woman walked out of it. She gave me a strange look but other than that, nobody cared.

Finally.

I unzipped my purse again and grinned down at the kwami. She lifted her eyes to mine, slightly creeped. "What?" She asked quietly."

She took in where she was, and then groaned. "This isn't a good idea." She whispered below the constant chatter and hand air dryer.

"It'll be fine, there's a window!" I coaxed, placing my little thermos on the back of the toilet. She didn't look too convinced but I didn't let her warn me again before I whispered. "Evee, ihop."

Her form was sucked into the hidden hair clip, and the same feeling of power once again flooded over me in a flash of light.

I then sat on the lidded toilet and waited for all the women who may have seen you go in had been cycled out. I picked at the soles of my feet, idly waiting as I peeked under the stall door once and a while to see if all the familiar ankles had been replaced.

Finally, after a safe thirty minutes, I opened my stall door and strode out. The chatter amongst the women gradually came to a stop as they all stared.

I felt obligated to wash my hands, even if I hadn't used the toilet. So I did. I set my thermos down on the sinks counter and ran my gloved hands under the stream of water, and lathered them with soap.

However, the stares where getting more intense and it was only a matter of time before someone whips out their phone.

So I shook my hands and grabbed my thermos, walking towards the high window. The women all parted for me, giving me a safe, wide wake to stay in.

I stepped up onto the baby changing station and shoved the window open with ease, breaking the lock as I did. Quickly, I hopped up and set my torso through the open frame gracefully. Unfortunately that's where my grave ends as I struggled to heave my leg up through the window as well, so it kind of just scraped at the wall underneath.

I knew someone had to be filming now, this was too embarrassing not to.

So instead to save time, I opted out just fall out head first and hopefully roll to my back mid fall.

I awkwardly wriggled until my legs were the only things still in the bathroom and just let myself fall out from there. My legs smack around the frame a few more times before I cleared it.

My slack body slipped out the window and landed with a roll along my spine, smacking my heels down against the ground loudly. I shifted myself up onto my butt, unfazed. The back alley behind the building was empty aside from a truck with five people loading some kind of goods into the kitchen.

The usual slack jawed stares follow as I peel myself off the pavement. "Eh— Bonjour!" I greet politely, shakily standing to my feet, then quickly walk in the opposite direction along the back alley.

A warmth flooded my face as I felt their confused stares on my back, unresponsive. The embarrassment nipped at my heels sharply, and within a few moments I broke into an erratic sprint, desperately hoping this was not setting the tone for the evening with the heroes.

Another wave of warmth rushed to my cheeks as the reality sunk in. I was going to do something that millions of people could only dream of, spend an entire evening with Ladybug and Chat Noir, upon Chat Noir's request no less. Sure, I wasn't a huge fan of actually being a hero myself, but I'd have to be blind to not acknowledge the dream I was living out.

The grip on my little thermos tightened, riding out the flipping and twisting of my suddenly woozy stomach.

My pace quickened alongside my anxiety, a drum in my head started to beat a rhythm that was erratic and horrifying. The suit that encased my body felt as if there was pure nerves coursing through it in hot waves, licking flames against my heart and twitching muscles.

Faster and faster, until the walls on either side of the alley slipped by like butter in a hot pan. Until I didn't have to think about anything but my feet hitting the cracked, uneven pavement.

••*•*•*•*•

The landmark we agreed to meet at was strife with peddling, scamming, and tricking tourists into buying homemade bracelets, poorly made trinkets of the Eiffel Tower, and cheap, breakable toys comparable to a kinder surprise. Nothing truly out of the ordinary aside from me dressed like a rabbit sitting on a bench. Luckily, not a single peddler bothered me even once to buy their stuff, only the pigeons dared to walk within a five meter radius of me. Looking crazy definitely had its perks.

I watched the Parisians and foreigners mingle amongst themselves from my spot on an empty bench. Even got to see a real life pickpocket nab a man's wallet, only for the man to turn around and sock him in the face. I looked on with a little amused smile, unbothered as I took a sip of my soup out of the little thermos.

Suddenly, what looked to be a metal bar struck into the soil right in front of me, digging into the grass roughly. The jump this pulled from me was embarrassingly noticeable as I choked on the gulp of soup in my mouth, it sputtered out, back into my thermos.

With some soup spilled onto my suit, I quickly looked up the pole while wiping my mouth with the back of my wrist. There was Chat Noir falling quickly and controlled as the pole he balanced against shortened in his palm.

He looked heavenly against the warmly painted sky, while I was painted with warm soup.

"Hey! You're here early too!" He cheered, gracefully setting his feet against the ground. He eyed me curiously before his ears perked up. "Oh crap, did I do that?" He asked worriedly, pointing at the soup all over my front.

I almost opened my mouth to reply until a dribble of soup slipped out. Embarrassed, I slapped my hand back to my face and caught the soup on my arm. I forced myself to swallow the warm, spicy liquid. "Uh, don't worry about it." I croaked pathetically, looking down at the embarrassing mess. "I was bound to spill it at some point anyway."

He laughed lightly and fully retracted his baton. "Ah don't worry about your suit, it should be hydrophobic." Without warning he took a seat on the bench next to me, a respectable foot away as he casually placing his arms along the back of the bench.

The magnitude of tension only I felt was astronomical, hyper aware of how close his hand was to me.

He leaned back into the bench, hooking an ankle over top his knee. "Hey, I'm glad you decided to come out tonight, I really owe you one." He let his head fall back prettily as his cast a grin my way.

I was still covered in soup. "O-Oh! It's nothing." I stammered as coolly as I could, twisting the lid back on the half empty thermos. "I didn't really want to be home longer than I had to anyway."

Chat Noir's ears perked at this as he turned his head towards he. His full stare was like a searchlight finding a criminal caught in the act with the way I tensed.

"You mean... you don't like your home?" The way his voice sounded was soft as a feather.

I scratched my neck as I placed the thermos between us. "Not today, it's just a little suffocating when you can never do anything right, y'know?" My ears swivelled back slightly as I peered down at my knees.

The hero next to me was quiet for a few seconds too long, fishing my blacked out eyes back to him. His thoughtful stare was already sitting on my form, quietly digesting every word.

My spine straightened. "Oh! Uh, sorry, I didn't mean to overshare." I backtracked, waving my hands embarrassed.

He shook his head, a certain comforting air about him. "Heh, don't worry, I can empathize with that. Home sometimes doesn't feel like it should." A tainted grin then stretched his mouth, showing off a little bit of a sharp fang. "You just gotta find a home away from home."

I blinked slowly as my ears swivelled forwards once more. "I guess so. I'd just like to find one soon."

Chat's eyes widened a little, as if insulted. "Hey! What about hero time?" He gestured to both of us with a playful chuckle. "We just had a tender moment, right?"

I snorted at his proclamation. "Yeah, okay, if having a single tender moment counts then half the cashiers I've gone through are my home."

He lifted his eyebrows. "What kind of conversations are you having with cashiers?"

I shook my head leaning back into the bench. "That's between me and my actual homes."

He gasped, turning towards you with his hand on his chest. "Why are you so mean?" He cried dramatically as his ears folded sadly.

"I'm not." I said with the most theatric harshness I could muster, lifting my chin up at him.

The young man rested the back of his hand to his forehead as he fell back, holding himself up with a single arm draped over the back of the bench. "There they go again, striking me down." He peeked at me again. "You should be feline bad right now. You've insult Paris' most beloved stray!"

I started to laugh uncontrollably. "Beloved?"

"I—!?" He paused then sat up again, his face half a foot from you. "Hey!" He squeaked, a shocked smile replacing his playfulness.

I hunched over my stomach, covering my face with my hand.

Suddenly, a thump before me pulled my attention from my laughter. The joy died down gradually as I lifted my head, noticing a pair of red and black spotted feet in front of me. My lips sunk into my mouth as my eyes travelled up to the stern face of Ladybug boring down onto me.

I was still covered in soup.

A Dip at Sunset

Chapter Notes

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

"Oh! Uh—!" I straightened up in my seat as she stared down at me, eyeing my soupy frame up and down. I frantically looked to Chat Noir for help, but he just tilted his head towards her with wide eyes.

With no help from him, I met her eyes again bravely and smiled weakly. "H-Hi Ladybug." The speed of my heartbeat was painful and going far too fast.

She blinked slow and tired, before looking to Chat Noir crossly. "I thought we agreed to only meet out of the eye of the public." She stated coolly, gesturing her hand towards the crowd of people who were slowly walking past, watching and filming from a distance.

A sick feeling settled in my stomach. I hadn't even noticed.

Chat Noir looked over at me, reassuringly before looking back to Ladybug. "That's my fault. I didn't say anything to her when I got here."

The heroine stared blankly at him until the smallest of frustrated frowns creased her face. "It's fine."

Her arms stiffly fell to her sides. "Let's just get going, I'd like to have a word with you and..." Her eyes landed on me. "Whoever exactly you are." With that she turned her back and wound up her arm that held her yo-yo. "Make sure to keep up."

And like a cold wind, she flew away.

Chat Noir whipped out his baton, standing to his feet. "I guess we're on! Let's go!" Without any other word he took to the sky as his baton extended.

I didn't have time to dwell as they rapidly crossed the public courtyard, close to the city buildings already. With a sudden panic coursing through me, I grabbed my thermos and kicked into high gear, a pitiful race on foot after the heroes.

It felt a little humiliating to trail after them in such a way. While they ran high across roofs, I was left to navigate the streets.

Luckily I was fast, because the sheer amount of people and buildings getting in the way was torturous.

A woman stepped out of a store holding a large bouquet of flowers, gushing and thumbing over the bundle of roses, lilies, and some kind of daisy.

I was moving so quickly I only had two options: try to side step her and chance falling over, or run straight over her while keeping my eyes on the skies.

