Blast From the Future
by impravidus

Summary

When Emma Agreste ends up twenty-two years in the past, how will she get back to the future without ruining the timeline and exposing her true identity?

(Heavily based on season four of The Flash)
Everyday at 4:35, the same blonde haired girl comes into Tom and Sabine’s Boulangerie Patisserie. She ordered something new everyday, but like clockwork she came in at 4:35. When the bakery wasn’t busy with customers, she would talk to the owners. It started with simple small talk, but the more she told them, the more they realized how much her family and their family had in common.

“You guys would have loved my grandparents. They are a lot like you,” she told them. “They loved to bake with me. My grand-pere started small by letting me mix the wet ingredients into the dry ingredients in the cakes, but as I got older, I learned all of his wisdom and I really learned a lot about the art of baking.” Tom looked to his wife, as if for confirmation.

“Well, you know, we could always use a helping hand here in the bakery. It is the summer break for the lycee and our daughter really wants to get a head start on her designs for her fancy fashion portfolio,” he let out a hearty laugh. “Of course Sabine and I don’t really understand that sort of thing. But anyway, would you like to come in and help us? Of course we’ll have to train you and see what your baking skills really are, but any help is enough.” She smiled, nodding her head.

“I would really love that. Thank you.” She took out a pen and wrote down her phone number and email. “Here’s my contact information. If you want, I can prepare a full resume and we can also hold an interview so this can all be official.” The couple were impressed by her professionalism.

“Does this Saturday work for you?” The girl nodded.

“I’ll see you then.”

Marinette came downstairs to grab a snack when she saw her parents sitting with someone she didn’t recognize.

“Maman, Papa?” They turned and smiled.

“Oh, Marinette! Perfect timing. This is our newest addition to the patisserie, Mila.” Marinette waved.

“Hi there, Mila. You know, I’ve never met someone named Mila before.” The blonde haired girl’s eyes went wide.

“I read that Mila is the eighth most popular name in France in 2018.” Marinette just nodded, confused.

“That’s… nice. I just wanted to grab a snack, but I guess I’ll be seeing you around. Nice meeting you, Mila.” Speechless, the girl just gave a thumbs up.

The first time the blonde haired girl worked with Marinette, all she could do was catch silent glances as the pig-tailed girl. They were both working in the kitchen, preparing the pastries to be put out for the lunch rush, so Marinette figured she was just focusing on perfecting the recipes. However, she was surprised to see that she wasn’t looking at the recipe much, and making these family recipes quite easily.
“Would you like to listen to some music?” Marinette asked the busy girl.

“Uh… I mean sure. Will the customers…” Marinette shook her head no.

“Believe me, I’ve tested it before to make sure it never gets too loud. I know the perfect setting. What do you want to listen to? Jagged Stone…” The blonde-haired girl groaned.

“I’m so sick of Jagged Stone. I feel like I’ve been listening to it since I was born.” Marinette stopped working and turned to her.

“How can you not like Jagged Stone?” She shrugged.

“My mom is a huge fan of them and even after listening to it for like forever, she continues to listen to his newer stuff, even though it doesn’t compare to his older stuff.” Marinette didn’t want to argue so she just went back to her initial question.

“What do you listen to then?” The girl shrugged again.

“I like the oldies like Liquid Sunrise.” Marinette furrowed her eyebrows.

“They aren’t that old. They’re only from like 2003.” Her eyes went wide.

“Well I mean old like throwback songs, right? Like from when we were younger.” She forcefully laughed. Marinette just nodded and turned on a mix of their music.

Marinette really didn’t know what she had done wrong. Mila never was truly comfortable with her. She was always on edge and nervous and she didn’t seem to like her that much. However, Mila loved her parents. What did she do that warranted such a bad first impression?

The answer to that question wasn’t as simple as she hoped it would be.
Emma Agreste didn’t imagine she would ever get this chance. It all started on her birthday, July 24, 2040. She was spending another birthday alone while her mom was in the office running her fashion design company. Of course, it wasn’t under the Agreste name, after what happened with the Gabriel Agreste scandal. DC Fashion, a name that was a common name in every household, was built from nothing and grew from online shops to boutiques to a brand that stores begged to have. She made innovative clothes with cheaper, more environmentally clean, and more affordable products that also had new and fresh marks on the ever-growing fashion industry. These new products were imperative for the destruction that was being spread throughout the city with its new terrorist. No one knows who it is, but they know that it isn’t good.

