Princess of Night Raven

by FeliciaBelle

Summary

Crowley owed him a favor, and since his kitten wasn't much help; Plagg had to take matters into his own paws. One invitation later and Marinette found herself among unlikely friends and allies.

Notes

Yes, Hi. I was rudely awoken and I'm feeling salty today. Plus, I've been kind to a particular class for way too long (Sorry babe, it had to be done!)
It was official, Plagg had seen everything; now don’t get him wrong, he’s had his fair share of holders throughout time and while some of them were brash and just downright assholes, they’ve always had their Ladybug’s backs! But his current holder wasn’t like the others; now, Plagg was a reasonable Kwami, he knew that no two Black Cats were the same and it was understandable; but the actions Adrien has been pulling was inexcusable. Okay, he did try to standup for Marinette in the false accusations, but as the saying went ‘too little, too late’, he’s had his chances when the sausage girl’s been slandering her left and right and starting up the ‘Anti-Marinette’ campaign. Right now, he watched as his holder started fretting, he had sold his soul to the liar just to get Spots back into school but nothing’s really changed; the slanders still happened, and life was just drained from the poor girl. It was getting too sad to watch and he had to step in; if he didn’t, then Ladybug would be compromised and that’s the last thing anyone needed.

Changing schools could only do so much, if the liar found out she would take to the net and mess with Spots’ reputation there. It wasn’t like she could go to another…realm. His green eyes widened at the idea; of course! One of his kittens could help! It wasn’t unheard of for a Kwami to be in another realm, and he was with this particular kitten for a while before he had to return to this one and before he left, his kitten said ‘If you need anything from me, please don’t be afraid to ask.’ And who was he to deny help? There was just one thing he needed; his current holder to do the right spell it shouldn’t be too hard to get him to agree.

“Hey, if you’re done having a meltdown, you could help me out here.” Plagg called.

Adrien looked over and sighed, “If it’s to get you more of that smelly cheese-”

“It’s not.” He flew up to him. “You wanna help your friend, you have to help me.”

“What is it you want me to do?”

“Get a marker and draw the following runes on your full-body mirror.”

Plagg picked up a pen and started to draw four distinct runes for Adrien to copy onto a mirror. It was an odd request, but Adrien followed the directions his kwami had laid out for him; once the runes were in place and a small drop of blood was placed along with an incantation, the mirror had transformed into a doorway. The boy stared in awe as Plagg lead him through the new doorway; the other side was unlike anything he had seen before, they stood in a room filled with mirrors and coffins. He barely had time to get a better look around before Plagg flew off, he hurried to catch up to him; even trying to urge him to tell him where they were, each time was just met with ‘don’t worry about it, we’re just visiting a former holder’. That did get his curiosity going, wasn’t there a rule in place about past holders not meeting each other? Whatever, if Plagg was in the mood to break a rule or two, so was he; plus, he would get to know something that Ladybug didn’t even know!

As they walked through the stone hallway and passing by students, they eventually came to a set of double doors. Plagg had flown in and rushed up to the man at the desk; wearing a greatcoat over his suit. Thick black bird feathers curl out from its blue collar, while the tips of the coat are cut to resemble two bird wings. The top hat he wore had a mirror-like charm. The man looked up at the two when they had entered and approached his desk, he smiled when he saw Plagg in front of him.

“Ah, my old friend!” He smiled. “How have you been, Plagg?”
Plagg shrugged. “Been better, you remember our promise? If I need your help?”

The man nodded slowly. “I do, what is it you need?”

Plagg sat on the desk; “I want you to take in a new student, yes, they’re mortal; but I don’t care. Take them in.”

“Wait…Plagg!” Adrien called out. “You can’t just ask your previous holder to take in Marinette! What about her family!”

The Kwami flew over and narrowed his eyes at him. “You think I want pigtails to attend school in another realm?! My paws are tied, seeing how your passiveness is shattering her I have to take your job as the black cat in making sure that she doesn’t break!” he hissed.

“But…she wouldn’t…” Adrien lowered his gaze.

“Look kid, you’re not a bad kitten.” Plagg sighed. “You mean well and it shows, but right now we’re on damage control. If Marinette shatters and becomes akumatized…it’s all over for everyone.”

“Ahem.” The man cleared his throat to get their attention. “From what I’m hearing it sounds like you boys are in quite a predicament; this is a highly unusual request from you, Plagg, however, I will honor your request.” He leaned back and started to dig around his desk. “We’ve had a mortal stumble in here before and we’ve managed, it shouldn’t be too hard to accommodate her…of course our last mortal was a male and this is a girl being accepted into an all-boys school.”

“I know, Dire.” Plagg sighed. “but you know I wouldn’t ask something like this if it weren’t serious.”

“Naturally.” He turned to Adrien. “Now then, your concerns are about the people she’s leaving behind, yes?” he saw the boy nod. “A concern I see all too often, this is a private school with dorms; I often get new students asking about families and it’s an easy fix with phones wired to other realms, visitations, etc.” He waved his hand. “Your friend will be fine here.”

Adrien looked down at that; “What about her reputation?” he asked softly. “She’s been wrongfully expelled last month!”

Dire leaned on the desk and laced his fingers together. “Let me worry about that, you just focus your attention on your friend and help her get ready to become a student here.”

“Yes sir.”

“Good, Plagg…if you could take him home so that I may get everything ready for our new student here.”

Plagg gave a small salute before taking Adrien out of the headmaster’s office.

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A month was all it took for her to lose almost everything; sure, she had the rest of the school as her friends, but with how her useless principal was and how her homeroom teacher was with ‘keeping the peace’, transferring to a different class had been made impossible. Her parents had threatened them and had emailed the board about pulling their daughter out; the only blessing was when it came to Sabine Cheng, no-one wanted to face her wrath. She was able to get Marinette’s records and had the spineless headmaster clear any and all charges from the wrongful expulsion, but the damage was already done. The ‘Akuma Class’ as the rest of the school had dubbed them, were
growing more and more cult like, and it was taxing on everyone’s mental health. The battle to get Marinette out was the easy part, the rest of the war wasn’t over yet, unfortunately.

It was another day of having a hard time finding a school to enroll into, most of the choices she wanted would have to dig deep into any records and if they saw the redacted expulsion it was just going to make things impossible. Online school had been a headache – she couldn’t really prove it, but she was certain that Max had been sending viruses to her computer and forcing her to the library to do coursework there. She kept her head up though, true there were cracks right now but they’re hardly noticeable; she was Ladybug, if she could handle fighting akumas and senti-monsters, she can handle complicated coursework at the library. After all, there was always a silver-lining, right?

There was, it just came in a way she never expected. Sabine was just getting the mail when she saw it; a black envelope with gold lining; Marinette’s name was written in golden calligraphy and the back was sealed with a wax seal showing a raven in the center. The back also had the word ‘Welcome’ written as well. Feeling protective, she called Marinette from her room and handed the letter to her; both had an idea it was just an invitation to an event somewhere, but with the track record of her former classmates trying to get a hold of Marinette, they couldn’t really be too careful when it came to strange invites like this. Both silently looked at each other before they broke the seal and opened the letter.

Dear Marinette Dupain-Cheng,

My name is Dire Crowley, headmaster of the prestigious school Night Raven College. I understand there may be confusion about a lot of things and I will do my best in clearing the air before we get to the fun parts of this letter. Starting off with the What; Night Raven College is a prestigious private academy to train students in becoming a great mage. Traditionally, we are an all-boys school, which brings us to the next point; the Why.

An old friend of mine had beseeched me in helping you out, he’s told me of the situation at your mortal school. As I am a man of my word, I assured him that I would do my best in helping you out; we’ve already had a mortal stumble into our school and became an unlikely student – this makes everything easier for the both of us. We will do our best to accommodate you after enrolling you. How; just fax over your files and we’ll get you sorted out. As for the arrival, we will provide the means of your arrival…and yes, we do work with the Magic Community, any credits you earn here will be transferred over to a university of your choice.

I know, this all sounds too good to be true; but I assure you it is. At the bottom of the letter you are free to call and ask about any inquiries you may have. As I had stated, you would be our first ever female student and our second mortal student. Of course, there are a few things you should know before you even think about diving into this world of ours.

• Any familiar you bring; you are in control of. We cannot simply allow a magical creature to run around unsupervised.

• Mind your Magic. Mortal or not, you must definitely have hidden potential and it’d be a waste not to show it off; reiterating myself, we train our students to be a great mage and you simply can’t do that if you hide your talent. Of course, do be careful, the last thing we need is another chandelier incident.

• Bring identification and personal belongings. While I understand that the last case was…special and out of control, this time a mortal – in this case, you – are in control. Please do not leave yourself stranded; we can only do so much in helping you if you somehow do.

Follow these guidelines before calling us and we can make everything work out in the end.
“It’s a shot in the dark, but if it keeps Max from infecting my computer for the umpteenth time and keeps the others from trying to harass me, I’ll go.” Marinette agreed softly.

Sabine nodded in agreement. “I’ll get the papers faxed out.” She wrote down the number and made her way to the machine in the living room.

Marinette took a breath of air before grabbing the landline and dialing the office, there were a few loops to go through before she was finally able to talk to someone.

“Yes?” Came a cool voice. “Can I help you?”

“Yes…Hi!” Marinette cleared her throat. “My name is Marinette, I…got the letter today and I’m calling to give you my answer…sir.”

Silence.

Marinette felt her heart stop before the voice returned.

“My apologies, I had to move from my phone for a minute.” The sound of papers shuffling was heard in the background. “Now then, about your response and any further inquiries?”

“Where is the school located first of all?” She asked. “I know Collinswood is on the outskirts of Paris, where are you?”

“Why, in another realm of course.” Dire replied simply. “Unlike the aforementioned school, we like to keep from the prying eyes of Mortals alike. Not that we don’t trust mortals, but…the concept of magic tends to go over their heads.”

Marinette let out a soft giggle. “I can’t really argue there, but how would I get to your school?”

“Hmm we usually have a carriage carry a Dark Mirror and have that collect students deemed worthy to join, but…we’ve noticed it had some rather.” He paused. “Nasty side effects, we’re still going to send a carriage to you but it’s going to be a better ride.”

“I see…well, in that case; I’ll happily join your school…any inquiries I have, I can ask you as the tour begins right?”

“Of course, Miss Marinette. We look forward to having you.”
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

I awoke to my allergies murdering me. Ah well, I got some writing done so.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

If you were to tell her that she would have a future within a school filled to the brim with mischievous and villainous students, she probably would assume you to be akumatized. But that’s what Chat Noir told her the night she was packing; she could still remember that conversation even after she watched Paris fade away from the carriage. His kwami lent a helping paw in getting her out of a toxic environment, he wanted to tell her everything from that meeting but swore that he’d keep quiet – after all, that would reveal his identity and he didn’t want his favorite civilian to be swooning over him. She understood and she gave him a big hug that evening, the very evening they shared cookies and had a marathon over Zumbo’s Just Desserts (A few times her parents came in when they were screaming at the screen; in their defense, one contestant thought it was a good idea to use dragon fruit and dark chocolate for a child’s birthday. Just…why?!) just before Marinette went to bed and Chat had to go out for patrol, he asked her if when everything quiets down, they could try one of the challenges, she nodded tiredly to that. Aside from the class in Ms. Mendeleiev’s class, Chloe, Sabrina, and Nathaniel, Chat Noir was her best friend and she was happy that he was able to get her out of that school. It was official, she was going to make him a cake for this.

Which brought her to the now; the city of lights were no more and she was somewhere deep in the forest, the trees made it darker than it should be – it was only twelve noon, the silence was deafening – save for the sound of hooves from the horse pulling the carriage. All Marinette could think of was that she felt like she was going to be offered to Count Dracula as a sacrificial bride, the thought made her chuckle a little. The thought was so outlandish, she couldn’t help but to laugh at it. She took a quick selfie and sent it to her friends captioning it as ‘On my way to marry the vampire lord’, it got a lot of good laughs and it really helped with the nerves. Relaxing once more (and playing silly app games like candy crush to kill time), the forest around her had shifted again; she was still in the forest, but one look at the trees was enough to tell her that she wasn’t in Paris anymore. Her heart was racing as the carriage left the forest and had came onto a cobblestone path leading up to the main entrance of the school.

School? Oh no, no. Collinswood was a school with its Victorian Era manor and a welcome home feeling, this? This is going to Dracula’s castle! Marinette had felt her eyes widen at the sight of the towering castle, when she wasn’t honed in on that, she was staring at the man waiting for her – the Headmaster himself. Oh lord, he’s just as intimidating as the castle, and that’s with the mask on! It took every ounce of courage she had to climb out of the carriage and go up to him, she smiled bright to hide the fear welling inside her.

“Miss Marinette, welcome.” He greeted. “I hope the ride was to your liking, no rough patches?”

“The ride was fine.” She assured. “I want to thank you for doing this, my friend told me about the meeting you had with him.”

Crowley nodded and approached her, “No matter who you are in life, it is always best to keep your
word.” He snapped his fingers, summoning a set of brooms to collect her belongings. “They’ll hold onto your stuff until we get your dorm sorted out, until then, how about a quick tour? It’ll be a while before the dorm heads are ready for us.”

The tour itself went like a breeze – sort of; there were moments where Marinette immediately pulled from the headmaster and took out her sketchbook before going wild with designing. Everything about this school was one inspiration after another it wasn’t until sketch number five that she looked up sheepishly at the headmaster; surprisingly he just nodded for her to finish the current sketch – based off the courtyard they were in. Once she was finished, she was able to continue the tour without any problems. Aside from the basic rundown of the school rules and where to find everything with ease. Marinette made sure to make mental notes of everything; it was still intimidating to be here, but she stood tall and proud. Everything was going to be fine, she kept repeating to herself, and she kept repeating that up until they reached a set of doors, most likely for the quick entrance ceremony.

“Before we go in, can I ask something?” she watched him nod. “You said on the phone that there was another way – a gate with the carriage?”

“Ah yes, The Dark Mirror can be a finicky thing; usually when it scouts people out a carriage is sent with a Gate, however…according to our last Mortal student it…has a unique shape.”

Marinette just went silent. “Okay, I wasn’t going to say anything because I didn’t want to be offensive but, this school is sounding more and more like a Vampire Castle and I’m starting to become convinced that I’m going to die here.”

“A…vampire castle?” Crowley laughed. “That’s the first I’ve heard our school being compared to such!” he ruffled her hair. “Ah, you mortals and your sense of humor never cease to amuse me.” He smiled. “Shall we proceed with the welcome ceremony then?”

She really needed to learn to stop expecting something else. Upon entering the Mirror chamber, Marinette was greeted to the sight of seven individuals wearing robes (one had freaking horns!), floating coffins, and a mirror in the center of the room. Coffins…assuming those are the gates, Headmaster Crowley spoke about. Right, there was no turning back at this point – not that she wanted to turn back. She was going to see this through.

“Step right up to the Dark Mirror, my dear and we’ll get you sorted into your dorm.” Crowley instructed.

“Oh? Our new student is a female?” A curious voice rang out.

From Marinette’s peripheral vision; she saw the voice belonged to a silver-haired boy with glasses.

“Headmaster Crowley said the new student was a unique case.” The Redhead noted. “I wonder what happened?”

“We’ll find out eventually.” The one with horns said.

Great. She hadn’t begun her first day and already she was the talk of the school; this wasn’t going to end well was it.

A face in the mirror showed up (Oh the flashbacks of marathoning Snow White with Chloe were hitting hard right now). “State thy name.”

“M…Marinette Dupain-Cheng.”
“The shape of thy soul…a rose; bright and red.”

“A Heartslabyul student.” The redhead approached her and the mirror. “I’ll take things from here.”

Crowley nodded. “I’ll see to it that your belongings are brought to your designated dorm.”

“Thank you, sir.” Marinette bowed a little. “And um…thank you for having me…You?”

“Riddle.” He introduced. “Riddle Rosehearts, I’m the head of Heartslabyul; just follow the rules and we won’t have any trouble.”

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**Queen Bee:** Okay, so there’s way too many questions I don’t even know where to begin!

**Fashionista:** You’re telling me. My dorm is nice at least, Wonderland feeling and well…feels like I’m living in the Queen’s castle

**D. Mouse:** Yeah…that’s what the pictures suggests. We can’t wait to see the uniform >:3

**Fashionista:** Keep dreaming, I’m making my own version of it. Anyway, how are things in hell?

**D. Mouse:** Hmm…Chaos is putting it lightly, I’m actually close to submitting a cult claim in Ms. Bustier’s classroom.

**Super Nate has logged on**

**Super Nate:** Sorry for being late! Marc and I were in a meeting with our publisher! Mari, how’s the new school?

**Fashionista:** It’s intimidating, but I’m liking it so far. I officially start class tomorrow, but right now I’d rather just hang out in the arena with you guys…I miss Raphael.

**Super Nate:** You just miss the heavily modified version of him that you use to stab us with!

“Miss Marinette?” Riddle’s voice called out. “The welcoming banquet is about to start, are you settled in?”

“Yeah!” She stood up. “I was just updating some of my friends about the school, they’re wishing me well.”

“I see, I’ll let you finish up then. We’ll be in the lounge; it’s a small get-together, but I’m sure it’ll be to your liking.” Riddle assured. “Think of it as an unbirthday party.”

Marinette giggled a bit. “Thank you, Riddle…I’ll meet you down shortly.

**Fashionista:** Our date with the soul edge will have to wait. I have an unbirthday party to attend to.

**Queen Bee:** Marinette…I…Okay I can’t think of anything witty. What do you even say to that?

**Super Nate:** …I’m half expecting a selfie with you and the Mad Hatter now.

**D. Mouse:** Pics or it didn’t happen

**Fashionista:** I TOLD YOU THIS SCHOOL IS ON ANOTHER LEVEL! But seriously, I do have
Marinette turned her phone off and looked around her new room for the time being; red and black was the color scheme, her bed was a four-post frame with red sheets and black pillows with rose embroidered into them. It was beautiful and she was able to unload her belongings with ease; she had her sewing station by the window where she could oversee the beautiful red rose trees (though there were some white roses scattered in). Her desk had the essentials and the miracle box was sitting pretty inside the bottom drawer; while she wasn’t thrilled about being the next guardian, she was grateful at the same time – she had the horse miraculous change into stylish sunglasses so she could return home in case of an akuma attack. Of course, she was going to need a new excuse wheel while she was here. The uniform was going to be a bit of a problem; it wasn’t that she didn’t like the white suits the boys wore here, nor did she find the standard black uniforms bad…they were just on the bit…No. She was going to design her own version of the uniform and no-one was going to stop her. That would have to be after the welcoming from her dorm of course.

Grabbing her small bag that Tikki and Kaalki were hiding out in, she left the dorm and made her way to the lounge where Riddle said they would be meeting. Upon arriving there was a banner that said “Welcome Alice”, a table set up with a white cloth and a tea set ready, desserts were sitting in the center of the table and standing next to Riddle (who was glaring at the banner) were four boys; all with a wide Cheshire grin on their faces.

Riddle sighed and ran his hand through his red locks, he turned to Marinette with a tired smile on his face. “Ah, Marinette; glad you could join us!”

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world.” She smiled. “Uh…can I ask about the banner?” she pointed up. “Why does it say ‘Welcome Alice’?”

The first boy raised his hand; dark orange hair, red eyes, and a heart patch over his left eye. “Because you’re in our own little Wonderland!” he chimed. “If Riddle is our King of Hearts, that makes you our Alice!”

“Ace so help me!” Riddle groaned.

“What? It’s true!”

Marinette laughed “Does that make you the dorm’s Cheshire Cat?”

“Don’t encourage him!” Riddle hissed. “He doesn’t need it.”

Ace blinked and tapped his chin in thought. “Then…Trey would be our White Rabbit, Cater is our Hatter, and Deuce is our March Hare!”

With that logic, she could easily take a group picture and label them as such to her friends. Marinette shook her head and took a seat by Riddle and Ace; the idea was to start with a small group before going all-out with the rest of the dorm and what better way to welcome her than with some of the students who caused trouble on their first day here. It helped her nerves greatly and she was able to relax and get to know everyone a little better; Riddle was stern and upholds rules made by the Queen of Hearts – still, in light of that he did have his fun side (if you were close to him) according to Trey. Ace was blunt, cheerful, a little mean, but also pretty clever – case in point was the Alice comment (of course he was learning the hard way that sweet Alice tended to have a bit of an edge to her; she tended to be on the defense whenever he tried to tease her. He made the mental note to confront her about it later). Deuce was serious as well, though not so much as Riddle, the
only difference is one was organized and the other was not…Deuce was the one that wasn’t organized (and Marinette made it her goal to help him on that track). Trey was the big brother type for certain, he was the protector type and…he always backed up Riddle (turned out he and Riddle were childhood friends), not only that he was the unofficial dorm’s dentist with his weird obsession with dental care. And finally Cater; popular, stylish, and a gourmet, what wasn’t there to love about him? Okay, he could be cruel sometimes. In a weird way, he reminded her of Chloe. Oh lord, she found Chloe’s long-lost brother.

“Did I say something funny?” Cater asked, confused.

Marinette shook her head, “Sorry, you just remind me so much of my friend back home.” She wiped her eyes. “It’s like you two are related.”

“Can I ask what her name is?”

“Chloe, but uh…there’s obviously no relation so…”

“Now can I have her number so we can gossip about you?” He smirked.

She shook her head, “I can ask her if she’s okay with it. I’m not just going to give her number to random guys I just met.”

“Ha, you’ve been demoted from Hare to Random Guy!” Ace laughed. “At least I’m still Alice’s Cheshire Cat.”

“Sorry Ace, but the role of my kitty belongs to someone already.” She watched him pout. “Sorry, but he’s a dear friend who got me into this school to begin with, I can’t replace him with someone else.”

“Fiiine, be that way.” He huffed. “Speaking of…what exactly happened? I mean, why transfer here?”

Marinette stiffened at that, that got the attention of all five boys; something definitely happened in the mortal realm. Riddle narrowed his eyes and laid a hand on her shoulder.

“Easy, you don’t have to tell us if you don’t want to.”

“I do…eventually. Just not tonight, if that’s okay?” she said, barely above a whisper.

“Perhaps we should move to a different topic.” Deuce offered. “What do you have in mind for a uniform?”

That brought her out of her funk, she was eager to tell them about a possible plan; it was going to be Victorian themed and the colors were going to be based off the Queen of Hearts with red being the base and black accents, recurring prints of hearts and checker patterns. The pinafore will feature an upside-down spade and will have the astronomical signs of Venus and Leo. The ribbon will have a dark gray heart-shaped skull. Of course, she contemplated about adding in the gloves, but thought that was going overboard. The boys had learned a lot in their time together with her; she loved designing and planned to take the modeling world by storm, she had friends back home, and something in the Mortal world caused her some distress. Clearly, they were going to have to keep an eye on their Alice while she was here.

Chapter End Notes
Can I admit that I messed up somewhere due to lost in translation? Yes? Good because that's what happened last chapter and we're not going back to fix shit.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

The terrible two are at it again; Harry wakes me up, Charlie screams at me for the canned food, Harry then lurks outside the room Charlie eats in and is ready to go after the leftovers. Animals are insanely smart, give them time and they'll learn how to pick locks.

Another morning, another day of dealing with the lying worshipping cult that she called her class. Chloe scoffed as she made her way up the steps to the school, she was early to most everyone’s surprise, but it was easy especially when Marinette texts you in the wee hours of the morning to show off progress of some kind. She had made macarons this morning; no surprise, she grew up in the bakery. But this wasn’t like before, she woke up and made boxes for the boys from yesterday, the dorm itself, and boxes for her new classmates. Chloe shook her head when she saw the pictures, she had a gut feeling that Marinette woke up who knows when and started making them. Rest in peace, dorm kitchen, you had a good life.

The pictures were something that got the school talking; unlike Bustier’s class, the rest of the school adored Marinette. Aurore led a protest about the wrongful expulsion and while Damocles’ didn’t budge, he did flinch when Sabine and Tom tore him apart and demanded her records – it also helped when you have Sabrina whispering in their ears about regulations and how the system really worked; an investigation wasn’t enacted, and now Damocles had lost a star student that kept the grades up. That attracted the schoolboard, and while they worked in the shadows, Damocles was on a very thin wire and it only took one wrong step for it to snap and get him out of the school. And when that happened, it would leave a lovely crack in Lila’s empire – and that was the day Chloe was going to revel in her suffering and rub it in. That was going to be a wonderful day, but she had to wait; a queen was patient, and right now, the pre-show was about to happen and it all started with those pictures from the Unbirthday Party and from this morning.

“Hey Chloe.” Adrien walked up to her.

Right, she couldn’t forget about him. Adrien means well, just doesn’t do so well – hey, with a father like Gabriel, it was a given. At least she was doing everything in her power to keep that parasite away from him, pros to being childhood friends; you can convince the reclusive father that having a student assistant is beneficial, Lola has no chance of being near Adrien now that she and Sabrina had control of the schedule – and with a few bits of working in the shadows, Nathalie wouldn’t even suspect a thing.

“Morning Adrien; you have a shoot with a new photographer.” She recited. “Takaba from Tokyo, something about promotion across the seas.”

“Thanks…uh I’ve overheard the school talk about Marinette, how is she?” he asked.

Chloe smiled and nudged him. “She doesn’t have you blocked, check her page.”

Adrien nodded and took his phone out, he immediately went to her Instagram page and smiled at the sight before him; Marinette was with some of her new dorm mates, the first picture had the group shot captioned “Celebrating a welcoming with my new ‘family’.” Then it evolved to
someone taking a picture on her behalf and captioning things like ‘Riddle told us to put her down, we say no!’ ‘Alice is having the time of her life’ and each shot was just as fun and crazy as the last (Of course, the Dorm head had a scowl on his face during some antics, but one look in his eyes could tell he was secretly having fun). The final picture was Marinette standing next to a very confused dorm head and members staring at the boxes of macarons she had made.

“Hey, Adrikins.” Chloe got his attention. “Thank you for getting her out of here.”

Adrien blinked. “What makes you think I had anything to do with this?”

“Please, I know you; you were stressing out over how to make everything up to Marinette for the poor advice from day one.” She looked at her nails. “I know you said something to that parasite, a lying disease? Who the fuck is she trying to fool?”

He sighed. “I did everything I could.” He admitted. “But, in the end, I had to turn to magic for this; you’re not…going to tell her, are you? I sort of convinced her that my Hero side did it for her.”

“My lips are sealed.” She promised. “She’s happier now and it’s only her first day at the new school.”

“Yeah.” He smiled. “You know Lila’s going to hate this right?”

Chloe crossed her arms. “Please, she and the rest of the class are so disillusioned that it shouldn’t even be funny; that cult lives in their own little world, they don’t even see the mocking glances or hear the whispers from the halls of the others. Hell, the teachers give Bustier condescending looks, what does that tell you?”

Adrien hummed a little. “You do have a point, the cult’s called the Akuma Class after all.” He shook his head. “Well, I’m certain this is going to be a good show for you.”

Chloe smirked as she watched the rest of the school gush about Marinette’s new group. “Oh, it will be.”

Sure enough, the rest of the cult showed their faces in the halls of the school only to be greeted by everyone buzzing about something. Confusion crossed their faces as they heard people saying ‘They’re so handsome’ and ‘She’s so lucky’. Who was lucky? And who were these handsome people they were talking about? It followed into the classroom when they saw Chloe with Adrien, Sabrina, and Nathaniel looking at their phones and snickering to each other – no doubt three of them were the ringleaders of the mess. Alya stormed out of the classroom and went up to her blogging rival and tapped her shoulder, Aurore rolled her eyes and turned her phone off before turning to Alya with an annoyed look; just like the hothead she was, she demanded to know what got the school going in a frenzy.

“What’s the deal with this whole ‘unbirthday’ thing?” Alya asked. “Is some celebrity holding an Alice in Wonderland themed party or something?”

Aurore hummed. “Why should I tell you? It’s none of your business.”

Alya crossed her arms. “Because it’s not fair that my class is out of the loop?”

“Maybe if you guys got out of the blackhole fantasy you live in and try to socialize with the rest of the school, you would be in the loop.” Aurore smirked. “But I’m feeling generous today; Yesterday, a welcome party was thrown at an exclusive school – one of the dorms decided to throw a small party for their new member.”
“And that got the school buzzing because?”

Aurore turned her phone on and showed Alya the screen of Marinette in a group picture; “Because they have the Everyday Ladybug.” She smirked.

Three. Two. One.

Alya just stared; Marinette was in a new school? When did this happen? And why were they so quick to welcome a bully like her? If they had known ahead of time, they could have warned the school about her manipulative attitude! This was posted to Marinette’s new Instagram, she immediately tried looking for the profile and post but nothing was showing up – little brat blocked her! Fine, whatever, all she needed was the name of the school and contact a student there so she could warn them.

“What’s the name of the school?”

“As if I’d tell you!” she turned her phone off before Alya could get the name. “I’m not letting you sheep ruin her life anymore than you already have!”

“We’re not ruining her life!” she insisted.

“Please, if you believe that, you’re more delusional than the Ice Scream man.” She huffed. “And that’s saying something considering his murderous tendencies.”

The warning bell rang and Aurore shooed the Ladyblogger away, the fallout of what happened was a show to be seen; Chloe watched from the back as Alya had relayed the information to the rest of the sheep – Ms. Bustier was always five minutes late, so she had five minutes to enjoy the meltdown. Choruses of ‘She’s in a new school?!’ ‘I bet it’s some reform school’ and other slander filled the air – and like a good show, who was she to not record it (besides, it would help with the huge file of restraining orders and other goodies for later). Sure enough, the parasite tried to make it all about her, how ‘I tried so hard to be nice to her and apologize but she leaves before that can happen. I’m such a burden.’ Honestly, it was pathetic to watch.

**Queen Bee:** The sheep are finally aware you’re not doing online work anymore.

**Fashionista:** Sucks to suck, I take it they’re complaining about being ‘unable to teach me a lesson’ anymore?

**Queen Bee:** More or less…what class are you in?

**Fashionista:** The ‘My Headmaster printed the wrong schedule and I’m being escorted by another teacher to my correct class’ one.

**Queen Bee:** …Dear god I have so many questions

**Fashionista:** You and me both. Oh! I’m at the door, I’ll text you later Queenie.

After putting her phone away, Marinette was led inside the classroom where she was met with a tall elderly man with small grey eyes and greying, neatly combed-back hair. He wears a standard black suit beneath long maroon robes. Attached to his collar is a white jabot, which is tied off with a turquoise-colored pendant. Her heart stopped, she thought her science teacher was terrifying, this one gives a run for her money! She did her best to keep a level head and the only way she was able to do that was to look around the classroom that’s when she saw it; a cat tree with a chubby, black long-hair with a white muzzle and golden eyes. He has white patches of fur at his chest and at the
tip of his tail. She smiled and made her way to him while the teachers talked about her arrival, her actions made her classmates freeze and shaking their head at her.

“Bonjour.” She greeted the cat. “What’s your name handsome devil?” she held her hand to let him sniff.

“His name is Lucius.” Came the teacher’s cold voice. “And you must be Miss Dupain-Cheng.”

Marinette nodded and turned to him. “I am, sir.” She confirmed. “I’m sorry for being late, my schedule was messed up and I believed I had gym first hour.” She bowed.

“Humility is a virtue, something not a lot of my students have.” He stared at her. “Stand up straight before you mess your back up.”

She immediately stood up. “Sorry sir, oh! Before I forget.” She dug in her bag and took two boxes out, “I…made something for you and the class.”

It’s official, this girl was super weird in every definition of the word; she’s the only female in the school, she went up to Lucius without a care in the world, and according to Ace, she was up all-night baking for her classmates and teachers. Were all mortals like this? Her actions even took Mr. Trein by surprised; Mozus Trein, the one teacher who some students swore was made of stone, was surprised when she handed him a box of macarons. Was this one of the sleeping deaths spells? This couldn’t be reality.

Once the wave of confusion left, Mr. Trein motioned Marinette to her new seat; the middle row and right next to the prince of darkness himself, Malleus Draonia, well. It was nice meeting the new girl while it lasted. Marinette didn’t react to some of the looks her peers gave, she gave up on such since her time in hell; on the bright side, her desk mate was pretty chill. Even if his aura was unnerving to be around, she wasn’t going to judge him by that alone, he might be a great guy. She would have to worry about that later; right now, she had to focus on the lecture at hand. A look into the Great Seven and those who were either memorable, not-so-memorable, to even bringing up some of the powerful figures that causes many to shudder just by their name alone. Powerful beings such as the Horned King, sure enough, the moment Mr. Trein mentioned his name a lot of the students shuddered and flinched. While the Queen of Hearts was a ruthless ruler who demanded order, the Horned King was on another level of ruthlessness – rumors had it he was ready to decapitate a child and his pig because the kid tried lying saying that they wouldn’t have information to the Black Cauldron itself.

Just hearing the story of the Black Cauldron was enough to reawaken nightmares. Out of all the stories told in her realm, this one was nightmare fuel (of course, the books were a different story altogether, but the movie? Nuh uh, you wouldn’t get her to watch it even if you paid her a million dollars). Marinette shuddered at the memory, it was fine, she didn’t need sleep tonight anyway. Sleep was for the weak.

“If you’re done shivering, care to tell the class about the Queen of Hearts?” Mr. Trein called. “Miss Dupain-Cheng, since you’re in Heartslabyul, why don’t you enlighten us about her.”