I was a little too late in choosing and ended up panicking and confused. The woman noticed me but didn't do anything, she just stared with a shocked expression painting her middle-aged face.

Ungracefully, I bent my spine away from her in an effort to redirect at the last second. Instead of running her over, I ran straight through the new bouquet. Petals burst into the air and all over my face in a colourful explosion of flora.

The smell was overbearing as I sloppily rubbed my face free of the flowers, not slowing even a little. The woman cries out in surprise while cursing after my speeding form.

The momentary blindness erased my lock on the the pair of heroes, shooting a prickly feeling of irritation through to my fingers.

I thought Chat wanted me here, why are they leaving me behind?!

I thought sourly, turning down a random street, slowing to a lost jog.

This wasn't doing anything for me.

Should I even try to follow them at this point? It didn't seem like Ladybug even wanted me there, why else would she take off like that? Chat is no better.

The prying eyes of Parisian's were suddenly much heavier then before. An embarrassed heat rose to my cheeks as I angrily kept my eyes low.

What was the point? Chat wanted me to help shoulder the burden of protecting Paris for Ladybug, but she clearly isn't on board with that idea.

My fingers curled into a tight ball, pressing to my palm as I slowed to a stop. Humiliation washing over me as it dawned on me that I wasn't actually wanted. I was just an afterthought of convenience.

... but I'm here now.

And like hell I'm gonna make a fool out of myself again. Damn what Ladybug wants. I'm going to see if this is for me, and I won't be left behind unless I choose to be.

My blackened animalistic eyes lift back to the roofing of surrounding buildings. My heartbeat was fast but steady, pushing a power through my body.

A natural shift in my heels moulded the pink coloured heel into a flat rabbit foot that encased the plantar side of my feet.

I relaxed my muscles and crouched low, keeping my eyes where I opted to land. The adrenaline coursed through my veins in swelling, controlled waves.

Within a second, I launched myself up into the air with a powerful push, cracking the sidewalk's cement underfoot. I soar high above the rooftops with wind wiping through my

hair and bending my ears back. The sheer power in the jump had me overshooting by maybe twenty feet.

The adrenaline in me turned cold at the sight of the earth rapidly falling away from me, only to turn back just as quickly. As I fell, flailing my arms in a desperate attempt to keep myself upright, I spotted the hero's, at least ten blocks away already.

I frowned and forced my fearful gaze down towards the swiftly encroaching roof, aiming my feet squarely underneath my body.

It didn't dawn on me that my knees might get blown out by this until I hit the roof.

Fortunately, my suits soles grew and softened the landing just enough that the momentum was nearly totally soaked up. Leaving my knees totally in tact.

My eyes flew towards the duo with a determination that shot my body forward. I leapt over an alley, nearly over-shooting which made me have to jump again last minute to the next building on just the lip of the roof and eavestrough. I ran across the roofs with soft soles, propelling me forward even faster.

Control was barely in my grasp as I basically fumbled after them, quickly shortening the distance between me and the Parisian heroes with each hasty stride.

Tunnel vision closed around my sight as I booked it towards them, slowly falling into a focused autopilot. Skipping and leaping over chimneys and alleys had grown to be second nature.

The speed I'd accumulated wasn't enough. More. I pushed myself harder, the soles of my feet springing me forward in wide bounds until I was almost upon an entire four lane street.

I was close enough for Chat to hear my heavy thumping against the roof tops to stop and turn around.

Just in time for the jump. His eyes widened slowly as I ran straight for him, showing no signs of slowing down.

His eyes dropped to the busy street below. With that simple glance my focus was cut away with the sobering fear I couldn't seem to outrun.

The icy terror yanked my soul back, as my body attempted to follow. My feet planted, skidding down the roof to the eavestrough in a frantic panic, kicking and scraping to avoid the drop. I fell back, thermos tumbling from my hand and rolling into the eavestrough, but it wasn't enough to slow me down. My legs slid off the side, dangling dangerously high as I desperately clawed at the shingles.

"Oh shit, shit, shit, no, no, shit, no!" I cursed as my suit reverted the feet back into impractical heels. My upper body strength disappeared within my panic as I continued to succumb to gravity's pull.

A sudden stability hooked around my being from someone's arm sliding around my torso. The arm pulled me snugly into the body it belonged to and before I knew it, I was sitting on the cat themed hero's leg as he held me. I looked to him over my left shoulder with eyes as big as my swelling my heart.

He dazzled with a wide smile, chuckling at me.

The giddy feeling in my stomach twisted into the humiliation I was desperate to avoid. I could only offer a smile stained with overwhelming embarrassment before dropping my face into my hand, the other arm hesitantly looped behind his neck for stability.

"I really thought you were gonna try to jump it." He says through a light yet nervous laugh, extending his baton until we both were high enough to step back into the sloped roof. I scurried off his leg as soon as I could, nearly tripping over myself again.

"Y-Yeah, I uh... I don't know what I was thinking." I squeaked more pathetically than I was expecting. I could've made that jump, hell I jumped into the air higher than the street is wide. But once I lost focus, something rattled within me.

This kind of blatant wussery wasn't something I was familiar with. The last time I'd ever been so scared or outwardly insecure about something I clearly didn't need to be was some time in my early childhood. So why was it happening to me now of all times? The one time boldness and bravery counted more than anything.

I regained my clumsy footing; forcing myself to turn and face Chat. "I mean I was, I don't know why I didn't." I clarified, pressing my voice to be as even as possible.

An awkward pause blew between us and I suddenly lost all courage, looking down at my feet. "Uh... well... thanks for catching me. That was embarrassing..."

He waved me off as he readjusted his grip on the baton, hooking his ankle around it. "Don't worry about it, I'm sure you'd do the same." He said, leaning over and plucking my thermos from the roof gutter and handing it to me

A guilty swell in my stomach sent a full body ache careening down my spine. I didn't say anything as I gripped the thermos, quickly shoving it into my tail fanny pack.

Ladybug stood across the street, staring at us with her hands on her hips while her foot taps impatiently. Chat followed my eyes back to the heroine. His ears perked up slightly in alert. "Welp! Looks like we better get over there."

He stepped onto the roof with and retracted his baton, offering me a hand. "C'mon, I'll get us across."

The defeat that swims around me makes it difficult to turn his offer down. So, choking back my pride as insecurity sets in, I placed my hand in his.

He offered a sympathetic smile. "Hey don't worry about it." In one smooth motion he hooked my arm around his neck by my hand, effectively pressing our sides together. My face

exploded with warmth discolouring my skin while the shock was clearly scribed across my frozen features. He continued obliviously. "We kinda ran off on you there."

He suddenly paused. "Oh! Uh... may I? I'm sorry I should've asked." He says, embarrassed as his head dips down a little with a rigid lift of his shoulders, as if cowering from my arm around his neck.

I blinked away as much confusion as I could and looked down to where his hand was hovering hesitantly over the dip on my torso.

I nodded nonchalantly. "Oh, yeah sure."

He let out a relieved breath and stood straight again, tentatively pressing his palm to my side securely.

An embarrassing amount of butterflies fluttered in an frenzy right as he did so, soaking a tingling numbness in the tips of my fingers. Luckily, a cold fear doused my brain in its frigidness as he shot forward on the baton, weightlessness lifting my legs as I fell back down to the other side of the street.

As soon as it started, his baton shot out onto the roof we launched at, slowing us down until my feet gently pressed to the flat shingles.

His arm slipped from me in a hurry as he stepped away.

"Uh..." I looked at him, forcing anything but a shaken expression onto my face. "Thanks."

He smiled then turned to Ladybug.

Ladybug...

Hesitantly, I followed his eyes to the proud heroine.

Her icy blue eyes bore down into me through a scrutinizing squint. "You shouldn't be here if you're this inexperienced." She stated flatly, no trace of malice in her words.

I winced all the same. "Well, wasn't that the whole point of me tagging along?" The words slipped out so easily, it wasn't until Chat's eyes flicked towards me in subtle alarm did my rudeness register.

She wasn't fazed and instead let her eyes lower down to the soup spill remanence still on me, along with a few flower petals still stuck to it. The way she looked down on me was enough for my spine to want to crumble.

I put my arms across my stomach as casually as I could as my gaze fell away from her.

The coolness of her presence was overpowering and confident. Like with the smallest of effort, she could send me flying through wall after wall. What was I to her?

Her merciless stare then switched over to Chat who was standing quietly on the side lines. A sharp glare shorting through him.

He looked off with a defeated, annoyed huff.

This didn't last long enough, because she brought her attention back to me. "Who are you?"

I almost blurred out Y/n, narrowly stopping myself as it caught in my throat. If Ladybug asks you a question you answer. Unfortunately, I wasn't exactly sure what to say.

My mouth opened and closed at random with no plan on actually speaking.

Chat interjected on this painful exchange. "I call them Bunny, they haven't objected to it yet." He chuckled, desperately trying to lighten the mood.

Ladybug's eyebrows knit together harshly, never removing her glacial stare from you. "They can speak for themselves."

Oh god.

Just a say anything at this point. Don't make it stupid though. She'll think you're stupid... maybe it's too late for that.

I took in a deep breath and lifted my head, meeting her eyes head on.

Remember who the fuck you are.

"I'm new to this. So how about you cut me some slack?" My hands found their ways back to my sides, putting the soup back into view.

She remained unwavered. "Who gave you a miraculous?"

I couldn't help but frown as a small fire flickered to life in my stomach. "Why do you ask?"

"I can't exactly trust you unless I have some kind of information about you." She said, unbothered.

My heartbeat was steady as I stared her dead in the eyes, seeing nothing but her, but a challenge. "Is that so."

"Yes. I regulate all the other miraculous keepers, so It's difficult to see you as anything but an akumatized victim. Let alone an ally." She said, taking a small step towards me, her hand hovering over her yo-yo resting on her hip.

I stood firm, an annoyed glint in my eye. "I didn't come here because I wanted to hurt you guys."