Back in 2018 when there was the defeat of her grandfather, Hawkmoth, there had been a group of heroes that defeated him. This team was Rena Rouge, Carapace, Queen Bee, Ladybug, and Chat Noir. However, the team virtually disappeared after the defeat. Now, in France, there is someone making the grass wilt and beautiful marks of Parisian history turn to dust. Tourists have stopped coming to see the city of love, because now it has turned into the city of destruction. The only thing people know of that could cause this destruction is Chat Noir.

Chat Noir. The man that Emma knew everything about, yet didn’t know at all. Her mother didn’t talk about him much. Actually, she didn’t talk about him at all. All Emma knew is the museum dedicated to Paris’s heroes. She had visited the Chat Noir section so many times, she had memorized everything about him. She knew about his battles and the times he had sacrificed himself to save Ladybug and all the amazing things he did for the city. She knew about his modeling and those were really the only photos she had of her father. Her mother didn’t let her look through their old picture books. To her, her father was her hero.

Now, sitting alone in the mansion at the giant dining table, eating food that didn’t appetize her, she realized that she needed to go see the museum again. Spend her birthday with her father in the only way she could. Despite what her overprotective mother would approve of, she snuck out of the mansion and went on her way to the mansion.

As she walked, she saw a man in a wheelchair crossing the street. To her dismay, the wheel was caught in a dent in the road. Running into the street, she used all of her strength to pull him out of it and onto the sidewalk.

“Thank you, young lady. I don’t know what I would’ve done without your help.” Emma took a good look at his face. She knew she recognized him, but she didn’t know why.

“Of course, sir. I couldn’t just let you sit in the street. Something horrible could’ve happened.” He smiled.

“Well I might need some help getting to my destination. Do you mind accompanying me to the Ladybug museum to make sure nothing else happens in my travels?” She looked to the man.

“Well what a coincidence. I’m going there too. I would be happy to go with you.” He smiled.

“Why are you going to the Ladybug museum on a Monday afternoon?” She sighed.

“Well, I wouldn’t just say it’s the Ladybug museum. There’s Carapace and Rena Rouge and… and Chat Noir.” He looked up at her.
“Not many people give them much credit for the fight.” She shrugged.

“I mean, they deserve it. Even though Ladybug was the one who always purified the akumas and finished the final fight with Hawkmoth, her teammates were the ones supporting her and making sure she would be the one ending the fight. And... and Chat Noir was her partner. They weren’t just partners, they were best friends, and they always had each other’s backs. He saved her, she saved him, and together they saved Paris. It wasn’t Ladybug and Chat Noir like it’s an afterthought, they were a team. They were a duo.” The man smiled.

“I agree with you. They don’t get the recognition they deserve.”

The two talked on their way to the museum and when they arrived, Emma turned around to ask the man if he needed help up the stairs, but he was gone. She didn’t even know his name, so she couldn’t call out to him. She figured he must’ve meant he wanted to go to one of the stores around the Ladybug museum, and went in.

She admired all of the photos of her father. He was only fourteen in some of these photos. She couldn’t believe that even at such a young age, he was a hero. A small tear rolled down her cheek, and she quickly wiped it away. She scrolled through the holograms that depicted the heroes’ triumphs and put on the reality immersion goggles to watch the old footage from the Ladyblog. She had done it so many times that she could mouth the words in the videos. Taking one last look at the museum, she went back home, feeling worse than she did when she got there.

Collapsing onto her bed, she began to cry. The tears rolled down the sides of her face and she covered her face with her hands. She felt so stupid. She should be used to her mother not being home. And her father, he’s been dead for her entire life. So why did this hurt so much? Taking a deep and shaky breath, she went to her desk to text her girlfriend, when she noticed a box sitting next to her keyboard.

“Great. So Mom couldn’t take the time to even wrap my birthday present. Thanks Mom.” She opened the box expecting another expensive and meaningless necklace, but instead there was a bright light and there was a floating... thing... hovering over the box with a blue ribbon with blue stone at the end inside.

“Hello, Emma. My name is Fluff. I am a kwami. You were chosen by Master Lahiffe to...”

“No fuckin’ way.” The kwami floated back.

“Excuse me, what?”

“You can’t be fuckin’ serious.” Emma walked away from the desk and putting her hands on her neck. “No goddamn way are you a fuckin’ kwami!”