Of course, pick on the new girl. Marinette cleared her throat and straightened up once again; “Well, it depends on where you’re from first of all.” She started out. “Back home, she’s seen as a tyrant because of how harsh she is. But what most people fail to realize is that she rules a land of nonsense, she has to be a strict and harsh ruler if Wonderland ever hoped to have order among the chaos, she was just trying to balance everything out.”

He nodded slowly before returning to the bored; “I’ll accept that answer.”
Something in her gut told her that was going to be the closest to a praise for the right answer she’s going to get. The soft chuckle beside her drew her attention from the lecture, Malleus was writing something down and sliding the note to her. Cautiously, she took it and gave a quick read:

**I can’t tell if you unintentionally insulted your dorm with the tyrant comment, if you were trying to suck up to your dorm, or if you were genuine in your answer.**

She turned and glared at him before writing her reply down and handing it back to him.

*I was being genuine. Back home people do call her a tyrant, but I don’t believe that.*

**If it helps you sleep at night, Pixie.**

*You’re a jerk, I hope you know that.*

**Welcome to the world of the villains, enjoy your stay.**

“If we’re done gossiping, I was just about to give you your assignment of the day.” Mr. Trein called out. “As you all know, I am not only your teacher for History, I also teach the arts; I expect everyone to do a partnered project on either the Great Seven or other villainous figures, this is due in two weeks and for those of you joining us this year.” He narrowed his eyes. “I don’t accept late work.” He straightened up. “For those of you who were hoping in picking your own partner, you can forget it; Mr. Crewel might be lenient with your partnerships, but not me. I will be assigning you one; starting with Miss Dupain-Cheng, you will be with Mr. Draconia for this project seeing how you two are getting along quite well.”

This was a cruel joke. It had to be.

*

While they had their moments of going after each other, in the end, they finally agreed to something; they were going to make a set of dresses to honor their dorms – The Witch of the Thorns for Diasomnia and The Queen of Hearts for Heartslabyul. Malleus offered to take the report portion of the assignment while she took over on designing the dresses themselves. It wasn’t a walk in the park as many would think, it was why she was in her room on a video call with her friends; it was lunchtime, they would be fine until one of them had to head off and get to their next class. Honestly, she wasn’t sure if she could handle another lecture-based class…her head was throbbing from the switch in History to literature to even music; Mozus Trein was a nightmare! On the bright side, he enjoyed the macarons and so did the rest of the class (heck, she got an order request from one of the Octavinelle students, and she was being paid for it as well!)

“Allright, Chloe; go to the Grand Paris and dress in red for me.” Marinette groaned.

Chloe laughed, “Having an art block there?” she grinned. “Look, I may not be a fashion mogul like Gabriel – thank god for that – but maybe you’re going about this all wrong; what are you trying to do?”

“Trying to design a dress for two villains.” She tossed her sketchbook to the side. “Specifically, Maleficent and the Queen of Hearts.”

“Big oof.” Sabrina winced. “Okay, well how about this, we’ll work on some ideas and send them over and if it sparks something, then you have a dress.”

“Plus, it gives us an excuse not to do this physics homework.” Nathaniel added. “I’ll go over some
ideas with Marc, maybe we can use the concept as the next akuma villain in our comic?"

“I owe you three big time!” Marinette sighed in relief. “What would I do without you?”

“End up as an intern for Gabriel.” Sabrina snickered. “Or worse, Chloe’s mom.”

“Oh my god, Sabrina, don’t joke about that!” Chloe scolded. “She has ears everywhere and if she
hears you then we’ll never see Marinette again!” she laid a hand on her forehead. “She’ll be off in
like New York or worse Venice and she’ll be far too busy to talk to us because of how my mother
is!”

“Very cute you three.” Marinette shook her head. “Physics first, then design.”

“Fiiine.” Nathaniel huffed. “We have to go, the tabloids on her way over and we’d rather spare
you. Say hi to your dorm mates for us!”
Day four of the dorm life; Marinette yawned and snuggled into her blanket, it was a break day and she was going to take that time to enjoy sleeping in. She had finished the main base of her uniforms – it paid going to the school store, yeah Mr. S is a bit eccentric, but she was okay with that. Looking back on yesterday, everyone was so weird – guess that’s why she managed to fit in so well, she was weird herself. Her dorm mates were a lively bunch; they’ve introduced her to the Queen’s sport that was croquet, had her help paint some roses red, and even had another unbirthday party for one of their own. She could still remember the expression of the first-year student; he was so confused that he stood there with a blank expression that it wasn’t until after she pulled him into the festivities that he was able to have a good time. It seemed that while Heartslabyul has a strict dorm leader, they were still the talk when it came to unbirthday parties and leading second in the Party Dorm ranking (First rank was Scarabia’s dorm). Even now, she could hear excitement from outside while she slept, she didn’t mind it so much; they were free to spend their break however they wanted. No akuma sightings in Paris. Just her and her pillow to relax in.

Her slumber was cut short when her phone started buzzing. She opened her eyes and reached for it to look at Caller ID; Queen Be, Chloe. She smiled and hit answer; “You know, it’s called ‘break’ for a reason.” She teased.

“What the hell?! Was terrorizing Francoise-Dupont not good enough for you that you had to transfer and manipulate your new school!”

Fuck, the one person she didn’t want to talk to or see ever again. Marinette sighed and sat up in her bed, moving from the call and hit record just in case. Afterwards, she went to the text messages and got Nora’s number ready to go.

“Did you seriously steal Chloe’s phone just to bother me? What do you want, Alya?”

“It was the only way to contact you since you’ve blocked us!”

“And with good reason, I was getting sick and tired of having to deal with your nasty text messages.” Marinette rolled her eyes, she blocked them on the new number too just to be safe. “As well as being tired of Max sending viruses to my computer – don’t you dare try to deny it, we both know he’s the only one in the cult smart enough to do so undetected.”

Alya chose to ignore that. “So, where the hell are you now? And who were those boys you were with?”

“It’s none of your business, and if you don’t leave me alone, I will get Nora involved.” She promised.

“God you’re such a tattle-tale! This is why I stopped being friends with you; you always whine when things don’t go your way and you have to drag others down with you, I can’t even go into your family’s bakery anymore without your regulars glaring at me and your parents giving me the
cold shoulder!

“Maybe if you hadn’t tripped me, sent cruel text messages, ruin my designs and homework, I wouldn’t have a reason to get my parents involved.” She hissed. “Half of those I could get you charged for assault and cyber bullying or in Max’s case, cyber terrorism!”

“Your designs?! You stole them from Lila and you know it!”

“Alya, I’m done with this conversation. I already told Sabrina to let Chloe know you stole her phone, I’m going to send this recording to Nora, and personally; I hope you get expelled for this.”

“Just wait until we find your school, we’re going to let everyone there know the real you and then you’ll be kicked out.”

Marinette didn’t even honor a reply, Chloe did the job for her when she heard the Queen Bee yelling at Alya to give her her phone back! There was another voice – Ms. Mendeleiev’s voice, ordering Alya to hang up and to follow her and Chloe to the principal’s office. Sweet, sweet karma at its finest. With the end of that phone call, she slumped back into the bed and set her phone aside; she really didn’t want to get out of bed, that conversation had left her drained and she didn’t really want to do anything. Of course, the silence of the room gave her some space to think; she was going to need to find a new fox soon – no doubt Alya’s going to get akumatized for getting in trouble after the phone theft, Damocles wouldn’t expel her if Lila had anything to say it – he always sucked up to whoever had money and it’s a tug of war between the parasite and the queen when it came to him, the only good news is that Nora’s probably going to knock some sense into her by getting the parents involved and banning Alya from electronics for a good however long. Dragging herself out of bed, she made her way to the miracle box and took out the fox miraculous; pick an ally you can trust – Chat, Assassin, Viperion, Queen Bee, Ryuuko, Chien Citrine, and Madame Grey all agreed that new heroes should be added to the mix, and in silent agreement they needed someone who doesn’t always throw themselves into danger just for a story. Alya was a good fox, but she was too reckless, and if this phone call wasn’t enough to solidify it, she was also blind to an illusion.

Outside the door, Riddle was just frozen. Rule Thirteen of the Queen; it’s impolite to eavesdrop on a lady, but in this case, he was partially glad he did. Granted he only caught the tail end of it, but it was enough to give him a bigger picture of what happened on her first day here. Defensive whenever Ace would try and tease her, did she really think that they would hurt her like that? He had to meet with the other Dorm Heads about this, but that would have to wait until later; right now, he wanted to see how the uniform creation was in progress – though, in his opinion, it would have made more sense if she had just gave the headmaster her design and he created it for her. Well, he wasn’t going to argue with her over it. Regaining himself, he knocked on her dorm and stood back – and take in the pajamas she decided to wear.

“I didn’t catch you at a bad time, did I?” he asked.

She shook her head. “Nah, I just woke up. Is there something wrong?”

“Just curious about how your uniform making is coming along.”

Marinette smiled and invited him in to see the progress, at least there was some hope for this day just yet.

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“And I got suspended because Chloe was being a brat again!” Alya huffed. “This wouldn’t have
happened if she and the others would just tell us where Marinette is attending school.”

“That’s just messed up.” Kim agreed. “At least Max is able to work with us on trying to figure out
the identity of the other students she was with.”

Max shook his head, “It took a while, but I think we have something.” He smiled as something
finally came up. “I had to go into the Unknown for this – the community that Shai is a part of?” he
pointed to the class next door, “As well as Dupont? Anyway, the redhead with the crown, his name
is Riddle Rosehearts and he goes to…” he fell silent. “Oh…Oh god.”

“What?” Alix walked over, “What’s the big deal about his school?” She looked at the screen and
felt her eyes widen. “You did something wrong, try again.”

No matter how many times Max tried as well as getting Markov involved, the results were still the
same; Riddle Rosehearts was a student at Night Raven College – a school for villains. While on
one hand everyone agreed that was where Marinette deserved to go for being the bully she is,
others were on edge – especially since she was with someone who could give the Queen of Hearts
a run for her money. Alright, they found out the name of the school the only problem is trying to
get a hold of the headmaster there. Strange thing about the website; while it was letting the group
look over everything, what the courses were like, the student pages listing accomplishments, who
the teachers were, there wasn’t a way to get a hold of the school. No phone number, no email,
nothing.

After a while, they’ve decided to go to the only magic experts they know; and they live right at the
Dalimar Funeral home. Getting there was the easiest, talking to Tori and Joe were another story
altogether; the two were in the office playing Just Dance on the Wii when the small group
(consisting of Alya, Kim, Max, and Alix) came in, neither of the two paused in what they were
doing, even after hearing them walk in. And why should they? Every session was about letting the
visitors make the first move, that and Tori swore to them that he never wanted anything to do with
the Akuma Class after the failed sessions with Lila – he was still kicking himself for those wasted
sessions, she was a manipulator alright, right to clearing her aura to go undetected just so she could
start right back up again. Honestly, he was close to asking Anubis to take over and rip out her
heart.

“Do you guys know a school called Night Raven College?” Alya asked.

Tori paused the game and went to the couch. “Of course, we do.” He replied, doing hand stretches.
“Prestigious school, amazing potions lab, great dorms, everything a Great Magician needs is right
there…next to Collinswood of course.”

Joe nodded and went through the game library. “Collinswood and Night Raven have a little bit of a
rivalry when it comes to competitions, but we’re actually on good terms with them.”

“How does one get into the school?” Max asked

“Hm, the traditional method is to have the Dark Mirror scout you out or you’re invited in because
someone recommended you.” Tori narrowed his eyes dangerously at the four. “And you can just
forget about asking either Joe or I to write the letter for you.” He hissed.


“We.” Joe sat down by Tori. “Had no hand in Marinette’s transfer, and even if we did why would
we send you there just so you can try making her life hell there?”
“Not like they’d get the chance to, Mr. Trein would have had these idiots whipped into obedience.” Tori smirked. “You know how he is about being proper – considering who his sister is.”

“You’re right, fair point.” Joe agreed.

“Fine, then can you at least tell us if their school allows visitors?”

Tori nodded, “They do…if the student and parents fill out a form detailing who the school will allow to come visit for holidays, events, etc. as well as fill out another form detailing about people that they should be cautious of – usually in cases like victims fleeing from their bullies, avoiding strict helicopter parents, you get the idea.”

“There’s also the form that lets the staff know that no matter the circumstances, to be mindful of certain students’…ill behaviors.” Joe narrowed his eyes. “After all, no-one wants to deal with a pathological liar, someone who sabotages others, or even dealing with slanderous behavior.”

“Which is why, we did however, help Marinette fill the last two forms; you’re not stepping foot into Night Raven even if we were kind enough to write a letter of recommendation.”

“We came here for you two to help us!” Kim shouted.

“And we did, we’re telling you to not bother.” Joe snapped. “Now unless one of you four had been akumatized and need help, we’re going to have to kindly ask you to leave.”

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Riddle sat in a room with the other dorm heads, everyone had their own update when it came to the strange new girl; Vil was reporting on her designs – always in the courtyard with her sketchbook, and eager to show off her ideas (he even commissioned her for something), Kalim was still amazed that Marinette offered to make something for an upcoming party – he’s still trying to pay her for the sweets too, Azul admired her hard work at the Monstro Lounge, Leona was talking about how she kicked his ass in arm wrestling – okay, that got a lot of attention; how the hell did a tiny pixie like that take down a lion? Malleus was just happy she’s able to hold her own in the group project, and Idia…well, he hadn’t met her in person yet, he has met her online handle; Fashionista, and they were playing Soul Calibur, he lost count how many times she had Raphael shank him to the Underworld and back. That came down to Riddle; he was happy for the new addition to the dorm, she was always livening up the place and she was a fierce competitor when it came to croquet – yet also softhearted when it came to the hedgehogs and flamingos, always up early to get breakfast for him and some of her new friends made, they had a living angel among the school.

“Suppose all this good news must end.” Riddle said, setting the tea cup down. “I’m glad everyone has high praises about her, however, and as all you know, she’s here under…unique circumstances.”

Idia looked up and played with a spoon. “I think I know what you’re going to say, my cousin had filled me in on the details; but I think we’d rather hear you say it.”

Riddle nodded. “From what I heard, some…undesirables had been giving Alice a hard time; sabotaging her work, physical, mental and cyber bullying, and theft apparently.” He looked at the cup with a frown. “I don’t know the full-story naturally, but if this morning was anything to go off of, I think it’s safe to say we should enact The Family Protocol.”

“What’s this? The King of Hearts himself wants the other dorms to adopt his precious Alice?” Azul grinned at him.
“We don’t know the full extent of her situation.” Leona started. “But I agree… the little cub wouldn’t be here if it weren’t serious; I, Leona Kingscholar, Head of the Savanaclaw dorm and prince of Afterglow, agree to the notion.”

“I’d sooner kiss a corpse than to let go of the Princess.” Vil agreed. “Vil Schoenheit, Head of Pomefiore, agree to the notion and welcomes the princess into the family.”

“My cousin would murder me if I didn’t help.” Idia nodded. “Idia Shroud of Ignihyde welcomes the newest honorary member of our dorm.”

Azul chuckled, “This should be interesting; Azul Ashengrotto of Octavinelle welcomes the sweet angel fish with open arms.”

“I always say we should sing and dance our problems away; I still hold true to that saying.” Kalim smiled bright. “Kalim Al-Asim, of Scarabia full-heartedly welcomes Miss Marinette Dupain-Cheng into our joyous family to keep her bright smile on that pretty face.”

Malleus nodded, “A princess needs those she can turn to if things become too much to bear.” He smiled, sharp teeth showing. “I, Malleus Draconia, Head of Diasomnia, not only agree to the notion, but will personally stand by her side.”

“I’m ignoring that second part.” Riddle scoffed. “And I, Riddle Rosehearts of Heartslabyul, further the notion.” He closed the binder in front of him. “Let it be known that on this day; Seven Dorms, Heirs and Followers of the Great Seven, became one family. Should anyone come after any of our dorm members, our allies, or the heads, they come after all of us; we will never allow harm to come to anyone here at Night Raven College.”
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

When Push comes to Shove a New Fox must be recruited

Word about the notion had spread around the school like wildfire as each of the dorm heads informed their respective group about it; it was a strange request especially with their own competition, but that could be excluded when it came to the family thing? Whatever, they could agree to taking care of each other against adversaries. That’s what Ace decided at least when he offered to be Marinette’s audience for the Red Queen ensemble; he had to be completely honest, he liked this dress better than her Heartslabyl uniform – not that there wasn’t anything wrong with it, it fit their dorm perfectly. He just liked the form fitting one better. It was a renaissance style colored red and gold with an exposed neckline, and a tight-fitting bodice. He watched her play with the long sleeves and adjust the matching cape that flowed from the shoulders down to the bottom of the gown, honestly the dress looked amazing, yet here she was fretting about it.

“Trust me when I say this, the Queen herself would love to wear that.” Ace spoke up.

Marinette sighed. “I know she would, I just feel like something is missing.” She did a small twirl. “I don’t know what, it looks exactly like the way I designed it – and before you say anything about accessories, I have them made and tried them with the dress and it still looks incomplete.”

Ace thought for a minute before his eyes lit up. “I got it, wait here!” he got up and rushed out of the room.

There was a sinking feeling that Ace was going to get in trouble for whatever scheme he was planning. Marinette shook her head with a smile, her break went without a problem; she was able to get her part of the project done (okay, it was the first dress, but progress was progress), Malleus was just about done with his first page on The Witch of the Thorns, she was also able to meet with some of the other students whenever she went to the school store, everything was going well for the afternoon. Her thoughts were interrupted when Ace came in wearing some kind of collar and standing beside a pissed off Riddle, she called it – Ace was going to get in trouble with whatever stunt he was thinking about.

“You could have just asked if it was for a project, idiot.” Riddle hissed at him. He turned to Marinette and took in the dress with an approval nod. “While a crown would help some, there’s another accessory that could help your attire out; a scepter.”

“I’ll ask Tori to make it when I get the chance.” Marinette started. “I know he makes amazing accessories.”

“Riddle, Alice is hanging with other boys that aren’t us!” Ace whined. “Make her stop, she’s ours.”

Riddle just whacked him upside the head. “She’s free to enjoy the company of others if she
wishes.” He turned to her. “If it’s not too much trouble for you, I was going to offer something from home to help you out.”

“Hey, why don’t you extend that offer to me when I need help in history!?”

“Because unlike Alice, you’re the one who casually sneak into my room to get what you need.”

Marinette crossed her arms; “Break it up boys.” She ordered in a cold voice. “If you wish to kill each other, do so outside my room.”

Her sudden authority tone startled them, the turned to see Marinette; she was the same, but she was holding an air of regal and cold. For a brief moment, a queen had appeared before them – was the fire and ice in her eyes? Or was it the dress that gave the appearance. Recovering, they cleared their throats and went back to a relaxed state once she smiled; their Alice was a tricky one, she was able to command with ease. It’s only been four days, how did it come to this? What happened to the sweet innocent Alice from day one?! Riddle, what did you do to her?!

“Alright, I need to get out of this dress.” She nodded to the door. “I’ll meet you at the cafeteria.”

“We’ll see you there, Alice.” Ace hugged her. “Please don’t let Riddle influence you into the Queen of Hearts.”

She laughed and hugged back. “You are such a nerd!”

He grinned and let go before leaving with Riddle, and talk about timing; shortly after they left, the akuma alert had shown up on her phone; dinner was going to have to wait.

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She was true to her word; Marinette had sent the recording of their conversation to Nora, she didn’t think anything would happen, she usually intercepts word about suspension or detention when it came to her parents. But she never anticipated on the bully doing this! So, now here she sat in class fuming; Mari-brat just had to go this far, why couldn’t she ever admit that she was in the wrong and give Lila a chance? Traditionally, her phone was taken by Nora, but she knew how to get it back and she was just sitting there furiously typing at her blog; first Chloe made her school life miserable by getting her suspended for the two days, and then Marinette had to be a whiny tattle-tall.

The anger radiating off her caught the attention of a particular villain; Hawkmoth had sent another akuma out and Lady WiFi was reborn yet again. The Akuma alert was set off and the heroes were on the scene; Hooded Assassin, Chien Citrine, Queen Bee, Madame Grey, Ryuuko, and Chat Noir. Within a few minutes later, Ladybug was on the scene; Kaalki was a big help in this case. This was going to be a walk in the park; just get the phone from the akuma and break it; a plan was set in motion and the heroes charged in, dodging the ‘pause’ buttons along the way. Until she teleports. They repeated the same actions until it began to become tedious to continue. They needed a new plan; with a call of the lucky charm, a record with a raven in the center was dropped into her hand, Ladybug looked around trying to find out how to us it. Nothing. It was telling her they needed a backup, illusions. A fox.

“Guys, keep her busy.” Ladybug called. “I have to get something!”

“Take your time, we got this.” Assassin called.

Ladybug smiled and used Kaalki to return to the academy – her dorm actually, she grabbed the fox miraculous and looked at it with a longing look; how did it end like this? Alya was her best friend
and now thanks to honeyed words, she was now an aggressor. No matter how hard she tried when it came to presenting evidence – heck, Tori disproved one of the lies by transforming in front of everyone, she was still wrapped around Lila’s fingers. The rest of the class most likely only sided due to the empty promises of getting hooked up with someone famous; after all, if Marinette/MDC has connections to Jagged Stone and Clara Nightingale, then why wouldn’t Lila have connections to athletes and other celebrities? She was just a golden ticket to the others.

“I don’t think I need to remind you; but we have an akuma to deal with?” Kaalki reminded. “Find a fox and let’s get going!”

“Right, sorry.” She smiled softly.

Out of everyone in the school she could only think of Ace as a fox; and she knew exactly where to find him – right at the meeting spot. The only problem was that there were going to be a huge group of people there, it was unavoidable, she had to get to him if Paris wanted a chance to survive against Lady WiFi and she wasn’t certain how long her current team could hold up against her; it had to be done. Straightening up she rushed out of Heartslabyul and hurried to the school, navigating through the halls until she got to the cafeteria; all eyes were on her as she ran up to the table where her dorm mates were.

Straightening up, she approached Ace with a calm and cool expression on her face. “Ace Trappola,” she addressed.

Ace raised an eyebrow and grinned at her, “Yes, Scarlet?”

She held out the box to him. “Paris is in dire need of a fox hero; this is the fox miraculous that you will use to help my team and I take down the current threat, once it’s nullified, you are to return this to me. Can I trust you?”

“Of course, Pixie.” He took the box and watched as Trixx came out. “How does this work exactly?”

“Just say Trixx, let’s pounce!” the kwami grinned. “And let’s rest will detransform you; I grant the power of illusion.”

“Sounds good! Trixx, let’s pounce!”

* 

Tori leaned on a wall in an empty alleyway, he was giving Sass some tic tacs to recharge with; a failed hypnosis left him stranded with only one sword, he tried his new ability to rewind time with Second Chance, but as luck would have it in for him he was down to his final minute. Queen Bee and Madame Grey both tried to go for the onslaught, but with that damn ability to jump from cell phone to cell phone it was near impossible to get a hit with venom or even having one of the many clones jump to get a hold of the phone. The nearest cell tower was miles away so Chat taking that out wasn’t going to happen anytime soon, Chien Citrine was in the same boat as Queen Bee and Madame Grey, except he’s ended up with a Frisbee hitting windows – thank god a Miraculous Cure could repair those. With a sigh he put the mints away and held his wrist out, calling out his transformation and returning to the scene, standing next to his ‘angels’ as he’d like to call the group (He and his friend had joking called the group “Miraculous Angels” after Charlie’s Angels).

“Alright, so; what haven’t we tried?” he asked.

“A convincing illusion?” came a new voice.
The group turned and saw Ladybug returning with a new fox; scruffy red hair with black tips, two pointed and fluffy red ears with the same black tips. His outfit consisted of a red jacket with a black vest underneath, white gloves, black pants and complete with a scruffy red and black tail. His mask was black with a red heart over his right eye. Beside him was a tired looking Ladybug, but there wasn’t much to say about it; they assumed she had some trouble when it came to recruiting the new kid.

“Welcome to the team.” Chien greeted. “Who do we have the honors of working with?”

The fox grinned; “I am Ace!” he cheered, Ladybug just facepalmed.

“How about a hero name.” Queen Bee scoffed. “What do we call you in the suit?”

“I already told you, Ace.”

“Don’t try to argue with him.” Ladybug sighed. “I already tried before we got here.”

“It’s one thing when we revealed ourselves.” Assassin said, “Another thing when I told the former guardian to shove it, but using your name as your hero name? Aren’t you like…afraid the villain’s going to use that against you?”

Ace waved his hand, “Oh, don’t worry about me, Snake Boy.” He looked at the akuma. “She’s looking for someone, what exactly is your plan for handling her?”

Chat crossed his arms; “Plan A was to get the phone away from her asap, didn’t work. Plan B requires the use of destroying the nearest cell tower, the nearest one is too far away right. Plan C is you.”

“Doesn’t help if I don’t know what to cast.” Ace pouted. “What do you need made?”

“Marinette Dupain-Cheng.” Queen Bee immediately said. “Look, I know this akuma victim, and I know she holds a grudge for the baker girl – and the civilian Chloe Bourgeois.”

“One illusion of the two coming up, just let me lure her to you.” He hurried off and went into the shadows.

Luring Lady WiFi was easy; she started charging at the illusions of Marinette and Chloe (Ace was thanking every royalty out there for Marinette showing off pictures of her dear friends), getting her close to a tower for Chat Noir to take it out and render her power useless. Madame Grey had one of her clones rush over and steal the phone and Queen Bee crushed it with her heel, releasing the butterfly from within. One purification later and the heroes stood before Alya.

The blogger looked up and narrowed her eyes at the new fox, she pushed down her anger and turned to Ladybug; “Ladybug…I…”

“What exactly happened?” Ladybug asked.

“It’s…I’ve been having a bad week I guess…this bully from my school got to my family and I was punished for no reason.” Alya looked down.

Ace was playing with the flute in his hands, “Ah? I don’t know the full story, but something tells me.” He gave the flute a twirl like a baton. “There’s more to the story about this ‘bully’, why would she get your family involved?”

Alya bit her tongue, seeing the new fox just irked her. “Because she’s always been like this, ever
since my friend Lila came back to school, Marinette’s been vindictive and a jealous brat! She just wants to make life miserable for people.”

Hood shook his head, “Might we ask where this notion came from? Last we’ve heard, Marinette was your friend.”

“That was before Lila revealed her true face! Marinette’s just been manipulative.”

“Aha!” Ace smirked. “A one-sided story, perhaps you should talk around the school?”

“Oh, stay out of this, fake fox!” Alya hissed. “That’s my miraculous you’re wearing.”

Chien held Hood back. “Do not kill the civilian.” He turned to her. “Miss Cesaire, I don’t think I need to repeat my friend here but…The Jewels don’t belong to you, to Ladybug, or The Order. They were stolen by their respective families; the Snake Miraculous belongs to Hood and his family, the fox belongs to two families and when the fight with Hawk Moth is over, they will return to those families.”

“And it’s attitude like that is why Rena Rouge is benched.” Ladybug scolded. “Take advice from Ace; research the story of this bully and stop jumping to conclusions, once you do that and learn humility of being wrong for once, I’ll consider letting you return.” She tugged Ace by the arm. “Come on, you’re about to transform back.”

*

Back in Heartslabyul, Ace turned to Ladybug after removing the miraculous from his neck; “So, Alice…how long have the duty of a superhero?”

Ladybug detransformed and sighed; “Three years I think.” She admitted. “How did you find me out?”

“Hmm…it stands out when a mortal comes skipping in with magical jewelry on.” Ace smirked. “Suspected that you had some grand secret.” He handed the necklace back. “Thanks for trusting me, Alice~”

“Thank you for helping, Ace.” She took it back and smiled.

“Before you go to your dorm; can you tell me what that was about? The bullying accusations? I know it’s still early; you’ve only been here less than a week but…I want to hear your side.”

She fell silent. “I’m sorry Ace; I will tell you eventually but…”

He took her hand into his. “Shh, don’t push yourself.” He said softly. “We’ll wait for you.”

“Thanks.” She squeezed his hand into hers. “Is it…too late to head to dinner?”

“Not if we run.” He pulled her close and picked her up. “Good thing I’m in track, hold on!”
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

So, I feel like I’m going to be asked this - especially since some people here have read my weird Yugioh retelling: Yes, the events of both Hooded Assassin and the Retelling are in the same universe. No, I am not changing anything because you know me by now; once I start an idea I go all the way.

So yes: Miraculous Tales of Chat Noir, Ladybug, and Hooded Assassin Takes place around the same time as Yugioh! Another Story.

And what kind of Panda would I be if I don’t leave easter eggs? Just keep in Mind, Collinswood Full Body and this crossover are different Universes. Miraculous Tales is the main universe of my stupid three am brain.

Looking at the date on her phone, it’s officially been two weeks since she’s been a student here; in those two weeks, classes were normal as they can be. Science class was on another level with potions and today was going to be a lab day; she would be teaming up with Vil for this assignment. After that, she was going to be in gym class; Ace had told her they were going to be flying today – she was no doubt going to do laps or something, she doubt the teacher would let her on a broom. Fortunately, that would all have to wait; she had an assignment to turn in for Mr. Trein’s class, and it was her favorite – she was standing beside Malleus and doing some last-minute alterations to the suit she had designed for him.

A black suit was the base of it all, the jacket had a matching cape that was embroidered with rose thorns and dark violet roses with light silver trimming around the petals, his vest was dark purple with dark green accents. It was simple, elegant, and it brought out the Witch of the Thorns perfectly. Just for extra measures, she was adding in a rhinestone rose on the breast pocket – a green and violet rose.

“You did both of these in the span of two weeks?” Malleus asked, looking himself in the mirror. “Are you sure you’re mortal and not magical yourself?”

Marinette looked up sheepishly, “One hundred percent mortal.” She confirmed. “And done.” She moved from him and looked him over, “Hm...Maybe if I had made a crown of thorns to go with?”

He took her hands into his and looked them over, “Such delicate hands should be taken care of.” He kissed them. “The suit is fine, and if you keep messing with it, we’ll be late for class.” He smirked. “Can’t have that, now can we?”

He was right, there were stories from the halls about how Mr. Trein could be and that was something neither of them wanted to deal with. Picking up the lower part of her dress, Marinette left the dorm with Malleus by her side; she wasn’t going to lie, she was a little pink in the face when students would turn and hone in on the Queen of Hearts ensemble she was currently wearing. Despite being used to the classes, having a routine, and her classmates, she still blushed whenever someone would hone in on her – the blush sometimes grew when she was around Malleus, but that was another story all together.
Once in class, Mr. Trein was taken by surprise when the two presented their work like a fashion runway; Marinette detailed everything – with The Witch of the Thorns, she was aiming for that simple and elegant charm. A deadly beauty as shown with the threaded thorns and beautiful roses on the cape and the rhinestone embedded breast pocket of the jacket. It was meant to show that the wearer demanded respect without even having to say a word. The Queen of Hearts was gorgeous and elegant; red for her passion in her rule, gold for wealth, and a renaissance look. Beauty, grace and calling for your head on a plate if you were to disrespect her. They both got passing marks and were excused to change back into their uniforms for the rest of the day; Malleus returned with no problem, Marinette was a few minutes behind due to the complexity of the dress. The rest of the class was spent going over books on the supernatural; Stephen King had come up a few times along with others, and the assignment was simple – a book report on any horror or supernatural story of their choosing, no partners this time.

Marinette was already planning to use The Last Wish as her project. She was already digging the book from her backpack and started reading, taking notes with her free hand on anything she deemed important to put into her report. The way she was able to multitask did surprise Malleus; she was quite the unusual pixie. Unusual, but it was the good kind of unusual, she definitely fit in perfectly with the school with how hard she worked and how easy it was for her to get the hang of the magic based lectures – and if the ‘fox incident’ was anything to go off of, she’s definitely no ordinary mortal. He smirked and went to his story; A String of Pearls, he would work on figuring out his little pixie in due time.

As the bell rang, the two walked out into the halls and silently parted ways – Malleus had potions, and Marinette had Gym. It was still tedious as she remembered on day one; getting her bag from her gym locker and going to change in a cramp stall, that was then, one of her classmates – well two, Jade and Floyd came up and held towels up surrounding her in her own curtain. They had their backs to her and were holding the towels like wings; this was new, and it was weird as hell. She shook her head; she’s learned on day two (and with Ace the Fox the night before) to never try to argue with them; once they made up their mind about something that was that.

“All right boys, you can remove the curtains.” She came out wearing a pink t-shirt and black shorts. “See? Fully dressed.”

Jade turned and folded up the towel, “You know we could care less if you undress in front of us like the rest of the group.” He reminded.

“And show you the eldritch horror underneath my mortal form? No! You would go mad from the sight of it.”

“It’s official, we have to keep you away from Malleus.” Floyd chuckled. “Enjoy running laps, little lady, the rest of us will be in the skies.”

Not like she was jealous; she glides through the rooftops of Paris almost daily as her little side job as a superhero. She went off to the field with the rest of her classmates; they did their warmups and talked about whatever came to mind until Mr. Vargas showed up. Most of their conversations was on schoolwork, homelife, and different media stuff – Marinette mentioned about trying some Celtic designs for a new MDC line, Rook offered some insights (although some were a bit harsh, but they were helpful in a way). When warmups were over, Mr. Vargas came to the field with the broomsticks, he set them to the ground before blowing the whistle he had around his neck to get the attention of the students; Octavinelle Dorm and Hearstlabyul.