A scowl deepens her stoic features as her hand pressed to her yo-yo. "I can't take that chance." She concludes.

In a show of unbacked bravery, I widened my stance slightly as the soles of my feet began to morph. "Hmph... Fine with me, bug."

"What is with you guys?!" Chat cried out angrily, in disbelief.

I cast my completely black eyes towards Chat for only a moment, but apparently that was all I needed. Instantly, I was pulled from my delusional bravery and cast back into the cowardly wimpiness that I'd been boasting only moments before.

"What did you expect Chat? You let a stranger come along with us!" Her eyes never strayed from me as her hand landed firmly on her yo-yo. "We know nothing about them!"

Chat frowned as slipped between us, shoving us away from each other. "She got her miraculous because it chose her." He snapped, his palms outstretched towards us both. I had no problem staying away now, the look in Ladybug's eye kept me on edge and easily convinced me I wouldn't win this fight.

But why do I gain bravery within a heartbeat, then lose it just as quickly? The question hung heavy in my head, almost completely fuzzing out the surrounding situation.

"You can't be sure! How can you trust that's even possible?" She shot back.

"We don't have a lot of other options at this point!" He flung his hand out towards the darkening Paris. "Hawkmoth is out there getting stronger and we're staying the same!"

Her fist clenched harder around her yo-yo, pulling it off her hip. "This doesn't mean you being in some random you find off the street!" She flamed, stomping a foot towards him.

He stepped back, ears bent back as his pupils became nothing but a thin black line down the middle of the bright green surrounding. "Ladybug please, give this a chance!" He cried out desperately, slowly straightening back up to face her fully with a far calmer voice. "We've needed help for a long time."

She huffed and stepped away shaking her head angrily. "That's not your decision to make, Chat." She groaned, pressing her fingertips to her temples.

The cat boy, now basically pleading, took a few steps after her. "Yes, it is."

Her head fell forwards as her arms landed to her hips, after a beat she peers over her shoulder at him. "We have help already."

"You mean the people you have to go find and bring into a fight? During a fight?" He snaps, agitated.

She remains silent as she looks forwards again. Chat continues, taking another step towards her while throwing his hand back in my direction. "We need someone outside of that. Another constant. Someone that is responsible for themselves. Someone you don't need to keep track of."

A quiet finally settles over us and I can't help my nervous fidgeting the longer it lingers.

The blue gaze finally turns back to face the hopeful Chat Noir, then flicks past his shoulder to me, standing awkwardly and poking the roof with my toe. I perk under the spotlight she seems to shine on me, forcing some kind of reaction out of me in a slow, anxious wave.

She sighs and closes her eyes defeated. "Okay, fine."

Chats ears lift to a point.

"But, I'm not going to be responsible for her at any point." She claims tiredly, running a hand overtop her head until her eyes crack back open. "But someone needs to be until she's up to snuff. If she goes into a fight and isn't ready there's no point in any of this." She said crossing her arms.

Chat nodded eagerly in agreement. "Sounds good to me." A relieved grin spread across his face as he turned back to me. "They'll be great in no time. I'll make sure of it!" She followed his eyes to me with a hesitant stare, frosting the joy radiating from him.

I strained a smile as they talked about me like I wasn't there.

"Well, you'll need a name for your alter ego." Ladybug stated, walking up to me. I shifted about uncomfortably as she and Chat eyed me up, as if they'd find a name etched onto me somewhere. "Also, a grip on your powers would be helpful." She stated before looking to Chat Noir. "You should start tonight."

Chat's smile faltered momentarily as he tracked Ladybugs form walking to the edge of the building. "But, what about patrol?"

"I've got it handled. I'll call if I need you, but right now your priority is to make sure they're able to fight off an akuma." She wound up her arm holding the yo-yo. "Until then, train them."

"W-Wait!—" He called, but she was already off, zipping quickly from rooftop to rooftop in search of trouble.

His hand slowly faltered back to his body as the situation he was in caught up with him.

An awkward air floated around as I watched Ladybug hop away into the distance, then eyed Chat's slumping shoulders.

I rubbed my forearm. "Hey, uh... sorry about that." I said, not really sure what I was apologizing for.

He perked as he turned back to me. "Oh! Uh, don't be. We just gotta catch you up!" He said optimistically, turning towards me.

I didn't want to say anything to hurt his optimism so I kept it to myself, but the question stuck around in my brain. How was I supposed to cram five years of hero work in a timely fashion just to almost be on their level?

"Yeah... right..." I strained a smile until it felt weird to wear.

Chat sighed. "I know, this isn't exactly looking too doable right now, but once you get the hang of your powers everything will come along with practice." He stated, far more believably as he walked passed me, clamping hand on my shoulder on his way.

"Alright, I guess... so, how do we figure out what my powers are?" I asked, turning after him.

He slowed to a stop as his clawed finger curled in front of his lips in thought. "Well... for me I was just kinda thrown into it." He faced me with a perplexed look as his eyes wandered over me, skeptically.

I frowned at his shameless eyes and grew flustered, desperately wanting to shrink into myself as my shoulders stiffen.

His eyes widened at what he took for fear. "B-But with you we have time to figure it out! I won't push you!"

But, could he afford to do this slowly? Afterall, he'll have to be spending a lot of time with you before he can patrol with Ladybug again. A resentment for you was a realistic expectation in this situation.

After a moment of thought, I shook my head. "No, you need me to get up to snuff as fast as possible, so push away."

He considered you for a moment before a relief washed over his body. "Ah, okay great, because I have a great first lesson!"

••*•*•

"Uhh... so... you want me to do what? Exactly?"

He grinned, winding around to stand in front of me, right on the edge of the roof. "Well we need to get rid of any fear you might have of falling off of stuff... so..." He gestured towards the pool of water below. "We jump!"

I approached to the edge and eyed the plummet, vertigo suddenly attacking my body. "... right..." I struggled to keep my voice at a normal volume since all the moisture in my mouth and throat had suddenly evaporated.

He grinned wildly towards you until he caught the crack in my dry voice. His ears poked high up. "It's alright, I'll be right here. Nothing bad'll happen to you."

The certainty within his sincerity was reassuring, it was almost enough for me to ebb the fear to a manageable feeling. "Okay..." I croak, clearing my throat roughly as I back up in preparation.

With a few quick steps I ran towards the edge. Just as I was close enough to jump, my body refused, stomping my feet to the roof underfoot which was helped by the sudden stickier soles underfoot, the adhesion pulling out all my momentum and caused me to fling forward then back like an inflatable arm tube man. As I recover I let out a sigh of relief.

As I slouch into my new stillness, Chat rubbed his chin in thought. "Hmm... we might need different tactics."

I turned towards him with the stickiness on my feet disappearing. "What do you have in mind?" I asked, placing a hand over my racing heart in an attempt to steady its erratic beat.

He pulled his staff out with a flourish before extending it to his side. "Try to catch yourself."

There was no further warning in his words as his staff swept me off the roof in one graceful push along my low back. My feet left the roof before I understood what had happened and began the swift decent towards the pool.

My arms failed and grabbed at the air despite my helpless tumble. What was he expecting me to do?!

It took less than a few seconds of this and I hit the water. Floating suspended in the blue pool was all I could do while my head tried desperately to catch up with what had happened.

An anger swelled inside as what he had did registered, followed by an aggressive swim to the surface of the pool.

I broke the surface with a breathless gasp, my hair flattening from the water that insisted to paste my baby hairs to my forehead. As soon as they opened my eyes were on the enraged hunt for the cat boy. I spun around in the water until he landed on the lip of the pool to the right of me.

He stepped closer to the water before leaning against his staff as he smiled sheepishly at me. "Huh, well I guess that didn't really help." He mused.

I glared at him as my chin and lips dipped under the surface. Are heroes allowed to murder?

Crouching, he reached for my hand over the pool. "C'mon, let's try something else."

My eyes widened a fraction at the sight of his hand. Did he not see what he was offering? How open he was to revenge?

I tried not to show it, but my sudden eager hunger to dunk him in the water nearly consumed me. Every movement I made was calculated and tailored to look innocent and casual while I swam towards him.

As timidly as I could act, I lifted my hand up and slithered my palm up past his and onto his wrist. His claws on his fingers brushed against my forearm as they curled around my arm in a tight lock.

Finally a wicked grin broke across my face as grip tightened.

However, he smirked back.

I had no time to try and dissect what that look meant as I tried to yank his arm down as hard as I could.

In a flash, his staff spun in his free hand before extending one end into the water, cracking the pool floor as an anchor to prevent my plan from developing past only dipping his knuckles into the water.

I pulled a bit harder, only for him to not move an inch. Now what? I blinked up at him dumbly.

His green eyes bore down onto me mischievously, his smirk spreading prettily across his face. I was entranced with a heat spreading across my face and becoming acutely aware of our strong hold on each others arms. I sourly loosened my grip slightly, just to test the waters of accepting failure, but he didn't let go. His hand curled a bit snugger around around my arm and his thumb hovered over the green paw on his staff.

My heart leapt into my throat at what his thumb was about to do before I met his eyes again. "Wait—!"

He didn't hear it, or he didn't care to. Before I knew it, I was shot out of the water, meant to just dangle from his arm hold as he held onto the rapidly extending staff.

My anger bubbled again, mixing well with the fresh panic to create a quick, instinctual reaction. I swung my body up enough for my feet to connect with the pole and planted an extremely strong kick to the very thing sending me up into the air. This sent a ripple through the metal as it snapped away from me.

Unfortunately for Chat, all my muscles contracted which included my hand and it's now vice grip on him, tearing him off the staff with me and doomed him to the fate I was now going through once again within a five minute time frame. His eyes were wide, shocked by the looks of it as he jarred forward after me and soon sailing a little overhead from the sheer momentum I'd kicked into existence.