“Uhm. Yes. I am. I am a kwami.” Emma shook her head.

“No, no. I’m sorry little dude. I just, are you saying that I was chosen to do Miraculous stuff?” The kwami looked confused.

“You know of the Miraculous?” She nodded.

“My dad was Chat Noir.” The kwami’s eyes widened, which is saying something because her eyes were already quite large.
“I see. So you are familiar with the black cat Miraculous.” She shook her head.

“Sorry little dude, I just know of it. My dad died way before I could meet him and ask him about anything. What exactly are you?” The kwami smiled brightly.

“I am a rabbit! And this necklace is your Miraculous. You must wear it at all times. I think you are capable of catching who this new Miraculous wielder is while they are using their Cataclysm around Paris. With the rabbit Miraculous, you gain the power of super speed. To you, the world will move in slow motion as you move faster than anyone can visually see. However, you have to build up your speed. If you remain completely still and call out disappear, you will become invisible. This will only work if you stay completely still. This power is based off of the fact that rabbits are smart enough to know that movement is what attracts predators, and they are undetected when completely still. That also means you wouldn’t be able to use your speed while using disappear. Unlike Ladybug or Chat Noir, you don’t have a staff or yo-yo. Your speed is all you need. To transform just call out “transform me” and to detransform call out “detransform me.” The rest, you will have to learn on your own.”

That day, Emma Agreste’s life was changing for the better.

Unbeknownst to her mother, Emma would sneak out and try to track down this Chat Noir imposter. The person who was tearing apart her city with his own hands. For two years, there had been close calls and battles between the two, but she could never catch him in time. Even with her superspeed, it could only last so long. Her body couldn’t handle running at that speed for that amount of time.

Everyday, she worked on her speed, getting faster and faster each day. She finally saw it, the Seine turning to black dust. She knew if she ran fast enough, she could get to the other side of the river, she could catch her nemesis, who they now called Dark Claw. She pushed herself to run faster than she ever thought she could run, her legs burning, her heart pounding in her chest, and then all of a sudden, it wasn’t the middle of a winter’s night, but a bright summer’s day. Before she could even think of looking for Dark Claw, she passed out on the roof of the building she was on and detransformed.
A New Life

When Emma woke up, the first thing she noticed was the Eiffel Tower. She hadn’t seen the Eiffel Tower in years. The second thing she noticed was how green the city looked. It was filled with vegetation and thrived under the bright sun. She hadn’t seen Paris like this for what seemed like forever.

Her kwami was exhausted and sleeping next to her. Knowing she did push the small bunny, she didn’t wake her. Instead she sat on the ledge of the building, letting her legs dangle over the side, as she took in the beauty that she remembered Paris to be.

“Don’t do it!” Confused she looked down. A ombre-haired girl was yelling up to her, distressed.

“What?!” She yelled down.

“Please don’t jump! You have so much to live for!” Emma shook her hands.

“I’m not going to jump! I’m just sitting up here! For the… the view!” The girl, still confused and distressed yelled up,

“How did you get up there!” She knew she couldn’t tell the truth so she looked around for any sort of scapegoat.

“There’s a staircase that leads up here! I just needed some fresh air!” The girl just nodded.

“Oh! Okay! Uh, be safe!” Emma gave her a thumbs up.

“Will do!” Emma noticed that the girl was dressed very odd. It wasn’t anything she had seen in style for years. As she looked around, she realized that she was the only person who wasn’t wearing these retro clothes. “Where am I?” she muttered to herself. She called down to the girl who was about to walk away. “Hey! Uh, you!” She looked up.

“Yeah?!”

“Where am I?!” The girl furrowed her eyebrows.

“You’re in Paris, France!” Emma shook her head.

“Well yeah I know that but like, why is the Eiffel Tower up again?!”

“What do you mean?! Ladybug brought the Eiffel Tower back after the last akuma attack!” Emma’s eyes went wide. Ladybug?

“What year is it?!” The girl, still confused, called up,

“It’s 2018!” And suddenly, everything Emma knew was flipped upside down.

“Thanks! You can go now! Sorry for stopping you!” The girl just waved.

“Nice meeting you! My name’s Alya! That is if we ever meet again!” Emma was going to respond but she heard Fluff stirring behind her. She turned around and picked up the small kwami in her hands.

“Fluff! How are you feeling?” The kwami groaned.
“I feel really weak. I really need something to recharge.” Emma nodded in agreement.