“All right boys and girl, line up to get a broom and we can get started.” He called. “We’re going to have a little race today.”
Well this was it, Marinette parted from the boys and smiled “I’ll be cheering you boys on.”

“Ah, ah, ah.” Mr. Vargas said. “I said both boys and girl, meaning you’re not getting out of this. I don’t care what the Headmaster said; you’re getting on a broom.”

That got her classmates to go silent, each were looking at the other with slight worry before Riddle raised his hand to get the teacher’s attention.

“Sir, is that a good idea? She’s a mortal after all.”

Mr. Vargas waved his hand. “Every idea in the world is a good idea, it’s all about execution and you succeed in doing it.”

Marinette just stared in disbelief; she was about to protest that there were ideas that were just bad altogether. Azul placed a hand on her shoulder and shook his head, Mr. Vargas was…well, he means well. One by one, everyone got their brooms and got into position as Mr. Vargas was explaining the rules of the race they were going to have, during which Azul silently looked to Riddle and gave a nod; They were going to have both dorms looking out for her in the skies. Soon after, most of the dorms were in the skies, Riddle stayed behind to guide Marinette through the process; a good kick off the ground, the tighter the hold the faster the broom will go, tilt up to go…well up, tilt your body either left or right on directions, and push down to prepare to land.

Marinette followed instructions as given to her and soon she was in the air – that was the good part; the downside however, this was completely different than zipping through the rooftops of Paris and she kept unconsciously tightening her hold onto the broom and just zooming past the others. Jade shook his head and chased after her with Floyd beside him, the parted and got to where they were both on each side of the pixie, Floyd moved close so he could reach her broom.

“Let go of the broom.” Jade ordered. “Floyd’s got you, you’re not going to fall.”

Marinette hesitated before doing so, she was just floating beside the twins now that they had stopped. “Sorry…” she started out.

Floyd smiled at her. “Nah, you’re good, little lady.” He grinned at her. “We were in your shoes before, you just have to take things step by step.”

“He’s right, you’re in the air at least.” Jade pointed out. “Now that we got you calmed down, take hold of your broom – gently, we don’t want you zipping off on us now, do we?”

She followed his instructions and Floyd let go of the broom. “If you need to slow down or stop just reel back, but for now; follow us!”

* * *

Alya was tired. She was so tired that she wanted to sleep in, but she couldn’t…she decided to humor the fake fox with his request and the first thing she did was look up her best friend; to her horror, the only results were the Ladyblog. She tried everything she could possibly think of in terms of search and every results were the same; there was absolutely nothing about her or her accomplishments – there wasn’t anything about Jagged Stone owning a kitten, any searches relating to that is that it wasn’t just Jagged who was allergic, but his wife and assistant Penny! She felt sick, she was going to be sick, she was already done being sick. That night was spent with her researching or regretting everything; she couldn’t believe it…she chased out her only real friend and…there was that feeling again.

“You look like shit.”
She snapped back to reality and looked up at the owner of the voice, Tori, she had almost forgotten
she walked to the funeral home for some form of his guidance. She just bowed her head as he
guided her into the office, he held out a glass of fruit punch, she took it and just stared into the
glass in silence.

“Can I…ask something?” she finally choked out.

Tori was in front of a mirror; he was actually dressed up like he was going to a meeting –
correction, a meeting at a palace with the way he was dressed. He was applying kohl around his
eyes when she spoke up.

“You may.” He assured. “The conditions are the same; anything said in this room remains in this
room, only the dead will carry our conversations.”

A small wince. “Right, well technically two questions…err…three?” she watched him. “Where’s
Joe? Doesn’t he live here?”

“He’s off to Greece to meet with Lady Demeter, he left sometime after last night.” He set the
makeup down. “And he doesn’t live here, he’s only here because the dorms are being renovated at
Collinswood.”

“Oh…um…Can I ask about the snake miraculous? The history behind it I mean?”

Tori fell silent and sighed; “You’re lucky that I’m given the authority to decide whether or not I
can tell this story.” He returned and sat in front of her, something about the way he looked made
her bow in submission again. “The history is a grisly one, and it’s not going to be pretty…you will
cry after this.” He warned.

“I’ll take the chance.” She assured.

“Before I do tell, why do you want to know?”

She bit her lip, “I want a better understanding of the jewels; I mean you – and Hooded Assassin,
which is technically still you since you’re one and the same, you both said that they were stolen
from different families and…I guess I want a better picture of what happened.”

A soft sigh, “Very well; it started back during the days of the Pharaohs – now, from here on, I will
not be revealing the names of royalty for reasons you’ll learn along the way.” He watched her for a
second. “There was a war between the Kingdom and invaders, numbers were few and there was a
strong chance of the kingdom falling and becoming no more. Hope was lost until the Pharaoh’s
brother mentioned that he and other scholars were able to translate from an old tome. It was an
ancient relic; no-one knew where it came from or how it came to be but…they did know that it was
sinister in nature. This book contained what is dubbed as Shadow Alchemy; now, you know about
alchemy, everyone does. But what separates this type and the one everyone knows is that…
sacrifices are made.”

“You mean…sacrificial lambs, right?” she asked softly.

“There was a village in the desert; technically it was a village of thieves but, they do have their
code of honors. The Brother ordered troops to come along and…well it’s as you said, ‘sacrificial
lambs’ were needed to make the gold into seven magical artifacts.” He narrowed his eyes and
handed her an empty trashcan. “If you’re going to be sick, use this.”

“That’s fine, I know where the bathroom is.” She got up and rushed out of the room.
Tori shook his head and took his phone to text his friend; asking if he had landed yet, and to tell Lady Demeter he said hi…that and informed him that he made a client sick with classic history. The moment Alya returned, he put his phone away and looked back at her.

“Okay, I think I’m good…continue.”

“Right…So, with the seven items came victory. Of course, because of the nature of how they were made it was like releasing an evil genie; monsters plagued the kingdom, it was because of this that The Pharaoh sealed the kingdom away – sure they still got people coming in, but it was pretty strict. Now comes a new age; Sometime after a previous magician passed of a common ailment, a new court magician had taken to the field – Master Mahad, he was loyal to the end, defending the Pharaoh and the Prince. During his time, a strange box had found its way into his chambers – the first of many ‘Miracle Boxes’ if you will, we know that they existed before the days of the pharaohs as Sass, Tikki, and Plagg have confirmed they are older than that.”

“And Master Mahad wielded the snake.” Alya nodded. “Did the box came with any notes? Something that explained what they were?”

“Just a thin piece of paper that said “These are yours to do with as you wish”, other than that, nothing else. So, deciding to play safe; he took the snake for himself and gave the ladybug and black cat to those he was close with – his wife Isis had the black cat, and his sister – yes, he had family outside of the palace; no, I am not going down that weird and complicated mess that is ancestry.”

Alya nodded, “I remember you saying that with those three the kingdom was able to rebuild, they enhanced their magic and with it the Shadows started to recede.”

“Oh good, you actually do pay attention.” Tori narrowed his eyes. “I wonder where that was earlier? Don’t answer that; you are correct, everything was starting to return to peace…until Coronation. Sometime after the Prince was crowned Pharaoh was when things started to go downhill for the kingdom; remember The Brother I told you about? Turns out, he was a backstabber. He orchestrated the following; a staged assassination attempt to frame the Thief King’s followers that led to Mahad being tricked into a tomb with said Thief King – a friend, might I add – and…” he stopped himself to take a calming breath. “The traps of the tomb were activated and in a desperate attempt to get his friend out and to safety…Master Mahad had taken the blade to his body, he couldn’t be retrieved or mummified. The only things that were able to come out with the Thief King were the bangle, and one of the Items. The rest, I can’t tell you, but…after his death, Isis and his sister said that the Snake Miraculous was to be buried in a royal tomb…I can’t tell you when it happened, but…I know it was sometime during the Ptolemy era. That tomb was broken into and while everything was left untouched, one thing was stolen.”

Tears were streaming, “That’s not fair though! Why would anyone-!”

“You tell me; didn’t you break into Marinette’s house one time to destroy a dress?” Tori challenged.

She fell silent and bowed her head again, “Final question; do you think I’m a horrible person?”

“I’d be lying if I said you’re not my most favorite person in the school.” He started. “But that doesn’t mean I do like you; you’re reckless, hot-headed, and invasive as hell…but in spite of your negative traits; you are ambitious and you are loyal, however, you put your loyalty in the wrong person.”

“I know, I fucked up…I’m sorry.”
“Why are you telling me this? I’m not the one you should be saying this to.”

“Can you…let Marinette know?”

“Sure, when I come back to Paris.” He motioned to his gear. “I doubt you were around when I told my friends but; there was a test the mediums were able to perform see who was related to who and… it turns out I am related to the Master.”

Alya smiled weakly. “That’s good… Tori, I really am sorry though – Lila had said some things about you and I believed them—”

“Save it, it’s over and done with… saying sorry means nothing; you’re going to have to put in a lot of work to show that you mean it.” Tori stood up and guided her to the door. “I can see what I can do, for now… better yourself first and we’ll talk shop later.”

“Thank you, I promise I’ll do just that.”

“You better.” He warned. “Because I will perform a truth-seeking spell and I don’t want to have to resort to that; my trust has been broken once by a client, I don’t want that to happen again.”

*  

Soothing piano music filled the lounge, students were together and chatting with one another – or doing their homework while enjoying a drink, and in the midst of it all was a little pixie relaxing on one of the sofas. Gym class was definitely something else, she was thanking every lucky star out there that she was able to get by the ‘race’ with no problem (even though she came in second behind Azul). Still, it was actually fun and even though there were some bumps when it came to learning to use a broom for the first time… she didn’t let that stop her competitive nature.

“You certainly had fun up there.”

Marinette smiled and looked up at Malleus. “I did, when did you show up?”

“I just came in, saw you dozing off and decided to sit with you.” He looked at the drink menu. “Safe to assume a flying broom is in your future?”

“More or less.” She grinned. “We’ll see what happens.”

“So, two weeks now; how are you feeling about our little abode?”

“I love it here! I… was thinking about talking to the headmaster in the future about letting some of my friends in… but uh I think I’ll wait till I’ve been here longer than the two weeks.”

Malleus nodded. “Smart choice, I see Paris is quieted down now…” he looked at her. “Seeing as you hadn’t made any convoluted excuses lately.”

Marinette paled a little. “Does… everyone know?”

“They’d have to blind to not put two and two together.” He looked down at her tiny bag. “I take it the Kwami is in there?”

Tikki poked her head out and waved. “Yep!” she chimed. “I’m Tikki, it’s nice to meet you officially, Malleus!”

“The pleasure is mine.” He smiled down at her. “It’s an honor to meet you as well, Tikki.” He looked up at Marinette. “You know, if you tell the teachers you have to save Paris, it would make
everything a lot easier on you.”

He just laughed as Marinette slapped her face and groan in anguish; ah pixie, forever a mystery.

Chapter End Notes

Oh look...Alya redemption...sort of. Kind of.
Chapter Notes

Right, so I have two deadline pieces but uh 1) I can't write suspense and I've been trying to find people to help...no luck, so any tips and pointers when you comment will be appreciated. and 2)...I wanted to have more fun with this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There comes a time when someone does something they don’t really want to. Don’t get her wrong, Alya was relieved that she had purged her website of any and all mentions of Lila but…she wanted to have some assurance that this wasn’t going to bite her in the neck; it led to her trying to find Rhyme Rabbit, a hacker that Tori turned to whenever he wanted certain things done but, instead of Rhyme she ran into someone named UnderworldSpawn. He agreed to help her with whatever she wanted done but the price to pay was to get him a copy of the Ladybug movie – yep, she was smuggling a movie out of France just to remove any lies Lila had told. At least the smuggling part was easy, she just had to give it to Julie who agreed to send it over to Greece, the hard part…she was currently hiding from a very pissed off akuma. Needless to say, it was Lila and her goal was to make her stories become true – if Tori had thought Alya was stubborn, Lila was even more stubborn; example a) Jagged Stone wasn’t even in Paris, so she couldn’t hit him with her morbid storybook.

Ladybug was on the scene with the rest of the team in no time, and to no surprise; Lila was taken down. She didn’t mean to overhear, but Alya did, Hooded Assassin was beside Lila and helping her up and the first thing that came out of his mouth wasn’t “Are you alright?” nor was it “What happened.” No, he was standing there with his arms crossed and asking Lila “How many times have this been now? You’re right up there with our favorite pigeon boy.” That was one phrase she wasn’t expecting to record. Alya just covered her mouth to prevent a sound from escaping her; Lila’s been akumatized that many times? She watched as the Italian went off after assuring the heroes that she would be fine from here on out; the odd thing about this, was the scowl she had on her face when she stalked off. When Lila was out of earshot, she decided to talk to the heroes about what happened – to her annoyance Ace was back, she had a feeling (and judging the tired expression from Ladybug) that he wasn’t intended to be here.

“Care to share to the class about what caused Lila to be akumatized this time?” Chien asked, tiredly.

Alya bowed her head a little. “I took down everything that Lila had said and supposedly did, I had to ask for outside help to decern which were lies and which were genuine.” She explained. “She demanded to know what happened to her articles on the Ladyblog and…I sort of lied; I told her I had no idea, and I was unable to put the stories back on and it set her off.”

“She was upset because she lost her platform.” Hooded Assassin played with a sword. “Why did you do it?”

“I wanted to make up for everything, I know it’s not much…” she started off.

Ladybug smiled, “It’s a start, and who knows maybe things will clear up – it won’t be as normal as it was before, it’ll be more like the aftermath of a hurricane; the damage is still there, but there’s
hope it will be rebuild.”

Queen Bee nodded in agreement. “For now, I’d think about laying low; something tells me Lila’s going to retaliate and when that happens.” She took out a folded piece of paper and scribbled on it. “My team will be able to have a free ice cream party at the Louvre.”

Alya stared blankly. “Are you making a game out of the akumas? When did this started?”

Hooded Assassin and Chat Noir rose their hands. “Guilty.” They said in unison.

“So, we actually started just between the two of us after Rena Rouge took to the field. We were talking about how Hawkmoth was upping his game as well as becoming pretty desperate if he’s going after children; so, we made an Akuma bingo game.” Chat started

“Ladybug’s against it, but she reluctantly gave in and made the squares for us.” Hood provided. “Since then, Chat and I had been playing Akuma Bingo; I know, I know, it’s unprofessional and we shouldn’t be doing this.”

“I’m morbidly curious about who’s winning this round.” Alya admitted.

Chat grinned. “Well, Madame Grey and I are the trailing behind by one square; but I have confidence we’re going to win if Mr. Pigeon gets hit a few more times.”

Ladybug shook her head. “This conversation is over; we should get back.” She held onto Ace’s arm. “And you, we’re going to have a long talk when we get back.”

Once the heroes dispersed, Alya returned to school; lunch was ending and she had a lot of work to do. She had a sinking feeling in her gut that Lila was going to miss school for a while; which was fine, she could get a lot done in that timeframe – apologize to Marinette (it won’t be much, but it’s still a start), get the others to open their eyes, confront the teachers, and…that’s where the planning stopped. Whatever, she’ll figure the rest out when she got there!

Like always, the halls were bustling with news about Marinette and the school Night Raven College; apparently one of the boys hijacked her phone and videotaped her flying for the first time and uploaded it to her social medias. A set of twins had helped her gain control before they decided to provoke her into doing crazy stunts, that resulted in her dorm leader and another boy coming to the rescue. Once that was over, came the race – she came in second behind a boy named Azule Ashengrotto. She wasn’t going to lie, after everything she felt hurt; Marinette was having the time of her life at that strange school…and why wouldn’t she? Alya swallowed down the guilt, she could self-pity later, right now she had work to do and the first person on her list was Aurore.

“Well, if it isn’t the tabloid.” Aurore crossed her arms. “What do you want?”

“I need your help with something…” She bowed her head and held her phone to Aurore. “You’re more reputable than I am right now, and I want you to use this footage.”

“Why the hell would I want one of Lila’s interviews on my blog?”

“It’s not an interview…but it does have concerning footages of Lila in it.”

Aurore looked interested and took the phone before playing the video mentioned; it started as a regular akuma battle, the only interesting part was when she got to the end and seeing Lila with a forced smile on her face as she was being checked over by Hooded Assassin, when the Italian turned to leave, there was a vindictive look in her eyes as she took a small glance over to the heroes. It wasn’t much to go off of, but it was something worth investigating to say the least.
“I thought Lila was your bestie.” Aurore looked at her. “Why do you want me to post this? For you to claim that I’m being a jealous bully?”

“No…I…” she swallowed a breath of air. “I had an enlightening history lesson and…I guess it was the final wakeup call I needed.” She admitted. “I want to make things right; I know not everything is going to go back the way it was, but I can still right the wrongs I’ve committed at least.”

“Including the destroyed commissions?” Aurore challenged. “And other property destruction?”

Alya winced. “Please Aurore, help me…I’ve crossed some uncrossable lines and I truly want to own up to them.”

She sighed and shook her head. “I’ll help you.” She watched the other’s eyes shine. “On the following conditions – be warned, more will add as time goes on; first, I want you to make a public announcement on your blog; it’s to go under serious renovations, you’re going to own up to all the mistakes you’ve made, and you’re going to apologize to Marinette.” She started off. “You’ve humiliated her on that tabloid site as well as bragged about lies and misdeeds; you’re lucky she hasn’t gotten lawyers involved!”

That made Alya looked more and more like a mouse facing a hawk. “I will…I promise.”

“Good! Start there, and we’ll discuss the rest of the Ladyblog’s fate as time goes on.” She held up Alya’s phone. “You’ll get this back at the end of the day.”

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She’s seen it all; Hawkmoth akumatizing a baby, Mr. Pigeon, a liar with a barbed tongue, a witch with connections to Ancient Egypt, and now this; Trixx being…well Trixx getting Ace to snag the Fox Miraculous and join the battle. Neither of the two were apologetic in the slightest bit, this was going to be a headache to say the least; fortunately, the two were apologetic in the slightest bit, this was going to be a headache to say the least; fortunately, Riddle was on her side and had bound Ace’s magic. With that headache out of the way, she was able to work on her latest commission; after the events of XY attempting to steal from Kitty Section, the band agreed to do a revival – sure they won the case, but the experience left a sour taste in their mouth (as well as sick glee after XY and his manager were hit with lawsuits). They decided to reopen with a revival with a new name and new look; My Wonderland Nightmare (a subtle jab at the nightmare that was dealing with art theft). She had various ideas for the group and they told her to surprise them – and who was she to deny such a request.

Starting with Rose – Miru, the lead singer and songwriter of the group. She was going with a dress that shimmered in the light, that was going to be achieved with iridescent crystals running down the dark green dress complete with black lace; a little nod to that Dark Mirror from earlier. As of now, she was sitting in history class sewing the lace on the shoulders as she waited for the teacher to come in; the rest of her classmates were doing whatever they wanted to do until class officially started, she had Jade sitting beside her and watching with interest as well as looking at the sketch the design was based off of and rose an eyebrow at it a few times.

“You know the formal stuff isn’t until winter, right?” he asked.

“It’s not for me.” Marinette cleared up. “I’m doing outfits for a band’s revival back home; this is for the main singer.”

Jade nodded, “So…what’s the theme here?”

“Her stage name is Miru Miru.” She explained. “Like Mirror Mirror on the wall, so to incorporate
the idea; her dress is going to have an iridescent shine like a mirror, and because I was also inspired by the Dark Mirror, the main color is this dark green with black lace.”

“What about the others in the band?” Floyd asked, he leaned forward from behind her. “Don’t leave us in the dark!”

“Well after Miru Miru, is our guitarist; C. Witch.” She turned a page and showed the design.

The outfit was a sea green miniskirt with seashells around the waistband, the top was a navy-blue crop top with light blue ruffles to act as waves. She would be wearing two-toned stockings and black boots with green laces and accents. Her hair would have to be done in waves and have some fun accessories that alternate between seaweed and seashells.

“C. Witch.” Jade repeated. “Cute pun, Pixie, very cute.”

Marinette just giggled. “Well, the first letter of her last name is C and the rest just fell in place. It’s almost the same as her brother; Cobra, he’s another guitarist.”

Black vest with the double eye of a cobra on the back -and going to be bedazzled with white rhinestones to mimic dew drops, brown harem pants that are tied off at the ankles with yellow tassels, he would be wearing red pointed sandals with gold trimmings, a hooded turban and decked out in gold jewelry in general, another part of him was the robe under the vest; it gave the feel of a mystic sorcerer.

“He almost reminds me of the snake hero.” Ace mused.

“Partially, yes.” She agreed.

Before she could do more, the bell had rung and the teacher strode in with Lucius in his arms as always. The cat jumped down and hurried over to the cat tree where he could relax while Mr. Trein focused on the class – such a lazy boy, Marinette had decided.

“Right then, before we begin class, I would like to make a few announcements.” He started. “First off, let’s address the elephant in the room – it’s been…a month and a half since Miss Dupain-Cheng have graced our halls and, in that month, she’s worked hard to catch up to everyone. Now, it could be because of her…spark of good luck, or she’s just a hard worker but, she has impressed us greatly and for that.” He brought out a small box and opened it, showing a gold pin in the shape of a raven. “The headmaster deemed the gold raven to go to her for her hard work.”

The room cheered; a gold raven was essentially an invite to any special events. They were handed out to those from esteemed families, or to those who worked themselves to near exhaustion to have top grades – mostly the dorm heads had this pin, so hearing that a regular student pulled it off was worth celebrating. Even Azul chimed that a party would be held in the Octavinelle dorm. With a blush, Marinette just accepted the raven and pinned it to her uniform.

“Now then, onto the second part of the announcements; as you know Contest will be happening in the mortal realm and our headmaster submitted a request to the Three Heads about us partaking in it. Now, the good news is that we’ve been accepted and the rest of the staff and I have discussed who to send.” He watched as some students got ready to celebrate. “The unfortunate news is that because mortals are finicky with magic mixing in, the principal of a mortal school said that we have to grace their halls with Collinswood.”

Most of the room ‘groaned in misery’. It was clear the other students were hamming up their ‘displeasure’, the two schools had their little rivalry and they enjoyed acting out on it in times like
Marinette shook her head; her classmates were drama queens.

“I know, it’s unfortunate.” Mr. Trein added. “Now…this is tacking on to the current news but…” he fell silent and looked to Marinette with a sympathetic look in his eyes. “The grim news is that the school that will be hosting Contest will be at Francoise-Dupont.”

There was an eerie silence that hung in the room as Marinette tensed at the name; the silence turned into murmurs as students started to voice their displeasure – true, she hadn’t told anyone what had happened at her old school, but it was unanimous that whatever happened was bad enough that she was chilling with the villains. One student rose his hand, to get Mr. Trein’s attention.

“Sir, I don’t mean to state the obvious but…that was Pixie’s old school.” He reminded.

Mr. Trein looked at him. “I’m well aware of that, Mr. Felmier, and believe me if I had my way, I would be demanding that we go to a different mortal school for this.”

“We don’t have to start freaking out right now, Epel, after all only those who have high marks in the music department will be able to represent us.” Another student spoke.

“Mr. Hunt is correct; the students who will be representing us are; Vil Shoenheit, Malleus Draconia, and Azule Ashengrotto.” Mr. Trein honed in on the silver-haired boy. “And no, that doesn’t mean you can bring the Leech twins with you.” Once the room sighed a collective sigh of relief, he went to his desk and took out a pen. “With that said, let’s start on practice; we only have a few weeks to polish everything, the rest of you can work on your own projects, finish up homework for other classes, whatever you wish. This is now a free-hour.”

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“Alright class, settle down!” Ms. Bustier was all smiles, and when wasn’t she? She looked to her class and folded her hands together. “Now, as you all are aware Choir Contest is a few weeks away and we’ll be hosting the first round unlike the previous years, but we do have word about two of the schools who will be coming here and while they’re here I would like you all to make them feel welcomed!”

Nathaniel shook his head as he continued working on the latest page for the Ladybug comic. It wasn’t that he wasn’t excited about contest, he was! The different schools that came by meant that he and Marc could double individual sales and even get some tips from other art students that weren’t from their school. A chance to talk shop. No, he was more concerned about the students who would be unfortunate enough to be placed into this class; they were the smallest of the school and because of this is why most new students were thrown in – until parents demand their kid be moved because of how incompetent their teacher was. The last thing anyone needed was for the parasite to sink her claws into the new students and cause hell. He just tuned out the rest of the world and continued to work; he could care less if Lila did or didn’t score ‘Perfect’ in her previous school or how some king in a make-believe kingdom praised her dying canary voice.

“Now then, the two known visiting schools are Collinswood and Night Raven College…”

That broke him out of his trance. Students from Marinette’s new school were coming here in a few weeks? His heart skipped and he immediately grabbed his phone to get her attention.

**Super Nate:** Mari! We just got news that your school is coming over!

**Fashionista:** Sort of, only three students are showing up; Vil, Malleus, and Azule.
Queen Bee: Okay, I know this one! I’ve studied your posts…Malleus was your history partner. Tall, dark, looks like he could be either a dragon or a fae and his dorm is Diasomnia.

D. Mouse: Vil is the pretty blond, he has the regal air of royalty and is your science tutor – he showed you how to make Queen’s Apples. And he’s in Pomefiore.

Super Nate: That leaves Azule; the friendly school yakuza boss who steals your magic if you end up in a deal with him…didn’t someone there ended up working for him for like two weeks or something because they didn’t hold up their end of the deal?

Fashionista: Yep.

Super Nate: Yeah…he’s from Octavinelle, right?

Fashionista: I’m impressed! And it’s only been a month now…well a month and a half, in a few weeks that’s two months of Night Raven!

[image sent: A black and white cat is in Marinette’s face]

Super Nate: Cat blocked! Hello Lucius, who’s a good kitty!

Fashionista: He does this to every student who has their phone out during class. Free-hour or no, phones are to remain off during school hour.

Queen Bee: …Mr. Trein?

Fashionista: Correct, now then; am I safe to assume you three will be hanging up soon and focusing on your work or am I to call your school?

[Queen Bee has logged off]

[D. Mouse has logged off]

[Super Nate has logged off]

Chapter End Notes

Shh...I swear I have Ivan, Adrien, and Tori's villain look planned ;)
Time seems to drag on forever. Alya had almost forgotten how boring the meetings in the student council were; she was questioning how Marinette could even handle them in the first place. True she was the deputy, but she didn’t think it was required of her to show up – until Aurore dragged her in, that was another condition that she had to follow; do her damn job as deputy for the class rep, traditionally it would have been Marinette but with her transfer out her class elected Lila and she was AWOL all duties fell onto Alya. She couldn’t believe this at all; at least the silver lining was that they were discussing what they were going to do for Choir Contest, and Marinette’s school was coming over, which means she could own up to everything to her! Okay, not everything would go the way it used to, but she could start with apologizing and then giving her girl some space – another step towards redemption! Oh, Charlie would be so proud if she were in hell right now. Her cloud nine look got the attention of Aurore who gently poked her with a pen to bring her back down to earth.

“Is Alya with us today?” she asked.

Alya looked over and nodded, “Yeah…just thinking about contest is all.” She assured.

“Great, so what is your class going to do?” Aurore asked, her eyes started to roll when she saw the blank expression on her face. “Let me put it this way; my class are making the fliers, Mr. Bisset’s class is in charge of providing the snacks since…we sort of lost the catering discount.” She narrowed her eyes.

Alya choked a little. “Ah…we could…do decorations?” she offered.

“I suppose it’s better than nothing.” Marc noted. “Just keep in mind, this is a time for elegance; we’re going to be representing out school and presentation is everything, just one mishap will tank our school’s reputation – more so than the fact we’re an akuma hotspot.”

“It’s decorations, I think we can handle them.” Alya assured. “Trust me.”

It was clear the rest of the table wasn’t too impressed; the meeting went on as usual before they parted for the night. Aurore and Alya stayed behind to talk about some sensitive topics; Aurore didn’t use the video Alya taped, even if there were nearby cameras that confirmed what was saw, she wasn’t going to risk it – Lila would be able to twist the narrative and there wasn’t anything completely solid. The most she did was just had Sabrina inform her father and his department that Lila was a person of interest in assisting Hawkmoth and Damocles was now encouraged (forced) to visit any and all security camera feed when it came to her. “He finally saw the ‘damning evidence’ of Marinette pushing Lila down the stairs…guess who lied, here’s a hint; it’s not Marinette.” If Damocles thought he wasn’t playing a dangerous game of Jenga before, he most certainly was now after the wrongful expulsion.

Things in class were a buzz; Alya came in and announced to everyone that they would be doing decorations of some kind for contest – the theme was elegance, so everyone could go out as long as they stuck with the theme. Of course, while Nathaniel said he’d have it under control, others were stuck and even tried asking him what they should do – obviously, he was going to do portraits of the singers dressed in their best (alright, he cheated when he asked Marinette, Tori, and Joe for pictures of their choir uniforms; that was one thing their school didn’t have, the students just had to
dress nice.) Some of the students decided to do paper cranes or paper snowflakes to hang around; Kim told everyone that the crane meant happiness and eternal youth, so with a blessing like that, everyone agreed it would be a great idea to have them hang in the auditorium.

Alya was able to breath a sigh of relief; everything was going to work out okay. They have the decorations down and folding cranes was actually relaxing. As the class continued to fold cranes and their teacher doing...whatever, Lila came into the room with that sickly sweet smile on her face; almost instantly, Chloe and Sabrina moved closer to Adrien to keep her away from him – it irritated the Italian, but Adrien looked relieved when she made her way to her normal seat.

“What’s with the cranes?” she asked.

“We’re in charge of decorations.” Kim said. “I offered paper cranes because of what they represent for Asian cultures.”

“Oh! Is this for Contest?” she smiled. “You know, I’m friends with several artists and I could ask them to do some amazing stuff for you!”

“That’s great.” Nathaniel spoke up. “But we have three weeks or less to get everything set up; professional decorations tend to take longer than that depending on how detailed you want it. Thanks, but no thanks, we’d like to get this done in time.”

Cue the waterworks, and enter Bustier turning to see what the commotion was about; Chloe winced, she had a feeling she knew where this was going...not like it would happen, the teacher and principal stupidly believed her father held weight over their jobs when in reality he didn’t. She just had to get her phone on standby for this.

“Nathaniel, she was only trying to offer help.” Caline scolded.

“Yeah, and we’re on a tight deadline.” Nathaniel reminded. “Ms. Bustier, I don’t think I need to remind you and everyone here, but Contest is our only saving grace since our school is under fire due to us being an akuma hotspot. If we botch this up, the school’s reputation will tank even further, the schoolboard will come out of the shadows and they’ll be investigating as to why the hell everyone’s being pulled out.” He leaned back in his seat. “If Lila wants to call last minute favors, fine, but the rest of us are going to work on the cranes and simple portraits as planned”

“You’re being too hard on Lila; she has no control of the deadline.”

“No, but you and Damocles do.” Sabrina brought out a sheet of paper and read from it. “Attention teachers and principal, this is a friendly reminder that Contest will be happening in two months from now, please ensure that your students who are in choir report to the choir room to work on any solos they may have or for group performances. Enclosed are the names of the school that are participating and will be arriving to our school for the first round. Please keep in mind; this is a time where we break the cycle of akumas coming from this school.” She smirked. “Curtesy of asking our choir teacher for a copy of the email he sent to you and Damocles, and yet only now we’re hearing about this.”

“The student council was in a frenzy!” Alya cried. “The only people who had time to get everything together are the other classes; and what are we doing? Making cranes because we didn’t get any heads-up at all until now!” she turned to Kim. “No offense by the way, the cranes are a good idea.”

Kim gave her a thumbs up. “You’re fine, but you have a point; we could have made like painting of cranes or something if our teacher brought up the event when she was supposed to.”
There was a thin silver lining; Alya was... sort of back, even though she didn’t bring anyone onto Team Marinette, Nathaniel’s outburst was enough to shut the parasite up for the time being and to keep Bustier from opening her enabling mouth any further. Chloe smirked in delight another crack was created and soon enough will form and the pathological liar will be out of their hair for good. Of course, first... they had to get rid of this useless teacher and principal, and Contest was just the perfect setting.

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Science class wasn’t anything interesting; they were just doing reviews before a test came up. Of course, Mr. Crewel had announced that due to the agreement they had made with the Three Heads, they had to also review flower meanings as well as which were beneficial to ‘pure charms’; good luck, love, happiness. As usual, whenever the Three Heads or Collinswood is involved the class liked to make a huge show about it, it was all in good fun and Marinette even joined in by doing a ‘dramatic faint’, claiming that she shared classes with Tori back at her old school. As of now, Marinette was beside her lab partner; Vil – head of Pomefiore – and was sketching away a new design; she wanted to make something for the three boys before they headed off to Contest. True, she had three weeks, but she still wanted to get everything done in time. That, and sketching helped keep her mind focused on the review topic they were going through.

“So, Marinette,” Vil spoke to her. “I say Heart of the hawk, you say?”

“Wormwood seed.” She said simply. “What’s the use of wormwood?”

“It is used in uncrossing rituals, to remove hexes or curses upon you. Also used in spells to send harmful magic back to its sender.” Vil scoffed. “Come now, try to make it challenging.”