As we both hit the pool, the crown of our heads were closest to each other while the rest of our body's were flopped uncaringly into the water with a hard slap to our backs. With the sting of water slapping my back, my grip melted from his which positioned my arm over my head.

This time, I slowly, painfully, breached the waters surface letting out a groan as I rubbed my back with one hand in vain efforts to sooth the sting.

Chat surfaced a few moments later with a cry, filled by a laugh, then another cry. This cycle continued as I faced him. "Are... are you okay?" I asked, a hesitant smile pulling my lips.

He coughed and laughed. "Uhh... yeah! Ha, just in pain." The way he said this almost broke you into a fit of laughter. He pulled a sharp breath in through his teeth as he rubbed his back like you did only moments prior. "Shit, that was a good kick, bunny." He complimented through a strained voice.

A chuckle slipped from me as I replied. "Maybe too good."

He nodded, struggling to relax his face enough to meet your animalistic eyes. "Yeah... yeah I think it was a little too well done... good throw-down though... you really got me."

I finally let a few chuckles press through. "You should lay back. That usually helps."

He nodded and attempted to do as I instructed, but he floundered almost immediately. Whether that be from his lack of skill or concentration was difficult to discern.

"Here." I swam closer to him until I was about a foot away from him then offered my hand. He grabbed it pretty much immediately, desperate to ease the stinging pain however he could.

I swam to his side and gently began to lean him back, using my arm as something he could hold onto to stay above water. "Okay, just relax, I've got you, Chat."

The blonde struggled for a few moments with orienting himself, his legs kicking about, trying to keep himself upright.

"Just—! Chill out for a second." I said, firmly.

This seemed to strike a chord with him as his ears perked up towards me. His eyelids fell halfway over his eyes. "Right, like you've been a pinnacle calmness."

I couldn't help but bark a laugh at this, taking him by surprise as his eyes widened again. "Yeah, well can you blame me? You tossed me off a building." I counter, amused and somewhat satisfied at the situation at hand.

He searched his mind only for nothing to pop out as a retort or counterpoint.

After about ten seconds of him trying to figure out what to say, I smirked, triumphantly taking the singular 'W' I'd gotten this entire time.

Luckily, this had taken his attention from his not somewhat floating body. "Hey! You're doing it!" I said grinning widely as scanned his almost fully horizontal body, my hand still positioned in front of him as support. My eyes landed back to his face. "Who ever said cats can't swim?"

The blonde strands pressed along his forehead and temples in wet strands had darkened his hair, making his staring eyes seem to contrast even more strikingly than before.

Staring was not an option though!

I tore my eyes away from his accompanied with a few blinks as I looked away to the edges of the property we were in. "How's your back feeling?" I ask, doing my best to be casual.

"Oh! Yeah, it's good. It still feels like a bunch of nails poking my back, but relaxing into it helps." He admitted with a dramatic sigh.

I nodded and looked back to his body now floating expertly in the water. He closed his eyes with a dad groan and a crinkle of his nose before letting out a deep breath.

"Do you need my hand anymore?" I asked quietly, not really wanting to disturb him.

His eyes peered open and down to my hand that he was holding onto for a few moments. "Uh... yeah, I think I do." The way he said this lacked his usual confidence, like he wasn't sure if he should say no even if his form was perfect.

However, just as that thought crossed my mind he flailed a bit, over-correcting his twisting torso to the point he began to sink under the surface. I hurriedly lifted my arm back up to fish from any deeper water.

"Heh, thanks." He said with an appreciative smile.

A long silence fell between us, the only sound being from my constant paddling trying to keep my arm high enough to actually help him hold onto.

The sun was almost completely gone under the horizon, the only light left was a dim purple glow along the clouds chasing the last red rays that dared to hang back.

"How late do you guys usually stay out?" I ask effectively cutting the silence.

Without missing a beat he spoke. "Around one or two in the morning."

I let out a long sigh from puffed cheeks. "Jeez, you guys ever get a full eight hours of sleep?"

He chuckled with a shrug. "It's not like I actually get to sleep when I'm supposed to anyway." His eyes lift to the soft purple sky. "It's not so bad when you get used to it."

I hummed, but didn't say anything. The total exhaustion that clung to Ladybug's frame told a different story.

"So... you're an insomniac?" I asked and looked to the sky as well.

He laughed a little. "Yes, unfortunately." He lifted his head from the water to get a better look at me. "But I can bet at least half of students are no different."

I cringed at the thought. "Oh man, how hard did your insomnia set in when you became a hero on top of being a student?" My voice was quiet with a hint playfulness.

A calm silence folded over us that I had no intentions of breaking as I waited patiently for his response. However, his hold on my hand tightened a fraction. The action slowly pulled me from looking at the sky and to the hero.

His eyes looked far away as his lips were opening slowly, as if trying to discern how much he wanted to say. "No, I didn't have it in the beginning. It just kinda showed up two years ago."

The heaviness in his voice contradicted the casual words.

My eyes flicked about his stone set face, desperately trying to decide what he was saying to me. But, it was clear that was all there was to his story when he peered over at me for some kind of response or just to gauge what I was thinking.

I looked away, pretending to be watching at a nonexistent bug flying away.

"Well, I think my back feels better." He paddled himself back upright, showing the wet backside of his head compared to his partly dry bangs. "We should probably keep figuring out your powers."

"Oh! Right." I agreed and started swimming after him to the edge of the water.

He pulled himself out of the water really gracefully, like he had practice, while I flipped onto the edge with far less coordination and skill.

As I scrambled to my feet I looked after him scooping his baton from the ground.

"Speaking of powers and stuff, I've been meaning to ask. Have you ever met your kwami's creator?"

His spine straightened momentarily then turned to me, confused. "Creator?"

I nodded, padding up to him while shaking the water off my hands. "Yeah, like their maker or something."

He rubbed his chin, searching his brain with a cute, concentrated frown. "Well, no... Kwami's aren't created, they just... are." He searched my face. "Aren't they?"

It was my turn to frown and think in concentration. "I mean, yeah? Mine mentioned she was created in like... a set of Kwami's."

This was obviously news to him as he scratched his head, shifting his weight onto one leg.

"Well, I was never really close with the guardian, and since he passed that task onto Ladybug we can't ask him. But maybe Ladybug could clear this up for you?"

A chilly shiver ripped up my spine at the thought. "Oh, yeah... maybe." The words were unconvincing as I squeezed out the water weighing my hair down.

Chat wore a curious smile, as if already knowing what I was so hesitant about. "What? Is that a bad idea?"

"I don't know if I wanna chance making her dislike me." I confessed blatantly as I crossed my arms. "She's kinda scary."

The blonde chuckled as he ruffled the back of his head to slap the water out of his locks. "I guess she is kinda intense. But you really don't have anything to be afraid of, she's a good person, one of the best in fact."

"Hm." I grunted before untangling my arms from each other. "Okay, well either way, my kwami was made by someone and another from her... batch I guess, is always following her around and stealing her holders so I would be helpful to find this creator and... well... I don't know, just meeting them would be cool, I'd like to know how they do it. Maybe get them to keep this other kwami from ruining my kwami's life all the time while I'm at it."

Chat stopped ruffling his hair and lifted his head towards me, thinking hard. "I mean, I can help you find this creator if that's what you're wanting to do."

An involuntary grin pulled at my lips. "You'd do that?"

He laughed a bright laugh, lifting his hand to his mouth. "Sure! I mean, you are doing me a huge favour being here and willing to help us, so it's only fair."

Even if this wasn't a huge deal, just something I wanted to do, my heart had swelled enormously. I nearly had to hold myself back from hugging him. Both because of the offer he'd given and the fact that hugging him didn't sound too bad.

"Thank you for feeding my curiosity." I was nearly burying with a newfound determination to make myself a hero in repayment. Even if it wasn't really a huge request, the fact that he'd aid me in diving even deeper into this new world meant more to me than I'd expected.

"Alrighty, with that settled we should get back to work." He instructed, spinning his retracted baton in one hand.

"Then lead the way." I chirped eagerly, a new confidence coating me.

There was no doubt in my mind I was going to keep up with him, no matter what. So as he shot off to the roof tops, I easily bounded up after him.

Chapter End Notes

Just a friendly reminder that Adrien is canonically a strong swimmer...

Do what you will with that information

ALSO!! Happy Valentine's Day :))

‘Unnamed Rabbit Hero!’

Sore...

That was all I could focus on as I crawled out of bed. The aching muscles and joints littered throughout my body in places that I didn't even know could get strained.

Nothing felt okay.

Running on four hours of sleep after such a rigorous night of training was not exactly something I was looking forward to doing every night. But I kind of owed Chat now that he promised to help me find Eevee's creator.

Plus, the dream I had last night was trippy, almost exactly like the one I had when we first flew to Paris. I avoided telling Eevee about it though, I knew it would only worry more than what was good for her.

The only thing we could do was wait for this Kwami to find me, then set them straight about Eevee getting here first... while also maybe getting some info on this creator of theirs.

How odd that Chat didn't have a single idea that a Kwami was made.

I shuffled to the bathroom, my eyes fighting a losing battle against the lights blaring down. I shuffled into the tight squeeze of a bathroom just to nearly run over Charlie who was brushing his teeth while sitting on the floor.

"Hey!" He cried, mouth muffled with frothy toothpaste before pushing my foot away from him. "Wash were yer gohin!"

A frown crossed my face. "What are you doing of the floor?" I asked, pivoting around him to reach my toothbrush and paste.

He sighed as his head plopped back into the cabinet below the sink. "Yew were jut tahkin tho long 'oo get i'here... I didn wan 'oo tand anymore."

I paused putting the toothpaste on the brush's bristles to tilt my head down towards him, eyebrows pinching together. "Why were you waiting for me?" I questioned before running my toothbrush under a bit of water.

He looked up to me from his spot on the floor before swallowing all the frothed toothpaste in his mouth like the little gremlin his is. "I wanted to ask where you were last night." He said, suspicious and accusatory.