“I know you do, but we have to get down from here. Do you think you can transform me right now?” The kwami shook her head weakly.

“But not too long, okay?” Emma nodded.

“Of course not. Fluff, Transform Me!”

Emma, when she was Lapin Bleu, had an azure leather suit that was tight on her muscled body with detailing similar to Rena Rouge but in blue. She had ears, a tail, and mask that were a cobalt blue to compliment the suit, and on the bottom of her feet there were paws detailing. Being careful so people don’t see her for too long, she ran down the side of the building and into an alleyway. Crouching behind a trashcan, she detransformed. Looking down at her multi-purpose DC fashion hempfiber hoodie, DC athletics synthetic bioskin leggings, and shift sneakers, she sighed knowing she didn’t fit in with this era.

“But how am I going to buy anything? I only have like four hundred euros. That can’t even get me a t-shirt,” Emma thought out loud. In 2041, Paris went through a massive inflation that changed the worth of money. Forty euros would equal the amount of one 2018 euro. Sighing, she went to a thrift store to see if she could get lucky, when she saw the prices. “2.8 euros for a shirt?!” She exclaimed. She went to the woman at the counter. “Is this correct? 2.8 euros for this shirt?” The woman nodded.

“We’ve got some great deals here.” Emma nodded, still shocked.

“You really do.” Getting as many clothes as she could fit in the duffel bag she was also buying. Handing over her money to the woman, she left the store, now wearing a graphic black and white short sleeved button up and jeans with some worn in sneakers that cost her less than anything her mother would ever let her wear. Being the daughter of Marinette Dupain-Cheng meant that she had to wear Dupain-Cheng worthy fashion. Now, she can finally wear whatever she wants.

She realized that she didn’t have anywhere to stay. She figured she could go to Master Lahiffe’s antique shop, but instead there stood a massage parlor. “Right, this is 2018,” she said to herself. Where would she stay? She could always find her mom… she shook her head. That was a bad idea. The worst idea. She could find Master Lahiffe. She nodded to herself. That’s the best option she had. He will know what to do.

Her future tech could only do so much, but she did find out that Master Lahiffe was in Paris and through a lot of digging and past records, she found his address.

Arriving at the apartment, she took a deep breath, going over what she was going to say. However, instead of the man she expected, a teen boy in a red cap answered the door.

“Uh, I’m sorry. I don’t want to buy anything.” Emma was confused, but she realized, of course. At this time he was just a teen. Still, she was the only person she could trust.

“Master Lahiffe, I need to talk to you.” He laughed.

“Master? I’ve never been called that before.” Emma sighed.

“May I come in? I’ve got a lot of explaining to do.” He wiped at his mouth, trying to figure out what to do.
“Who are you?” She hesitated, but finally said,
“I’m Emma Agreste.” His eyes widened.

“Oh, you’re Adrien’s cousin?” She scruched her face trying to think of what to say.

“This’ll just make more sense if we talk about this. And not out here. May I come in?” He nodded and opened the door wider, letting her come into the apartment.

“Woah woah wait. So you’re telling me that I’m some sort of Miraculous guardian?” She nodded.

“Yes. After your mentor passed away after the Hawkmoth defeat, you took his place since you’re the wielder of the turtle miraculous. At least, that’s what you told me.” Nino stood up, taking off his cap and ran his fingers through his hair.

“But that makes no sense. I’ve only gotten that thing twice. During the Anansi fight and then during the big fight during Heroes Day. I don’t even know this guardian dude. It was always Ladybug who brought me the turtle Miraculous.” She shrugged.

“Well this all happens pretty far in the future. It must’ve not even started for you then.” He turned to face her.

“I don’t think I can be much help to you. I don’t know anything about Miraculous.” She shook her head.

“I don’t need help with getting back to my time, at least, not yet. I just needed a place to stay. Do you think I could stay here? You’re the only person I trust.” He thought about it.

“Well what about your dad? I know him, he’s a great guy. I…” he paused. “Oh right. His dad. M. Agreste would totally not let that slide. I’ll ask my parents if you can stay here. What would I tell them?” She thought about it.

“Tell them that my parents kicked me out after I came out and I need a place to stay.” He nodded.

“Oh, they would definitely let you stay if we told them that.” Emma nodded.

“Oh, and Master Lahiffe?” He put his hand up.

“Please, just call me Nino.”