“I was talking about the poison effects.” She smirked.

Vil fell silent, this princess was quick on her toes. He smiled and leaned back before replying; “Can cause diarrhea, vomiting, nausea, insomnia, restlessness, vertigo, and seizures.” He explained. “Nasty little plant, wouldn’t you agree?”

Marinette giggled and nodded. They went back and forth like this for the duration of the class, when the bell had rung, she stayed behind to talk to Mr. Crewel about the designs she was working on. It became a ritual after he caught her on day one sketching out the Red Queen’s dress, he pointed out what she could add and make it more regal looking. Okay, he was a bit harsh in some areas, but she took those points and created something grand. Since then, she would show ideas and he would point out what she could do to make it amazing – heck, she already finished The False Prince’s outfit for My Wonderland Nightmare’s keyboardist with his help. The current project to go with that on top were three scarves based off the three dorms.

Crewel definitely recommended soft acrylic and gave a list of recommendations for the material and which brand was perfect as well as which color would work for each of the three dorms. It was because of this is why she was sitting in her dorm crocheting a scarf for Vil; it was a dark violet base with red shimmering apples sewn in the middle, the base was almost done and she was using herself as a model to make sure it was the right amount of thick, fringe, and to make sure the apples could be seen. So far, everything was looking wonderful, if she kept this up, she should be able to get to Azul’s scarf next as well as work on Mad I’s drummer outfit for the band; she was thinking about a crazed sorcerer look for him, just need the right color for this.

Cater came in and saw her modeling her newest look, he shook his head at the sight; he was glad that her designs were taking flight, and it was always a delight to see her in the newest rendition of the school’s uniform. Heck, he was glad that she was able to catch up with everyone in the school
– her flying could use some work, but hey, she was a mortal girl with magical jewelry that turns her into a bug-themed superhero. But when was the last time he saw her have any form of fun, was Paris really that hectic? Well, no more. She was here now and she was going to let loose every now and then…and he knew the perfect place; tonight, was a party night over at Scarabia’s dorm, and it was the perfect place to ‘Dance your worries away’. With that in mind, he walked over and picked Marinette up, throwing her over his shoulder as he walked out; every time she tried to protest, he made sure to shoot them down “Nope, tonight is fun night, you can work later.”

“Cater, I have to get everything done before Contest; My Wonderland Nightmare still have to go through first fitting, Vil, Azul, and Malleus need a lucky charm.”

“One night isn’t going to halt everything.” He set her down once they reached the dorm. “It’s like Bryan Adams say; There will never be another tonight.”

She crossed her arms and raised an eyebrow. “Then, how come Scarabia holds parties every other weekend?”

“No two parties are the same.” He smirked. “Hope you’re wearing your dancing shoes.”

Flashing lights, variety of songs playing, and of course filled with the other dorms. The Octavinelle dorms brought in some of their drinks to share with the group, Heartslabyul brought in macarons (after begging Marinette for the recipe as well as cooking lessons from her after a week of being here.). It was hard to keep track of everything and the dorms when Cater was pulling the princess to the dance floor. Marinette just shrugged; When in Rome, she started dancing with the other members of her dorm.

Things like this lasted until the music cut out and Kalim took to center stage with a microphone. “Hello everyone! Thank you for coming over tonight; before we continue the festivities, I have a few announcements! First; for those of you who have been living under a bridge like a troll, we have an honorary member of Scarabia – and the other dorms, but let’s be real, we’re the best and they’re…not so much. Marinette, sweetie, I’m sorry you’re stuck in Heartslabyul.”

Everyone laughed and some of the other dorms had feign looks of offense in their eyes. Every day was a show here at Night Raven, and who was she to deny a good show?

“It’s okay, Kalim!” She called back. “I was hoping to be in Pomefiore anyway!” she had her own villain grin when Ace pounced and held her close.

“No! Don’t ever say that, otherwise Vil will take you away from us!” he cried. “You’re our Alice, not his!”

“I’m sorry, Ace, but they have a castle as their dorm.”

“Our is a castle too!”

“Yeah, but theirs is fancier.”

Kalim laughed. “Okay you two, break it up.” He called. “Anyway, I’m glad you mentioned Vil! Because this brings me to announcement number two; we have our trio who are going to – one second, the school’s name still gives me heart burn – College Francoise-Dupont – augh, that was still horrible.” He shuddered. “Anyway! Vil will be going with Malleus Draconia of Diasomnia and Azul Ashengrotto of Octavinelle and since I sort of promised the teachers that this party would be beneficial because of Contest; Azul, if you would be so kind to come up and give us a sample of what you’re singing for Contest, that would be great.”
The silver-haired male grinned and made his way to the stage; he found a loophole with the song he was using and he had to thank Marinette for introducing him to the band for this. It had the rhythm and elegance that the judges would be looking for as well as making a jab at certain people in her former school.

“So, eat your heart out, Casanova
Love is a bittersweet ambrosia
They say it gets better, but it don’t get better
Wish it would, but it never gets better

Baby, when you go to pieces
I could eat your heart out darling
The proof is in the pudding, baby
You’re a hot jumpstart, but let me eat your heart
Let me eat your heart”

Marinette had to shake her head at that, there were times she wondered if doing things out of spite was – no, actually, it was indeed worth it. She could already imagine Azul taunting the rest of Francoise-Dupont with this song; true she and him weren’t into each other like that, but the Akuma Cult didn’t know and there was no harm in messing with them.

“That was originally going to be my song.” A cool voice came.

She looked up at the owner and smiled. “Really Malleus? And who would you be singing this to?”

He smirked at her. “To the cult and letting them know that you’re mine.” He played with a pigtail.

“But my current song will work for now.”

“You are a regular charmer, Mal, what would this world do without you?” she asked dryly.

“Hmm nothing much would have changed, except you might be stuck with that mangy feline.” He scoffed.

“Chat Noir and I had a long talk and we’re just friends.” She cleared up. “He only had that mentality because of a hardcore LadyNoir shipper.”

“You can say your ex-friend, I know who you’re talking about.”

“Tomato, tomato.” She shrugged. “When the music comes back on, do you want to dance?”

Malleus smiled and kissed her hand. “Thought you would never ask.”

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“Are you fucking kidding me?” Chloe demanded. “You want us to include her into contest?”

Out of all the stupid requests she’s heard anyone ask in this school, this had to take the cake. The choir teacher explicitly said that this was for students in choir and that no-one could join last minute; it was considered a slap to the face for the actual students who worked their asses off – she knew this because some American school were bitching about the ill-practice their teacher had when it came to a certain event. Everyone was upset for the students because of the last-minute squeeze in with the younger students who only wanted to join because it meant “Vacation time”. But that was a rant for later, right now she was staring at Ms. Caline Bustier with disbelief.
"I just thought it would be fair for Lila to be a part of this, the other schools are sending four of their own here and I thought it would make sense for a fourth to join from our school.” Caline defended.

“Absolutely not.” Chloe glared. “She never shows up for class, this is for people who have top scores in class, and it’s not even my say in the matter!”

“And I’m sure you can convince the choir teacher to let Lila in.”

“She most certainly will not be joining us.” The choir teacher stormed over. “Ms. Bustier, I don’t know how you run your classroom – no, wait, I do. And I will not tolerate you trying to take over my class. If Rossi wanted to join contest, she should have been attending classes and keeping her marks up instead of playing hooky.”

“She’s not skipping school.” Caline insisted. “She can’t help that she’s been pulled away by her mother for work.”

The teacher wasn’t budging. “My stance is clear; I will not accept last-minute entries. Now, kindly return to your own classroom.”

**Queen Bee:** You will not believe who tried to squirm into Contest

**Fashionista:** Wait, I know this…Eren Jaeger, right?

**Queen Bee:** Oh my god, how did you guess?

**Fashionista:** You know how he is; he wants to be the star he’s always wanted to be

**Super Nate:** I don’t know you two; never met you before

**Novella:** Tori, why did you have to introduce them to anime?

**Snake Eater:** Actually, this time I’m innocent. Adrien and Joe are responsible for this.

**Fashionista:** But anyway, please tell me Caline got a verbal beatdown.

**Queen Bee:** She did, and she’s most likely going to find a way to worm Lisa into Contest. Sabrina’s keeping an eye on her and Aurore is on standby with getting the schoolboard if she manages to succeed.

**Fashionista:** Why do I get this strong feeling that after Contest, we won’t have to deal with the owl-furry anymore?

**Stormy Weather:** He’s playing a deadly game of Jenga, if he forces the choir teacher to let the liar into Contest then that’s going to be the tipping point and his career goes…bye bye.

**Fashionista:** Be sure to record the fallout for me, my dorm will get a kick out of it!

**Stormy Weather:** For you “Princess” It’s a deal >:D
Funfact: The American school I mentioned in Chloe's inner monologue? That actually happened in my high school. I'll save that rant for another day.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Sabrina gives ominous warnings.
Adrien is nerd
Night Raven College will be out for blood soon.

Rules were made to be broken. Add in crocodile tears and a pity sob story and one could get anything she ever wanted; sure, the other teachers don’t budge for her, but the principal definitely does and so does that stupid homeroom teacher of hers. She watched in delight when Damocles forced the choir teacher to let her into Contest, she deserved this after all – she couldn’t help that she was always taken away to Achu after all, so why should she be punished for this? She submitted her song to the teacher and started work immediately, it was a jazzy number and it did fit the requirement of the rules so there was no trouble in using it.

It was abysmal at best. Chloe scoffed after they tried going through the number ‘Candy Store’ with a dance number. Ever since with the last-minute addition, it was sloppy. Enough was enough, there was one queen in the school and the little Greek bitch was going to learn the hard way; with a snap of her fingers, she motioned Sabrina and Aurore to follow her. While it’s true that Aurore doesn’t really do the same dirty work as Chloe does, there’s been times she made the exception to the rule; such as when someone is going to drag down a lot of hardworking singers just so she can humiliate the group and try being the star she isn’t. It’s like Anne said “He doesn’t want to bang you, somebody hang you”, Adrien was gay and dating someone – stop hanging on him like a parasite, your photoshoot meant nothing and those issues of Gabriel were called back. The trio laid in wait while the liar would be alone before they pounced; they didn’t have to worry about a teacher, most would be on their side – after all, no-one’s impressed with Ms. Bustier’s coddling nor were they impressed with Damocles’ prioritizing his toys, so they were going most likely going to sit back and let Chloe take care of the issue regarding Lila.

Poor girl, the peasant actually thought she could stand up to a queen. Chloe was tearing her a new one with how vicious she sounded; if Lila was serious about joining this grand show, she was going to have to prove it. And what better way than using father’s connections and sweet-talking Mrs. Rossi into dropping off her precious daughter to the Grand Paris daily to polish up vocals and dance moves. That terrified look in Lila’s eyes was all that was need to be said; either show up willingly and work for it, or mother dear gets involved and hearing a few slips about her supposed stories of grandeur. Oh, she was going to get Mrs. Rossi involved, but not now…a queen was patient; they managed to start molding the Tabloid and they needed to get the rest of the empire over to their side – get rid of the followers, get rid of the support, and the empire was vulnerable for the siege. She had to thank this brat, she was doing her job for them; Ms. Bustier and Damocles were going to be gone and then the rest will fall in place. One bratty Roman getting expelled will be a breath of fresh air.

Classes had ended for the day and Sabrina was in charge in making sure the girl was learning the dance. Chloe was in the music room working on the piano score of her solo piece, she was humming along to the melody before breaking out into song;
“My howl in the night,
To the isolated star
Don’t drive me crazy
Everything seems too far
The sky so deep
Spread endlessly
How on earth can I get to the strawberry field?”

“Interesting choice, why that one?” Adrien was in the audience.

Chloe turned and smirked. “Because despite what you say, season two of Kuroshitsuji was pretty
damn good.”

“I’m not having this debate with you.” He pouted. “Marinette’s coming over for Contest, she’s
going to be on wardrobe duty for everyone in case there’s emergency repairs.”

“The hidden statement being she’s going to be performing, isn’t she?” Chloe asked.

“Yep.” Adrien nodded. “So, I see the parasite is performing with us.”

“Augh don’t remind me!” Chloe growled out. “But this does play perfectly into our hand…of
course, you’re going to be a big help since this could help destroy your father as well.”

“Hm…remind me of my role again?”

“It’s clear the parasite keeps invading your space, and it’s also clear Gabriel and Nathalie doesn’t
read the comments.” Chloe chuckled. “Just go to Nadja and say those magical words and the brand
is tanked.”

“You’re just turning Paris into an empire.” Adrien smirked. “So, once you destroy Bustier,
Damocles, Lila and my father, who’s next?”

“Absolutely no-one.” She went back to playing the notes. “You know what’s funny? If Tori hadn’t
transferred…none of this would happen, just what is it with that witch?”

“According to Joe, spirit users by default can read a person. They know you better than you know
yourself – and it’s why he’s kicking himself for trying to help Lila.”

“I’ve said this about Marinette and now I’m saying this about Tori, he’s too kind for his own
good.”

“But you still care about him.” He pointed out. “You still have that golden cartouche for when the
announcement is made.”

[Fashionista is online]

“Can you talk to her for me? I still have work to do.” Chloe smiled softly.

Adrien grinned and nodded. “Leave it to me.”

Bastet: Hey Marigold, out of class already?

Fashionista: Yes and no; Marinette’s busy with her work and she asked me to let the friends know
that she won’t be answering her phone for a while
Fashionista: Behold, the working Alice in her natural habitat.

Bastet: Ah, nice to meet you Trey! I’m Adrien.

Fashionista: I figured. Queen Bee is her Friend Chloe, D. Mouse is Sabrina (remind me to ask the story behind that name), Snake Eater is Lord Dalimar-Shai (strange name considering his coven), and you…going with the cat deity.

Bastet: Why wouldn’t I? She’s important since she’s the patron goddess of cats and firefighters AND is also the goddess of sun, war, fertility, music, and celebration!

Fashionista: Somehow, that’s fitting for you as well. Oh! Have to go, Alice is looking over and questioning why it’s taking me so long to let her friends know she’s busy

[Fashionista logged off]

Adrien shook his head and put his phone away before looking at Chloe with a smile. The two talked for a bit and started to work together; both with helping each other on their solos and even doing a little work on the group number. In all honesty, Chloe never really pegged Adrien to listen to Rhianna – and she was right when he confirmed he only enjoyed The Spine’s version of the song more than the original artist. Still, he pulled off Diamond without a problem, he had that nice tenor tune to it which suited him just right. Candy Store however, he really got into the dance and song; confirmed musical dork as well, she would have to thank Joe for this later on as well.

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The downside to working on projects during lunchbreak was that eventually time ended and class resumed. Marinette however, was stubborn and brought the scarf she was working on with her to her next class with Mr. Trein; literature, and while the class itself wasn’t that bad…she was sort of dreading it since yarn tended to attract cats. Cats like Lucius who was laying on his cat tree looking innocent. Innocent, ha! Little monster ratted her to the teacher when she was updating her friends about Contest. At least Vil’s scarf was finished, she was working on sewing in the seashell pattern for Azul’s and adding the fringes along with her signature, then she could work on Malleus’

Then there was the band; she just had to make Tori’s look, the only problem with this was that he didn’t have a villain he preferred. Sure, he had his favorites, but he just told her to surprise him and he would go with it (that phrase was every creator’s worst nightmare!). She juggled with a few ideas; Bill Cipher, Frollo, Kaa, or ‘Honest John’. It got to the point where she had to take a poll around the school that she finally decided on Dream Eater as his name and go full on Cipher on him. She was thanking every god out there that Tori was allowed to wear gold now, this made everything easier for her. But that was her next project, right now…school and contest preparation.

It was only a matter of time before Lucius saw the ball of yarn and decided that work could wait. He jumped off the tree and ran over, swatting it off the desk and rolling around with it – scarf and all. Marinette yelped in surprised and tried to get him to surrender the yarn. As a cat owner, Mr. Trein just watched the display and went back to writing on the markerboard to continue his lesson; just so long as Marinette got her notes from one of her classmates and was paying attention to what he was saying, he honestly didn’t care if she tried battling Lucius for the yarn – that and he had to hide his snicker; he found it funny when chaos happened as a result of his beloved cat deciding it was play time.
“Lucius give it here!” Malleus cried as the cat ran by the desks with it.

“Right, I suppose class is on hold.” Trein spoke up. “Right, the assignment is this; whoever can catch Lucius and retrieve the stolen goods to its rightful owner will be excused from tomorrow’s quiz.”

While he rather has order in his classroom, there were times he enjoyed watching the chaos unfold; mostly because this was his way to know which student hadn’t really been focusing on the lectures and which student has. Marinette was definitely one of few who took her studies seriously as well as Malleus, so he would probably excuse them tomorrow – especially since she tried bribing the cat with food. But some of the others; Floyd, Leona, and Cater, they didn’t hesitate in bolting out of their desk and rushing to aid them.

Cater was holding the cat in his arms, making sure the claws were held so to avoid getting his face scratched off. Floyd made his way forward and gently opened his mouth to free the ball, Leona just took the ball and scarf from the cat and made his way to Marinette, setting the project down in front of her.

“Eh, minimal damage.” He shrugged. “You may have to wash that before giving it to the client.”

Marinette groaned. “Augh, tell me something I don’t know.” She looked it over, some stitching needed to be redone but it was fine. “Thank you, Leona.” she turned to the back. “You too Floyd, Cater!”

“Hey this means all three of us miss tomorrow’s quiz, right?” Leona asked.

“Not quite, you are well aware this was to see which students were slacking off without me having to look at the computer.”

The three boys just paled and slunk back to their seats. Yep…another day here at Night Raven. With the class ending, Mr. Trein called for the three boys to stay after to work on their grades, as well as to Marinette to discuss about the upcoming choir event; she was actually another student who was going, he wanted to give her the chance to back out so she didn’t have to face the others. To his surprise, she agreed, and she stayed after to work on a song that she dedicated to most of her former classmates; it would be one middle-finger to them. This was just the spark needed for her to confront her dorm and tell the story of woe, why she was brought here, what the turmoil of her previous school was, and to warn them should they ever show up to the cult-site.

Setting up the dorm was a challenge, but she had Cater help her get everything ready. It was a formal setting, which Rule 42 of the Queen states; any serious discussion was to be in a formal tea party with raspberry jelly tarts. Once everyone was seated, she sat at the head where Riddle would usually be, he let it slide since he knew that this conversation was bound to happen someday. He took his seat beside her and helped himself to a tart, awaiting Marinette’s tale.

“I know a lot of you are going to ask why I decided to set this up now.” She started. “I…My trust had been betrayed by people who claimed were close to me and I wasn’t certain if I could trust anyone here…it took two months to see you weren’t going to be like that. Ace, you were an amazing fox and you had my back, for that I thank you.”

Ace smiled and gave a thumbs up. “I’d do it again if Trixx comes over to recruit me.”

Marinette let out a soft giggle. “Right; well, this story isn’t going to be a pretty one. All I ask is that you don’t try storming the old school…I have a sinking suspicion that Vil, Malleus, and Azul will be doing the job for you.”
She recounted the events that had happened; when she first received the miraculous and how she met her teammates, the reveal of some of her teammates – one being a dear friend of hers who helped so many in school (heck, he managed to reform Chloe of all people). But one day, a new girl came – Lila Rossi – when a lie was called out and she was akumatized, her friend offered a hand to help her become a better person. For the longest time it worked, she got her aura to where it needed to be.

Of course, she was a master manipulator. She went through them just to lay low, this year she reared her ugly head when it was revealed that her friend wasn’t going to be at Francoise-Dupont. It started out small with her faking illnesses – arthritis in her hands that changed, tinnitus from saving a make-believe cat from an airport runway that just happened to let a civilian onto the tarmac, etc. Then it got to her ‘saving someone from having his eye gouged out from a napkin’ (god that was painful to say), and even threatening her once isolated from the group. After that? Downhill, her life was hell and she got Marinette expelled based on her word alone; no investigation was given, nothing. It got redacted after the liar claimed a disease that caused her to lie…she tried online school but that didn’t stop her claws; her computers were the constant target of viral attacks, hateful messages sent to her old phone, she was close to breaking down until the letter of acceptance came in.

To say that the boys were disgusted was an understatement; while some were related to or a follower of a villain, they wouldn’t stoop this low (okay, maybe Judge Claude Frollo with his tendency to abuse his power and even using false evidence to convict a gypsy…but no-one here even looked up to him. They were sick of him, and that was saying something in villain standards!). Cater took to the school’s website and relayed the story to the rest of the school, Trey and Ace were clenching their forks a bit too hard that they were probably close to stabbing her old classmates with them, Deuce was scowling so hard he just violently stabbed the tart in front of him, and Riddle? Riddle was close to beheading someone – and he wasn’t talking about magic binding either.

“Those fools better pray they don’t meet us.” Riddle growled out. “I’ve never heard a school so…so…ill-practiced in all of my life! Wonderland has more order than that place!”

“Karen shouldn’t even be a fucking teacher if she’s going to preach such toxic and vile – Augh!” Deuce threw the fork to the table. “I’m so mad I can’t even talk!”

Cater scoffed. “Your principal and teacher are so Toxic that Britney Spears is singing about them in her revival tour.”

“Right, I’m going to shift this conversation to something more light-hearted before I start storming through the Dark Mirror.” Trey cleared his throat. “Marinette, you said you’ve revealed yourself to Queen Bee, Madame Grey, Hooded Assassin, Chien Citrine, Viperion, and Ryuuko…why not Chat Noir?”

Marinette blushed a bit. “He had this high expectation of me outside the mask…I’m afraid I’ll fail to meet them.” She admitted. “I mean, I’m not that exciting to say the least.”

It’s official, they were going to have a burning and that toxic teacher was going to be the first on the pyre if Marinette was having self-conscious issues no thanks to her.

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To be honest, Sabrina lost any notion of time when she worked on the dance with Lila – actually, no that was a lie, she knew full well it’s been hours with only a thirty-minute break to relax. And in those hours did Lila actually improve? Well…she was able to get past the first chorus, that was
something at least. After their time she made sure to assist Lila in walking home, mostly because it would look bad if she passed out in a street somewhere; she may want her revenge like Chloe and some others, but leaving someone in the street was too crude. No, she was better than that and will go through the original plan, shatter the empire and let in the siege and once everything settles down; order will go back to as it was, after all…One does not simply challenge the Queen.

“You know, if this is too much for you, you could always drop out.” Sabrina offered. “I’m sure you can blame it on strep or something.”

Lila just sneered at her; what did this little nobody know? Contest was going to be her moment to shine, and if she has to endure these stupid dance lessons, so be it. Besides, it’ll be worth it when she won that her popularity will stick around forever. Her reaction just made Sabrina grin even more.

“Alright, humiliate yourself for us then.” She shrugged. “Just don’t count on Bustier or Damocles to save you, they’re not going to be around after Contest, enjoy your freedom while you can~”

“You think I’m worried? This isn’t my first rodeo, bitch; I’ll have the new teacher wrapped around my fingers~”

“No, you won’t, you’re so delusional that you fail to notice the jeers from the rest of the students.” Sabrina looked at her nails like Chloe would. “Despite what she thinks, Bustier is actually hated by the majority of the staff because of her toxic classroom and how she handles bullies like you.” She held her finger up to silence any further sound from he. “Do you know what your mistakes were? Betraying the trust of one the Main Three as well as targeting our Bluebell Princess. Had you just stayed with Jagged Stone’s imaginary kitten, none of this would happen, but instead you just made powerful enemies and I think I speak for everyone when I say I can’t wait for your lying mouth to be muzzled and you’re whipped to obedience.”

Lila glared and shoved her to the side and stormed ahead, “Whatever, this is my stop.” She turned to face her. “Don’t even bother showing up to school, you think you’re safe because of your friend? When I bring out the tears, you’re going to wish you transferred out along with Maribrat!”

“Please, try to be original with your threats.” Sabrina smirked. “Have a good night, Lila~” she turned and skipped off into the night with a vicious smirk on her face.
You know what I love about working on my other stuff? Is that whatever Ladybug lore I put in these, I can transfer that over to my main story that I haven't touched in AGES. I promise, I'll get to it.

So in here and eventually there, Roland is still canonically a traditionalist but he at least is TRYING to get used to the new age, because honestly? I'm so sick and tired of Grandma/Grandpa shunning the modern world because it wasn't how it was in the past trope. It's annoying and I want to yeet my computer each time it comes on.

It's fine to go through traditions, but come on. So...there's another item in the Canon suitcase that's going out the window. (Seriously, my late gran while she did ask me to teach her how to work the computer was still willing to learn! Sure, she mostly played Luxor and Plants vs. Zombies and the little card games, but she still figured out how to install the games on her own and even attempted to give Nancy Drew a try - okay, we didn't finish a game together, because we were both clueless on the puzzles xD we just instead played the score games and try to beat each other's score lol)

Days ticked by, rehearsals were going smooth, and now that their good-luck charms were completed and coming along, Vil had high confidence in their ability to beat the first round of Contest – like it’ll be hard, they’re going up against an ill-practiced school, he had his doubts they even had a quality music teacher. Of course, he won’t deny he would wish Marinette’s friends good luck, they deserved it after all. As of right now, things at Night Raven were pretty quiet, he supposed that it was because nothing exciting was planned out – no surprise, everyone wanted to make sure the four weren’t disturbed, and that was fine by him; he was working in the Pomefiore’s kitchen on two projects; both were going to be a throat spray, but one was actually more of a jinx for a certain lying brat that harmed their princess.

Now, he wasn’t a brute; he found himself to be calculating – he wasn’t just a pretty face, and this potion was proof of it. It would only last until dawn the next day, and while there was a rule about sabotaging the other competitors, he found a way around it. Two potions; both cherries in flavor, both were soothing on burning throats, and both will be in identical bottles. The only difference was the labeling; while both had two cherries on it, the difference was the leaf – the throat soother had two leaves while the jinx had a single one. All that was needed was to trick the little maggot into spraying her throat with the jinx and just sit back and enjoy the show; the brat croaking like a frog every time she tried to sing. Frog’s Breath, he won’t lie, this was rather crude, but if she was going to be squawking like a dying canary with her outrageous lies, he may as well help her complete the look; he wasn’t too worried though, the smart trio would ask for a second chance since their member was ‘sick’, the judges will agree because it wasn’t their fault the idiot decided it was a good idea to perform while ill, and everything would be right in the world…at least until dawn the next day. It would be a breather to say the least.

“I thought I smelled a frog.” Came Malleus’ cold voice.

Vil chuckled and turned to see his fellow teammates along with Rook and Epel beside them. “Are
you accusing me of attempted sabotage?"

Azul shook his head and looked his work over. “Only if your intended target is a worm.” He smirked. “This is for the little shark bait, right?”

“Naturally.” He picked up the soothing spray and grinned. “And I’ve made a good deed to balance things out…or in case one of the Three Heads decide to investigate any claims made against us.”

Malleus chuckled. “Well, that’s better than what Azul and I had in mind. I was going to prick her with a sleeping drought-coated needle and blame it on the heat from the stage lights.”

“Meanwhile I was planning to draw up a contract that works in my favor and leaves her stuck serving my family for the rest of her life.” Azul shrugged. “But then I realized that meant I would have to deal with her and had to scrap the idea altogether.”

Rook shook his head and crossed his arms. “Honestly, let’s just save the headache and just give her a Queen’s Apple and be done with it already. I doubt platonic love is going to cut it with the Love’s True Kiss rule, it’ll be a quick and clean way to get her out of the picture.”

“That’s not going to work.” Epel spoke up. “Mortals have way to detecting strange substances inside a departed person…if they find the potion’s contents in her they’re going to start going after witches and it’ll be The Hunt again. We can’t risk it.”

“Which is part of the reason I scrapped my needle idea.” Malleus added. “Too much of a risk to knock out a mortal or…” he ran his finger across his throat. “Vil’s frog mixture will have to do, besides…it’ll be more entertaining to see her humiliate herself.”

“As your song goes; There’s so many to be wicked.” Rook chuckled. “I just hope you videotape the show for us to enjoy.”

A simple deal, but it was one that the school would get a kick out of. After everything’s been said and done and the two sprays were made and packed away, the group left in silence and went about their normal schedule. Classes would go without a problem; Malleus would be with her for History, Azul and the Leech Twins would be by her side during gym class (especially flying, but she got the hang of it), and Vil would be with her during science. He actually to chuckle at the memory; her very first day at Night Raven and she made sure to bring a box of sweets to her new teachers and classmates, hardly anyone knew what to think about that – the macarons she made were delicious, and since then, she’s been showing up daily with them for her classmates.

That was day one and her early days; around the second week was when she showed off her school uniform to everyone – and sometimes her Heartslabyul uniform, but her school uniform was something else; plain white off-the-shoulder top, with long sleeves (and had little heart cufflinks), a red vest with gold ruffles by the neck and sleeves, A short black skirt with a dull gold pattern at the bottom. Red frills trim the hem. And completed with a jacket from their school; black with a gold trimming, a pin of her dorm resting on her left breast pocket, and a red ribbon on the left sleeve – the only thing missing was the gloves, she refused them on the spot. A silent agreement was made that she probably would have looked better if her hair was let down or put in waves for the school uniform rather than her usual pigtails, but nobody told her outright. She looked elegant and definitely fit in perfectly among the rest of the boys – okay, that was a little bit biased thinking, but Vil remembered Lilia proclaiming that he was going to demand Crowley to make this a co-ed school so they could see more of that feminine rendition of their uniform roaming around the halls. He had to agree, but…then there was the worry that others would steal their Princess’ spotlight and well…even though Malleus had ‘claimed’ her, Vil wasn’t one who enjoyed sharing; case in point,
whenever Marinette wasn’t around Heartslabyul, he had Rook be by her side.

But of course, came the moment of truth; the reason the little princess was here in the first place. At the beginning; no-one knew the full story, other than the basic idea was there was a bullying problem. But, after Marinette told her tale to her dorm, Cater took it upon himself to let everyone in the school know what really happened – well, he gave the short version and Marinette was more than happy to let everyone know more if they approached her and asked; oh, if the short story got blood boiling, the full detailed story got everyone ready to look for blood. Now, Vil won’t lie, he and many others had found their own headmaster odd at times – but at least he did his damn job! If memory served him correctly, he remembered that Deuce, Ace, that weird tanuki, and Yuu had to find a special gemstone to fix the chandelier and avoid expulsion. Naturally, they pulled it off, but with a quest like that; it showed that Headmaster Crowley wasn’t hesitant in punishing rule breakers. The headmaster of Marinette’s old school? What a pathetic excuse of a joke.

Which brought them to the now, Vil entered the classroom with Malleus and Azul to do some polishing if needed and to meet with Marinette to get their group number solidified. What he was greeted to was Marinette perfecting her solo. Smiling, they took a seat by the desks and leaned back as her voice rang through the room.

“I made myself at home
In the cobwebs and the lies
I’m learning all your tricks
I can hurt you from inside
I made myself a promise
You would never see me cry
Til I make you

You’ll never know what hit you
Won’t see me closing in
I’m gonna make you suffer
This hell you put me in
I’m underneath your skin
The devil within
You’ll never know what hit you.”

“I feel as though this is breaking the rules of what’s allowed.” Azul teased.

Mr. Trein looked over at the boys and nodded; “Turns out you can have upbeat songs if you put enough dedication into them.” He explained. “Miss Dupain-Cheng confirmed that her friends were doing Candy Store from Heathers as their group entry.”

“It was either Chloe’s idea or Aurore’s, I forget which.” Marinette grinned. “You three took your time in showing up, what kept you?”

“Preparations.” Vil said simply. “I wanted to make sure my mother’s remedy for sore throat was completed in time.”

Mr. Trein nodded and motioned them to the center of the room; “Let’s begin your group number then.”

* The only thing that drove her up the wall was anything last minute. The good news; they had
everyone contributing to the snacks, the bad news; they were down a few ingredients. Chloe huffed as she and Sabrina took to the stores to get the high-quality stuff. The shopping portion went well, it was mostly stuff for cookies and other simple treats that the cooking club was gracious in helping out with, there was one person who was using fruit in their recipe and that was their final stop on the list; the only thing, however, that made Chloe pause in her steps was seeing a familiar sausage-haired girl holding a grocery basket and smiling with an older woman – the two Rossi girls have finally showed themselves in the open. Oh, this was too good to pass up, she looked to Sabrina and mouthed ‘watch this’ before approaching the two.

“Lila! Fancy meeting you here!” Chloe had a sickly-sweet smile of her own, and a dangerous look in her eye.

“Chloe-?!” Lila looked to her mom and then back to the blond before forcing a smile of her own. “I thought you have people do the shopping…for you?”

“I have particular tastes; I do my own shopping with some exceptions.” She looked at her nails. “Besides, I’m here getting stuff for the cooking club at school; they were down some things and with contest creeping up it’s vital we get everything.”

That certainly got Mrs. Rossi’s attention, she looked at Chloe with confusion in her eyes. “I thought the school was closed because of the wild akumas running around?”

Oh, so that’s the lie she’s going for huh? Please, Rossi, make this a little more challenging. Chloe blinked and looked at her phone confused before answering; “There’s no alerts out, news coverage is quiet – save for the talk about Jagged Stone’s new tour – besides, attacks last about thirty minutes due to the team stopping them and healing everything.”

Sabrina nodded in agreement. “If the akuma is by the school, an alert would be sent out to the families and a call would be given to let them know it’s safe to return!”

