Small Fragments of Gestures

by The_Dark_Lady

Summary

"When Marinette entered the classroom, the smell was the first thing that hit him. Oh, that heavenly smell. So seductive. He closed his eyes and felt the saliva run from his mouth only from the thought. He could see the pastry in his mind’s eye, so warm, so crunchy. He desperately wanted to taste it."

A miserable day in Adrien's life... What did he just want? Only one croissant...

But he has so many things to do...

Notes

A late-birthday gift... Sorry I'm so late.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Unaware of it, he leaned in Marinette's direction, inhaling deeply the scent that enveloped her. Hmm... the smell of sweet buns... of fresh bread... Of a supreme pastry he could not even imagine himself eating.

A croissant.

It was years since he had tasted something like that. Cursed model diet!

The boy forced his body to relax. Settling back in his seat comfortably, he buried his head in his hands, trying to act as if the smell did not affect him at all.

During the lesson he could barely concentrate, his thoughts constantly wandering to the coveted pastry.

Leaning heavily on his hand, he closed his eyes. Above him, like materialized a white cloud had been filled with croissants.

The sound of a forehand bounced him out of his thoughts. He looked up, to meet the teacher's reproachful look that rose above him.

"Mr. Agreste, can you please repeat what we have learned now?"

Adrien glanced quickly at the board, immediately picks up the theme. He stifled a small sigh, to his great relief he already knew this stuff.

He answered the teacher who was still standing in front of him, in brief. Summarizes the material known to him in advance.

Miss Bustier blinked for a moment, clearly surprised, then sighed as she accepted the verdict and returned to the front of the class. "Why am I surprised?" She muttered softly to herself before she raised her voice, "Very well, Agreste, just please, be sure to keep your attention during class."

Adrien nodded silently.

Nino elbow him, "Wow, bro, is there anything you don't do perfect?"

The blond shrugged with a forced smile. Laughing bitterly at the innocence of his good friend.

As if he could be something less than perfect.

- 

As soon as the lunch break arrived, Adrien jumped out of the classroom, determined to get to the Dupain-Cheng bakery and buy a croissant.

A plan that had to come down immediately, because suddenly there were screams echoing from every direction.

Adrien paused, looking between the road in front of him, the commotion behind him.

"Come on, kid," Plagg floated ahead of him lazily, "let's go get your pastry, it will not take long."

Adrien stared at him and almost agreed, but then he sighed, it would not be right. "No, first of all, we have a duty," He said to the kwami who just yawned loudly, opened his mouth to the double size of his head and almost fell asleep in the air.
"Plagg, transform me!"

By the time the Akuma attack was over, the lunch break was over.

Adrien paced back to the class. The akuma wasn't even difficult today, just a spoiled child who wanted to steal all the sweets in Paris. What annoyed Adrien even more.

It's like the whole world is against him.

First his father would not allow him to accept any of these things, and now it seems that even Hawkmoth mocks his fate.

He opened the notebook on his desk and turned his attention to learning.

Well, at least he had only two more lessons left, and if he was lucky he could slip away and get what he wanted.

Adrien almost whimpered in frustration as he fell back on the mattress with a crash. Yes, he was supposed to expect it, but still.

"Agreste, concentrate," the fencing teacher scolded him. This is the third time he has knocked him down, "it does not suit you."

Adrien accepted the outstretched hand and rose to his feet, muttering another apology.

The teacher took a few steps away from Adrien before he turned and pointed the swordsman towards the blond.

"Now, show me what you have!"

He left the school gates quickly, he was released earlier, the teacher seemed to have given up on him today.

That was exactly what he needed, he thought with a hint of hope.

A loud siren awoke him from his thoughts. He looked up to meet a fierce blue look from Natalie's side.

She raised a puzzled eyebrow in the direction he walked and gestured at her tablet.

Oh no. Adrien closed his eyes and sighed. He had completely forgotten about the photoshots that awaited for him today.