“Right. Nino? You can’t tell my dad about this. If he knows then I don’t know what can happen to the future. I’m just your new friend. Uh…” she pulled up her iPhone XLV. “Mila.”

Nino and Emma set some ground rules with each other now that she lived with him. There couldn’t be any talk of the future, especially his own future from now on. Neither of them can let anyone find out that she is from the future. And finally, she had to find a job and help pay for her expenses around the apartment.

Emma, nor Fluff, knew what brought her back in time. The only explanation they could think of was her speed. At the speed she was going at, she must’ve broken some sort of time barrier and gone back in time. At this point, that’s the only explanation she was going to get. Nino and Emma researched time travel and super speed online for hours, but nothing came up that could help her
explain her predicament. This wasn’t science fiction. This was the Miraculous. And sadly, Nino wasn’t the master of Miraculous history yet.

Emma couldn’t help herself but be curious about this time, and while Master Lahiffe was at school, she would go to Tom and Sabine’s Boulangerie Patisserie. Realizing this was the perfect way to get a job and pay for her stay at his apartment.

And this is where her story really begins.
Each day that Emma spent working at the bakery, the more she got to know who her mother was. At first she didn’t really give her a chance. She never had a good relationship with her mom. She felt like a burden on her mother’s fashion dreams. This kid that she had to deal with on top of all of the debt from the beginnings of her failing company. The kid that took up all of this extra time that she could’ve been using to design. The kid she stuck with her parents to deal with while she worked all day.

But this teen girl is not that woman. She wants to teach her the differences between piping and flood icing, and how to get the perfect feet on the macarons, and the different ways to make fudgy or cakey brownies. She told her about her passions for fashion design and how much it really means to her. To her now, it’s not business, it’s a future. It’s uncertainty and a risk, but it’s what she loves. One day they ended up talking about video games, something she could never imagine her mother being into.

“You know I made it into the gaming tournament for Ultimate Mecha Strike III but I gave up my spot for someone who wanted it much more than I did.” Emma was really shocked. Her mother never seemed the giving type.

“That’s really kind of you.” She shook her head.

“It was just the right thing to do. Even though I couldn’t play with,” she sighed dreamily. “Adrien.” Emma looked at her.

“Adrien Agreste?” Marinette turned to face the girl.

“Yeah. Adrien Agreste? Do you know him? Oh duh of course you know who he, he’s a famous model and his face is all over billboards in Paris.” Emma just nodded. She didn’t know that her parents have already met. Her mom never told her about it.

“How did you guys meet?” Marinette smiled, excited to gush about Adrien.

“He just started public school two years ago. He sits in front of me in class. But I just, he’s so kind, and sweet, and amazing. He always is there to help someone and he always knows how to do the right thing. He gave me his umbrella once when it was raining. It was so sweet. I still have it. He is just so… he’s… I can’t describe it.” Emma smiled.

“He’s a lucky guy to be with a girl like you,” Marinette turned quickly, her face going red with blush.

“A-Adrien? With me? Nonono. He’s just. He only sees me as a friend.” Emma leaned on the counter.

“But you don’t want him to. Do you?” Marinette turned to knead her dough again.

“I-I just… it’s not that… I mean I would…” she sighed. “I just want him to see me. You know? He deserves so much, and I wish he knew that I see how great he is. He’s not just a model. He’s not just Gabriel Agreste’s son. He’s so much more than that. I don’t know if he knows that, and I just want to be the one to make him realize that.” Emma never imagined her mom to be the sentimental type. She barely showed her anything. I guess that makes sense though. Her grandparents were so amazing, they had to have made a great kid. After she all went through, it must’ve broken her and turned her into the person that Emma grew up knowing.
Emma realized she never gave her mom a chance. She never stopped and thought about what she was feeling. She just thought she was a horrible mother and was too consumed in her work because she didn’t care about her. But now she realized, she was so in love with her husband that her world fell apart when he died. She never truly recovered, and Emma was just a reminder of what she had lost.

“He’s really lucky to have a friend like you, Mo-Marinette.” Marinette smiled.

“Thank you.”

The summer went by faster than Emma expected. Each day was the same. She would go into the bakery and work during the day, go back to Master Lahiffe’s and spend the night with him, and then start her routine over and over again. After the first couple of weeks they gave up on figuring out how she got there. Nino became accustomed to his new kwami friend, and made sure to buy her favorite chips from the store, and Emma got to know the man that Master Lahiffe was before he became the guardian of the Miraculous. He was so different that she imagined. She thought he was descendant of ancient geniuses, living a secluded and peaceful life. Instead, he was a DJ who loved sports drinks and spoke so unlike the dignified man she knew.