Mrs. Rossi turned to her daughter with a disappointed look, before she was about to scold her, Chloe spoke up again. “Don’t be upset with her! I’m sure there must have been a translation issue; we’re still figuring out everything we can about this disaster and my father – the mayor – and I are no stranger in helping people out in these trying times.”

“But she’s been missing months of school!” She exclaimed.

“As Chloe said, we’re used to helping people out; it’s what Ladybug and her team would want.” Sabrina chimed in. “After all, I’m helping Lila with polishing up for Contest, I’m sure it won’t be too hard for us to meet and have a study party to get her all caught up.”

She let a sigh of relief. “You’d do that for mi bella?” the two girls nodded. “Alright, can you give me your numbers so we can arrange meeting times?”

“Of course!” Chloe took the phone from her and started adding both her number and Sabrina’s. “And, as a bonus, I’ll put the akuma alerts on as well so you’ll always stay in the loop.” She handed it back. “Anything to help out.”

Chloe had a grin and a wicked look in her eyes as Lila scowled at her; she’s played this game longer than the little Italian standing right in front of her. She knows all the words, all the poses, and all the tones, Lila is just a beginner in a game of champions and this was going to work out perfectly now that ‘mommy dear’ was on her side; now that the little parasite is trapped, it’ll make crumbling the empire easier. Bow down, Lila, you’re just a peasant.
Smiling bright, she turned back to Mrs. Rossi and took a few fresh apples. “Well, in any case, Sabrina and I have to be on our way; we’ll see you at five for practice, right Lila?”

“You can count on it.” Lila forced out. “I’ll definitely be there, Chloe.”

“Wonderful, can’t wait to see how far you’ve come along.”

Once the parties separated, Chloe gagged and took a mint from her pocket. Gone was the kind-hearted hero and in place was a wicked queen. Oh sure, she was still on good terms with the rest of the school – that’s what popularity gets you after all – but with her own class, she had to play this game as the rest were still pretty stupid. Granted, Aurore has Alya at her side and is currently defanging that attack dog and reforming her into someone with common sense, but as for the others; they were going to need some serious work – Kim, Alix, Mylene (poor sweet girl, she’s going to be on a shaky bridge when she’s through with her), and Max.

Nino was a bit undetermined; it was clear he wants to side with Marinette, and he does...in the shadows, no doubt Alya suffocated that boy and forced him to side with Lila against his will; he was going to be saved by the group even if it means punching someone to do it – okay, it wouldn’t go to that extreme, but they were going to get those two apart so they can sort everything out; Alya with her priorities, and Nino with his mental health, this pushy relationship is going to kill that boy.

With a shake of her head, the girls paid for their goods and made their way back to the school. It was going to be a long day and the game was only getting started.

* 

Azul looked himself over in the mirror, the scarf that Angel Fish had made was perfect and it was a good luck charm to him. Of course, Vil and Malleus both had one, but he found his to be the better among the three. As of now, he had the Leech Twins head out to get something from home for them to use; if Marinette was going out of her way to make a good luck charm for them, he was going to return the favor. It took a while to think of something, but it finally dawned on him and he was going to go all out on this gift – and maybe depending on if their school is the victor and makes it over to round two/the semi-finals, they could celebrate with a drink or two.

He was brought out of his thought when the twins came in with baskets in hands, both were filled to the brim with seashells. Shells were pretty fragile and they had a sinking feeling that making this seashell necklace was going to cost a few unfortunate shells to break in the process, they had some glass beads to add to the mix as well. With a nod, they got started threading through each shell and bead in a very delicate manner.

“I wonder what Malleus and Vil are going to gift her.” Floyd mused. “I mean, I can see Vil going out of his way and gifting her something like a ring or something but what about Mal?”

Jade shrugged and added a bead. “Let’s see, if I know anything about him and who he’s related to...I’m going to have to say a black rose of some kind.”

“If this keeps up, Angel Fish is going to complete the princess look.” Azul chuckled. “Have you seen her Choir uniform?”

A short, sleeveless black dress with an attached necklet, lace at the bottom, and a gold and white tasseled pendant hanging from the middle. It was definitely on the mature and sexy side of things, while they enjoyed her standard cute and innocent look, she’s been getting more and more bold with her designs and sporting them without a care in the world – if this is how she was before the
maggot showed up to her school, they could definitely see her ruling said school with the charm and grace of a regal queen. Well, princess actually, the roll of the queen went to her friend Chloe and that role was going to stay no matter what.

Of course, on the other hand, they had to wonder if the reason she’s been stuck in that cutesy innocent look is because of that incompetent teacher. They had a sinking feeling that wench got her claws in and made some sexist remark – okay, sure she had a traditionalist and possibly borderline OCD grandfather who made a few remarks about some of her designs, but according to their pixie, he still supported her in his own way (“A low-cut shirt like that isn’t practical in a bakery setting! But it is practical for a movie night with friends, stay safe!”) they still get a kick out of that.

But when it came to Caline Bustier…well, that was one can of worms they weren’t going to be opening today. Not while they were working on Angel Fish’s necklace.

“I just thought of something, since families sometimes tend to show up, do you think Roland is going to appear?” Floyd asked.

“Probably not, but he’d still give her support before seeing her off.” Azul noted. “Of course, I wouldn’t be surprised if her parents dragged him to the school…I mean, you’ve seen the picture of her father, he could carry Mr. Vargas with no problems!”

“I’m certain Angel Fish can carry Mr. Vargas with no problem; she’s not only a superhero, but also a baker’s daughter, she’s no doubt been carrying huge sacks of flour for most of her life.” Jade pointed out. “And I’m certain if Roland saw her doing that, he’d be bending over laughing and saying something like ‘That’s our Mari! She doesn’t need no man to carry her bag – although, she probably should let him help just to be polite.’”

“Traditional yet slowly adapting.” Azul mused. “Of course, I’d be lying if I said I’m not hoping that one of her family members tear apart the staff at that miserable excuse of a school.”

“Everyone is hoping that, fortunately. Contest will be the time to let the board and the mayor know about the ill-practices from the principal and the homeroom teacher.” Jade placed the clasps on and held the final product up in the light. “It’s guaranteed that they’ll never find a job in the teaching community ever again, especially after Vil humiliates the liar on stage.”

Floyd chuckled, “It’d be better if we could come along, you have that little truth spell, brother.”

“Indeed, I do, but alas, we have to settle with a frog’s breath potion to do the job.”

“A crude method.” Azul scoffed. “But, an effective method nonetheless.” He stood up and gently took the necklace. “I’m going to Heartslabyul, you two take care of the lounge while I’m gone…oh and by the way, today’s drink of the day is Shark Bite, go crazy you too.”
Contest: My Jolly Sailor Bold

Chapter Notes

Let contest begin! From here on, you're going to see a lot of musical numbers so yay :D

Today was the day of Contest, and to say she was stressed was an understatement. Sabrina was rushing around with the rest of the student council in making sure everything was in place; Aurore was making sure Alya knew her job in recording for the school paper (and make subtle jabs about making sure she has the full story and not the pieces she like), Marc and Nathaniel were getting final decorations in place, Mireille was setting up the choir room for the solos and the stage in the auditorium for the groups, it was chaos everywhere you looked. What made things even more nerve-racking would be this round was being overseen by the board and the mayor – teachers were on edge, and why wouldn’t they be? Some jobs might be on the line. That and the judges were going to be unpredictable, someone might get the strict one and someone might get the laid back one – that got the group pacing around like a nervous wreck; Adrien was playing with a fidget spinner to settle his nerves as he performed Diamond to himself, Chloe was with the teacher and going over the notes for The Full Moon is Slightly Chipped, and Aurore had to break from Alya to work on Ar Hyd y Nos. Everyone was in place and practicing, so what had Sabrina stressed the most? Lila. The lazy brat wasn’t putting any effort into last minute warmups, nor was she even bothering to put effort into the group number; all that forceful hard work for nothing! Was she trying to make their school look bad? Both her and the idiotic owl bastard were so lucky that she was forced to give Chloe Mullo, if she could, she’d have terrorized Lila into staying home and talk the teacher into shredding Lila’s application – actually, they should have done that first!

She tried to go to the spa to let out some steam and that was the last thing she remembered before the world went black. When she came to, she was surrounded by the heroes; now normally, she’d be happy to see her team, but it looked like they picked up a friend and Chloe went from Queen to ‘Ashy’ with her grey and black look and her buns resembling mouse ears, if she had to be completely honest; Chloe actually looked adorable! As for the fox? Black leather jacket and pants, teal lining, and a black mask – she thought Ace was a Melanin fox, this one took the cake with the teal lining as an extra. If she had to put a name to the face, this was one of the Leech Twins Marinette had warned her about, the fox introduced himself as Trouble Clef – Ah, so this was most likely Floyd then.

“Was a fox needed for the job?” Sabrina asked softly.

Ladybug groaned. “I’m close to just giving Trixx to Tori at this point; this is the second time he went to get someone – Trouble isn’t even meant to be in this realm!”

Sabrina smiled a little. “Sorry for…that, I guess Contest had me stressed and…Hawk-dick decided to take advantage of me.”

“If it makes you feel better.” Hood started out. “Citrine and I are stressed too, we’ve actually lost count how many cleansing rituals we’ve gone through just to keep calm and relaxed.”

“Out of the three of us, Star Child’s the calm one.” Citrine confirmed. “Then again, she lives with Vampires during the winter…” he trailed off. “Anyway, let’s get to the school, we have Contest.”
Even though the spa would have helped, it turned out that blowing off steam was what she needed. After they returned to the school and detransformed into a gym, they had a brief sparring match – and got a fun show of Marinette scolding Trixx and Floyd – before regrouping with the rest of everyone. The rest of the guests arrived and as of now, everyone was mingling before the guidelines would be announced; Marinette had a blast introducing her friends to her…well friends as well as one of her teachers, her parents loved them and even told them how much she would talk about them in her updates – and of course be embarrassing and mentioning to Malleus that Marinette had found him rather cute looking. That resulted in Malleus going after Marinette and causing her to go red in the face and hiding in her hands while he smooth-talked her, even causing her to crash when he asked for a date.

That was with Malleus, when it came to Vil – Adrien and Joe had to be dragged over to him by Chloe and Sabrina, the two led the conversations and even gushed about the scarf he was wearing; an MDC original, she loved the sparkling apples that decorated it, she nudged the two boys next to her and nodded for them to say something…they said something alright, and it resulted in Chloe being on the floor clutching her side and Sabrina gasping for air;

“Are you single?” They both asked at the same time.

Both Adrien and Joe looked at each other before hiding their faces in their hands, they were just burning red.

“O-Oh god…Adrien…I”

“Joe…Just…please put me out of my misery, tell Ladybug I moved to the Bahamas!”

“Like hell you’re leaving me alone!” Joe looked up at Vil. “I am so sorry, we…that was a slip!”

Vil chuckled and flipped his hair a little. “Now, now, there’s no need to apologize; I’m the fairest after all, it’s only natural you would ask.” He grinned. “But to answer your questions; I am single and I would be okay joining you two.”

The two just stopped working. They didn’t ask the second part.

“We…are going to be on our way.” Joe dragged Adrien off. “Gotta do warmups and…keep our throats from dying in mid-song.”

“Good luck!” Adrien called.

If there was one thing, she prided herself as a teacher, it was when students got along. Caline watched as the various schools joined and mingled with Francoise-Dupont, sure their school had a rocky reputation and…sure the School Board and the Mayor would be attending and overseeing everything, but this event should clear any misconception; her students were brilliant, it’s not their fault that Hawkmoth preyed on their emotions, of course, she would be lying if she said she was concerned that her class had more akuma attacks than the other classes. It boggled the mind in all honesty, most of the other teachers were harsh, one would think that would catch Hawkmoth’s attention off the bat. Well, everyone had their way of keeping their emotions in check, she supposes that balanced out the harsh teachings from her coworkers. Straightening her jacket, Caline made her way over to where one of the teachers were; he was a strange looking one with how he was dressed, and he looked like Maddie when she didn’t have her coffee before science class. The man was talking with another teacher; a white mask covered part of the face, and he was dressed in a tux…both were dressed like they were going to an opera.

“Good afternoon, gentlemen.” She greeted.
The two looked at her, the man with the mask spoke up. “Good afternoon, yourself.” He greeted. “Are you a teacher here?”

“I am.” She said with pride. “My name is Caline Bustier, I teach literature and history.” She held her hand out.


The other man did the same before introducing himself; “Mozus Trein, I teach art in all its forms – including music, literature, and history.”

“And your students are representing your schools?” She turned to where their students were, she only caught sight of Adrien being pulled away by Joe and distancing from a blond and Marinette hiding her face while another boy with horns (?) was standing beside her and circling her. “They’re a little…strange.” She choked out.

“Strange, yes.” Mozus agreed. “But they are hardworking and we pride ourselves in having students excel in their natural fields.” He watched one of his students from a distance, he wasn’t surprised that the Leech twins followed Azul to this realm – of course, he’d like it better if they weren’t trying to stand out like a sore thumb with their poor disguises. “Take Azul over there talking to Lord Dalimar-Shai, he has his own business at school as well as a family business. Top marks in class – like every dorm head. Then you have our newest student, I believe you know her?”

“Marinette’s a bright student.” Caline agreed. “I just wish she hadn’t left us; yes, she was expelled for theft and assault, but that was because one of our students have a condition that makes her lie when she’s stressed…but everything’s fixed now.”

“I do hope the CCTV’s were used!” Eric cried out. “Those are some serious accusations, madame.”

“Okay, the theft is plausible…we found the student’s necklace in Marinette’s locker.” She said. “But there could be a number of reasons as to why it was there; maybe the student asked Marinette to hold onto the necklace and forgot about it when her disease kicked in.”

Trein rubbed his forehead and let out a sigh. “Madame, I teach in a school of…well I suppose in mortal terms; ‘villains.” He looked at her. “I know a troublemaking student when I see one; the Leech twins are troublemakers, Ruggie is a troublemaker as well as Leona, Ace is a troublemaker, and from what I’m hearing it sounds like this ‘diseased’ student is one of them!”

“Sir, please.” Caline pleased. “She didn’t mean it.”

“It doesn’t matter if she meant it or not.” Eric snapped. “She accused a student with hardly any evidence – and even then, it sounds like the evidence were faulty at best; if I have to be honest here, I’m wondering if any protocol was enacted. Was an investigation given?”

“Well no-”

“So, your principal just expelled a student without going through an investigation? I can see why she refused to come back to this madhouse!” Trein huffed. “Please tell me you did something about this?”

She nodded. “The first accusation was the theft of an answer sheet, it was sometime after the test when it went missing and I received an anonymous note saying Marinette might have done it; I called her to the front and had her open her bag where the answer sheet was.”
“Quite a jumble there, I assume you meant to say ‘I called her to the front and took her to the hall where I had her open her bag’?” Eric’s eyes widen when he saw the female teacher flinch and looked away. “You did this in front of the class where she could be humiliated?”

“Let’s…Let’s just end this conversation while we can.” Trein stood up. “I’m going to find out which rooms my students will be in for their solos and hand over their pieces to the judges before they’re called in.”

It wasn’t that he believed Marinette’s tale was false, knowing how Cater worded it, there had to be some over exaggerations to it; sure, enough that after talking to that imbecile of a teacher and add in the detailed account from Marinette was enough to confirm the story. He may be a harsh teacher, but he still had a heart; when Dire told him and the other teachers that they were going to have a new student, hardly anyone reacted – sure it was strange to have someone show up a month or two after the year started, but it was usually out of their hand if the Dark Mirror had anything to say about it. But then he said that her arrival was under unique circumstances and that got their attentions; they were going to keep watch over her, she was studious and …strange – kid came bringing in pastries for everyone on her first day of class. Trey hasn’t even done that and he’s in the same family business; both he and her were from a family of bakers!

But after hearing her story…honestly, how the hell did this school get away with so much over the years – and don’t tell him because they had the daughter of the Mayor in class, that was no excuse for the now with some ‘lying disease’ girl. Whatever, it wasn’t his problem now, he would have to fret about it when things quiet down, right now…he had music to drop off.

* 

Marinette looked around the room she was in; solos were about to begin and she was in group A; they were going to be judged by Eric Bardon – he was a last minute judge, but he was still here and he made his stance clear to Trefor – a girl with medium length brown hair and sharp brown eyes – that even though he was a teacher at her school, he was being just and fair. Finally, another teacher with a sharp stance in things.

Group A consisted of her, Trefor, and Adrien. Surprisingly, Gabriel himself was in the room – oh where a Queen’s Apple when you needed one? She shook her head and sat up straight as the girl took her place in the middle of the empty classroom before her own hazel eyes glowed as she started;

“Upon one summer's morning
I carefully did stray
Down by the Walls of Wapping
Where I met a sailor gay

Conversing with a young lass
Who seem'd to be in pain
Saying, William, when you go
I fear you'll ne'er return again

My heart is pierced by Cupid
I disdain all glittering gold
There is nothing can console me
But my jolly sailor bold”

It was here her little spell took place; she wanted everyone to see what she wanted them to. They
took the roll of a maiden who met a sailor and fell in love with them. They could smell the sea air and feel the rush of the breeze grace their faces.

“His hair it hangs in ringlets
His eyes as black as coal
My happiness attend him
Wherever he may go

From Tower Hill to Blackwall
I'll wander, weep and moan
All for my jolly sailor
Until he sails home

My heart is pierced by Cupid
I disdain all glittering gold
There is nothing can console me
But my jolly sailor bold”

Their sailor was quite the handsome devil; of course, in Marinette’s eyes, she was watching as Malleus was boarding a ship to who knows where. Her heart ached as the ship began to take off, she felt herself making a vow to forever wait for his return.

“Come all you pretty fair maids
Whoever you may be
Who love a jolly sailor
That plows the raging sea

While up aloft in storm
From me his absence mourn
And firmly pray arrive the day
He's never more to roam

My heart is pierced by Cupid
I disdain all glittering gold
There is nothing can console me
But my jolly sailor bold”

The song had ended and the spell ceased. It took some time before everyone was able to applaud and watch as Trefor bow in response. When the applause had cease, she stood up straight and awaited her evaluation from the judge before.

“I won’t lie; when you submitted this as your entry, I was a little worried if you would be able to pull it off.” Eric started. “However, it’s clear you put the dedication into it; may I ask why this song in particular?”

She smiled and nodded. “Well, I just really liked the movie On Stranger Tides and this was my favorite scene in the whole film. I would love to be one of the mermaids!” She laughed. “The irony is, my family hunts sirens.”

“All the more reason as to why I was a little confused.” Eric chuckled. “My only complaint was
“I thought that was part of the show.” Gabriel spoke up. “Also…if I may ask, what did you mean when you say your family hunts sirens?”

Trefor looked up at him. “I mean…my family hunts the night; Sirens are an invasive as fuck species and you don’t control them then the human population is fucked.”

“Thank you, Miss Belmont.” Eric wrote something down. “You may take your seat…Mr. Agreste.” He paused. “Adrien Agreste, not the father, please come down and let’s see what you have.”
“Miss? Would it be okay if I get an interview for the school paper?” Alya asked.

Trefor looked at the auburn-haired girl odd. She had finished her solo and now she was getting interviewed? Well, mortal schools were strange, but she would indulge her. She led the reporter to a table in the cafeteria and leaned back, setting her feet on the bench so she could lay back and lounge.

“Go right ahead, missy.” She said. “Give me everything you have.”

Alya was taken back by the student’s behavior; her brown eyes were staring right into her soul despite her carefree posture. Though she did get a good look at her; she wore a white long-sleeved shirt that was covered in a black leather corset; a pewter pin of a cobra with ruby eyes wrapped around a whip was on her left breast, she also wore a pair of black pants under a black skirt and black combat boots to complete the look. If memory served her correctly…pewter belonged to the House of Dracul, but the cobra here wasn’t impaled on a spike…sub-branch of the family maybe? She’d have to ask about it later.

“Right, let’s start with your name and which school you represent.”

“Trefor Beaumont.” She introduced. “I’m one of four students representing the Parisian branch of the Collinswood school.”

“The school for witches.” Alya noted. “So, what makes Collinswood stand out above the mortal schools?”

“Hm…I’d have to say we’re not afraid to treat students and teachers as equals for one; in some way we’re all one huge family.” She explained. “I’m not saying we’re a perfectly harmonized school since some families have bad blood with others; my family and Adela’s family for example…I know things aren’t like they were back in the 1400’s, but there’s still tension between the two.”

She sighed. “Education wise, while we do teach magic, we’re mostly about teaching control in general; magic is not the answer to everything and some people fail to realize that…when it comes to things like History, we’re not afraid to get graphic.”

Alya felt her stomach churn, she learned that the hard way when she asked Tori about his family history. Swallowing a breath of air and settling herself she went back to the interview with Trefor. “What about music, I mean, you performed Jolly Sailor Bold, what about the others?”

Trefor smiled. “Well, Tori is going for Lantern, Joseph is going for Greatest Show, and Adela is going for This is Me. Our group number is a Steam Powered Giraffe song – and no, I’m not going to tell you the name, it’ll ruin the surprise we have for everyone.” She sat up and stretched.

“What’s Collinswood’s relationship with Night Raven College? Tori and Joe said there was some rivalry between the two schools?”
She huffed. “Augh, leave it to the boys to exaggerate the details. Okay, yes the two schools do butt heads when things like Contest happens or during some sporting event.” She confirmed. “We’re mostly civil towards each other, despite our history we actually get along – let me tell you, those villains know how to party.”

“So, you know about the students of Night Raven, can I ask about the boys that came with Marinette? I’m not saying I trust their answers, but, just from an outsider’s view?”

“Whatever you say to help you sleep at night.” Trefor yawned. “Let’s see; Malleus Draconia is a direct descendant of Maleficent, Vil Schoenheit is a direct descendant of Grimhilde, and Azul Ashengrotto is…well I’ll let you figure it out from his name.”

Alya froze a bit, “The Sea Witch?!”, she nearly screamed. “Wait, isn’t anyone worried that they’re going to follow in their footsteps? Malleus isn’t going to like…turn into a dragon or curse the school if he doesn’t get high marks in Contest, is he?”

Trefor laughed and held her side “You’re a riot, kiddo! No, no, they’re actually great guys when you get to know them actually. The only time you have to worry is if you go after someone they care about and…since most magic schools have a familial bond with one another, if you hurt one of them, you hurt all of them and they will retaliate.”

“So then yeah, they are indeed going to curse the school.” Alya was pale now.

“Calm down, look…The Main Three are here – technically it’s the Main Four, but…my family dropped from power and gave Adela’s our role so…but anyway; the NRC students aren’t going to try anything with them here.” Trefor assured. “You can tell me what happened later, right now… I’m going back to supporting the rest of group a, Adrien should be nearing the end of his song.”

With that she got up and returned to the designated room and leaving Alya alone.

To say that Alya was terrified was an understatement; she had every right to be afraid, okay, she was working on doing better and to make up for everything she had done but the damage had been done – they drove Marinette out of the school after the ‘expulsion’ and straight into the arms of the villains They sent viruses to her computer, they deserved this. Those three are going to slaughter them here in the school during contest and they were going to deserve every last bit of whatever curse they were going to conjure up.

“Well, well, what has the school journalist in a tizzy?” a cool voice came.

She froze and turned around to see a set of twins grinning down at her. The well-kept twin walked to her and circled her some; “Wait, don’t tell me; the Belmont girl freaked you out? You get that a lot when it comes to that family, always hunting the night.”

“N-no, that’s not it…” Alya forced out. “just…thinking about something.”

The casual twin tilted his head, “Oh? If there’s anything we can do to make you feel at ease?”

“You two can drop the act; I know you’re going to assist your friends in cursing this school!”

The two looked at each other before laughing, the turned to her with sharp grins on their faces as they circled her and stopping in a way to keep her from running from them.

“Curse? No, no, that would be too good for this filth of a school.” The casual twin sneered. “We’re going to make each and every one of you suffer.”

“Floyd is right, my dear.” The formal twin added as he played with a strand of her hair, “The first
move is being made today and there’s nothing you can do to stop it.”

Alya just hung her head. “Go right ahead.”

“Pardon?” Floyd asked. “You want us to make your lives miserable?”

“I’d be lying if I said we didn’t deserve it.” She looked at them. “Just get it over with, I’m not going to fight.”

“Ahh~ well that’s boring.” Floyd huffed. “Hopefully the others prove to be more exciting…but why are you submitting so soon? Oh, and it’s best to answer honestly unless you want Jade to hit your heart and force you to tell the truth.”

Alya didn’t raise her head, “Burning revelations?” she offered. “I’ve…looked back on a lot of things, talked to some people and…I fucking suck.” She admitted. “I’m trying to put things right; it won’t be the same but…”

“Kintsugi.” Jade interrupted.

“What?” She turned to look at him. “Kin…what?”

“Kintsugi; the art of repairing broken pottery by mending the areas of breakage with lacquer dusted or mixed with powdered gold, silver, or platinum.” He recited. “In some way what you’re doing is mending things with such.”

Floyd huffed, “Except the broken pottery here has far too many tiny pieces to even be put back together; have fun mending that.”

“We’ll leave you alone…for now.” Jade backed off and returned to his brother’s side. “But the rest of your peers won’t be safe…anyway, we’re going to watch Angel Fish perform.”

*  

“Palms rise to the universe, as we moonshine and molly
Feel the warmth, we’ll never die
We’re like diamonds in the sky.

You’re a shooting star I see, a vision of ecstasy
When you hold me, I’m alive
We’re like diamonds in the sky
At first sight I felt the energy of sun rays
I saw the life inside your eyes.”

Adrien was letting out every emotion out as he performed Diamonds, he enjoyed the SPG version of the song and as a small little tribute to the music video he had a little puppet of Chat Noir that he would use as his backup singer – and Plagg throwing his voice to give the realism to it (somehow his father even fell for this trick, he wasn’t going to ask.) The harmony was rather perfect between them; of course, Adrien would be lying if he wasn’t thinking about his boyfriend and that blond they’d encounter earlier.

Speaking of his boyfriend, Joe was in the audience and using his phone as a lighter for his performance, it was funny but he managed to remain professional in his song. When the song ended and the applause came, he took a bow and answered Bardon with a simple reason why he picked this particular song; he just liked The Spine’s cover of the song and wanted to recreate the
music video if possible, hence the little Chat Noir puppet. Joe had to be honest, his boyfriend was a dork and that was the end of the discussion, as soon as Adrien returned to the seats, the two hugged just as Marinette stood and made her way to the center of the room and introduce herself to the judge.

“I will be here
When you think you’re all alone
Seeping through the cracks
I’m the poison in your bones
My love is your disease
I won’t let it set you free
Til I break you.

You’ll never know what hit you
Won’t see me closing in
I’m gonna make you suffer
This hell you put me in
I’m underneath your skin
The Devil within.
You’ll never know what hit you!”

Her emotions were burning raw; the feeling of betrayal from those she once called her friends, the way the lying parasite had drove her to the shadows. She wanted to get back at Lila for everything; for turning her former classmates against her, for nearly ruining her life. It didn’t even stop at Lila, she wanted to get back at Damocles and Bustier for their unprofessional behavior in their jobs; one prioritizing his owl costume, and one who victim-blamed and would rather see the world through rose-tint glasses and rather have one student be responsible for everything.

“Look what you made of me
Now I’m a heavy burden that you can’t bear
Look what you made of me
Look what you made of me
I’ll make you see.”

Yes, she was happier where she was now. Night Raven College brought her back from the shadows, and with her return she was going to reclaim the top of the world and she had her friends to help her; Chloe and Sabrina had their claws out and ready to tear the empire down from the shadows; she was hoping Contest would be the last time that Bustier and Damocles were ever allowed to enter the halls of Francoise-Dupont.

When her number ended, she was spared in asking why she picked The Devil Within as her choice; the fire in her eyes and the raw feeling of being betrayed was enough to know. Group A was done, and now the room had to be ready to let in group B and their judge.

“Could you be even more frozen?” Joe teased.

Marinette looked at him and smiled. “I was going to do Into the Unknown as a dedication for Night Raven, but I figured this middle finger for Dupont was the perfect piece to give.”

“I’m now scared what the boys are going to be singing.” He laughed.

Adrien kissed his cheek. “You can worry about the NCR boys later, you’re in group b; shoo…go
“Get ready.”

“Adrien, behave.” Marinette laughed. “He can bide his time; besides, he’s going up against Azul and I can assure you that Joe’s going to have the advantage.”

“You say that with so much certainty.” Adrien grinned. “Then again, you go to school with him so…uh what song is he singing?”

“Eat Your Heart.” She grinned. “So yeah, Joey has a chance with the Greatest Showman in his corner.”

“If you say so.” Joe hugged her. “Glad to see the smile back on your face, they’re really taking care of you.”

She hugged back and smiled, “It’s good to be back in my zone again.” She pulled away. “Good luck in there.”

“Thanks, Marigold.” He ruffled her hair. “Have fun talking to the paparazzi.” He turned and went to meet with the rest of the group.
Contest: Greatest Show Phantom

Chapter Notes

So good news: after tirelessly looking through conversations with friends, I found the plans for the Contest chapters and I will be able to write those again.

Bad news: I STILL HAVE TO WORK MY ASS OFF TO RECOVER EVERYTHING FOR THE OTHER FICS!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

This was just too good; Azul looked over his cane pretending as he listened the report from the Leech Twins; word was that Vil was going to be performing in Group C with the little parasite – looks like it’ll be easy to trick her later in the day after all – and that the tabloid girl that was once the maggot’s guard dog was now defanged. He had to admire the determination she had in rebuilding her reputation for the news world as well as working on how to make everything up to their Angel Fish, of course, he’d he be lying if he said he wasn’t excited to see her stumble along the way. With word getting out how the rooms worked, he was watching as more people showed up to watch Group B perform their solos; teachers, the other students, and the parents of the Contest goers – well parents, minus theirs. Not like it mattered to him all that much, it wasn’t really mandatory but mortals were strange when it came to having their family show up to these.

Fixing up his tie and flaring out his dorm jacket that rested over his choir uniform, he kicked his cane up and twirled it before walking into the room with Jade and Floyd following behind him. He took his place and introduced himself to their judge, Mr. Michaelis – a British man with raven hair, red-wine eyes behind thin-framed glasses, and a black tux – as well as introducing the piece he was performing. As for the twins behind him? They were just there to provide the music for the piece; oh, how he loved the reactions from the mortals in the audience, he saw their confused look, and that’s what he wanted. His cane wasn’t for show after all; throwing it into the air and doing a little show, he conjured a spell of his own and brought forth a guitar for Jade and a drum set for Floyd. He brought the cane back to him as the twins started the upbeat music, snapping his fingers in time as he performed for the audience – oh, and did he forget to mention that there was a bit of an audience participation scene?

“So, you’re saying…if I sign this, I can put on the perfect show?” Joe asked as he held the ‘contract’

“Kid if you sign this, it’ll be a show you never forget.” He pointed to different places. “Sign here, initial here, last four of your social…yes last four, right there, mother’s maiden name, sign here, any allergies if you have them, initial, initial, the name of your first pet, initial here…and done! Now, get out there, go get ‘em kid!”

A simple puppet mastery spell was needed to get Lord Dupont to dance to the number and stay in time with him. Mr. Michaelis was certainly not expecting this and it was clear that this wasn’t discussed beforehand, but the Dupont kid was having fun being part of it and he was almost certain that if Mr. Ashengrotto had picked anyone else, the results would have been the same.

“This world is what you need
Where the monsters roam and the demons all feed
Relax don't you look so wary
It's all only temporary

We roam and sing along
While the choir joins in sing an abhorrent song
We bite, it's a little bit scary
The pain's only temporary"

Jade and Floyd gave the vocals as he twirled Joe and pulled him close in their mix of rock and jazz number. Joe gave him a look; it was both scolding – because, one; he knew how Ashengrotto worked and so help him if this grey-haired mage tricked him into a genuine contract – but he was also enjoying himself; hey, how often does one say they got to perform with the heir of the Ashengrotto family? He was going to take advantage of this and scold him later.

“I’m not what you want
But I’m exactly what you need
Take a bite and feed
Your satisfaction guaranteed

I’m your sunshine, whoa
I’m gonna burn down your parade
I’m a shooting star
That wish you wished you never made
Wish you wish you never made!”

The number ended and the two took a bow. The enchantment ended and Joe turned and crossed his arms; “How about next time you try something like that, you make sure the audience has a heads up?” Azul just waved his hand dismissively as Joe just returned to his seat. The applause came and Azul snapped his fingers to dismiss the instruments from the twins so that the judge could evaluate their performance.

“That was quite the performance, Mr. Ashengrotto.” Mr. Michaelis started. “We were informed by Collinswood that there was another magic school joining us and you really brought your a-game.”

Azul smiled and stood straight. “Thank you, sir, I figured a sharp flare is what this event needed.” He nodded to the twins. “Couldn’t have done it without their assistance.”

“Naturally, now then; let’s go over your performance; you definitely displayed that vibrant energy in both your movement as well as your voice, however, my only complaint is you taking the show to the audience like you’re stalking your prey on a haunted hayride. Overall performance, you were amazing, but if you could hold back on the apex predator side you would have scored perfect.”

Azul huffed, one point off, he was definitely going to hear about this from his teacher. He just thanked Mr. Michaelis for his time and went to rejoin his classmates in the audience, he glared and sneered at them for poking at his score – so much for being the musical genius. He was going to curse the hell out of Vil and Malleus after contest was over.