I tried not to show any emotion as I placed my toothbrush in my mouth to buy more time.

Charlie frowned up at me. "Hello? Y/n?! Did you hear me?!"

Guess that wasn't about to work. "I was hanging out with friends, we lost track of time." Was all I offered as I went back to scrubbing my morning breath away.

The boy had pause at the explanation before his eyes dropped from me. "Oh..."

My scrubbing slowed a bit at the sight of his deflated form. Thoughts flew around my head about how I had left him when he was so sad about not making a single friend, soon eliciting a deadly mixture of guilt and sympathy. My excuse about having friends wasn't even true.

"You okay?" I asked him.

He nodded slowly. "Yeah, I'm good." After a few still moments he stared to stand up.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I'm sure. I know a few more French words so I think I'm more ready for today." He said hopefully with a hesitant determination.

I smiled down at him before ruffling his hair. "Of course, you keep that up and you just might nab a friend!"

Like I knew he would, he slapped my hands away with a hiss. "Ugh! Why are you so annoying all the time!?" He cried before scurrying out of the bathroom.

"Y/n! Don't pester your brother!" Mom cried from the kitchen, where a delicious aroma of fried eggs was floating in from.

I continued to brush my teeth while staring my reflection down in the slightly splattered mirror. The bags under my eyes were coming in nicely.

With a small sigh I finished up brushing my teeth, spitting into the sink and rinsing my toothbrush before placing it back behind the mirror in the medicine cabinet.

"Y/n!" Evee cried out as the medicine cabinet opened, just sitting there as if waiting for me.

I jumped slightly with wide eyes. "Evee! What was that for?!" I hiss under my breath.

"Does your brother always ask so many questions?" She questioned quietly, peeking past me and into the hall behind me.

My eyelids fell in disinterest. "Like what? Wanting to know where I went after mom drives me crazy?"

Her little arms flew out in all directions around her. "Yes! That's exactly what I'm talking about!"

I rolled my eyes. "It's not exactly easy to hide that I'm not home when I share a room with a nosy little brother." I grunt then shut the cabinet door on her.

As I turn around to leave the bathroom I nearly ran my nose right into Eevee, who's floating right in front of my nose with a jagged glare sawing into my head. "That's no excuse, Y/n." She snapped with her fists straight down at her sides. "If someone starts asking questions then you know you aren't being careful enough!" She squeaks out.

A harsh glare to rival hers crossed my face. "I'm doing all I can with the situation I'm in." I would've torn into her about this, but the tremble that racked through her tiny, tearing up body gave her away. My wrath subsided slightly and the twisting anger on my face ebbed away. "Eevee, I know you're worried but this is just something we can't control." I looked passed her, angling my head in such a way to give a better look out to the empty living room before meeting the little ball of anxiety before me. I gently scooped her away from the door frame and closed the bathroom door, locking us both inside. "Charlie would be probably be the first to know anyway out of circumstance, and even though he's an annoying little turd he wouldn't snitch on me."

The dusty grey rabbit's breathing was steady as I pet her velveteen-like fur between her ears. "We can't control what people think, so we just have to navigate what comes."

Her big round eyes brimming with water looks so sad, the tears fell only to diffuse right into her fur and clumping it into wet points around the bottom of her glossy eyes. "I... Okay..." Her words felt lighter as she cried, rubbing her tears away as best as she could. Unfortunately her paws were much smaller than her eyes, and she struggled to keep up.

"You're safe right now, alright?" I said as softly as I could muster (which felt more awkward then anything) while I placed her on the lip of the sink with the delicate grace I reserve for little glass figurines.

She nodded, struggling to pull in even one full breath.

Now that I'm locked in here, I may as well use that to my advantage while she calms down.

"You take your time Eevee, I'll just be in the shower."

I stripped down as she calmed herself by counting cottonballs in a jar that sat humbly on the small stacked shelf next to the bathroom door.

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"Okay Charzard, you remember the joke we learned?" I asked as we strolled up to his school.

Charlie was overwhelmed with nerves this time around as he stared at those yellow doors. "Uh... yeah uh..." He cleared his throat, doing his best to use the French inflections I'd taught him. "C'est l'histoire de deux pommel de terre. Uhh... Une d'elle se fait... écraser et l'autre s'écrie: Oh purée!" Despite the slight struggle and his noticeable accent, it sounded fairly smooth.

I grinned with the utmost encouragement. "Good job! And do you know why the joke is... erm... funny?"

The use of the word funny was loose at best.

He nodded dutifully and turned fully towards me as we came to the bottom of the steps. "Because 'Oh purée' means both 'oh my goodness' and 'oh mashed potatoes.'"

"Exactly." I refrained from ruffling his hair this time. "But remember; every Parisian and their dogs have heard that joke, so make sure—!"

Charlie waved me off. "Yeah I know it's not actually funny, it's just a window to use to start a conversation."

I hesitantly nodded. "Yeah, and... you think you're ready for a conversation?"

He thought for a long moment, eyeing the school doors longingly as kids filtered in, laughing and talking amongst themselves. "Well, I think so. I know how to talk about the basic stuff, and how complicated can small talk even get anyway?" Charlie shrugged, doing his best to minimize his anxiety with comfortable reasoning.

I smiled down at him with a wide grin. "*Then do your best!*" I cheered in French, giving his shoulder a firm few pats.

It took a few long seconds for him to fully decipher what I'd said as his eyes flicked about my face with his thoughts staying completely internal in their frantic decoding. Finally looked to me, unsure and replied. "*I will, older relative.*"

When I grinned widely at his response, a small boost of confidence inflated his chest in pride. "*Goodbye.*" He said as he stared up the stairs.

"*See you later! Good luck!*" I called out to him, watching him slip in through the twin doors amongst his peers.

With him, I tucked my worries away in the back of my mind and trekked on to my own school. I took this alone time to enjoy the late summer morning air brushing it's fresh, dewy breeze along my body. There was something so peaceful yet sobering about the flavour of the air today.

After a few blocks amongst the morning bustle I stroll up to the school. Alya is immediately on my radar as she was laughing and chatting with a few others. She was leaning against the cement borders along the stairs so effortlessly beautiful in her unbuttoned flannel. Her long ombré locks were tied loosely into a casual ponytail with two strands, each one gracing a side of her face.

A warm, fuzzy feeling began grow in my stomach at the sight.

The woman's eyes flit in my direction momentarily as she took a moment to recognize me. A bright, toothy grin pulled across her face. "Hey Y/n!" She greeted, waving me over. This caught the attention of the figures speaking with her.

The fuzzy feeling suddenly exploded like a cattail reed and easily cottoned up my mouth. "Ah— Hello—!" My tongue felt dry, puffy, and useless.

Upon finally tearing my eyes from her did I notice that Adrien and Nino were there as well. As I walked up closer, Adrien stepped aside slightly to make some room for me. "Good morning Y/n." He greeted softly, a perfect mirroring of the day's gentle beginning.

I met his eyes and nodded, the metaphorical fluff clearing from my mouth. "Good morning guys." I looked to Nino hastily before returning my eyes to Alya with an undeniable smile.

She wore this certain grin in such a way that made it difficult to think she was as simple as she projected herself to be. Like she knew a secret about me and was always on the verge of simply letting it fall from her lips. It was a bit endearing, but oddly intimidating.

"So I heard you're gonna come to the hang this weekend." She said, gently knocking her heels against the cement railing underneath her.

I chuckled nervously, now put on the spot. "Oh! Uh yeah! It was really nice of Adrien to invite me." I said before gesturing to the blonde next to me, offering him a smile.

He broke into a surprised smile he tried to minimize. "Well, everyone is a new kid at least once." He says, looking away as his grin broke through his lightly pinked cheeks.

"So, who all is going to be there?" I asked as I turned back to Alya.

"Me, of course." She then pointed to me. "You." She began counting on her fingers while looking off into the sky in thought. "Adrien, Nino, Chloe, hopefully Marinette, and a maybe on Juleka." She paused then looked back to me. "Have you met Chloe?"

I squinted in thought. I did meet a Chloe, but who knows how many Chloe's are walking the halls of this school. "Oh yeah, the blonde girl Chloe?" I looked to Adrien for confirmation.

"Yeah, we're actually sitting next to her in Biology." He chimed in.

"She's cool." I said with a small chuckle, recounting our first encounter.

Alya and Nino share a look, then stare back to me. "Really?" Nino asked before breaking into a grin. "Well that's great to hear!"

"Chloe has been doing really well lately." A new voice chimes in. I turn just to meet Marinette coming up behind us, looking tired as always as she runs her eyes. She sidles up between Adrien and I, slouching forward to hold her heavy looking backpack. "She hasn't snapped at anyone in a long time."

Alya lit up at the sight of her friend. "Hey Mari!" She chirped.

Marinette smiled back, albeit weakly. "Hi Alya." She then looked around the small circle. "Good morning everyone."

The two men greeted her back with trained attention solely on her. I awkwardly greeted her a beat behind Nino and Adrien. The way they all listened to her so attentively was almost comparable to a teacher speaking to a bunch of enthralled, respectful children.

"You look a little better than yesterday." Nino noted with a good natured grin.

She nodded slowly, a ghost of a smile gracing her face. "I feel a little better."

Adrien's eyes were trained in on her like she was some kind of eye-spy book, desperately trying to find something. A conflicted expression painted itself across his face.

"Hey, do you know if you'll be coming to the hangout this weekend?" Alya asked, leaning forward a bit more. "It's gonna be Y/n's first outside of school hangout!~" The young woman said with a tone one might use when teasing a carrot in front of a rabbit's nose.

For the first time since she showed up, Marinette looks over at me. This, however, was the first time we locked eyes and she didn't look suspicious of me. In fact, she didn't seem to really see me at all as she smiled. "Ooh! Exciting!" She trapped her chin between her pointer finger and thumb as she thought aloud. "I guess I should know your favourite flavour." She met my eyes again with a gentle, kind aura. "I always make everyone some deserts for these things." She said this with a swell pride in her heart.

