everything changes

by demistories

Summary

Marinette looks to Adrien, eyes wide. Her heart is beating harder than probably healthy, threatening to burst out of her chest. Whatever would happen after that would probably be more enjoyable than the anxiety she’s currently drowning in.

And oh is she drowning.

This day was always going to come around because it had to. Marinette had realized long ago that she couldn’t balance being a superhero with a serious romantic relationship. She could barely keep it from her closest friends. So when platonic turned less platonic…

Notes

hello i dont know what im doing either! i started this in august and uhhhhhhhh i sure dont remember how to write these characters

title from everything changes from waitress which is a good song and a good show and you should check it out

enjoy???

See the end of the work for more notes.
Marinette looks to Adrien, eyes wide. Her heart is beating harder than probably healthy, threatening to burst out of her chest. Whatever would happen after that would probably be more enjoyable than the anxiety she’s currently drowning in.

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She’s been dreading this for weeks. She’s paced around her room for hours late at night, showing up in Adrien’s room with no warning as he tried to talk her panic down.

“How are you so calm about this?” she had asked him as he braided her hair at one in the morning in the pitch black darkness of his room. When she got home a few hours later, she had found that he somehow managed to get the braid nearly perfect despite the lack of light. He always found a way to surprise her.

Adrien had laughed. “I had to transform to stop a mugging the other day and ran out on Nino, saying that my dad was calling. I almost started crying and had to take a minutes to calm down before going back. I don’t think I’m calm.”

Marinette stares at the door in front of them. Nino’s moms are at work still, they’d made sure of that. Nino and Alya are inside, listening to Nino’s newest remix by the sounds of it. Just behind this door… Her girlfriend and one of her boyfriends…

“You okay?” Adrien whispers.

Marinette shakes her head. No. She’s not. It was one thing when she told Adrien, because that had been not only an accident but also her partner. Her crime fighting partner not her romantic partner. There was an understanding. And it’s not that she doesn’t trust Nino and Alya, she just—

Adrien cups her face in his hands. “We can do this,” he says softly. “They deserve to know. We won’t have to lie to them anymore. We made like eight pro con lists, this is the right thing to do.”

“The right thing to do,” Marinette murmurs. She squeezes her eyes shut and takes a steadying breath. “Okay.”

Adrien presses a kiss to her forehead and knocks on the apartment door.

Alya opens the door almost immediately, a little breathless with her hair twisted up into a messy bun and flour all over her shirt. “We’re attempting to bake,” she says before quickly kissing Marinette then Adrien.

“Without Marinette?” Adrien asks. “Are we going to have to call poison control?”

Marinette glances at him and furrows her eyebrows when Alya’s back is turned. He’s attempting to joke, but she can hear the strain in his voice. It’s only because Alya is distracted by Nino asking her a question about the recipe that she doesn’t hear it too. Not that it matters. It’ll all be out soon.

“I heard you’re insulting my baking,” Nino shouts from the kitchen. “How badly can you mess up chocolate chip cookies?”

Alya leans against the counter, drinking a glass of juice and attempting to steal chocolate chips from the bag. Nino stirs the cookie dough and swats Alya’s hand away whenever she reaches for the chocolate.

“Want a chocolate chip?” Nino asks, offering the bag to Marinette and Adrien.

“Hey!” Alya protests.

Adrien takes the bag from him. “Just in case the cookies burn,” he teases.

Nino sticks his tongue out at Adrien and goes back to stirring. “How’re your weekends going?”

“If anyone wants to help babysit the twins tomorrow night…” Alya raises her eyebrows. “I have gummy snacks and cuddles to offer.”

“I’ll check my schedule,” Adrien says.

Marinette nods in agreement. She’s afraid to try and use her voice.

Nino sticks his tongue out as he stirs. There are cookie sheets covered in parchment paper on the counter and the oven is preheating. Alya hums to herself as she watches Adrien pull out his phone and scroll through his calendar.

“I have a meeting at seven but other than that…” Adrien trails off and glances to Marinette.

They have synced calendars. Or at least, they synced them when they realized they were partners. It was a lot easier to figure out patrols and routes when they knew what the other was doing. Just to be safe, they randomly name the patrols after different things, but always use the same color group — different shades of yellow — to denote them as patrols.

Marinette swallows.

This is a chance. They could take it right now and get it over with.

“If you want to come over after that,” Alya says, interrupting Marinette’s thoughts, “I would be totally cool with that. Mostly, I just want company.”

Adrien lowers his phone and smiles. “Yeah, sure. I’d love to. Besides, we have the last season of White Collar to watch.”

Nino groans. “Don’t bother. The ending was terrible.”

Alya whacks his shoulder with the back of her hand. “Do not spoil this for me. I will break up with you.”

Marinette takes a shaky breath. There are so many ways this could go terribly wrong. She’s pretty sure she’s thought of every one of them.