Joe on the other hand was high-fiving Marinette, in a way this was payback; Azul did swap songs after performing at Kalim’s party and now he was one point off on getting the Perfect rank – but hey, he also kidnapped Joe to dance along to his performance like a puppet, karma was a bitch.
“We’ll take a five-minute break before we have Mr. Dupont perform next.” Mr. Michaelis announced as he left the group do whatever they want for the time being.

That was enough for students to hang with their friends as well as try to talk with the contestants. The boys from Night Raven humored the students from Francoise-Dupont, they were warm to some students but cold to Bustier’s class – of course, Vil couldn’t be certain if the students were naturally oblivious or they just chose to ignore their sharp answers. The ones who were still supportive of Marinette were welcomed with open arms, Floyd and Jade pounced the moment one of them – a cute blond named Rose (Yes, Malleus was tensed at the name and unconsciously narrowed his eyes at her…he recovered when someone – Marinette – had to convince him that no, she was in no way related to the Princess in question) – well, the moment Rose mentioned the band Kitty Section and now My Wonderland Nightmare, was when the Leech Twins pounced.

They took it upon themselves to bring the dresses and suits from Heartslabyul and got to work. Marinette was about to protest, but when she saw Rose, Juleka, and Ivan just laughing and having a good time and even willingly be ‘kidnapped’ by the twins, she just let it happen. Rose was the first victim of the twins and Marinette had to follow to make sure the first fitting went well; while Marinette was away, the Night Raven Boys shall play – under the supervision of the Collinswood Four.

“You were so amazing!” Lila cheered. “I love the tricks you did.”

Azul gave a feign yawn and adjusted his gloves some. “It was decent, we could have done better.”

“Could anyone perform light shows like that?” she inched closer in her seat.

“It’s a standard laser light spell.” Azul rolled his eyes. “A preschooler could perform it; if I had my way and I wasn’t afraid of my teacher coming after me, I would have use something a bit more…risky.”

“What kind of risky?” she fluttered her eyelashes at him. “Fire?”

“The kind where I shove you off the chair and onto the floor if you continue to press yourself into my boundaries.” He turned and narrowed his eyes at her. “I have my eyes one pretty exotic being with unique eyes, and that person isn’t someone with sausage links hanging on the side of their face.”

Lila stuck her lip out and whimpered. “I was only trying to congratulate you.”

“Congratulations usually don’t include someone rubbing their bodies on someone.” He smirked. “And you can cut your pity act, I can see right through you.”

She narrowed her eyes. “So what if you can?” She said in a low voice. “You’re in my school and I call the shots here.”

“Malleus, look…this little girl thinks she’s a queen.” Vil sneered. “I know queens, my dear, and trust me when I say, you’re not a queen at all. You’re just a child playing pretend.”

Lila turned her gaze to the side and grinned; Ms. Bustier was walking around to see if everyone was getting along, she looked at the boys with a vicious grin of her own. “I warned you.” She pulled back and started crying. “Why are you being so mean to me!”

Clever snake, but not clever enough. The boys waited until the teacher arrived to consul the ‘crying’ girl and asked what happened; according to the little liar, she was just trying to make friends with them and they were mean and threatening her, calling her names and saying they
would curse her! It was a pitiful act to say the least, they’ve seen better manipulators than this and this was just beyond sad.

“I want you boys to apologize right now.” Caline scolded.

“Miss, with all due respect.” Malleus spoke up. “We said nothing of the sort; I’m sure this ‘curse’ she heard us say was nothing more than a blessing; all we’ve said was that Azul wished he had better spells for his performance and that we would ensure that this girl would have a show she wouldn’t forget.”

“I can confirm this.” Adela walked up and held her hand out to Caline. “Adela Crina, one of the Collinswood representatives and one of the Three Mains.”

“Miss, this is between Lila and the boys.”

“Oh, I understand.” Adela assured. “And that’s why I’m here; Night Raven College had to submit a form to the Three Heads – The Sennen Coven, Fleur Family, and the House of Dracul – my family, in order to be among the mortals; the guidelines of their visit here was that they were to be monitored by the Three Heads; Tori, Joseph, and myself are in charge in making sure the students.” She nodded to the three boys. “Don’t try anything that their ancestors might have done.”

“But…they were still cruel to me; they were saying nasty things about me being a parasite!” Lila cried into Caline’s arms.

“Yes, I regret to say that’s the closest they’re going to get into calling you something endearing.” Adela sighed. “To them ‘princess’ is an insult while ‘parasite’ is a compliment, welcome to the world of ‘villains’ I’m afraid.”

“So…they weren’t trying to be mean to Lila?” Caline asked.

“Of course not!” Vil argued. “Why would we be needlessly cruel to someone we’ve just met!”

“Oh…I-I’m so sorry, we didn’t know. We’ve been having a bullying problem and…you understand, don’t you?”

“Of course, we understand.” Azul assured. “After all this is just one big misunderstanding.”

“I’d suggest we part for now; I don’t think Mr. Michaelis would appreciate seeing a squabble.” Adela said calmly. She watched as Caline led Lila away before turning to the boys with a glare, “Augh, you so owe me for that.”

Malleus smirked, “I knew you coven heads had a wicked side to you.”

“Don’t get too used to it.” She watched as Marinette returned with the band and the twins. “Looks like the first fitting went well.”

“She was working on the Mirror dress in history.” He mused.

“I’m not going to ask, look…try not to get into trouble here.” She begged. “Please.”

“Too late, we have a ‘gift’ ready for the parasite.” Vil smirked.

“If it’s a Queen’s apple-”

“Relax, Lady Crina.” Azul assured. “Just a frog’s breath potion.”
“Augh, you boys are impossible.”

*

If Azul thought he was the only magician who could put on a grand show, he would be surely mistaken. Joe took to the center of the room and introduced himself to the judge and brought out the show. A simple light spell, as well as few tamed pyro spells and even summoning a baton that would turn into a cane of his own – and to add the extra flare, he used a light illusion spell to change from his uniform into a ringmaster’s jacket and hat.

“Don't fight it, it's coming for you, running at ya
It's only this moment, don't care what comes after
Your fever dream, can't you see it getting closer
Just surrender 'cause you feel the feeling taking over
It's fire, it's freedom, it's flooding open
It's a preacher in the pulpit and you'll find devotion
There's something breaking at the brick of every wall, it's holding
All that you know

So tell me do you wanna go?
Where it's covered in all the colored lights
Where the runaways are running the night
Impossible comes true, it's taking over you
Oh, this is the greatest show
We light it up, we won't come down
And the sun can't stop us now
Watching it come true, it's taking over you
Oh, this is the greatest show”

Everyone was taken back by the show when he brought out more visual based spells to immerse everyone into the show; a menagerie of animals on parade, acrobats, fire eaters, everything everyone could ever want in The Greatest Show in the world, he provided. When the number ended everyone was in a daze that was replaced with disappointment when the spell dispersed and Joe stood in place in the Collinswood choir uniform, he just grinned and put his wand back in pin form before putting it back on his jacket.

“Speechless.” Mr. Michaelis said. “I honestly don’t think I can find anything to critique about your performance.”

Joe bowed at the waist. “Thank you, sir, a lot of planning went into it.”

“I’ve noticed.” He nodded. “Right then, as you know; all scores will be posted after the solos but… I can tell you’re one of our Perfect scores.”

Joe just cheered and grinned, Adrien rushed and hugged him in congratulations before taking him back to the audience. Joe kissed him and looked to Azul before giving him the middle-finger as well as mouthing ‘Suck it.’ That just earned a visit from the twins and both boys just bolting for their lives into the halls.

Mr. Michaelis, Mr. Bardon, and Mr. Trein just shook their heads; just another day in the life of a magician.
Well! Time to go back to restoring things; I'm going to start here with this fic. Please god help me.
Contest Hellfire

Chapter Notes

GUESS WHO RECOVERED THE CHAPTERS FOR THIS FIC! THAT'S RIGHT ME!

Now to get to the others :')

Check your sources.
Get both sides of the story.
And above all, remain professional with your questions.

Those were the rules that Aurore had drilled into her head when she had Alya take over for the school’s newspaper, at first, she was a little worried with how hotheaded she could be, but after reading the Collinswood section of the report – and even watching her talking to Joe about his school and about his personal opinions about the other schools’ contestants, Aurore was pretty impressed. She smiled and worked on editing for a little bit before she was called up to perform; thank god it was intermission time for the solos. For the most part, she kept everything with Trefor the same, the only thing she took out was the last bit about Night Raven College and their tendency to go full-on pack animal against those who harm their own. It was probably true, but did they really need to throw Francoise-Dupont into a panic? No, no they did not.

Once Alya had returned, the two girls started going over the continuation of Collinswood; from Joe’s perspective on things, Collinswood had separate gym classes that were designed to accustom each of the different branches of magic – swim class for water users, gymnastics for wind users, etc. Their meals were always prepared with the freshest of ingredients and they always had special dishes set aside for students with certain dietary needs (“For example; Bridgette refuses to eat fish that isn’t catfish – those fuckers are invasive.”), and if anyone misses class they can make it up in the sparring ring (and Alya got a good look at a scar across his chest from an ice user…as well as Joe proudly proclaiming that “I got shanked by Felix last week!”). Contest wise, he stood by Trefor and said that Collinswood would definitely score perfect for their group and advance to the next round at the second location – some school in Lyon – when asked why he thought that he simply said “Because our songs are more wholesome than Night Raven’s anarchy set.” Shade was thrown that day.

“I have to admit Alya, this is going to be an amazing article.” Aurore praised. “We just need Tori and Adela from Collinswood, The Night Raven quartet, and of course our own peers.” She said, typing away.

“You’re going to interview the Night Raven kids, right?” Alya asked.

“Didn’t you say Jade and Floyd would leave you alone?” Aurore asked. “Fine, I’ll interview them and then together we’ll talk to Chloe, Adrien, and…Lila.”

“I could interview you?”

“Very cute.” She smiled. “You do have amazing pictures, but…maybe you could think about getting a camera instead of your phone? I have some spares you could totally use that actually have
amazing clarity!”

Alya stared at her, “Alright, what’s the catch for this one?”

“Nothing too extreme.” She leaned back. “I sent you an email, you should check it.”

Keeping her eyes on the blond Alya did so, to her surprise it was a folder of previous akuma battles with sharper clarity; she was able to see the finer details of the heroes like Hooded Assassin’s hood and the miraculous that rested on his left wrist, Ladybug’s bright blue eyes were shining in the sun and Chat Noir’s claws definitely glistened. Of course, there were high definition shots of Rena Rouge, Carapace, Queen Bee, Viperion, Ryuuko, and Chien Citrine – as well as two new foxes, she recognized Ace but she wasn’t certain about the other (Aurore had to confirm to Alya that Trouble Cleff wasn’t really supposed to be on the field, it appeared that Trixx was just being… well a fox.) She looked back to Aurore and saw the silent nod; The Ladyblog was just about to get new pictures, almost immediately she started working on uploading them at sonic speed.

Aurore shook her head and smiled as she went back to her computer, she was getting a new page ready for the Night Raven students as well as one ready for her classmates; while physical copies would have the tl;dr stuff, the online version was going to be pretty detailed and even included some pictures from the show – She made sure to put the two showstoppers; Azul and Joe, on the second page since…she really needed those group shots of the schools at their best. And she’s not going to lie, she was actually nervous for when her group did their performance, they still had her in their corner and they know that Sabrina had to go full damage control when it came to making sure that Lila was ready in both voice and dance. As of now, she was just…okay. She wasn’t stumbling like a fool anymore and she actually sounded pretty good singing her solo when they practiced their pieces; perhaps her being a in choir at her old school was the rare hidden truth. Wonder how many lost temples one would have to go through to find the rest of the truths?

Feeling someone tug on her arm, she looked up and saw Alya pointing at something, curious, Aurore looked over and saw Bustier going over to the Night Raven students – mostly Marinette – she grinned, oh this was too good. This was too good indeed; she was able to catch the teacher make a fool out of herself twice; once with the teachers and the other just before Joe was able to perform his piece. The Rule of Three says that this will be the third and unfortunate time that Caline Bustier makes herself look pretty stupid and this will be the time that she does it in front of the board. She looked to Alya and just quietly assured her that everything would be fine, and to just sit back and enjoy the fireworks. (“I’ve always hated your teacher; this is entertainment for me”)

Almost immediately when the teacher approached, the five boys were on the high alert, tensed and honed in on the teacher. Caline paid them no mind and focused onto Marinette, smiling that ever sweet smile of hers.

“Aurore, it’s wonderful to see you again.”

The same could not be said for Marinette, she wasn’t sure if Caline just couldn’t read the atmosphere or if she could but ignored it. Marinette straightened up and had an icy smile on her face before nodding; “Likewise, Ms. Bustier, how is your class doing?”

“Everyone misses you.” She said softly. “We wish you hadn’t left the school over a misunderstanding, but…it looks like your new school is doing you well, even if the students seem a bit on the …delinquent side of things.”

That got the boys to narrow their eyes dangerously at the teacher. Marinette just moved seats; she knew the look they had in their eyes and she was not going to bail her former teacher out.
“They’ve been really supportive.” Was all Marinette said. “And three of them are the heads of their respective dorms; Diasomnia, Octavinelle, and Pomefiore.” She motioned to Vil, Malleus, and Azul in order. “Jade and Floyd are from the Octavinelle dorm and are my friends in and out of class.”

Caline’s smile fell, she felt sorry for Marinette; her parents pulled her out over a misunderstanding and now she was attending school with villainous students. Being friends with them? They had to have forced her, there was no way that sweet and loving Marinette would willingly befriend unsavory people who thinks “parasite” is a form of endearment.

“These aren’t villains…they’re only friends with you because they want something from you.” She said gently. “You wouldn’t try to be friends with Hawkmoth, would you?”

A cold chuckle. “I am going to pretend you didn’t just compare us to some bottom feeding fish whose grand idea is to brainwash a baby into trying to steal magical jewelry from a team of teenagers.” Azul narrowed his eyes and had a sharp smile. “We have more class to get what we want; for example,” he brought out a contract. “Signing a deal with someone.”

“You’re just proving my point.” Caline said, her ‘sympathetic’ look still in place. “Marinette, please, a nice girl like yourself shouldn’t be in Night Raven College.”

“Ms. Bustier, I would like to say on the record that Chat Noir pulled some strings to get me into the school.” Marinette said sharply. “If you don’t believe me, I can ask Tori to call him over to confirm this.”

“I can assure you that the headmaster most likely manipulated him.” Caline said in that condescending tone. “Villains are villains for a reason; they lie, manipulate, and will only hurt you in the end.”

Time to put a stop to this. Malleus pulled Marinette close to him and smirked at the teacher; “You make a valid point, madam.” He started out. “But alas, you lost all rights as a concerned teacher the moment she was accepted into Night Raven with opened arms; we’ve been taking good care of her and we have no plans in surrendering her any time soon.”

“Our teachers adore her.” Vil spoke up with a smirk. “And who wouldn’t? Our princess is the definition of the word ‘Fair’; she goes out of her way to bring something for class – okay, she had Trey helping her in the baking department – studious, and above all else, she cares less that we’re villains.”

Azul nodded, “You’re right, Marinette is a good girl; she’s Night Raven’s very own princess and… I hate to say this but we are not surrendering her back to you ever again. You say a villain only manipulate, lies, and hurt others in the end…where does that put you and your school?”

Caline was there gaping like a fish out of water. She wanted to try and deny everything, but with the looks the NRC boys were giving her, she was unable to get a reply out. She just watched helplessly as the boys led Marinette away from her and over to where Aurore and Alya were; she was watching as the girls interviewed the six and frowned when she saw Marinette keeping her eyes off Alya, the two were such good friends so why were they trying to avoid looking at each other?

Her thoughts were interrupted when Group C was called to ready their performances; suppose she would have to worry about everything later.

Once everyone returned to the classroom; Malleus stood straight as he watched the judge come in;
a blond-haired man in a white long-sleeve shirt and black pants; one blue eye, the other covered by a black eyepatch. The man smiled a little bit and relaxed in his seat as he took the sheet music from Malleus and nodded for him to continue.

Malleus obliged of course, he set the stage by lighting a set of candles that emitted green flames, making sure to lock eyes with the ‘undesirables’ that Marinette once called her peers; they thought Joe and Azul had show stoppers? His was going to leave them feeling hollow when he was done.

“Beata Maria
You know I’m so much purer than
The common, vulgar, weak, licentious crowd”

Predictable; the pathetic teacher and her class flinched when he spat out those three words, they knew damn well who they were and he wasn’t going to show them a hint of mercy in this number; and he was going to make sure they felt the heat.

"Then tell me, Maria
Why I see her dancing there
Why her smoldering eyes still scorch my soul
I feel her, I see her
The sun caught in her raven hair
Is blazing in me out of all control”

Was it uncalled for to bring Marinette into this? Probably, but it hit that pathetic teacher hard when he used his own flames to conjure an image of the darling pixie dancing without a care in the world. She was just out of his reach and he wanted her to be his. (Of course, he would do so differently, here? He just wanted to terrify the undesirables.)

"Like fire
Hellfire
This fire in my skin

This burning
Desire
Is turning me to sin”

The number went on and each time he made sure to let desire be known, that he would ‘burn all of Paris’ if it meant having Marinette at his side and that he wouldn’t be afraid to end her if she turned him down. Oh yes, the fearful expressions from Caline Bustier and her students were a delight to see; it almost made him wish he could keep this up longer. But alas, all good things had to come to an end.

With the candles out and everything returning to normal, he grinned over at Marinette who had her face in her hand – pretty certain he heard her say “I don’t even know this student anymore”. She enjoyed it, that hidden smile said it all.

“I feel like we should have Collinswood on standby.” The judge said. “I honestly can’t tell if you were just putting passion into your song or if you were hell-bound and determine to carry out the actions described in said song.”

Malleus chuckled. “Pardon for that, Mr. Flowrite, I figured since everyone’s been going with a bang lately, I’d follow in their footsteps.”
“Right…I’m still going to have them on speed dial.”
Contest This Is Me

Hawkmoth.
Lila Rossi.
Mayura.
Gabriel Agreste.
Caline Bustier.
Damocles.

Those were the only people that Adrien would love to cataclysm on the spot. Heck, his homeroom teacher just made her way above Gabriel on the list; sometime during her ‘encounter’ with the Night Raven boys, she ended up calling Chat Noir a gullible twit – okay, those weren’t her exact words, but subtly wasn’t her forte and she was condescending to them. He knew Marinette would be going to a villainous school, he grilled Plagg for answers about the school – he didn’t want his favorite princess to be diving in blindly and be taken advantage of, so…after learning the brief history, what the school was, and all the other details he agreed to the arrangements. Of course, now he had to wonder if it would be considered abuse of the miraculous if he decided to crash the contest as Chat Noir and chew Caline out for her comment. Okay, it probably would raise a lot of red flags; unless Alya or Aurore posted it on their site there would be way too many questions.

Letting his shoulders drop and giving a small growl he made his way over to where Joe was; he was with Marinette and her friends – both from Dupont and Night Raven. He had to be honest; they were quite the fun crowd to be with; especially Jade and Floyd, they would liven the table with antics and shenanigans – heck they were doing a cover of Nightmare and Malleus was just twirling Marinette until she fell into his arms. This is what he wanted to see, his princess smiling and enjoying herself like she did before…before Lila came in. He kept wanting to hit his head on the table before him; he truly believed at the start she only lied because she was the new girl, Tori even worked with her but he got manipulated by her too, she was just hiding under the radar so she could strike Marinette when no-one was looking. Since then, he’s been trying to resolve this without tipping off an akuma…that was the worst idea he’s had in eons and he was still kicking himself. Well, at least he still had a team who were willing to work in the shadows of Lila’s downfall; no-one messed with his favorite civilian and gets away with it.

“Sunshine, are you alright?” Vil asked.

He looked up at him. “Yeah, I’m fine…just annoyed at my homeroom teacher – Chat Noir isn’t gullible, he’s a hero and he did what he had to do to help Marinette.”

Marinette looked at him and raised her eyebrow. “Uh Adrien? How did you know Chat Noir got me into Night Raven?”

“Oh, no…I am not dealing with this!” Chloe slapped the table. “The old rules have been dead for ages so don’t you dare tell me I’m breaking them; Adrien, meet Ladybug.” She pointed to Marinette. “Marinette, meet Chat Noir.” She pointed to Adrien. “And you both know Tori is your snake boy.”

Silence loomed the air as both just stared at one another. Bluebell and emeralds were staring at one another without so much of a word spoken; they couldn’t believe it, their partners were their best friends as well – all this time the jokes they’ve made during akuma battles about marriage; the joke being since the cat and ladybug were in sync and go hand in hand Chat had said ‘When we take down Hawkmoth for good we should totally get married’ it evolved to just them playfully telling each other that they got a caterer on standby or a florist on call asking what kind of flowers the
bride wants for the bouquet. Ladybug would counter by asking if the diamond was big enough and that she wouldn’t accept anything less. They even got Chien Citrine into the fun!

Just by remembering their playful antics, Adrien was the first to return to earth as his eyes lit up with a sudden realization; only their team know about their ‘wedding’ game (after all, Madame Grey and Queen Bee had demanded they should be on the bridal party as Maid of Honor), which means...the Night Raven College boys would be taken by surprise – and if it was true that Malleus and Marinette had a thing for each other, it would be fun to tease the faerie boy in general...would this bite him back later? Probably, but he didn’t really care, he wasn’t going to waste this opportunity.

“My lady!” Adrien rushed over and picked Marinette up. “Cat’s out of the bag, you know what this means right? We can set the plan into motion; you, Joe, and I can get married, move to an island and live a simple life with our pet hamsters!”

Damn cat. But Marinette couldn’t help but to smile, even more so when she saw her friends and classmates from Night Raven honed in on them; she understood her kitty’s game right away the moment he held onto her, of course there were the tired look of her friends from Francoise-Dupont, some were trying not to smile at their antics, the Collinswood quartet were trying to keep a straight face (Joe especially who was close to holding his side laughing; he knew Adrien was a chaotic being, but this was just too much.)

“I don’t know, Adrien.” Marinette said. “Did you get the ring like you promised?”

He quickly took off his miraculous and held it to her. “Will this work? I think it’s pure silver? Plagg, what metal is this?”

Plagg was holding his side laughing, “What is with my kittens and using my ring to propose!”

“Yes Adrien, but Plagg’s ring doesn’t come with the diamond.” She shrugged.

“It’s just the engagement ring, I promise the actual wedding ring has a beautiful pink diamond the side of a strawberry.”

“Well in that case.” She wrapped her arms around him. “Let’s get married tonight!”

That was enough to get Malleus to stand up almost immediately. Adrien just grinned at him and bolted off running with the Diasomnia head behind, it was that act alone that got the table to finally burst into laughter at the expense of confusing the rest of the Night Raven boys. Marc and Nathaniel took a few breaths before explaining that the Miraculous team had this little inside joke between them, the only reason they know this is because before the rest of the team revealed themselves to each other Tori just flat out exposed himself to the school out of spite so he was the school’s middleman when it came to Ladybug news – that was before he left for Collinswood of course. The rest just made the ‘oh’ motion and nodded, they ended up laughing when they saw Malleus coming back with Marinette in his arms and Adrien hanging off his back, begging him to let his princess down.

“Well now that you two finally revealed yourselves.” Joe said. “Babe, about borrowing Plagg for a few seconds? I really want to cataclysm the maggot’s hair.”

Vil tutted and shook his head. “Sweet Lavender, there’s no need to go the extra mile.” He took out a spray bottle from his pocket and smirked. “I have a more ethical method in humiliating the parasite for harming our princess.”
“As the head of the Fleur Family, I’m required to ask what this is.” Joe took it and uncapped it. “However, as the herbal expert; I can detect aster sap, hint of dill, way too much cherry extract and…oh? Is this frog throat I smell?” he smirked. “I give points on your cherry usage, but…pretty overwhelming.”

Vil took it back and capped it. “Like she’s going to notice after spraying her throat.” He took out a different one, “I have a genuine throat spray with me to tempt her, she doesn’t look bright; the moment she sees and hears I scored perfect after spraying this, she’s going to be asking me for it.”

“As to be expected of the head of Pomefiore.” Floyd teased. “Then again, she did try to flirt with Azul and we all saw how well that went.”

“And while I hate to end trash talk.” Jade pointed to the side, “We have company showing up.”

Sure enough, Jade was right; Caline Bustier was making her way over to them with members of the board – as well as a tired mayor. Oh, this should be good. The three heads were sitting up straight and had a look of neutral business on their faces as the group approached them.

“Esteemed board members.” Tori greeted. “How can we help you.”

Caline crossed her arms, “Well Tori, I was just talking to the board and telling them how your ‘guests’ for a lack of an appropriate word, clearly manipulated Marinette here into joining their cult of a school!”

“Lord give me patience.” Adela sighed. “Ma’am, with all due respect; this is the second cult claim you’ve made against a magic school in one year – the first was when Tori transferred out and into Collinswood, and now that Marinette had transferred to a different magic school, you’re making the same claim.”

“Well that’s different!”

“How?” Joe challenged. “How is one magic school different than another; when Collinswood started out – albeit, it wasn’t called Collinswood back in the Age of the Millennium, the premise was that those who were gifted the craft at birth would have a place to learn how to keep their new ability under control. Every institute from then and today is the same; it’s a place for magic users to call home and a place where interfering mortals can’t reach them.”

“But Marinette isn’t magical!”

“That’s where you’re wrong.” Azul spoke up. “Life, Spirit, and Death users have a unique trait about them; for example; a pure spirit user will always be born with bright silver eyes.” He pointed to Tori. “Case in point, Lord Dalimar-Shai. But there is a risk, most pure spirit users never get to see their mid-teen years.”

Tori nodded; “And pure life users are always born with odd-colored hair; how many ‘normal people’ do you see born with navy hair?”

“Whether or not she’s magical or not, the headmaster of Night Raven clearly manipulated Chat Noir into sending her there! They may try and sacrifice her to some cult god or something!”

“Right.” Adela turned to the board; “As you heard clearly from the mouth of a teacher; she has little faith in the feline hero to the point she truly believes he would be gullible enough to let a civilian be harmed.” She folded her hands. “As well as showing disrespect for the visiting schools during this event, forgive my speaking out, but I have to wonder if occurrences like this is normal and if so, I can understand why Madame Dupain-Cheng left this school in the first place.”
“Student of Francoise-Dupont here.” Nathaniel raised his hand. “Can confirm that Madame Bustier’s behavior here is similar to her classroom’s behavior. I’m in her class; and I can guarantee you that if you ask around about her the reviews are going to be pretty negative in nature.”

“You can’t honestly believe them?” Caline looked to the board with worry. “It’s clear they got to my students!”

“Very well.” Adella took out an iron horseshoe and set it on the table, Malleus had backed away from it out of instinct before slowly returning. “That horseshoe is made from pure iron, and as you saw we have a student who doesn’t get along with iron; that is because Mr. Draconia is of the Faerie, he can not lie. Ask him anything.”

A member of the board turned to him, “What made your headmaster accept Marinette?”

"Headmaster Crowley didn't give too much details when it came to the assembly." he started out. "His exact words were; A mortal will be attending out school due to some issues from her realm, Issues that would leave her in a place no-one wishes to be in. As she would now be a student with us, we are to treat her as such and welcome her." he quoted. “What we know is that he was approached by an old friend from this realm beseeched him into letting her in.”

“You expect us to take your word for it?” Caline demanded.

“You took the words of an individual student when it came to the wrongful expulsion.” He snapped. “Fine...if you doubt my origins and my claims.” He took his glove off, staring her right in the eyes as he grabbed the horseshoe.

No-one expected what was to come next; the scent of burning flesh lingered in the air and the pained screams from the other filled the room before the horseshoe was dropped to the ground. Those who were close to the scene were able to see the angry burn mark on his palm from where he grabbed the iron horseshoe, it was enough to get Mr. Trien and other teachers over on the scene to assess the damage. It was clear Malleus would have to be taken to the infirmary to be tended to; Joe and Marinette stood and left with him, their departure made Tori go to a nearby table and gave a sharp whistle so that all attention was on him.

“Now that I have everyone’s attention; what everyone had witnessed is Francoise-Dupont’s famous way of dealing with accusations, they go off the word of one individual and proceed to act on it and when given the opportunity to cross-examine...they throw it back in the other’s face. A student willingly grabbed the one thing they knew would harm them just to provide proof to their claim.” He let the words settle. “I think it’s clear that an investigation on the school’s staff and students is needed immediately, parents are here to give statements.”

There were some calls of protests but one silence charm was enough to keep them quiet. “Esteemed Board Members, Faculty, and students alike; we will proceed with Contest, but once the solos and group numbers are over, Collinswood and Night Raven College will be taking our leave, the judges have our emails and can send the results to us as – and I do believe I speak for the magic community – we no longer want anything to do with the school Francoise-Dupont if they are going to maintain unprofessionalism during special events or during normal school hours as a whole.” He released the charm. “So it is said, so it is written.” He stepped down from the table. “Now then, if you’ll be so kind, I believe the next singer from Group C is about to start, why don’t we all head back to the choir room.”

* 

To say that things were tense was an understatement; it was clear everyone was trying to keep a
level head as Adela Crina took to the stand and readied her song, there was a fire in her eyes and like Malleus, she was going to destroy the school through her own song – of course, the only difference is that unlike the former, hers was going to be more of the wholesome type. She had her class after all.

“I am not a stranger to the dark
Hide away, they say
’Cause we don't want your broken parts
I've learned to be ashamed of all my scars
Run away, they say
No one'll love you as you are

But I won't let them break me down to dust
I know that there's a place for us
For we are glorious.”

She honed in on the Francoise-Dupont crowd as she started up again. Collinswood and Night Raven weren’t a cult site, she was actually sick and tired of hearing that claim; the current century was a nightmare in her opinion if pearl-clutching skanks like her keep screaming about ‘acceptance’ and then scream ‘cult site’ when a group tried to embrace their gift.

“When the sharpest words wanna cut me down
I'm gonna send a flood, gonna drown 'em out
I am brave, I am bruised
I am who I'm meant to be, this is me
Look out 'cause here I come
And I'm marching on to the beat I drum
I'm not scared to be seen
I make no apologies, this is me”

The powerful energy was enough to bring the audience to join the chorus, no magic was needed; she was like Tori and could read the mortals like a book – there were those who were forced into hiding, those who had to deal with the teachings Karen gives them, whoever they were, Adella was here to let them know that there was a place for them – a little indirect invitation to the other schools if they need an out. A coven was a family, sure they had bad blood but they still help each other – unless you were that school up in Scotland who were raised to hate mortal born witches and think your dorm was the hot shit.

When her solo finished, she just kindly asked Mr. Flowrite to just email the results as she didn’t want to stick around the school for long. He agreed and said that he was going to do the same right after the group numbers; if they weren’t going to accept witches, what made him think they would accept a ‘vampire’? He just nodded and worked on the evaluation sheet as she walked out with Chloe following her.

“Hey…Adella?” Chloe called. “Before you go, can I ask something?”

She smiled, “You just did, I’m kidding Queenie, what’s on your mind.”

Chloe nudged her. “So, I know that the magic community is family bounded and stuff, but…could you tell me if what happened to Malleus would change anything?”

Adella thought for a bit and tapped her arm. “Well, to be harsh; your school is on a hit list…and that
was before they got the honor to meet your soon-to-be former teacher; Night Raven knows about what happened to Marinette and if I’m right, the dorms called forth the Family Initiative…if you hurt one of them, you hurt all of them…They’re going to be coming for blood, Chloe.”

“That’s what I was afraid of.” She winced. “But they can’t do anything, right? I mean, summer is coming and they’ll be home.”

“As of now, they can’t go after the class.” Adella looked down. “I can’t say I know what the boys will do, but I can tell you this, Collinswood and the Three Heads will not be helping Francoise-Dupont…Heaven help your class, Chloe, they’re going to need it.”

“I’m not asking for their protection.” Chloe shook her head. “But, thank you for the head’s up…What’s going to happen now?”

“Well…the way I see it, the board is going to take the advice given to do a deep investigation…Bustier and your principal are going to be sacked hard, and even with new staff…your classmates are going to be prime targets of Night Raven.” She shrugged. “That’s putting it lightly at least.”

She nodded “This is helping my cause a lot…I’m destroying a liar’s empire and the first thing that needs to go is Bustier and Damocles.” She smirked. “Everyone else is doing the nasty job for me.”

Adella chuckled. “I figured there was more to your question, let us know if there’s anything we can do to topple the empire.”

“You’ll be the first people I call when I do.” Chloe shook her hand.
Well, looks like the fate of Francoise-Dupont is coming up...So what will happen to the students after Contest?