"Oh! Well, should I bring anything?" I asked, scanning the group before landing back to the thin raven-haired girl.

She shook her head with a gracious smile. "That's alright, you can but it's not really necessary." She looked over to Adrien for a moment. "Adrien's house has tons of food." She concluded as she turned back around.

"That's true Marinette. Adrien's house has tons of food, so you shouldn't stress yourself with bringing anything extra." Nino spoke up warily.

Adrien nodded along with his friend. "Nino's right. Macrons take a long time, we don't want you to push yourself."

A sour expression crossed her face as she looked at the blonde. "They're just macrons." She stated flatly. "I'd hardly call doing something I've been doing for years 'pushing myself'."

She turned her spotlight onto me. "So what your favourite flavour?" She asked, her voice somewhat strained compared to the first time she asked.

I didn't exactly know what to say on the spot so went with the first thing that popped into my head. "Uh, mango." I said.

She smiled appreciatively at me. "Great! Thank you." She looked to the others. "I'll see you guys later." And with that, she set off up the rest of the stairs.

Alya hopped off the cement ledge and took a hesitant step forward, as if trying to decide if she should go after the retreating friend or not. Nino placed a comforting hand on her shoulder causing her to look at him for a moment then back to her friend with a sigh.

I checked my phone. It read 8:24am, we had a good 15 minutes before we actually had to get moving. My eyes trailed up after the raven haired girl as she shuffled passed the front doors of the school. I wanted to know what was going on with Marinette, this odd cloud of dominance she held despite being seemingly less involved with the group was gradually become more and more clear. But I knew enough about social interactions that outright asking what her problem was to her close friends wouldn't be a tasteful move.

Nino was the first to break the silence, changing the subject. "Hey, is Juleka here yet?" He asked, taking a quick scan of the scattered students occupying clumps of the stairs in their friend groups.

Adrien shook his head. "No, not yet."

Nino hummed to himself before weakly trying to lighten the mood. "Heh, that makes sense, since she isn't with Rose." He said, nodding towards Rose who was talking with a tall, stalkerly young man with a blonde tuft of hair over his forehead.

Alya perked up then turned to us. "Hey, we should ask if Luka wants to come to our hang out too!"

Adrien and Nino shared an indecipherable glance.

The girls's face dropped into a dry stare. "Oh come in you guys. He's our friend!"

"Yeah, he's our friend, but what about Marinette?" Adrien said, lifting his hand towards the school doors the aforementioned classmate disappeared through.

Alya waved her hand dismissively. "They've been broken up for forever, Marinette got over her weirdness about it a long time ago."

Nino sighed. "I was more concerned for Luka."

"Who's Luka?" I cut in, partly to remind them that I was in fact there so they wouldn't spill some kind of secret beans that I shouldn't really know.

Adrien looked to me with a somewhat surprised expression. "Oh right, well he's Juleka's older brother. And an old friend of ours."

"He's super cool, and beats the crap out of me in literally any video game." Nino adds with a look of admiration mixed with frustration. "And he has the stupidest gamertag, it makes it so embarrassing to lose to him."

Now that piqued my interest. "Why? What? What is it?!" I asked hurriedly, like his tag was some kind of life line.

The three of them all started to laugh, but I couldn't be sure if it was at me or the thought of the supposed comedic gold this tag was.

"Well, why don't you ask him yourself?" Adrien suggested behind another soft chuckle.

I frantically turned towards the street just to see the very same dark green car from yesterday pulling up with Juleka in the passenger seat.

My heart leapt into my throat, doing its best to stay away from the suddenly pooling anxiety in my stomach.

As Juleka climbed out of her seat, the group around me sped down the steps towards her and the old car. It took a moment for me to understand the assignment until I was left tailing after them.

The dark haired girl turned to us with a slightly surprised look perking her droopy eyes. "Oh... hey guys..." She greeted quietly.

"Good morning Juleka." Adrien greeted brightly then leaned over to see into the car to the driver. "Hey Luka!" He said with a small wave and grin.

Curiously, I peered down into the car as well. There he was, the tattoo guy from yesterday. Upon closer inspection, the tattoos consisted of snakes wrapping around his forearms and up under his rolled up sleeves of a dark grey crew neck sweatshirt that was somewhat snug across his chest and arms.

He grinned brightly at the sight of Adrien, a smile that showed a smiley piercing nestled over his front teeth. He put the car in park and turned in his seat. "Agreste!"

I couldn't help but stare. He was like that emo stoner kid I had a crush on when I was in 8th grade, but actually clean and understood his aesthetic to a tee while oozing confidence.

"Hi Luka!" The rest of the group called, waving with smiles.

He chuckled at the enthusiasm as a soft expression pressed its gentle form onto his face. "Hey guys."

"So, we were wondering if you wanted to come to my place and hang out. We're gonna be playing video games, have snacks, maybe play monopoly and test how strong our relationships truly are. All the good stuff." He said with an unforeseen playfulness I hadn't really expected from the blonde.

I couldn't help but laugh quietly to myself.

Luka was all smiles at this point. "That'd actually be really good, I'd like to have a fun day before I start my apprenticeship." His eyes flit towards me, back to Adrien, then to me again as if trying to figure something out. "Uh Adrien, I don't believe I've met them before." He said, urging an introduction.

The blonde looked back to me. "Oh! This is Y/n!" He said, waving me closer.

I stepped closer to the open door and peeked through the opening. "Hi Luka." I greeted with a little wave that he returned.

"Hello Y/n, it's good to meet you." His tone was so warm and gentle I nearly melted. First Alya now this guy, jeez louse. Hopefully he didn't have a Nino-friend.

"Good to meet you too." I returned his politeness with the best of my abilities as a stupid smile had plastered itself across my face.

Adrien continued, gesturing to Luka while looking at me with pride in his eyes. "Luka's gonna be a tattoo artist, he just got picked up as an apprentice." He then gestured to me and met Luka's eyes in the same fashion. "Y/n just moved here from abroad and is my desk buddy for biology!" The way he proclaimed our acquaintanceship with such gusto was as adorable as it was reassuring that they actually did like me enough to be introducing me to other friends.

Luka considered me for a moment as he readjusted in his bench seat, resting his arm along the elongated back rest. "Abroad? No way, from where?"

"Ah, I'm from—!?"

Nino cut in, freshly coming off a conversation with Juleka. "Hey Luka, I can drive you this weekend if you need a ride. Y'know, since you've been driving us around for years."

The young man's eyes flicked towards the boisterous brunette. "Oh.. uh sure! That'd actually be really helpful if you don't mind." He said politely.

Nino tossed his hands forward. "Pshh, I'd be happy to dude!"

Luka turned his attention back to me again with an apologetic smile. "Sorry Y/n, you were saying?"

"I'm from—"

A shrill voice cried out from behind us suddenly. "What are you gaggle of losers doing out here?!"

Everyone jumped and turned towards the voice's owner. Chloe. (and a few bodyguards.)

I couldn't help the huge grin that broke across my face before I forced it to manage it's unapologetic excitement.

"You're all going to be late for class." She chastised, placing her well manicured hands on her hips.

Alya piped up, standing straight to meet Chloe's total dom energy. "Relax Chloe, we were inviting Luka to join us on the weekend."

The young woman scowled half heartedly. "I don't care if you were inviting Jean Paul Gaultier! If I'm not going to be late, none of you get to be late either."

"Ooh, she cares about our education.~" Nino teased, squishing his own cheeks together as if he was adoring the smallest of kittens. "She loves us.~"

Alya giggled evilly as a reflection hit her glasses. "How embarrassing."

Chloe's face went red almost immediately. "Okay and?!" She huffed. "Let's just get going! The halls are probably packed by now!"

Adrien, Luka, Juleka and I laughed together quietly.

"Alright well, you heard her." Juleka said quietly. "See you Luka, thanks for the ride."

He waved her off. "Have a good day!"

Adrien sighed. "Alright, well we better get going before she really gets mad."

Luka laughed and reached towards Adrien. "Sure sure, I'll see you later." They slapped their palms together then locked their fingertips together with a weirdly aggressive tug. Did they just... dap each other up?

While that processed Adrien turned to leave with me still standing by the door. I shook my head quickly. "See you on the weekend then I guess." I said.

He chuckled and brought his hand from the back of the bench chair back to the wheel while keeping his eyes on me. "See you then!"

I offered one last smile before shutting the door and stepping away. I turned to see Adrien waiting for me at the base of the stairs.

As I fell in stride next to him, walking up the stairs I suddenly groaned in realization.

Adrien turned to me with a questioning, slightly concerned look. "What's wrong?"

"I didn't ask about his gamer tag!" I lamented.

It took a moment for him to process the issue, something he clearly didn't find nearly as distressing as a crooked grin cracked across his face. "We'll get 'em next time."

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The morning slugged on. Now that I had a feel for my daily schedule, the upcoming semester was looking bleak. I dropped my head onto the desk as Nino not-so-subtly scrolled on his socials mindlessly.

What was I even supposed to learn in this class when I already knew the language front to back?

The teacher, Miss Cousy, was nice enough, but my god was this stuff dry. I groggily looked over at Nino who was unabashedly engrossed in whatever was occupying his screen.

As if on cue the teacher called on him suspiciously. "Nino! How about you recite what we've discussed in English?" She phrased it like a question, but the challenging eyes accompanying her smile made it known this was a demand.

He jumped slightly, fumbling his phone into his lap. "Erm! Sure!" His voice cracked loudly as his eyes desperately scanned the classroom in search of any clues to what the hell was being talked about.