September 3 was approaching, the first day of the new school year, and Emma needed to enroll into Collège Françoise Dupont. It was much harder than she thought to register, but she just recreated the documents she needed and brought them in. When she told them that she was an orphan, living with the Lahiffes, they were much more lenient with her and her lack of professional paperwork. And then, time went by so quickly and there she was, walking to school with Nino, her hands shoved in the pockets of her jeans.

“Hey Emma?” He said.

“Yeah?” She responded, breaking out from her thoughts.

“Why haven’t you tried harder to get back home? Your home I mean.” She shrugged.

“I mean… we agreed to not talk about the future.” He frowned.

“What could be so bad about the future that’s keeping you from going back?” She shook her head.

“It’s not the future itself, it’s what’s waiting for me when I get back. I have different responsibilities there. I have to save the city. I have to live up to the expectations my mother has for me. But here, I have my job, and my mom is great, and…” he stopped.

“You’ve been interacting with your mom in this time?” She nodded.

“Yeah. She works at that bakery I work at.” His eyes went wide.

“Your mom is Marinette Dupain-Cheng?” She shook her head.

“This is future information, Nino.” He sighed.

“Isn’t that messing with your future, though? All of this interacting with your mom can change everything you know. Just being in the same class with not only your dad but also your mom? This is really risky.” She sighed.

“You don’t know what the future is. Maybe what I’m doing is making it a better future. Maybe I
can stop…” He shook his hands.

“No no. You can’t tell me about this big thing that happens. We’re here anyways. Remember, you’re just my friend Mila.” She nodded.

“Just your friend Mila.”

As they walked in, she looked to Nino, watching as he went to sit with his girlfriend, Alya.

“Nino. Where should I sit?” He realized they hadn’t discussed that.

“I don’t know. Just, go sit in the back. There’s usually seats there.” She nodded and headed to the back. She could get a clear view of the students who were coming in and taking their seats. As Marinette entered, she watched as the wheels in her mother’s mind were turning. Marinette could sit next to the boy who has stolen her heart or she could come sit with her new friend. Marinette started to walk towards the blonde haired girl, but she waved her hands in a way of saying “don’t come up here” and then she pointed towards her teenaged father and gave Marinette a thumbs up. The pig-tailed girl nodded nervously and sat next to him.

“Hey Marinette!” He said sweetly, his voice genuine.

“Hadrihi I mean Hidrien I mean uh… hello!” She cringed. Adrien smiled obliviously and leaned in to whisper.

“Alya and Nino sure are getting close, huh? They really did ditch us. That makes us the third wheels.” Marinette couldn’t particularly focus on his words but she nodded. Even after getting the courage to kiss him on the cheek at the class picnic before the break, Adrien was still quite oblivious to her feelings. They hadn’t talked much over the summer, with Adrien having full day photo shoots and training and all of the other things she had stalkerishly memorized and kept track of. But really, even though she still got nervous around him, it was easier for her to talk to him. Maybe it was because she was starting to lose the rose colored glasses and stopped holding him to this pedestal of perfection. Emma had made her realize that he was just Adrien, and maybe that was better.

Suddenly, as if there was a gust of wind with dramatic orchestrations, a girl with sunglasses propped on her head entered the room with a confidence Emma didn’t even know such a small girl could possess. Her stride had strength and intention.

The girl looked at Marinette, almost ready to say something snarky, but her eyes darted to the back of the room, right to where Emma was sitting. Walking up with swagger in her step, she leaned over the desk, holding up her body with her weight.

“You’re obviously new. Well, sorry to break it to you sweetie, but being the blonde pretty one is my brand so… you better back off.” Emma raised an eyebrow.

“Considering you said that you think I’m pretty, I’m guessing you’re insecure and worry I’m going to knock you off from whatever throne you’ve placed yourself on in the social step ladder. Don’t worry, I’m just here to learn and mind my own business. So how about you make yourself useful and back off, yourself?” The ponytailed girl’s mouth went agape.

“You know what, new girl? I like your attitude. Why don’t you come and sit with me in the front?” The bright haired girl with the glasses behind her furrowed her brows.
“But Chloe what about…” Chloe held up her hand, silencing the meek girl.