(Also I named Madame Mendeleiev Chantal because reasons)

If one were to ask her what she thought about her boss and her coworkers, the answer would vary; Armond D’argencourt was both stern but also pretty active, he knew how to balance both and make gym class and the fencing club enjoyable, Caline Bustier was a nice teacher but she had no real handle on her class and they use that to walk all over her, and that’s not mentioning her tendencies to ignore the required material to teach, and finally Samson Damocles was the most unprofessional when it came to handling conflict; he was almost as bad as Caline except he was hardly ever in his office and if he was he was focusing on his hobby than his actual job. It was account like hers and a handful of others that made the storm approach closer and closer. Did Chantal regret anything in her report? Absolutely not, she was one of few who fought for Marinette after the wrongful expulsion as well as punishing those who disrupted class and demanded things like a doctor’s note…heck, she was certain she and the few other teachers read Miss Lila Rossi’s file and were equipped to handle her. Don’t get Ms. Mendeleiev wrong, she was willing to give everyone a chance, but when you threw that chance back in her face, the kids’ gloves were off and she would go stone cold in a second. Unlike Caline who extended the leash further and further and would hang herself in the end. Chantal would keep the leash tight and short.

As of right now, she was sitting with the teachers from Collinswood and Night Raven College and making sure they were doing okay; mostly because she had her doubts that the heroes of Paris would be able to handle an akumatized magic user. Hawkmoth was scary enough granting the unfortunate victim horrifying powers, he didn’t need to go after magic users just to get the ladybug and black cat miraculous – they were powerful on their own, she didn’t want to imagine what powers their resident magical terrorist would gain if he had them both. But as of now, it seemed that Eric Bardon and Mozus Trein were doing well – even if they were pretty pissed at Caline, and they gave their statements to the board (more like they scolded the board and demanded to know if behavior like this was normal in this school), and were trying to enjoy the calm break with some of the pastries from the Dupain-Cheng bakery. She also had to admit, she was surprised but also proud of their students, they went above and beyond on their solos and she was actually excited to see what they had in mind for their group numbers.

“Madame, may I ask what your plans are for when the school shuts down?” Eric asked.

Right, it’s inevitable with the upcoming storm that Francoise-Dupont will be no more. “I was actually about to ask you two about that; I don’t suppose your schools have an opening?”

Mozus chuckled, “It may take some time to get you used to the world of magic, but something tells me that you’ll adapt just fine. You teach science, correct?”

“Indeed, I do…Wait…you’re actually serious about letting me teach at your schools?” Mendeleiev asked.
Erik shrugged, “We don’t see a problem with it; we would have to hold a council with the Three Heads about letting mortals into a magic school, I’m assuming Night Raven had to talk to them when it came to letting Marinette in.”

“Headmaster Crowley only spoke to the Dracul family, but we still got the approval.”

“Gentlemen, please...as much as I would love to teach at your school, you don’t have to go the extra mile.”

Mozus shook his head, “Afraid after the blowout that’s going to happen most of the mortal schools in Paris are going to be hesitant in welcoming the students from this school; Collinswood and Night Raven will be having an audience to see where to send the students, magic schools are going to be the closest to an elite school anyone’s going to get, as well as offering scholarships.”

Erik took a drink from his coffee. “We were going to meet with the heads anyway, we can put in a good word for you to be a teacher at one of our schools."

It was a relief to hear that the magic community was willing to help mortals out, but Chantal was still worried, she had overheard the conversation between Adella and Chloe and if what was said were true then sending the class over to Night Raven was essentially a death sentence; wait, why was she worried? After talking to the two teachers, their school had a zero-tolerance policy they would put a stop to anything that would harm the other students. She was going to put her faith into the two teachers and their claims. The judge came out and announced that Group C was ready to continue; Chloe was up next, and the three teachers stood and left with the group to the choir room. Chantal looked to Caline with a disgusted look on her face before turning away, Caline was young...but that was no excuse for her behavior and she was one of many who wasn’t going to sit back and let that reason slide. Taking her seat with the rest of the Francoise-Dupont group, she kept her head held high as Chloe made her way to the piano and got started to do her solo piece.

“The full moon slightly chipped
Uncertain
Oh please
Save me and let me smile
Just make me all right

Over the bed of trees
My heart spins around
My howl in the dawn
To the isolated star
I dare to forgive you
Everything seems too far
But care for me tenderly

How on earth can I get to the strawberry field?”

Heartbreaking to say the least, but beautiful; Chloe had been through a lot and while it had taken a long time to get to where she is now, her own pain was understandable. It wasn’t an excuse, but it was a reason, the funny thing? It was actually their former new student who brought her out – something about an aura read, she wasn’t paying much attention, all Chantal knew was that Mr. Dalimar-Shai brought the good out – okay, she was still a brat to some students, but she was the Queen of the school and she was just asserting her dominance the only difference was she knew what humility was.
Of course, Chloe’s reason for her song piece was because she liked the second season of a series that Adrien introduced her to. Short and simple and straight to the point, that was it for Group C; the final group was about to begin.

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In the infirmary, Marinette was with Malleus and watched as Joe and Tori were healing his hand; a simple water spell to give the rushing relief, a small heal got most of the burn taken care of, and with the help of Tikki to kiss it better and healing the rest – sort of, his hand was still red like he was shielding his face from being hit with hot water. It was better than nothing, and they got his hand bandaged up. She looked up at him with a look of worry, he grabbed an iron horseshoe just to put Caline Bustier in place…her look of worry got him to gently hold her face with his good hand and kissed her forehead.

“I’ll be fine, Pixie.” He assured her. “It’s not the first time I’ve tangoed with iron.”

“You still put yourself in harm’s way…what were you hoping would happen?”

He shrugged, “It got your teacher to shut up, didn’t it? Since I proved my origins to the board and adding in Lord Dalimar-Shai’s announcement, they’re going to dig deeper and Madame Bustier won’t have a leg to stand on anymore.”

“I guess you have a point, and I’m glad you defended your school.” She laid her hand over his. “Just promise you won’t do the extreme again.”

“I don’t make promises I can’t keep.” He looked into her eyes. “But I will try for you.”

She smiled and turned to Tori and Joe. “What’s going to happen now?”

Joe leaned on the wall and hummed a little. “Well, we can’t disclose too much information; just know that Tori, Adela, Trefor, And I will be meeting with Night Raven and Collinswood to determine the fate of the students; surprisingly, we’re going to agree to the notion of letting the students here attend to one of the two.” He watched her bluebells widen, “I know, personally I would have said ‘fuck no’ to the notion of your former classmates, but if I did…I would be no better than my ancestors who sent the villains to another realm.”

Tori nodded in agreement. “We don’t punish the innocents.” He said. “While it is true our former classmates have done questionable things, they’re being manipulated. Of course, don’t mistake our generosity and sympathy as kindness; honestly, I’d rather each of them to fuck up their future beyond repair.”

“You’re essentially throwing Bustier’s class to the wolves.” Malleus chuckled and grinned viciously. “My, my, who would have thought that the charming heirs had such a wicked side to them. So, tell me, where do you plan to send them?”

“You’ll find out when the meeting commences.” Tori turned and walked out. “Right now, I…Have a solo to get to and then we have last minute polishing for our group number.”

Joe nodded, “You two lovebirds get cozy and try to keep it PG13.” He smirked and left with Tori.

Both Malleus and Marinette just flipped them off and went back to just enjoying the calm for a little longer before they returned to the choir room; Marinette stayed by his side and held him close, he returned the gesture and leaned back in his seat. One look to their classmates and his fellow dorm heads – when this is all over, show Francoise-Dupont no mercy. He shook his head and turned to the center where Tori was readying his song.
“When your whole world is going mad
Just sit back and watch and it won’t seem so bad
Remember the love that once you’d known
It helps pass the days and you won’t be alone.

A shine on the horizon
Betrays the blackened sky
But I don’t dream of power
Spending hours beneath the lantern light.”
Contest Finale

Chapter Notes

Hey now that Contest is done, we get summer time shenanigans

As much fun as it had been mingling with the mortals, all good things have to end; Vil was honestly disgusted with the school and that was putting it lightly, he was hoping to use this little potion towards the end when the group numbers began, but after seeing how quick that little brat turns on the manipulation game to summon her teacher when he and the others told her kindly to screw off…there had been a change in plans. Taking out the genuine spray, he sprayed his throat a few times and put it back in his pockets, he flicked his wrist and let the piano play itself as he performed his song; they had a moment of rest before he decided to bring out the waterworks – his own tears had started to well as he sang.

“I long to teach the world
Rise up and reach the world
No one would listen
I alone could hear the music

Then at last a voice in the gloom
Seemed to cry “I hear you.”
“I hear your fears, your torments and your tears”

She saw my loneliness
Shared in my emptiness
No one would listen
No one but her
Heard as the outcast hears.”

In all honesty, he and Malleus had a duel over this song – okay, they actually drew for it upon Marinette’s request; the card with the Phantom’s mask would have the right to sing this and the card with the rose window would have the right to perform Hellfire. It was a fifty/fifty for the song, but they both promised they would give it all into their song for her. Sure, Vil only saw Marinette as little sister and an equal when it came to everything fine in the world, but he was still giving it all for her. That and he had caught her quietly sobbing in the field, he rushed to her side and felt relieved when she revealed she was listening to the soundtrack; she loved the musical, but it always made her cry. It was a domino effect after that and had ended with Pomefiore hosting a movie night and Marinette bringing her friends from Heartslabyul as well as the anniversary edition to watch…not a single eye was dry that night.

And it looked like it would be the same here; not a single dry eye in the audience, Vil couldn’t help but feel a sense of pride wash over him when he saw the famed Gabriel Agreste taking his glasses off to wipe at his eyes – oh, he was definitely going to hold that over Sunshine’s head now. After his solo, he got his evaluation from their judge – another last-minute call and…judging by how pale Lord Dalimar-Shai looked, this man was definitely related somehow, ah well…he would pry at a later date. Right now, he stood back and smirked when he got a perfect score; he looked to the
audience and sure enough the little brat was honed in on him. Perfect. He made his way out of the room and stood by the refreshments table, he just had to play the waiting game…fortunately he didn’t have to wait long as the sausage links girl made her appearance.

“What was that stuff you sprayed your throat with earlier?” She asked with that sickly-sweet smile.

Vil looked at her. “Just a little herbal throat spray, helps keeps your throat moist when you perform so you don’t end up croaking like a frog. It’s like a soothing throat lozenge you can find in any pharmacy.”

“I don’t suppose you would let me try it? My throat tends to dry up easily and I really want to do well for contest.”


Vil grinned at her and took out the jinx before handing it to her. “Two sprays are all you need, and soon you’ll be performing like Signora Carlotta.”

Lila grabbed it with greed and started spraying her throat with it. She thanked him before skipping off to where her sheep were. All was going according to plan, he smirked and made his way to the restroom before pouring the jinxed potion down the sink and rinsing it out; rinse out the evidence of sabotage, keep the empty bottle, and only the genuine spray will be tested should Miss Rossi claim he sabotaged her. The perfect crime if he says so himself, well that would be the case had someone not walk in on him. He watched the individual; red hoodie, messy black hair, green eyes, pretty feminine looking. The boy looked at him then to the now empty bottle with slight narrowed eyes.

“Am I safe to assume that’s the frog’s breath potion you’re trying to dispose of?” he asked softly.

Vil raised an eyebrow. “You know what that was?”

“Yeah…Nathaniel told me…he said it would make a great idea for our comic book.” He explained. “And yes, before you ask, I am one of Marinette’s friends…I’m actually in a different class.”

Vil thought for a bit; Marinette’s friends who worked on a comic book were Nathaniel the artist and…ah so this was the famous Marc Anciel, now whatever could he need? He smirked and leaned on the sink before talking to him. “I suppose this is where you tell Marinette what I’m up to?”

“No.” Marc shook his head. “This is where I tell you to hand over the empty bottle to ensure you won’t get caught.”

“You’re asking to be an accomplice?” Vil chuckled. “Ah, this realm will forever surprise me…but I suppose I can comply.” He handed the cleaned bottle and smirked. “Welcome to the Wicked side of things.”

“You know what they say; it’s always the quiet ones.” Marc pocketed the bottle into his bag and smiled. “Can’t wait to see your group number.”

“It’ll be a showstopper.” He smirked and walked out with him. “Speaking of showstoppers…I believe the liar is going to perform next.”

And perform she did. Well, she barely got past the first verse before she started croaking like a
frog. Sure enough, contest was halted and she did try to call the sabotage claim. Vil agreed to the
search and even let them at the spray; Adella, Chloe, and even a noncompeting student offered
themselves as tribute, they sprayed their throat with the genuine one that Vil had and all three
sounded alright. Everyone was baffled to say the least, but in the end, it was advised that Madame
Rossi took her daughter to get tested for a cherry allergy or see if she was allergic to anything in the
herbal department – maybe some natural ingredients didn’t sit well with her? It was agreed and
Lila was about to be led out of the choir room. She was just fuming, she had it in her head that she
should be there singing, not being sent home while the spotlight went to some brat from another
school! Her anger and rage caught the attention of a familiar purple butterfly, she was about to
reach for it and was making a move to ‘swat it away’ but to her horror and surprise, someone
already caught it…by the wings.

Floyd looked over the creature that was struggling in his hand, it was radiating with the same kind
of magic as a miraculous. How sad, all this time Marinette had told him about a man who could
manipulate emotions and he truly believed that there was a witch here that was terrorizing Paris,
but instead all they got is some pitiful human who was playing pretend with magic. He frowned
and held it to his brother with a sigh, Jade took it and let it dissolve into his hat, the familiar mask
arrived and Hawkmoth was talking to him; whispering into his ears and promising him that power
could be his just so long as he retrieve the miraculous of the ladybug and the black cat. Jade just
yawned and shook his head at the offer; there was no power that this man could offer that he didn’t
already have at his fingertips.

“No deal.” Jade said simply. “I know you’re a mortal, Hawkmoth, a mortal playing pretend…I
don’t even know how Paris is afraid of you and frankly I don’t want to know.”

“Your princess was wronged! Don’t you want revenge for her!?!” Hawkmoth growled out. “I can
help you!”

Jade laughed hysterically. “Oh man! I wish everyone could hear you right now! Hey everyone, a
mortal man is offering me help in the revenge department!” He held his side and wiped a tear from
his eyes. “Revenge will come, Hawkmoth, believe me…it’ll be on my playing field and I won’t
need your silly powers to help; now here are my terms.” He had a wicked grin. “You’re going to
call back this pesky little insect, keep quiet during the rest of contest, and then you’re going to go
dormant for a spell…if you don’t.” He trailed off. “I can see you; you know…I can scream to the
room where you are right now.”

That was enough for the butterfly to be called back. Jade huffed, well, that wasn’t fun. Still, he had
gained an important piece of knowledge; someone from the audience was Hawkmoth, of course he
now had to put a name to a missing face, that won’t be easy in the slightest. But it won’t be hard
either, after all, all he really needed to do was track down an aura that matched a miraculous’.
Contest had just gotten interesting and judging by the looks the schoolboard held and the paled and
panicked expression from Caline and Damocles, suppose this was the final crack needed to end this
school

*Candy Store was performed without a hitch, now that they got rid of the deadweight, the trio from
Francoise-Dupont were able to dance and sing (Adrien was really getting into it when he held his
‘giant lollipop’ like a pole; that was another thing…no-one had the heart to tell Rose that the song
wasn’t what she was thinking. The giant suckers were a nice last-minute touch and they weren’t
going to complain in the slightest bit.). Their group scored excellent much to their disappointment,
but they had to assume it was because they were doing one with some raunchy lyrics, whatever;
they looked fabulous in the end. The Collinswood quartet did Shattered Stars, they even had their
own instruments with them and provided the tunes and the lively energy – a perfect score with how they were harmonized. And finally Night Raven with Ways to Be Wicked…Francoise-Dupont got to see the side of Marinette she never even knew she had, she took the stage by storm as this new queen of mean and standing besides the kings of mean themselves; tempting and inviting people to explore the side they never even knew they had – they were right there with Francoise-Dupont. Whatever, what did mortals know about good songs anyway?

When the group numbers were over, Collinswood and Night Raven took their leave; they were going to have a long day to go through and that was without discussing the end results of Francoise-Dupont; of course that was going to be the main reason, they just want one day where they can celebrate results. Win or lose neither of the two schools cared in the slightest, they were just there to show off and steal the show, and just flaunt it. Once both parties were in their respective school everyone was able to breath a sigh of relief; Marinette didn’t hesitate in taking herself back to her room and falling back onto her bed, Malleus and the two heads went to their respective dorms before they turned in for the night.

Come morning the next day, they got the results; Night Raven placed second and unfortunately couldn’t go to the next round – again, no big deal – but their soloists got mostly perfect and they got their reward certificate sent to them. Collinswood would be going to Lyon and the school that was formerly known as Francoise-Dupont? Shut. Down. The investigation that went on before and during the contest revealed a lot of ‘interesting’ things; without giving away too much the board had decided that Caline Bustier was unfit to be a teacher and that she had a poor way of handling conflict and had questionable means of preventing akumas. Damocles…well, enough was said about the man and his fixation for the owl hero if his toys were anything to go by. While everything was said and done, the meeting had to commence; The Four Heads were beside the seven dorm heads and the headmaster, the fate of the school rested on this meeting.

“We’ve actually came to the decision during contest.” Tori started out. “We’re in favor of letting the class of Caline Bustier attend Night Raven College.” He folded his hands. “I know that this might not be a good idea – for obvious reasons – but we’re going to balance the bad out with some good and-”

Azul held his hand up. “Stopping you there, Starlight.” He smirked. “We know you want to send that class to the wolves and let us have our way with them, you and the others weren’t entirely subtle to say the least.”

Adella returned the smirk. “Well, we’d also like a certain ill-teacher to be put on the chopping block as well…I’m sure the teachers would love to have fun with her.”

Dire laughed and shook his head. “All this just to get back at a school? Now Lord Dalimar-Shai, I know there’s more to your reasoning than petty revenge.”

Joe shrugged, “You found us out; we’ve all had the dishonor of meeting Caline Bustier, Tori was in her class for a year and can confirm her poor teaching. Aside from that, she’s been extremely disrespectful to the Community; she dismisses everything that makes a witch a…well a witch – you should have seen what she tried to do during our Winter Seasons.” He looked to Tori with a pained expression.

“For the longest time, I couldn’t wear gold.” Tori started out. “My friend Chloe had gifted me a golden cartouche with my name on it and I had to decline it; while she was a bit hurt and confused she understood after I told her and she said she’d hold onto it until I got the approval from home. Well, that didn’t sit right with our ‘beloved’ teacher, she tried to force me to accept it and wear it – which, at the time, would have been a huge disrespect…she didn’t care in the slightest.”
“Then there was mocking the ‘honor the dead’ thing.” Trefor brought up. “Since the winter solstice is the time where the veil between life and death would thin…yeah, enough said. We don’t want petty revenge; being petty would just leaving her be to find a new place to work…No, we want her destroyed. And if the Community can help with that, so be it.”

Dire nodded, “And you’re going to make her suffer by watching helplessly as the wolves go after the students, she ‘loved’. ” He tapped his fingers. “Never would I have expected this from you four with the way your family had raised you.”

“There is one more thing.” Joe leaned in his chair. “Chloe’s been working on destroying an empire, we’ve done our part – indirectly even – in making sure Miss Lila Rossi’s empire of lies come crashing down and destroying not only her, but anyone affiliated with her…Our only condition is that the students aid Chloe by any means when the next year start.”

“Very well.” Riddle said with a smirk. “I’ve been aching to put someone in their place…and you’re just serving them up on a silver platter.” He leaned forward. “Just so you know, we’re going to be keeping our Princess every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays just so she can be completely caught up with us…meaning, we get visitation rights to her world on ‘free days’.”

“If those are your conditions in following through with our approval and terms so be it.” Trefor said. “We give you permission to come and go as you please during the summer.”

“Then it’s settled; after summer break, we will have new students joining us.” Dire said. “Quoting from Lord Dalimar-Shai’s family; So it is said, so it is written – I’ve always wanted to say that line.” He chuckled.
**Start of Summer**

*Dear Parents and/or Guardians,*

We at the Board of Education deeply regret to inform you that the school Francoise-Dupont will be shutting down due to ill-practices from the staff in regards of handling bullying in any and all forms, mishandling school funds, and taking bribes. We offer our sincerest of apologies and are working with The Community in finding a place for your child so that their education won’t be on the line, hopefully if all goes well you will receive a letter of acceptance from the school willing to help out.

-Gerard

Was anyone truly surprised? Marlena had expressed her dissatisfaction with her daughter’s homeroom teacher and her method of teaching. Ever since enrolling her daughter into Francoise-Dupont, things had changed, she was glad that her daughter had wised up and is making up for everything that she’s done but if it wasn’t Bustier’s lenient behavior and encouraging the bad Alya might not have to have go through rings of fire to get back into good standing! She wasn’t the only one who had dislike of the former teacher, she was sitting with some of the other parents and each and every one of them were just as upset with Caline Bustier; if only the broad had done her job as a teacher they wouldn’t have to be stressing out about where to send their children – and even then, Bustier’s lessons were eye-rolling at best, analyzing fairytales? These were high school students, not preschoolers, she wouldn’t even use the lessons the school had set out for her to begin with. Honestly, the entire mess was just one headache after another, all anyone could truly hope was that the broad had her license revoked and she was barred from ever teaching in another school.

Other parents weren’t entirely pleased that it took this long to get her out of the office; The Dupain-Chengs expressed that they wished they had sent their daughter to a different school the second they learned that all those reports on bullying never went through, but they had hope that everything would be alright in the end; nope, in Caline’s world there would be one student to ‘lead the class’, they were actually considering to sending their daughter to therapy to get out of that mess – the only blessing that kept them from doing such was Night Raven, they weren’t sure what the boys were doing but whatever it was…it was working and they were glad to see their daughter with the healthy glow again. Others were in agreement, from what the Dupain-Cheng couple had told them about the school (through letters from Marinette), the staff was stern and hardly ever lets disruptions happen – okay, except the time with the cat Lucius, but aside from that they were professional in every sense of the word. Uniforms were a thing and the students were on equal ground (along with some dorm rivalry, but those were the minor details).

“Do you really think that Night Raven would accept her class?” Marlena finally asked.

Tom looked over and sighed, “Honestly, I don’t know…I mean, when Tori and Joe helped us fill out some forms for Marinette’s enrollment, they made sure to put on the ‘don’t visit’ a good majority of the class.”

“Another thing we need to discuss.” Mrs. Le Chien spoke up. “We are so sorry for what our children have been doing to her, we don’t know why they decided to listen to that vixen and everything we’ve tried hasn’t really been working.”

“We’re not blaming you.” Sabine assured. “I don’t know why they’re favoring a liar for their friend, but hopefully if Night Raven accepts them, they’ll be whipped into shape.”

“That’s what we’re hoping.” Mr. Kante said. “We were considering pulling them out and ship them
to a strict boarding school, but perhaps Night Raven is the answer to our prayers.”

“Fingers crossed…hopefully this is the wakeup call they all need.” Sabine said coldly.

As this was going on, the students weren’t entirely faring any better. Almost everyone was heartbroken that their favorite teacher was gone and that school was forever cancelled; granted on hand it was great that the school was cancelled – no homework or any annoying summer assignments, on the other hand it was depressing because they thought Ms. Bustier was a good teacher. She made the class bright and cheerful and she did her best in preventing akumas; okay, it wasn’t entirely perfect, but it was still something which was better than nothing! The look of despair graced their faces as they thought about what was going to happen; they couldn’t really voice this to their parents since every time they tried it was met with hostility and the sigh of relief that Ms. Bustier was gone. They didn’t understand, why would their parents hate her? Why were they upset with them? Everything was just one confusing mess after another that in the end they were just too tired to remotely care, too tired to even accept the akuma that was just fluttering by them, the most they could do was just swat it away and ignore it. Like every akuma sighting, Ladybug was on the scene and purified it.

Now, Marinette may be pissed with them, but she wasn’t heartless. She put on her confident hero air and approached the group as Ladybug to see what was going on; they all told her the same story of how their school was shut down and that their favorite teacher was fired sometime after Contest. It broke her heart, she can’t say she wasn’t happy about it – in fact, she’s glad that Caline won’t be in a classroom again – but at the same time, she did feel bad for her former classmates; they shouldn’t have to suffer for what the school had done. She gave them her condolences, telling them that there was always a sliver of light in the darkest of times. What was said next surprised her; what if they got into Night Raven College? They would never survive! Now they were just being dramatic, she’s been with the school for the end of the third semester and all of fourth semester; while it is true the boys were rough around the edges, they were actually pretty sweet – of course, she could understand their concern since Malleus, Vil, and Azul made it clear the sheep of the group were on this hit lists. But again, she wasn’t heartless, she would talk to the boys about going a little easy on them, of course the second they throw that kindness back is when she’s just letting the wolves go crazy. She let Ladybug assure them that it’s the nerves talking before she had to leave.

“Ladybug’s right.” Kim started out. “I mean, Tori and Joe said the school’s a prestigious magic school, the teachers wouldn’t let anything happen to us under their watch.”

Alix looked up at him and smiled a bit. “Yeah…And if we end up in Night Raven, we can handle Marinette.” She added. “We can keep her from trying anything, besides…it’s not like she has the entire school around her finger.”

“And we can warn the teachers about what she’s really like; let her know she’s manipulating them.” Lila spoke up. “I don’t want anyone else to get hurt because of her.”

And there she was kicking herself again, Alya was with Chloë’s group as well as the other class watching the scene unfold before them. It was a group call for the students to just hang in the park until everything settles down with their parents; and in that moment, the only people who were flocked to Lila’s side were Mylene, Alix, Kim, and Max. Nino and Ivan were at a distance, Ivan for Mylene and Nino because he didn’t want to deal with Lila. Nino…that was one of the things that needed addressing; it was actually a painful conversation she had, sometime after starting out with Aurore she had gone up to Nino and owned up to her actions. He was rightfully angry at her; she treated Marinette like trash and he had actually been planning on how to word a breakup because of that, she didn’t fight it and agreed they should take a break from each other. Just until things can
settle down. Well, time had passed and they were at least civil with each other, he made it his goal to let Alya know how Marinette had been doing in school and even showing the pictures along with Aurore and in return she would show Nino some of the news videos for his approval and to cross-examine with. They weren’t a couple now, but they were still best friends the two of them.

Chloe was no stranger to the self-pity look; she had no problem with slapping someone out of their funk and bringing them back into the now. She just shoved Alya and brought her back to the now, the look in her blue eyes was enough to scream her message loud and clear; straighten up, just because Caline wasn’t in the picture doesn’t mean it was the end of the world. Now, Chloe wasn’t going to lie, she actually wanted that teacher gone for so long since she was holding back a lot of people and dragging the idiots along for the ride. Heck, this termination brought out who needed to go next on the chopping block; and they were but five, the parasite and the sheep. At least the ‘reporter’ was on the side of common sense, along with Nathaniel, Sabrina, and Adrien of course – okay fine, the members of My Wonderland Nightmare were there too (Rose, Juleka, and Ivan), but they were in their own field; they listen to Lila for the entertainment of her stories like Jagged Stone’s imaginary kitten, but they would never believe that Marinette had a mean bone in her body.

“Chloe, your dad is part of the board to an extent.” Alya spoke up quietly. “Do you know where we’re going?”

“I don’t even need to ask my father that.” Chloe looked at her nails. “Tori said that Mendeleiev’s class were going to Collinswood and said teacher is going to be teaching alongside with their current potions teacher. Our lucky class is going to Night Raven College.”

“That doesn’t make me feel better, I was just threatened by a set of twins.” She muttered. “They said they’d leave me alone for now but…”

“From the sounds of it, the worst they’ll do is throw a bucket of water over your head.” Sabrina noted. “You’re technically safe but the others.” She pointed to the five. “They’re another story.”

“Tell me something I don’t know.”

“Alright.” Sabrina straightened up. “There’s actually eight dorms at Night Raven and the unfortunate five are going to be staying at the eighth dorm which Marinette informed us is haunted.”

Alya just stared, how the hell does one even react to that?

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The sun was shining, the halls were lively, and Marinette was being held onto by Ace. Summer was officially here and everyone had planned to visit her in Paris as well as to see her during the summer program; granted most of the students didn’t really need the extra lecture, but they didn’t want to turn down the opportunity to be her tutor and help her along. She laughed as the party that was happening was going on; it was to celebrate the first day of summer and what better way to celebrate than a pool party over at Octavinelle. Her laughter ceased when Ace took a dive into the pool, they swam up and she just splashed him in the face while sticking her tongue out.

“Very cute, Ace.” She huffed.

Ace laughed, “You know it, Alice!” he held her close. “I know we get to visit you four days of the summer, but I’m going to miss you!”

She laughed. “I’m going to miss you too, Ace, but I promise…the moment you come to my
family’s bakery – actually…” she pulled back and cupped her hands over her mouth. “ALL OF MY FRIENDS GET A FRIENDS AND FAMILY DISCOUNT AT THE DUPAIN-CHENG BAKERY!”

While it did prompt a cheer from the entire partygoers, Marinette still held true to the word; her friends are always given a discount, plus this was also a great way to introduce everyone when she can to her parents when she wasn’t in school for the summer courses.

The twins popped up behind her and hugged her, essentially making a sandwich out of her. “We’re not letting you go; you’re not allowed to go home.”

“But if I don’t go home, you won’t get any treats!” she laughed.

Floyd pouted. “Fiiine we’ll let you go.” He let go. “Maybe we could take you home with us some day?”

“Maybe.” Marinette agreed.

Oh yeah. Summer just got interesting, and it was only starting.
Summer Time: Beach

Chapter Notes

HEY LOOK! WE GOT RAMIER AWAY FROM HIS PIGEONS!

The sun was shining.
The birds are singing.

And Mr. Ramier was Mr. Pigeon again. Hawkmoth must really be scraping at the bottom of the barrel if he was going to use the same If one were to ask how he felt about this, he was miffed that it was the pigeon boy again, he was one square away from winning at Akuma Bingo. That and this was the same song and dance they’ve been performing with him for how many times now; it was to the point where it was just Queen Bee using venom and Hood calmly walking over and yanking the whistle off the man’s neck before crushing it with his heeled boot, releasing the akuma for Ladybug to purify. This was a wonderful start to a summer vacation already; not really, he just wanted to be at the beach with his boyfriend and close friends. Get a tan, make out with Luka behind the sand dunes, enjoy a game of beach volleyball and watch as Sabrina spikes the ball so hard it creates a crater into the ground! With a cure later, Hood watched as Ramier was on his knees and apologizing to the heroes; he did love his pigeons and he has a keep at home, but sometimes he just wanted their company while he’s enjoying an afternoon in the park. It was understandable, and they gave him a better option; instead of treating them to the usual apologetic ice cream, Queen Bee said that there was a group that could always use a referee or something down by the beach; okay, having him hang around like this was probably not a good idea but if it got him away from those damn pigeons for the time being that’s all they cared about (Technically, Jagged and Penny were there with Fang so they were in good hands.)

It worked, he left the heroes to return to the beach and de-transform back into the swimsuits. Ramier would be a while and until then, they could continue being in the ocean playing around. Adrien had taken to being in the sun umbrella with Penny and Fang; surprisingly, model boy didn’t tan that well…he burns even with sunblock on. He laughed as they watched everyone try a sandcastle contest – there was some sabotage going on as well; seashells being swiped, throwing one of the other teams into the ocean, just the harmless stuff. Fang had decided to get in on the fun by walking over and throwing himself onto the castles to even the playing field, he rolled over and exposed his tummy for belly-rubs. Sometime during the shenanigans, Joe parted from the group and joined his favorite kitten in the shade, taking Fang’s spot and laid back on the blanket.

He looked up at Adrien, “How are you enjoying yourself, Sunshine?”

“I’m enjoying myself a lot!” Adrien laid down with him. “I was supposed to be at a photoshoot but…sucks that I couldn’t make it.”

“You asked the photographer to change the theme, didn’t you?” Joe asked.

“I might have let it slip that doing beachwear was more suitable for the summer issue.” Adrien looked innocent. “It’s not my fault the ladies somehow got Gabriel brand sundresses and that everyone is wearing Gabriel brand swimsuits.”
Joe nudged him. “You are a dork, end of story.” He sat up and stretched. “It’s kind of quiet, even with the playful energy…is it bad that I want one of the Night Raven Boys to show up?”

Adrien shrugged and pointed to Ramier trying to be a judge. “It’d be better than him, why did we think it was a good idea to let him in?”

“We got free ice cream from the bingo game.” He reminded. “But yeah, I agree with you…but look at it this way, he hadn’t tried calling his birds over.”

“I guess…so…say a Night Raven Boy did show up, who would you want to show up?”

Joe thought for a while before blushing a little. “Okay, please don’t be mad but…I would like it if Vil showed up; he’s just…well, he’s beautiful – not saying that you’re not beautiful, you are, but he has this deadly beauty air about him.”

Adrien was laughing. “I’m not going to argue with you there, he has this air that screams regal about him; that and he has a bit of muscles so he can definitely destroy someone with little effort.” He looked at Joe. “Is it bad that I want him to step on me with heels?”

Penny looked over at the two; “I’ll never understand that phrase at all.” She shook her head. “There better be more to this Vil person than just looks if you’re pining after him.”

Both boys looked away with a blush, Joe was the one who spoke up about him.

“Alright, I know of him, he’s kind of famous in the Community with his knowledge of potions and poisons. I wasn’t kidding when I said he was beautiful yet deadly, and…this is either a rumor since I haven’t been able to confirm it but, supposedly, to be the head of his dorm he had to create the strongest poison.”

There was a soft chuckle that interrupted him; “Oh, that’s true Sweet Lavender and I dare say, I might be creeping right up to the Fleur’s family reputation in being the deadliest of all.”