Unfortunately this momentary scramble was enough for her to grow impatient with him. "Come on Nino. Let's keep this lesson rolling!" She cheered. She was relatively young, no doubt in her mid to late twenties, so she still cared if her students were listening and took great joy in the thrill and drama that came with catching them with their brain in the clouds.

"Uh...!" His eyes landed squarely on me, as if expecting me to do something. I quirked a brow at his panicking puppy eyes.

"Just because I speak English doesn't mean I was paying attention." I whispered softly, taking extra care not to draw the teachers attention from him to me.

The soft clicking of the clock was all that accompanied Nino's floundering hums and haws. "Urrh... my name is Nino, and I very happy to see your."

A ripple of laughter flowed through the classroom.

Finally he broke. "Hey, none of you guys sound smart speaking a different language either!" This only seemed to encourage the laughter.

Miss Cousy let the class go in on Nino for a few precious moments longer before deciding to get everyone to settle down as she raised her arms a bit. "Alright everyone, alright let's relax." As she wrangled the class's rambunctiousness to a low enough volume she spoke again. "Nino, please pay attention during the lesson." She eyed him for a moment "...and put the phone away."

He hesitated, taking another glance at his phone screen. "Okay, I will, but can I just finish reading this?" He asked.

Miss Cousy looked taken aback, shaken even at his request, yet an undeniable curiosity set into her. "... well, I guess that depends on what you're reading."

He lifted his phone screen up to the rest of the class.

I nearly started to cough at the sight on his phone. There in the article he was reading sat a crystal clear photo of me dressed in Evee's hero costume while eating soup on a bench. It was actually a quite flattering photo with how soft the sunset's glow cast me in. However, that's probably where the luck stops.

"What does that say?" I asked quickly.

Nino brought his phone back towards himself to read the article, but was promptly stopped by Miss Cousy. "Nope! You can look at that later. Right now we're in my class and you need

to pay attention." She commanded firmly, staring the class down with her dark eyes.

Nino sighed and dejectedly tucked his phone away.

Suddenly this class felt even slower than before. Inching painfully across the seemingly limitless stretch of time ahead of me.

Seconds scratched by with each thunderous tick from the click above the whiteboard. My brain struggled to actually think about anything, even when I felt the paralyzing pull to do a thousand things while simultaneously not being able to do a damn thing.

The bell couldn't have been more eagerly anticipated then the exact moment it's jubilant song set me free. I stood from my seat to push everything off the side of my next and into the wide open maw of my bag. I ran down the raised steps between desks as the backpack loosely slung over my shoulder.

As I stepped out of the class my phone was immediately in hand, typing furiously into the search bar 'rabbit' but already there were suggestions to finish the sentence such as 'rabbit woman in Paris', 'rabbit hero?', 'rabbit themed villian?', 'new rabbit hero sighting' and, the most flustering option, 'Chat Noir on a date with new rabbit hero?'

It's not like I didn't see this coming, the public would want to talk about a new hero prospect. But my god was I unprepared for how overwhelming and embarrassing it felt actually being in the eye of the public. Almost like I was being dissected by a million different knives.

I blinked hard down at the screen, barely noticing my peers nudging passed me.

What do famous people do when they're in the news?

That was a difficult question to answer since I stopped caring about celebrities the moment I grew out of middle school.

I had not the slightest idea, but something about ignoring it sounded like the correct thing to do.

But honestly, that was the last thing I wanted to do. I wanted to delve into what exactly everyone thinks of me; whether from morbid curiosity or the inability to pass up a chance of stroking my ego I couldn't tell you.

So, like a dumb bitch, I made a Twitter account.

I was a burner account with a nonsensical name so it couldn't be traced back to me by anyone I knew.

I slowly walked out of the middle of the hallway as more and more students ran into me. I rested next to the railings I'd taken refuge by yesterday as I read the twitter post focused squarely on me.

'Unnamed Rabbit hero sitting next to Chat Noir yesterday.' read the post, and the four photos attached showed me alone, then Chat sitting next to a very awkward looking me. The last two

were just of us both laughing together.

It was honestly cute. A little too cute for me to handle.

A flaming heat raced into my cheeks and ears as I stared at the way Chat was laughing. So naturally and effortlessly. The fact that I was the one who made him look like that was enough to put me on a tightrope towards cloud nine.

I quickly left the photos to preserve my already racing heart and opted to skim through some comments.

'Whoever they are, you can't deny this is adorable.'

'It's like every Parisian but me is becoming a superhero :).'

'WAIT WTF STOP WHI IS THIS?!?!'

'Sometimes this feels like a dating simulator I'm not included in.'

'Are they dating????? I fcuking hope not!!!'

'Nice legs ;-).'

'Who wants rabbit stew? 🍲'

'I hate how this app is so toxic. I remember when the internet was actually good and not full of a bunch of suburban kids mad at the world for no real reason. A time when everyone could just laugh about memes together. This generation ruined the internet. I miss Minecraft.'

'Go cry about it'

'Nobodyyyy aasssked'

'Revolutionary opinion Brad.'

'Omfg stfu'

'Minecraft???? didn't???? disappear tho????'

The rest of the comments where pretty much just variations of the same sentiment. The majority of them wanted to know who I was which was a little terrifying, especially when put in the same breath as the creepy comments. But it was addicting, and almost immediately I was sure this was going to be an issue for me.

I mindlessly scrolled until one comment caught my eye. It wasn't about me, but it almost scared me more than the creepy feet guys.

'Is anyone else actually worried about the implications of Ladybug bringing in another superhero??'

It had a few upvotes, along with some replies as follows:

'I was literally just thinking that. Like, Akumas are bad enough as it is. I don't think I can live here anymore of it gets worse.'

'Have yall noticed that LB and CN dont seem as close? I know theyre older but idk it feels less friendly than it should'

'Can someone pay for my plane ticket plz? I hate it here'

'Maybe Ladybug is struggling, poor girl. I wish I could help.'

A cold pit dropped into my stomach, the more I read the larger it got. If they actually expect me to help in taking down Hawkmoth Chat should have told me.

Oh god, I didn't actually think I would be relied on past taking a few night shifts off their hands and knowing how to defend myself long enough for Ladybug and Chat to show up. But the thought of actively fighting Hawkmoth? The possibility of getting seriously hurt or dying?!

This suddenly didn't seem like a good idea.

I'm way underprepared for something like that. They can't rely on me so heavily, it's not fair! How could they even—!

"Y/n?"

I jumped out of my skin, nearly dropping my phone as I lifted my head.

The blonde lifted his hands in defence. "Whoa, sorry I didn't mean to scare you!" He gave me a close once over as I tried to collect myself. "Are you okay?"

"Oh! Hi Adrien." I forced a smile that only lasted about a second.

"Hi... What's up?" He asked, still warily eyeing me as a tentative smile tugged on one side of his lips.

I shrugged, trying my best not to be a suspicious little bastard. "Nothing, just keeping up to date on current events."

He tilted his head a little, absentmindedly letting his eyes fall to my screen. "What kind of current events?"

I debated on whether showing him would be a smart idea, but ultimately did want to see his reaction to it. Afterall, he was my closest classmate in this school, and genuinely wanted to know what he thought about heroes. Maybe I'd get something enlightening from it.

After my mental dialogue I scroll out of the comments, back to the four photos and turn my screen for him to see.

He leans down slightly, enough for the gold necklace to dangle off his chest slightly and squints at the photos.

A little flash of recognition zips away from his face as soon as it came.

"Ah, you saw these then, huh?" I said, turning the phone back to me, lowkey admiring myself and Chat Noir.

He blinks a few times, as if pulling his brain back together. "Uh yeah! Yeah, I did."

I lowered my phone. "So, what do you think of the new guy?" I asked casually, placing my suddenly cumbersome hands behind my back.

The well dressed young man hummed, standing straight up again. "Well, I think they're pretty cool. It's good that there's another hero to help out." He said this in such a matter-of-fact way I almost believed that it was a good thing.

We both began to walk towards our classroom together. "You don't think that she's like... a little unnecessary?" I asked.

This caught his attention as his eyes stared holes into mine. "Why would she be unnecessary?"

I suddenly was on the defence for myself from myself. "Well, I'm not knocking them, I'm just saying that Ladybug has a bunch of hero friends, like Rena Rouge or the turtle guy. If she and Chat Noir needed help they'd just ask for already existing heroes to help, right?"

Adrien's green eyes softened at my explanation, seemingly satisfied. Weird...

"That's because—!" He cut himself off momentarily as his lips sunk into his mouth. His eyes darted forwards. "I-I'm actually not sure, heh, good point Y/n."

I eyed him for a second before grinning triumphantly. "Thank you." My eyes went forward. "Plus, Chat Noir and Ladybug are comfortable with all this stuff. Bringing in a newbie seems risky if Hawkmoth is getting stronger."

Adrien hooked a thumb in his slacks pocket. "I guess we just don't know what their reasons are. But I don't think the new hero was enlisted by Ladybug." He stated.

I peeked over at him curiously. "What makes you think that?"

"I don't know, mostly because of some reports I read had said she was running around and causing mild chaos without Chat Noir or Ladybug anywhere to be seen." He replied calculatedly. He wasn't wrong either. "Also, according to a police witness, she said she wasn't 'with Ladybug'."

This was a lot more information on me than I was expecting. "So... what, she was a stray hero that Chat Noir just happened to pick up?" I asked knowing full well that was exactly what happened as I looked back at the pictures again. "How can he be sure this person isn't like... evil?"

Adrien looked at the photos, then me, then the photos. "I mean, I doubt he'd give his attention to someone evil this far into the job." He defended before shaking his head. "And who're we to say if he did find her as a 'stray' as you so eloquently put it? So she caught his eye... Is that a reason to not trust her abilities?"

I laughed slightly and we stepped through the door frame of our classroom. "I guess not, he probably knows what he's doing." I lifted my eyes to him momentarily before looking back to my phone with a small, mischievous smile. "Plus, there are definitely worse things in the world than getting the attention of Chat Noir." I mused in a light, playful tone, flicking through the photos.