Nino hands Adrien a spoon and they start putting dollops of cookie dough on the baking sheets. Marinette leans against the counter next to Alya and tries to shut up her brain. Nino’s telling a story about work, but she can’t focus on what it’s about. All she hears is Alya and Adrien laughing.

Nino bumps his shoulder against Marinette’s. “You okay?” he asks softly. He hands her a spoon with cookie dough on it. “If you don’t mind the chance of salmonella.”

“Fine.” Marinette takes the spoon. “Just…tired.”
She’s been using that excuse for ages. Tired. Sleepy. Under the weather. Not feeling great. Since she became Ladybug she feels like she’s exhausted all the lies that she’s got.

Nino wraps an arm around her shoulder and presses a kiss to her temple as she sticks the spoon in her mouth. She’s always been told not to eat raw batter, but that’s never really stopped her.

Alya glances over her shoulder as Adrien puts the cookies in the oven. She raises her eyebrows at Marinette and Nino, but Nino just shakes his head.

Adrien and Marinette talked about this. They had a plan— they have a plan. One that’s still in action. They’re going to sit Alya and Nino down, and calmly explain everything and answer any of their questions. They’ve gone over this. They’ve discussed what could be asked. They’ve covered every single detail.

And Marinette feels like she’s going to throw up.

Alya steps closer. “Mar, do you feel okay? You look…”

Marinette meets Adrien’s eyes as he closes the oven.

“I’m fine,” she says at the exact same time he says, “I’m Chat Noir.”

“Huh,” Nino says.

Alya drops her phone on the floor.

—«·»—

“So much for our plan,” Marinette mutters to Adrien as she sits next to him on the couch.

Adrien buries his face in his hands. “Mar—”

“Okay.” Alya sits on the coffee table across from them. “What just happened?”

Nino leans against her. “Good question.”

They both look to Adrien.

Adrien sighs and unbuttons his coat. Unfairly well made and tailored specifically for him, not by Marinette which kind of annoys her. She did add a pocket on the inside however, which Plagg zips out of when Adrien opens his coat.

Nino adjusts his glasses. “Hm.”

Alya snaps a picture.

Marinette snatches Alya’s phone away and deletes the picture as Alya stares at her. “No pictures,” Marinette says sheepishly. She pockets Alya’s phone.

“This is Plagg,” Adrien says. Plagg floats around Nino’s apartment, examining all the spots he can nap in. “He’s my kwami.”

Alya nods slowly. “So…okay. Right. And Mari knew about this?”

Marinette shifts uncomfortably next to Adrien. “Um…”
“I told her a few months ago,” Adrien says slowly. Technically not a lie. It had been an incredibly awkward weekend. “I, uh, my meeting tonight? That’s patrol, with Ladybug.”

Alya and Nino exchange a look.

“You should’ve figured that out,” Nino says.

“I should’ve figured that out,” Alya agrees. The Ladyblog has an entire page devoted to what her and other fans can figure out about Ladybug and Chat Noir’s schedule.

Marinette watches Plagg settle down on a spot of sun on the windowsill. As much as she appreciates Adrien giving her the time she needs, she also wishes she’d just gotten it over with like he had.

“How’d Mari find out?” Nino asks.

Marinette licks her lips as she hears the unspoken question beneath it.

Why didn’t Adrien tell Nino and Alya too?

Adrien glances away.

“I…” Marinette takes a slow breath. “I, uh…” She reaches for her purse and opens it. Tikki slowly peaks out of it. “Yeah.”

Alya stares at Tikki. Then she looks from Tikki to Marinette a few times. She gestures between Adrien and Marinette. “You’re…”

Marinette nods.

Nino rubs his forehead. “Huh.”

“No pictures?” Alya asks.

Marinette and Adrien nod.

“Okay.” Alya slides to the floor. “Can I ask a few questions?”

“Uh…”

“We have like five minutes until the cookies are done,” Nino says. “After?”

Marinette chews on her bottom lip. “Yeah.”

“I’m sorry,” Adrien blurts out. “We…” He glances to Marinette out of the corner of his eye. “I don’t know. I don’t know what I want to say.”

Alya reaches up and grabs his hand. “That’s okay,” she says. “But thank you. For telling us.”

Marinette takes a breath. “Sorry for…not doing it sooner.”


Marinette’s not really sure if that’s true. But it feels a little bit easier to breathe now. She knows they’ll run out of cookies before they’re done talking about this, but at least they can start.
yup. yup i dont. know how to write? what just happened? whatever it was…i hope you enjoyed it

uhhh shoutout to nicole. whoever you are. you reading every one of my fics and commenting on all of them really made me want to finish some of the ml stuff i started/have lying around. so... yeah. thanks <3

im on tumblr even tho im not super active bc i havent been watching s2. ive been more active on my main blog and also thats where ill be announcing stuff relating to my original writing if youre interested in that!! maybe see you later?

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