“You can sit back here, Sabrina. You don’t want this lovely new girl to feel left out, do you?” The girl shook her head. Emma didn’t like where this was going.

“Really, I’m fine sitting back here. You don’t have to…”

“Really. I insist. One new friend at a new school, right?” Emma hesitated, but she forced a smile.

“I really appreciate it. Chloe, right?” She nodded.

“Chloe Bourgeois. You must’ve heard about me. Daddy is the mayor and mother is one of the most famous fashion designers in the world.” Emma smiled again.

“Right. Totally heard of them. We should get to our seats, right?” Chloe smirked, pleased that Emma is already following her lead.

“Yes we should.” As Emma and Chloe got to their seats, Emma took the seat near the middle of the row. Chloe scoffed.

“That’s my seat.” Emma looked up to her.

“Well, I just figured since you invited me to come sit down here, I could also choose my own seat. I could just go in the back and send your friend back down here…” Chloe shook her head.

“Uh, no. No really. You can sit there!” She composed herself, putting on her cool facade back on. “I mean, we can always switch spots. Every other day we can change. Right?” Emma nodded.

“Yeah, of course. You’re amazing, Chloe. So gracious and generous. I’m so glad we’re new friends.” Emma knew the only way to deal with people like Chloe was to kiss up to them. Fake it until you make it, she always said.

“Oh, you flatter me.” She paused. “What’s your name?” Emma had to stop herself before stating,

“Mila Pelletier.” Chloe raised her eyebrows.

“Mila? You don’t look like a Mila. You look more like an Emma…” Before Chloe could continue, Madame Bustier entered.

“Good morning class, and welcome to the new school year…”

As lunch rolled around, Emma went to go talk to sit with her dad and his friends, but Chloe stopped her.

“Where are you going?” She shrugged.

“I have other friends that go here.” Chloe raised an eyebrow.

“Really? Who?” She pointed over to the table with the four friends joking and laughing together.

“You’re friends with Marinette Dupain-Cheng?” The way she said her mom’s name was in the disdain that she was familiar with.

“Do you not like her?” Chloe rolled her eyes.
"I get it, you’re new. You don’t get it. You don’t know her like I do.” Emma furrowed her eyebrows.

“I actually do know her, though. I work at her parent’s bakery.” Chloe seemed appalled by that statement. “Listen, Chloe. She can be really selfish and ignorant and cares only about herself and her goals. I know she shoves her way to the top through manipulation and hurting others. Okay wait I had a point, this isn’t the point I was trying to make.” Emma took a deep breath. “Marinette Dupain-Cheng may not be the best person, but she’s also not the worst. At the end of the day she’s trying her best just like you and me. Right now, she has the best intent, and she may not do the right thing but she means well.” She paused in realization. “She really does does what she does because she wants to protect…” She stopped herself. “Everyone else. And make them happy.” Chloe scoffed, not wanting to see Marinette that way.

“Well if you love Marinette so much, why don’t you go sit with her instead of me?” Emma shook her head, disappointed in the girl’s stubbornness.

“Yeah. I will. If you ever change your mind Chloe.” She looked over at the four teens, clearly happier than Chloe was. “If you ever decide that you’d rather live your life free of useless hatred and held grudges, I’ll be here. And Marinette will be here. And we will all be waiting for you to take the first step in being a better person.” Emma patted Chloe on the shoulder and went to sit with the group. The boy in the red hat smiled and scooted over.

“Guys, this is Mila.” He turned to her. “I’ve already told them about you and how you’ve been…” Emma nodded.

“Living with you. Yeah. It’s really nice to meet you a…” She looked at Adrien, stopping. This was really him. Seeing him from the seat next to her was different than being right here, across from him. Admiring from afar was much easier than actually talking one on one. “Y-you Adrien Agreste you and you yes wow you’re and you’re just and wow you…” Nino cleared his throat.

“Mila is a huge fan of your… modeling.” Emma nodded her head, still speechless.

“It’s always nice to meet a fan! If you want, I can give you an autograph.” Mila shook her head no.

“Uh n-no it’s that’s fine autograph I’m good it’s you know HA ha you know just meeting you is WOW wow, you know haha?” Her face was going red from how embarrassed she was. This was her first chance to meet her dad and she’s a complete wreck. Adrien nodded, oblivious as always. Alya eyed the blonde girl suspiciously.