Adrien's body visibly stiffened slightly as he began to trail behind a bit. "Ah! Are you uh... a fan of his?"

I couldn't help the slightly embarrassed smile spreading across my face as I looked back at him. "Uh well, isn't everyone?" I asked. I'm pretty sure everyone who ever heard of him had a crush on him at some point or another so it wasn't exactly a huge confession.

A deep red coloured around his neck, rapidly lifting up throughout his face as he looked off to the side and placing a ringed hand over his mouth and nose. "Uh... I mean, I guess so."

This odd reaction embedded itself into my brain, scarring my dura like my life depended on it. A sympathy blush crept up into my face. Oh great! Thanks Adrien!

I turned away from him before it got unbearable to watch. My eyes landed on our desk at the back of the class next to Chloe, who was incidentally watching the entire scene unfold.

I smiled at her and climbed the risers to my desk, shucking off my backpack. "Hi Chloe." I greeted with an eager grin, taking my seat across the walkway from her with the bag in my lap.

"Good day, Y/n." She drawled with a wide smirk curling her beautiful face into one of mischief. Her eyes flickered between Adrien and I.

"Hello Adrien." She said as he slowly approached. "What were you two talking about?" She asked, uncrossing her legs and leaning forward on her desk with her eyes glued on the blonde.

I shrugged. "Just some new super powered person."

Chloe perked up slightly. "New?" Her eyes fled from you to Adrien in slight alarm.

"Uh... yeah, it's a recent thing." He said while rubbing his neck and starting to return to his normal complexion. Her stare continue to bore into him, demanding him to further explain.

He cleared his throat. "Only like... a day and a half, I think."

Chloe sat back in her chair seemingly appeased. "I suppose Ladybug just forgot to tell me." She grunted.

My heart dropped at her words as I looked at her. "Wha... What do you mean by that?"

Chloe tossed her long, untied hair over her shoulder to get a better look at me as she spoke. "Oh yeah, I'm Queen Bee... You didn't know?" A prideful smile crossed her face. "The only hero who dares to not have her identity a secret!" She boasted.

My surprise ebbed away rather swiftly, as my eyebrows slowly lowered back into place the longer I stared at her. "Bullshit." I say with a dismissive tone as I lean back into my chair.

"Ah—! Wha—! It's true!" She snapped, her hand gripping the side of the desk as hard as she could as she turned towards me. "Adrien, tell her!" She cried with a wave of her hand.

He set his bag on the desk as he sat down. "It's actually true." He confirmed, plopping down into his seat next to me. "As weird as it sounds, this girl is a superhero." He chuckled.

Chloe sent him a severe glare before meeting my eyes again. "Just search it up if you don't believe me, it's on YouTube."

I took that as a challenge and pulled up google, typing 'Chloe Bourgeois' in the search bar, only for everything that came after to be a bunch of invasive questions and the words 'Queen Bee.'

A chill ran through me and out of my fingers as I tentatively pressed one of the suggestions that read 'Chloe Bourgeois turning into Queen Bee - original video'.

A video popped up with a significantly younger Chloe clutching a tiny box in her hands. I clicked the video and sure enough, was the very girl magically transforming into the classic Queen Bee suit in a rather dramatic way.

Is seen this video before, but seeing it with Chloe, the Chloe, right next to me was completely surreal. I clicked through a few other more recent videos and compared the hero to Chloe every two seconds. "Oh my god." I muttered out as realization bubbled over.

A satisfied smile once again made itself know on her face as she watched me.

"Wow... I thought you were full of shit." I said and turned my attention squarely on her.

Her smiled strained for a second at my words before shaking her head with a small chuckle. "Yeah well, I'm a lot of things, but I'm not a liar." Her attention flicked passed me to Adrien who's eyes were half lidded in a stale stare. "...anymore... I'm not a liar anymore." She added with a little sneer at her friend.

I let this information settle in my mind for a bit as Adrien and Chloe continued to talk. About what I couldn't tell you, it was just fuzzy noise as I fell into my swimming thoughts.

I wasn't sure how long I'd been quiet, but I burst from my comatose stare with one question on my mind. "How is it not having a secret identity?" I asked suddenly.

Chloe and Adrien stopped talking as she let the question swing about inside her head. "That's a good question... huh... well, I have way more respect from people than I ever did without it,

me and anyone I'm close to are rarely ever messed with by anyone aside from an Akuma or two. Oh and don't get me started on all the free Starbucks I get, good god it's amazing." She took a few moments to think. "But the privacy I have is down to zero. I'm sure even now there are some creeps trying to take photos of me through the windows, and I'm never left alone when I go out whether I'm Queen Bee or just myself."

She hummed with a shrug and tossed her long hair back as she looked forward over the rest of the class filtering in. "But I'm used to that, I've been in the public eye my entire life. I'm sure having a secret identity would be nice breather for me, but that's pretty much all a secret identity would give me." The far off look in her airy blue eyes suddenly shifted focus. "But I'm a rare exception in that not having a secret identity isn't a huge deal for me." Her eyes turned to me as she dropped her cheek into her hand. "Everyone in my family, including me, have a mountain of bodyguards all the time. I have the resources to stay safe and private whenever I choose. So a secret identity for others is far more vital than it is for me."

This surprisingly level headed and long winded answer collected fully in my head, as any good advice would. "Ah, I see. Well I'm glad it turned out well for you, especially when you made that decision when you were so young."

She snorted. "Wasn't so much a decision as it was an impulse." She didn't elaborate further as her curiosity finally flooded in. "So what's this about a new hero already?!" She cried impatiently.

"They're rabbit themed." Adrien started with a sly smile.

Chloe gasped and covered her mouth. "Shut up, let me see!" She reached her hand out towards me. I willingly (and slightly intimidated) handed her my phone to which she greedily eyed the pictures strewn across the screen.

Her entire face lit up completely. "Oh my god! They're adorable!" She gushed, zooming in on me. "Ugh the ears, are you kidding me? And the hair?! Beautiful, brilliant, just exquisite!"

I absentmindedly started to play with my hair as a stupidly nervous smile cracked along my face. "Wow, uh... you seem to like them a lot, huh?" I said as casually as I could.

"What's not to like?" She asked almost manically. "Rabbits are one of the cutest animals on the planet. Whoever has this miraculous is beyond lucky, plus the suit looks insanely good on them."

I could feel Eevee's paws pressing excitedly on my thigh through the backpack that was resting on my lap.

"I'd like to meet them soon." Chloe says as she hands my phone back.

"I'm sure you will." Adrien replies with a smile.

"Yeah well, we'll see." She sighs with a little roll of her eyes, putting a stopper in Adrien's smile. "If I ever get my miraculous back." She mutters bitterly as slouching back in her chair.

"Kinda weird that she gave the rabbit miraculous away so randomly like that before tagging one of us seasoned heroes in first."

Adrien looked a bit wary at this. "Actually, Chloe, this person wasn't recruited by Ladybug." He cleared his throat, suddenly sounding less sure of himself. "O-Or so I've heard."

Chloe's demeanour shifted slightly as she looked over. "What? What do you mean?"

Adrien lifted his hands. "Hey you shouldn't ask me, ask your hero friends. Chat Noir probably knows what's going on more than I do." He chuckled to himself.

The blonde young woman hummed to herself. "I guess you're right." A playful smirk played onto her lips. "I shouldn't fraternize with the commoners about hero business anyway."

I couldn't help but quietly laugh to myself, effectively giving Chloe's ego a good stroke. Adrien's eyes flit to me and brightly, unabashedly smiled along.

Chloe eyes him for a few seconds before piling up again. "So Y/n. What do you think about Paris' heroes?" She asked, placing her chin in her palm while locking eyes with me. "Any favourites? And you can't say me because that's the obvious choice."

I staggered slightly, a bit intimidated at the question. "Oh well uh..." I didn't know the names of half of the known Parisian heroes. Oh god okay so there was the snake, turtle, tiger, was there a monkey? There was a horse once—

"Y/n, this isn't a test." She cut in with a short chuckle. "Just who's your favourite, the first that comes to mind."

"Chat Noir." I responded quickly, partially because I didn't want to sit here and remember all the obscure heroes that have ever been recruited by Ladybug in emergencies, but also because he really was my favourite. Whether my crush on him made that come to fruition I couldn't be sure. "That's a basic choice, I know, but I think he's got this cute, goofy charm. Y'know?"

Chloe's grin had doubled in size. "Is that so?" Her eyes shifted behind me to Adrien for just a second before landing back on me again, trying not to smile any wider. "You think he's cute?"

I frowned slightly, starting to get a little embarrassed. "Okay well that's just objectively true, Chloe. You have eyes don't you?"

"And never have I ever been more thankful for them than now." She quipped, just barely holding back her laughter.

I definitely thought she was referring to seeing me getting a little flustered, despite her eyes landing on Adrien every three seconds.

"Chloe, you're making this way more embarrassing than it really is. You look me in the eyes and tell me you don't think he's hot." I demanded, honestly getting a little frustrated.

She just started to giggle, it was small at first as she met my eyes, but she couldn't keep a straight face as she crumbled into an intense laughter. She shook her head and waved her hands wordlessly, only wheezing out. "I can't... I can't..."

I took that as a victory, whether I should've was up in the air, but her admitting defeat made me feel better either way. "Thank you!" I huffed and turned to Adrien. "Can you believe her?" I asked half-jokingly, but stopped for a moment at the sight of him with his face flat on the desk and his arms wrapped over his head. An angry red dyed the back of his neck as his fingers were gripping onto his soft tresses of blonde for dear life. "...Adrien?"

His fingers twitched tighter at the sound of his name as his body tensed even more. "Don't worry..." Came his muffled voice. "Don't mind me."

Chloe laughed even harder, leaving me sitting there clueless to whatever just fucking happened.

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