Head down, he returned to the car.

Preparing himself for frustrating hours in the spotlight.

"Five minutes break!" Adrien's head was shot with the announcement, his gaze wandering to the
bakery across the street, so close...

He'll enable do it if he'll hurry, right?

He rose from his seat and tried, confidently and unknowingly, to sneak up.

As soon as he evaded everyone he crossed the street, only a few more meters separated him from the dream.

A blur of red caught his attention, just seconds before he opened the bakery door. He turned a bright green look at the Beetle-like heroine of Paris.

"Hey, A-Adrien!" Ladybug waved her hand, smiling.

"Ladybug," he gasped, the croissant almost - only almost - ran out from his mind.

He stared at the girl with open mouth.

In front of him stands the love of his life, his lady, astonishing and admiring, and behind him he feels the second love of his life waiting for him on a shelf, surrounded by fragrances.

He felt so blessed.

Where is his bad luck now expressed?

Ladybug turned her head suddenly, making the boy follow her gaze to the side and meet the great figure of Gorila, who was somehow imperceptibly following Adrien.

Oh, yes, here it is.

His bodyguard approached him, gesturing that time was pressing.

No... The blond looked back regretfully, staring bleakly into the space inside the shop. He was so close...

He looked away at the red heroine, who was watching him. She gave him a small smile, sharing his grief.

A big hand wrapped his shoulder, just another second, and the boy gave in. Turning his way back, without getting what he wanted.

His bodyguard directed him to the way, return to the role of the model.

- 

He opened the door to his room tired and weary, never enough to relax a little before turning to his next occupation.

All he craved so much was a croissant. Just a little bite.

he moaned. That's just his luck.

Grabbing the textbook, he closed behind him the door, turning to another Chinese lesson.

- 

He walks into his room, dragging his feet wearily.
Sometimes he wondered for himself how he had not yet collapsed from his schedule.

He did not know where it was coming from, the forces to drag all the day. He was so tired.

"Hi, Adrien," Plagg greeted him with an easy laugh, "are you-

"Not now, Plagg," Adrien muttered with half-closed eyelids, dragging one leg after another and wondering why the distance between his room door and the bed was so huge.

"But I just wanted to say-" his trial stopped in the middle and his eyes widened in shock, as there was a snore sound in the room.

Plagg immediately fell into a burst of unbridled giggles.

It's new, Adrian thought to himself half-consciously. He did not even know it was possible to fall asleep in the middle of a walk, but he did not have time to think about it because he had finally reach his soft, comfortable, inviting bed.

Without bothering to take off even shoes he simply fell on his bed heavily. Hoping he will not have to make any unnecessary movements today.

But almost immediately rises when he feels a paper bag overlapping the skin of his belly.

"Um, yes, that's what I came to say..." said Plagg, sitting down on his chosen blond hair.

Adrien sat slowly and looked at the brown paper bag in his hand, another moment passed before he realized what he was watching.

His eyes widened in amazement mixed with excitement.

"Plagg, this-this..." He lost the words and just stared, stunned.

"Yes," smiled Plagg, fondly brushing the hairs straying from the child's forehead.

"but how?"

The kwami smiled, it was something his wielder would be happy to hear.

"Ladybug."

"Lady..." he echoed softly.

She... thought of him.

"Close your mouth," grumbled Plagg, though he was genuinely amused, "otherwise a fly will come in there."

She did it for him.

A pleasant warmth rose in the Adrien's body when he opened the bag and looked at the pastry on which he had dreamed.

Only small fragments of gestures that illuminate a long and exhausting day.

Despite his fatigue, he smiled.

He found the place where the force came from.
So... Hope you like it?

It's a bit different from my previous stories, it's supposed to be an unfortunate attempt to write humor... the result is before you.

I would really appreciate any comments and reviews.

Besides, as always, please forgive me for all the mistakes and errors...

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!