“Do we know each other?” Emma, completely detached from anything going on around her, turned her head with a mumbled “huh?” Snapping back she processed the question.

“Uh yeah we met when I first got here. I mean uh when I first moved here. I was getting some uh some fresh air on…” Alya snapped as she remembered.

“When you were on the top of that building, yeah! Well you’re always welcome to hang out with us. I could see you were having a hard time with Chloe. Don’t worry about her. To her this is her world and we’re just living in it.” Emma nodded in agreement.

“It’s pretty sad though. You can obviously tell it’s just a front that she puts up because she’s afraid of being rejected, when really the front is what’s keeping her from being accepted.” Adrien looked to Emma, shocked at her statement.

“I’ve known Chloe for a long time. It’s nice that you tried to give her a chance. I think deep down,
she really needs a good friend. I just don’t think I can be that friend.” Emma felt on cloud nine since her dad was proud of something she did. He was as amazing as she imagined him.

The rest of lunch, the group talked and told Emma about the school and the area and she told them about herself without giving away too much. Emma was really liking it there, and she didn’t want to go back home.
“I think you have some competition, Mari.” Alya said as she sat in Marinette’s bedroom, scrolling through the Ladynoir tag on Tumblr while the pig-tailed girl pinned a skirt.

“What do you mean?” Alya looked up from her phone.

“I mean that new girl, Mila.” Marinette raised an eyebrow.

“What about her? Just because she works at the bakery with me doesn’t mean…” Alya put down her phone.

“Not the bakery. I mean Adrien. Obviously she is totally crushing on him. The only person I’ve ever seen that flustered around that boy was you.” Marinette shook her head.

“No, you don’t know Mila like I do. She doesn’t like Adrien. I mean when we do talk about him she does ask a lot of questions about him, but you know it was more like she wanted to get to know about my friends not…” Marinette paused. “But she didn’t really ask that stuff about my other friends. Huh. Maybe she does…” She turned to her best friend. “But if she really does like Adrien, then what if he likes her back? Then I would never have a chance with someone as beautiful and confident as Mila. Then me and Adrien will never get married and we will never have our pet hamster and I’ll be this woman who got in a shoddy marriage with a man she never loved, and be widowed after he gets in a tragic motorcycle crash even though I told him ‘Pierre don’t get that damn motorcycle!’” Alya grabbed the small girls shoulders.

“Woah girl, calm down. You’re totally overreacting. I was just trying to make a joke. Don’t freak out. Adrien doesn’t even seem like he sees her that way.” Marinette untensed. “If it is really bothering you, we can just ask her. We are friends now. It would be friendly girl chat.” Marinette checked her phone.

“She gets off at seven tonight. I can invite her to come join our sleepover I guess.” Alya smiled.

“Plus it gives us more the reason to get to know her better. She needs some good friends.” Marinette nodded.

“I’ll go down and ask her.”

And then there Emma was, sitting in her mom’s childhood bedroom with her mom’s best friend that she never talked about, eating cucumber slices.

“Thank you guys for inviting me tonight. I really haven’t left the Lahiffe home in months. It’s a nice change.” The two girls smiled.

“No problem at all, girl,” Alya responded.

“You know, I’ve never been to a sleepover before. My mom is super strict so she barely let me out of the house.” Alya raised her eyebrows.

“That sounds like someone we know. You remember Adrien, right?” Emma smiled brightly just thinking of her father.

“Hey Mila? This’ll be just between us but, do you have a crush on him?” Emma laughed not realizing that she was being serious.

“Really? Me liking Adrien Agreste? That’s actually… ew that’s gross just thinking about that. Sorry. That would uh that be like just wrong. He’s not my type, if you know what I mean.

They didn’t get what she meant. “Guys, I’m gay. I thought Nino told you. I moved in with him because my mom kicked me out after I came out.” Emma had told that lie so many times it started to feel like the truth.

“Wow, that totally slipped my mind. Then why do you get so awkward around him?” Emma’s face went red with blush, something she inherited from her mother.

“I’m a huge fan of all of his work. I don’t know if you’d understand. My mom is… into fashion. I grew up with a critical eye for fabrics and stitches and the way things are modeled. He models with a maturity that not many people his age has. It’s admirable. The only times I modeled was when I was really young, and I wasn’t nearly as natural as he was.”

(And that’s where I gave up on this piece and never continued writing)

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