All eyes turned to the newcomer. Vil was standing beside the group and holding a sun parasol to keep the sun off him, thick shades to hide his violet eyes from the glaring rays. He smiled and nodded to his left, two other blonds were beside him and got the blanket and umbrellas setup so Vil and one of them could tan while also being able to move them so they can cower in the shade. The other blond however went to join the group in burying each other in the sand and taking selfies afterwards before they started up beach volleyball.

Marinette wasted no time in introducing Epel to her friends, almost instantly everyone welcomed him into their fold. She had warned everyone that he wasn’t one to be taken lightly, his innocent and gentle looking demeanor was just a look and deep inside he was actually a storm (“Oh, so we have another Marinette” Chloe had teased) when they tried volleyball for the first time with him, the sides were evened out; both Marinette and Epel were just a hurricane in nature. Needless to say, everyone was afraid. The antics got the shade dwellers to laugh (they even got Nathaniel and Marc to come in to retreat from the sun and getting sunblock back on) It was just complete anarchy when it came to sports, still, it was actually fun to watch from afar.

“After all my training.” Vil pouted. “Well, Epel is enjoying himself at least, I suppose I can sit back on this.”

Adrien couldn’t help but to laugh, “You sound like my perfectionist of a father!”

Vil just tossed a towel at him. “Tell me sunshine, what’s with the photographer among us? Cherished memory making?”
“He’s here because sunshine convinced him to host the photoshoot here and that the beach was more suited for the summer wear than the park.” Joe explained. “We got some good pictures and now he’s just here to take memorable pictures of everyone for the summer album.”

“And he’s on his way.” Nathaniel pointed out. “I guess having a tiny Night Raven boy carrying Marinette tipped him off there’s some beautiful people here.”

Marc just smirked at Vil, “I wonder if this is karma for the frog’s breath potion back at Contest.”

Vil just ignored the comment and watched as the photographer – Vincent – came over and asked if He and Rook were available for some last minute modeling pictures; now, it might have been the vanity the two had shared, but they agreed to it on the condition that Vil got in some shots with the Sweet Lavender and Sunshine. Vincent had thought about it for a while, there was no order about what was or wasn’t allowed from Gabriel…the order was simple; Get some high-quality shots for the summer issue, and that was it. Suppose some summer romance shots were okay! He did solos of Rook and Vil in their setting and enjoying the rays – of course, Penny and her two friends had to leave the shade for a bit so they didn’t accidentally photobomb them – the blonds tilted their shades forwards and flashed a pearly white smile at the photographer.

Perfect. Everything was perfect with the solo shots, now came the fun part…for Vil; he started with Adrien and they did some fun in the sun shots; playing in the ocean, playing catch with a beach ball, sharing a kiss in the shade – that…was the last thing Adrien had expected, he was blushing a new shade of red after the kiss. Joe had poked fun at him for that, but alas, karma came not too long, when it was his turn with Vil. They did the simple strolling along the shores, gazing at the now setting sun, and like with Adrien; sharing a kiss (Joe was at least lucky that the setting sun just gave Vincent a silhouette shot instead, he was just as red as Adrien.)

“I’ll give you the Black Cat Miraculous if you drown me in the ocean right now.” Adrien begged.

Joe looked at him. “I’ll do you one better and deliver you down to Atlantis myself.”

“Well, that’s rather rude.” Vil huffed. “Here I gave your father’s brand a kick and you wish to die a slow and painful way.” He leaned close. “I know quick and painless ways, Sunshine.”

“They wouldn’t happen to involve an apple, would they?” Adrien challenged.

Vil grinned at him, “And each cure is True Love’s Kiss.” He leaned close. “Of course, it may take more than Sweet Lavender to bring you back, Sunshine.”

“Vil! Quit teasing Adrien and Joe!” Marinette scolded. “Come on, we’re heading back to my place for dessert and movies!”

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Things over at the bakery was lively as ever; Jagged and Penny were with Tom and Sabine and sharing some pictures they’ve taken along with Vincent, Marinette was serving up fruit tarts for everyone with Tori and Joe helping her out in the kitchen (It took some convincing to get Vil and Rook to eat the treat; when they heard the freshest of fruits were used, they didn’t hesitate in the slightest. Victory forever went to Marinette who knew how to sway them to the dark side of indulgence.). The rest of the friend group were debating on what to watch and in what order; it was decided to let the Night Raven Trio pick first, surprisingly, they picked Dragula (Epel’s reasoning is “It’s the best of two worlds; we have fashionistas here who could enjoy the costumes, the drama lovers, and those who love horror”) So they settled with Season 2 (they would find the first season online on their own time).
Sure enough, those who had an eye for style were discussing what they would do for the themes (the first being cenobites from Hellraiser), the others just tuned out the show and listened in on the small group; Adrien was saying how he’d use Chat Noir as his base but look more like he was mauled by a panther, it was a good concept but it was missing an element, to which Joe kindly offered saying instead of a mauling maybe he could go for more of a slow tortured look. It was decided that enough was enough; some were sighing in relief when Adrien got the call saying it was time to return home. While they didn’t want him to go, they were a bit relieved that the call got him to stop talking about a bloodied Chat Noir. The group watched Joe and Vil walk Adrien to the door where his bodyguard was waiting for him.


Adrien returned the kiss. “I’ll call you when I get home.” He looked at Vil and sighed. “I’m only doing this to get it out of my system.”

He walked up to Vil and got his toes to kiss him, the taller blond pulled him close and returned the kiss before pulling away with a grin. “Just to get it out of your system hm?”

“I’m not having this discussion with you.”

Vil handed his number to the sunshine model. “If you say so, here…so we can stay in contact for the rest of the summer.”

Adrien just took it and rushed outside, leaving Vil with Joe.

The taller blond looked at Joe and grinned down at him, “He’s quite the vibrant one.”

Joe looked up at him. “If you have something to say, say it straight.”

Vil crossed his arms. “As expected of a Fleur Heir, straight to the point. Fine…since you two are going to be dancing around this for eternity and my patience can be pretty thing, I’m going to be blunt; I wasn’t kidding when I said I wouldn’t mind being in a relation with you and Adrien, if you two are strictly monogamous, I understand and I’ll back off.”

“I’ll talk it over with Adrien, I’m not going to lie…you’re drop dead gorgeous and we both like you, but we’re going to talk about it before we dive into anything serious.”

“I’ll accept that, take your time.” He turned to the stairs. “It’s eerily quiet…”

“I think they got to the extermination round; I remember I lost my voice on one of those challenges…we should check on them.”

“Sounds good.” Vil agreed, “After you, Sweet Lavender.”
Adrien had tuned out what his father was saying; Vincent was a fast worker and while the summer wear article was a big hit, that wasn’t why the Gabriel magazines were selling like crazy, nope, it was because of the pictures he and Joe had with Vil. And that led to the now, his father had expressed that he respected that Adrien had a thing for his current boyfriend – that lavender hair boy was part of a prominent family and could be trusted, however when it came to that mysterious blond just kissing his son passionately that was another story altogether. It was somewhere in his rant that Adrien had tuned his father out and was updating his boyfriend and – hopefully other boyfriend if Joe was okay with sharing – about his father’s rant; just because he respected Adrien’s lifestyle didn’t mean he wanted his son to be making out with random guys. Jokes on him, if he had paid attention to Contest, he would have seen Vil, Joe, and Adrien getting really friendly with each other. Still, it wasn’t his fault that he and his boyfriend started to become attracted to the deadly beauty of Night Raven College…that was another thing; Adrien decided to put a stop to his father’s inane rant by bringing up the acceptance letter.

“Father…you know my old school is shut down.” He said. “I was wondering if an acceptance letter from The Community came in?”

It worked, it got Gabriel to stop his tirade. He straightened up and adjusted his frames before turning back to Adrien. “Yes, a letter from Night Raven College came in the mail. I had to call your boyfriend’s family for assurance that I’m sending you to a reliable school and not another madhouse like Francoise-Dupont. Frankly, I should have tried to have you there sooner so you wouldn’t be caught up in the mess that was your old school.”

Adrien wasn’t going to lie, while that was harsh of his father, he did have to agree that going to a magic school would have been better; at the same time if he had gone to one sooner, he wouldn’t have made friends like His Lady, Tori, Nino, everyone. Of course, he would like the old school better had Lila not shown up; he was still pissed off that she managed to manipulate the sessions and the help Tori had offered her and okay, he did give bad advice on the High Road, but in his defense, he was trying to figure out how to bring her down without attracting an akuma and making things harder on him and his allies.

“Did you talk to the headmaster afterwards?” Adrien asked.

“I did, and he’s been quite helpful.” Gabriel said. “He’s actually excited to have you at the school and offered a summer program to catch you up with the others before the new year; naturally, I agreed to the notion so every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays someone will be here to escort you to the school to begin your courses, which will begin effectively tomorrow morning.”

He would be in the same program as Marinette?! His heart skipped with joy, this was great; he would have a familiar face with him (okay, while he did know Vil, Azul, and Malleus, he had his doubts that those three would be part of the program, so he was essentially going in alone and blind.). If having Marinette there wasn’t good enough, he would also be learning magic and he could surprise Joe with what he’s learned! He saw this as a win in every angle.
“Since I’ll be working on catching up, does this mean no summer photoshoots?” An innocent question that had a chaotic cat grinning behind it.

His father hadn’t caught on. “Regretfully, you won’t be attending photoshoots while attending Night Raven College; as the school is in another realm, pulling you out for the modeling job is out of the question.” He sighed. “Which means, we’re going to have to find someone else to place on the covers for the time being.”

Happy days were here! Adrien was dancing on the inside; Night Raven College was definitely a blessing! No photoshoots meant he could finally have a normal life, he could finally be around other students, do his homework without any problems, and actually do things after school that wasn’t on the schedule! Everything was clearing up and he was thanking every villain out there for this unusual blessing.

“Well…since I have school tomorrow, can I go hang out with Marinette today?” he asked. “I want at least one day of freedom before I have to go through the summer courses.” Gabriel looked at him and raised an eyebrow, prompting Adrien to press on. “She’s the designer who won your hat contest? The girl who transferred to Night Raven after Francoise-Dupont started to go downhill?”

Gabriel nodded. “She was smart to do so, she didn’t need the rest of those peons dragging her down. Fine…you know when curfew is, be back by then. And heaven help me if that blond from your ‘summer shoots’ is with you.”

“About that…Joe and I sort of like Vil.” He admitted sheepishly. “We were actually going to talk about having him part of the relationship.”

His stone-cold gaze said it all; he wanted to meet Vil and there was no getting out of it. If Adrien and his partner were insistent on having him part of their relationship, then he was going to personally see if he was good enough for the two. Gabriel may not be the ideal father of the world, but damn if he was going to let some flirt with no class get anywhere near his son (He’s learned that the hard when Adrien got his mother’s lawyers involved in the case against Miss Rossi; he knew the girl was a manipulative liar, but he never thought this wench would go far as to…auugh he felt sick already). Still, Vil was on his list and he wasn’t going to make that same mistake again…though looking at the pictures, he was quite handsome, model material…he had to wonder how much it would take to bribe him into spying for him since Miss Rossi wouldn’t be able to do so anymore.

Adrien bowed his head at that, he hated it but there was no other way around it. With a sigh, he just got up and got ready for the day with Marinette; she had told him it was originally be a girls’ day out, but they had an unexpected guest joining them and it would be fine if he joined the group. With all said and done, he had left the manor with The Gorilla driving him to the meeting place; the bakery where the Angels (as Tori would call them) were waiting for him – Marinette, Chloe, Sabrina, Kagami, and…some guy with lion ears. Oh, another Night Raven Boy it looked like.

The Gorilla opened the door for the group and they got settled, Chloe had told him they were going to Disney Land today. That got Adrien really excited now, he was spending the day with the Angels and another Night Raven boy! Of course, for some reason, he couldn’t really stop glaring at the other, and he felt the hair on his head rise some as well. It was clear the other boy was the same if his twitching tail and his teeth bearing down at Adrien was anything to go off of.


“But Marinette, he’s an intruder!” he wasn’t thinking when he said that.
Kagami looked to Adrien’s ring before clearing her throat, “Plagg, could you come out?”

The kwami did and sat on her shoulder, he was just like Adrien; his fur was standing up and his teeth were showing over at Leona.

“Plagg, could you enlighten us what’s happening?” she asked.

“Yeah, this punk is on our territory!” Plagg hissed.

“Because he was invited.” Sabrina insisted. “We’re in the same car, does this make us intruders as well?”

“You don’t understand!” Adrien growled. “It’s not the same.”

“Boys, break it up right now or we’re asking the Gorilla turn this car around!” Chloe demanded.

That was how the group learned the hard way that the Miraculouses had some nasty side effects. Well, no, they were aware for a while now when it came to being a holder; for the ladybug, bee, dragon, and snake, they were extremely vulnerable to cold weather and would ‘hibernate’ or at least become really tired. Sabrina was fine with her being a mouse, but even then, that wasn’t much to go off of either, she was essentially the same as the other four. Adrien was the only one not bothered by the cold; of course, now this explained his sharp earing, night vision, and so forth.

Oh…Right. He was essentially a cat now; he was introduced to a lion and he felt like his territory was being threatened. This was going to make their trip a little rocky, or not…it was hard to tell with the way the two just stared at each other, silently challenging the other.

The stare thankfully didn’t last long, they arrived at the park and once out they were able to get on somewhat friendly terms – probably because the ‘intruder’ wasn’t in Adrien’s limo anymore. Chloe took care with getting their tickets and led the way to getting a map; this was going to be Kagami’s and Adrien’s first time having genuine fun without their parents hovering over them, they need to take everything into consideration. It was settled that Marinette and Leona would take Kagami to one part of the park and that Chloe and Sabrina would take Adrien to another part, they would loop until they cross paths for food and then they would spend the rest of their time together and watch the fireworks and parades. It was the perfect plan!

“Okay, listen up; Marinette and Leona, you two are going to be with Kagami and take over Frontierland and Adventureland. Sabrina and I will take Adrikins to Discoveryland and we’ll meet you in Fantasyland.” Chloe handed the maps to everyone. “I’ll text when the next parade is and we’ll catch it together.”

“Do you always plan this far ahead?” Leona asked.

“Yes, I do.” Chloe huffed. “A queen has to be ready for anything.”

Leona rolled his eyes, “God you and Riddle are so similar…or are you more like Vil? It’s hard to tell.”

“Whatever, we have a full day of fun to get to!”

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With Leona and Kagami things were starting off with a bang, literally. The two stopped at the shooting arcade Rustler Roundup and were racking up points left and right, Marinette sat beside Kagami and watched as they would just…well shoot. Once that was over, they went over to Big Thunder Mountain and were screaming with joy as the rollercoaster proceeded with dips, sharp
turns and high-speed fun. With every thrill, there comes the calm, and what better way to calm
down than to go on Phantom Manor. Leona’s eyes lit up when he heard Vincent Price’s voice as
the Phantom, Kagami was a bit on edge but did her best not to show it – of course with the hanging
corpse in the portrait room at the top of the ceiling actually made her cover her mouth to prevent a
scream coming out, that was actually a first time she let the Ice Queen look drop without
hesitation.

The rest of the ride went smooth, they got to see the bride staring out into the thundering night and
they got to enjoy a ghostly wedding while being tormented by the Phantom. Marinette had made
the joke that it was Eric Bardon’s night of terror all over again; the joke went over their heads, she
had to explain that Collinswood’s music teacher had a bit of a…nasty history when it came to the
Paris Opera House. Leona just teased Marinette saying she was a silly girl. Soon after, the trio
found themselves in the underworld version of the Thunder Mesa and were jamming with the
country folk and the singing busts before they picked up the bride-to-be asking them to marry her;
the girls teased Leona saying he should say yes to it.

When the ride was over, they made their way to the riverboat where they were able to just relax
and not have to stress over anything. However, the moment they entered Adventureland both
Leona and Kagami were in their elements, from sailing with pirates to wandering the streets of
Agrabah with Aladdin, Indiana Jones to now sitting together and enjoying ice cream and slushies.
The day had been amazing so far, they could only imagine what Adrien was up to as they made
their way to Fantasyland where they would meet up with the rest of their group for the parade and
to hang out before they have to part to the rest of the park – Adrien and his team would be going to
Adventureland and Marinette and her group would be going to Discoveryland. The six were able to
meet up and get a good spot for the parade, and it was there that Marinette was able to see Adrien
in all his glory; a rainbow mickey-ear hat on his blond head, a good-sized Stitch plushy, and a
Magic Kingdom t-shirt. He had mentioned about wanting a balloon, but Chloe had insisted that
they get it towards the end of their day so they wouldn’t have to worry about losing it.

“It sounds like you had quite the day, Adrien.” Kagami smiled. “I’m glad you’re enjoying
yourself.”

“You’re enjoying yourself too, Kagami!” He cheered. “Pirate hat, Phantom Manor shirt.” He
pointed out.

She had a light blush. “It was Marinette’s insistence that I get something for home.”

“After this, we have to see the Dragon.” Chloe said.

Leona groaned. “Do we have to? I have to sit at dorm meetings with one as is.”

Chloe blushed remembering that; “Whoops…forgot your realm is uh…”

“Don’t fret about it.” Leona grinned, “Besides, it’s interesting to see the other side of things and
seeing you guys have fun.”

The music started up and the parade began. And like clockwork, after the parade the group left to
carry on with their day out. After the fireworks that night everyone was nearly passed out the
moment they got into the car; both Leona and Adrien were too tired to have a standoff against each
other. Adrien was clutching his Stitch close and his new balloon tight, even after his bodyguard
carried him to his room that night; Kagami was the same, she was sleeping on Chloe and barely
stirred when she was moved to be escorted to her room. Sabrina, Marinette, and Leona barely made
it into the bakery before they passed out in the living room – Sabine and Tom were prepared and
had the inflatable mattresses ready for the kids, granted Leona made it to the couch before he was
out like a light, but they were still ready. Blankets covered the three, pillows were already under their heads, and everything was right in the world.
Today was the day! It was the start of their first ever summer program! Crowley was excited to get this started, he already sent word to families about some students needing to boost their grades for the next year and he already sent the rides out for them – as well as their newest members. It was such a momentous occasion that he couldn’t resist calling in the Dorm Leaders to guide the way for the budding students, this was such a grand idea he couldn’t stop smiling as he made his way to the chamber to collect the students from their gateways. The seven heads were the easiest to gather and help them on their feet, they were usually dazed upon waking up but easily shook the drowsiness off and were able to sort themselves out so they could begin the sorting ceremony as well as to welcome the new students. However, this was different, as this was a program to help improve grades and magic, there was no need for the extra mile, after all this was going to be every other day thing and tutors were going to be needed.

Then again, next year was going to be the mark of the first year they were going to let mortals attend school with no problem, and some of the summer kids from that realm were exposed to magic and had some power hidden away so they were going to need someone of kinder spirits to help them around. Perhaps it was a good thing the old dorm was fixed up, granted, they still had ghost problems but…that was how things were. It was why he also wanted him here with the others, he was such a promising student and had helped a lot over the year before their ‘princess’ showed up, it would be wrong to not have him back! Ah Crowley, such a generous and genius headmaster you are! Opening the gateway, he looked down at the dorm head and helped him up, as expected…the boy was disoriented at first which made Crowley back off and give the lad some space to collect himself.

“What…where am I?” he blinked the blur away and looked to the figures before him, his eyes catching sight of a familiar redhead. “Riddle? What are…” the dawn of realization hit him hard. “Oh no. No, no, no, no, it took a whole year to get my memories back and to return home, why am I back here!”

“Yuu-kun, calm down.” Crowley spoke up. “This is a momentous occasion; Night Raven is hosting a summer program and we needed all eight dorm heads here!”

The boy, Yuu looked up at him. “Correction, you need seven dorm heads, I was only the head of the ramshackle dorm due to the current circumstances! I’m not an official dorm leader!”

“Not yet you’re not!” he laid an arm on his shoulder as he guided the boy to the others. “For you see, when the new school starts that old dorm will be put to used, you’ll be leading a team of fellow mortals along with Grim!” he blinked. “Speaking of who, I should probably collect him.”

Grimm was here too?! Yuu ran his hand over his face and let out a long sigh; it was a long arduous year as is and in that year he woke up as an amnesiac, got chased by a fire-cat, not only entered a magic school for villains (so to speak), saving Riddle after an Overblot episode, having to stop a
sabotage scheme by Leona and Ruggie (That led to another overblot episode but with Leona), saving students from a contract with the local mafia that is Octavinelle’s head and his two assistance (that led to another Overblot), got hypnotized and trapped in Scarabia and…one would guess it, it was…another overblot saving, and finally, finally, when one thought everything was back to normal; the school brought in some girl with magical jewelry towards the end of the year! It had been a crazy year as is and just when he thought he had finally returned home; he was back in this strange realm.

He couldn’t really complain though, he had made some amazing friends here at least; if only he could only wish for it to have happened under better circumstances. Dropping his shoulders, Yuu looked up just in time for a blur of grey to tackle him into a hug; he laughed and hugged the furry creature, Grimm was his own special level, they’ve been through a lot together and while they started off rocky, they actually made a pretty good team.

“And you thought you could escape me, Yuu!” Grimm pulled back and grinned at him. “I told you! You’re not getting rid of me that easy!”

Yuu laughed and shook his head. “Alright, alright; you were right for once in your life, Tanuki.” He smirked.

Grimm growled. “Grr we’ve been together for a full year and you’re still calling The Mighty Grimm a Tanuki!”

“What else are we suppose to call you?” Riddle challenged. “We know nothing about what you are or where you’re from!”

“Why you!” Grimm hissed. “That does it, I’m going to show you what happens if you call me a Tanuki!” he brought the flames out into his paws.

Riddle smirked and took his wand out before aiming it at him. “Do you really want a repeat of Opening Ceremony from last year?”

Grimm yelped and duck behind Yuu. It was official, some things would never change; and in all honesty that’s just how Crowley wanted it. Clearing his throat to get everyone’s attention; he began to explain what to expect and which mortals were going to be here just for the summer and which students would be showing up for the whole school year starting out in the fall. Everyone was to try and make the tour enjoyable and to those who were here for the program as just students, do try and help your fellow classmates out. It was agreed upon and everyone followed their headmaster out of the halls and towards the courtyard where they would be welcoming the group with open arms and bright smiles.

At least on the surface. On the way to the courtyard, Vil was whispering to Yuu about the events that had transpired; certain mortals were on the school’s hit list (okay, Yuu knew that some initiative had been taken when the strange girl arrived, but he didn’t think it was this serious!). Along with catching Yuu up to speed, each dorm head was informing him about certain individuals who were friends and who were on the direct hit list. Anyone else? They were on neutral ground and had no real strong feelings for them from the start. After hearing everything, Yuu felt his heart break; he was actually worried about the other mortals that incurred the villains’ wrath, he had seen them at both their best and worst so he knew who was capable of killing someone in their sleep and who was ready to welcome you with a freshly baked tart to start your morning before class. He may not have known Marinette much aside the fact she was the strange new student who came to History class with a box of macarons to share with everyone, but now? Now he had an incentive to get to know her better and try to befriend her; after all, she’s managed to get close to Malleus with hardly any problem and anyone who could approach the Master of Darkness himself without
flinching was definitely someone interesting.

When they got to the gate, Yuu just stared at Crowley with the intent of glaring daggers at him; those damn carriages can bring someone here without the damn coffins. Oh, he was going to have a very long talk with the headmaster after this tour. He turned to the group before them; they all looked like normal students like himself, but that was the surface of things. He watched as Marinette rushed over and greeted everyone with familiarity, up until she came to him and Grimm.

“Oh! I didn’t know you were a dorm head.” She admitted.

“I’m…not.” Yuu admitted. “I mean, Grimm and I were here under unique circumstances ourselves and we’re just a two-person dorm.”

“Correction, Yuu-kun will be a dorm head this fall when some of your peers will join us.” Crowley spoke up. “Ah! And you must be Mr. Dupain and Mrs. Cheng, it’s so wonderful to meet you in person.” He walked up to the couple and held his hand out to them.

“It’s wonderful to meet you too.” Tom shook his hand. “Thank you so much for watching over Marinette, we really owe it to you.”

“It’s no problem at all, I was helping out an old friend!” Crowley said with pride. “I’m so generous to help out a struggling mortal, after all.” He patted Yuu’s shoulder. “I helped him when he was a struggling amnesiac that I couldn’t turn down in my friend’s request to help a tormented mortal.”

“Please…don’t drag me into this.” Yuu begged.

“Of course, imagine my surprise when the Three Families asked not only their dear school but our wonderful institute to help them with their human problem!” he clapped his hands together. “Now then, we have plenty to talk about afterwards, let’s begin with the tour now.” He motioned to the eight dorm heads, “They will accompany us and help answer any questions you may have. Let’s be on our way now.”

The families looked over at the Dupain-Chengs for a silent confirmation to know if that was the normal; the two just shrugged and just followed the headmaster. It was strange, but it was what they agreed to. The layout was simple; those who were here for the summer program (Chloe, Sabrina, Nathaniel, Marc, and Adrien) were beside Vil, Riddle, and Kalim. The students were just here to be on a tour to see what their fall school would be like were beside Azul, Malleus, and Leona. Idia was behind the parents yet in front of the students. With the layout as it was, it was easier for the dorm heads to interact with the students; they knew what to say and how to drum excitement in certain fields and how to get the attention away from a certain parasite from her little stories that held no meaning to this world. Oh, was Miss Rossi just seething when she saw the attention was taken away from her and the boys were just enjoying every little second of it. Then there was the case with Mr. Gabriel Agreste, they not only had a good view of the former Francoise-Dupont students, but also the parents and every time he tried to move out of the group, they were quick to call him out and draw attention to him.

If Miss Lila Rossi was seething, Mr. Gabriel Agreste was fuming. Just as he was bout to rejoin the group, he had Malleus whispering in his ear; letting him know that the rest of the dorm heads knew who he was and if he didn’t want this to get out in front of the witnesses, he best follow their orders to a T. Lila was fairing no better, all she got was Azul grinning down at her as he held her shoulder tightly saying ‘Welcome to our world, shark bait’. It was a warning at best, Lila would be trapped with them and Hawkmoth was not going to help her out at all; she was just a disposable piece on a field that wasn’t her own. The best part? Her mother was enamored by how their school was run and happily accepted in letting her daughter stay, of course, she did want to take advantage of the
summer program but she wasn’t certain if the constant trip in the carriages would work out. Fortunately, there was a solution to it all; simply have her stay on campus…of course, chances are she would be the only one staying there as the dorm heads weren’t really required to stay the whole summer. It would just be Lila and the teachers. Needless to say, Lila did not like that option at all and even tried every excuse in the book from ‘you know I get homesick easily’ to the dramatic she couldn’t live without being near her dear friends. It was actually fun to watch if anything else. Vila happily said that she wouldn’t really be alone since the students would be back every other day except weekends, she would be perfectly fine and will be able to make new friends and see some familiar faces in the halls.

It wasn’t too late to sign her up and this just got Lila red in the face; she couldn’t believe this! First that brat Chloe got her mother to leave her side and now the school was conspiring against her! She couldn’t weasel her way out of this mess even if she wanted to; whatever, she’s dealt with a harder hand before, she could get through this easily. With a few sobs, her followers all begged to join the summer program. What she wasn’t aware of was that this is exactly what the boys of Night Raven wanted. They had to hold themselves back of course, this was just the appetizer before the main course and dessert that was the fall; they would leave the sheep and the parasite alone, lead them into a false sense of security and then come the new school year was when they were going to strike.

After all, they were just here to catch up on coursework, there’s no time for fun in the sun; that is the air they were putting on here and that is the way they were going to keep it while the family was here and they ate it up with little to no problem at all.

When the tour had ended in the cafeteria, everyone went about to their own thing; Headmaster Crowley was talking with the families and getting everyone signed up for the summer courses with the teachers backing and helping where they could, and the students coming to the dorm heads for any and all pieces of advice before they ended their day with their first ever summer lesson. Above all else, remain professional.

“Alright, you guys do have sports here, right?” Kim asked.

“Naturally we do.” Leona said. “We have your traditional ones like basketball for example, and of course the magic stuff.” He looked at his claws and shrugged. “I know we have a Heartslabyul in the basketball club.”

“So, you have swimming here too?” his eyes lit up as Leona looked to Azul for confirmation. Azul shrugged and nodded; “We do have tryouts for such, you just have to last longer than our strongest swimmers.”

“Piece of cake.” Kim boasted. “I’m the top swimmer on our team!”

Azul had a smirk on his, it was this kid’s funeral. He just nodded slowly and took his phone out before typing away at something, assuring Kim that he would have a chance to show off this Friday. It settled him for the time being; Idia was dealing with something similar with Max and him begging to join a gaming club, the only difference was that he had to hammer it that they while they were a club they were hard at work on projects and they don’t accept weak links in their midst. Actually, that was the general attitude for every club; no weaklings allowed. Can’t tame a horse? Sucks to be you, you’re not entering the equestrian club. Refusal to put in any effort wasn’t accepted.

“Surely you have a drama club, right?” Mylene asked.
“That…you’re going to have to talk to Mr. Trein about.” Malleus pointed to the stern teacher with the parents. “He’s the one holding the cat, and it’s in your best interest to impress him on the first try. He won’t accept anything less.”

“Surely your clubs can make exceptions to the rules?” Lila fluttered her eyelashes at them. “My ailments make it so hard for me to keep up with everyone.”

No-one was budging. Riddle spoke up, his head held high and his stern expression stared the girl down; “Then perhaps Night Raven isn’t for you if you’re so helpless that you can’t even carry your own tray.” He snapped, watching as Alix was coming up with two trays. “And just a brief reminder; there is to be no skating in the halls, enjoy your skates while you can.”

“What’s your problem?” Alix challenged. “Lila’s sprained her wrist, she needed help.”

“Too bad, so sad.” He said, ice was lingering in his voice. “The Queen’s court has no need for weak and useless subjects.”

How they wanted to tell him off, but then Lila would have to deal with her mother again. She just wiped at her false tears and assured everyone that it was fine, they had heard the school was super harsh after all and that maybe they’d be lenient when their coursework is finished. Fat. Chance. The boys held back a sneer at them as they continued to answered their mundane questions; what were the dorms like, how are you sorted, what’s the hardest class, etc. The mood changed when the boys saw their Prince and Princess coming over – ah, that was going to be something they were going to have to catch Marinette up on, chances are Yuu was going to come after them when he hears them, but it would be worth it all in the end.

“Your highness, we’ve missed you!” Leona grinned.

Yuu just stared at him, “Seriously? You guys are still doing that?”

“Wait…they’ve been doing that to you too?” Marinette asked.

“Yeah, whenever you’re not nearby, they…well you just saw; not sure why they’re doing this with both of us now.”

Kalim just smiled, “Is it really that out of place? We called you Prince because you were an amnesiac and you had no problem with it.”

Yuu let his shoulders drop, “Oh no, I am not going to argue against you about this. I’ve learned that lesson a long time ago.”

Riddle raised his hand. “If it makes you feel better, never once have I called Marinette a Princess.” He watched as Yuu sighed in relief. “I’ve been calling her Alice since she became a Heartslabyul student.” His grin grew as he watched Yuu slap his forehead.

Glares of envy graced the faces of the sheep; snickers came from the allies. Oh yes, this was going perfectly; they just needed someone to shoot themselves in the foot for them, fortunately, they won’t have to wait long.

Lila was back with her ‘meek’ appearance as she looked up with her eyelash fluttering again. “Why do you address them as royalty?”

“I’m glad you asked.” Vil spoke up. “You see my dear, Night Raven Academy is one of many prestigious schools and like others there’s a hierarchy in place; we have our kings, knights, and the likes, but given this is usually a traditional all-boys’ school we don’t really have Queens of
Princesses, well…we do but they were usually labeled as Esteemed Nobility, no discrimination here.”

“Now, at the time we didn’t really have a prince; we would reserve that role for someone we truly cared for.” Riddle added. “When Yuu came to our gates, we treated him like a normal student here, but he had shown time and time again that he cared for us and would be a guiding star to those who need it. He wasn’t afraid to speak his mind nor was he afraid to get his hands dirty if it meant helping someone.”

“Which is why after the events of Scarabia, we dubbed him as Prince Yuu among our ranks.” Kalim cheered, he and the others ignored Yuu hiding in his robe. He really did make it easy to pick on him. “And since then, everything’s been going smooth until that fateful day when a friend of Crowley’s sought him out for help – you already know this story, Marinette leaves Francoise-Dupont in the dust and joins us; we were actually surprised because…hello, a beautiful girl is joining us! She was sorted into Heartslabyul and from there she was just known as Alice among us, she was in our beautiful Wonderland – As Ace would say.”

“But that’s not why she’s called a Princess.” Malleus smiled. “Like Yuu, she went above and beyond. Especially on her first day; the stories go that she was up at the wee hours of the night making sweets for not only her new classmates – like us, but also for her new teachers as her way of first impressions.” He folded his hands together. “This confused every single one of us since Vice Dorm Head Trey never did this for the other first years, she did this all on her own and with the Heartslabyul kitchen – rumor has it you can still smell the sweet scent of cherries in there to this day. But it wasn’t just the sweets or her similar tendencies to Yuu that drew us moths to her flame, she’s quite the defying type; scrapped the uniforms provided for her and designed a whole wardrobe for herself here, frankly if it wasn’t Mr. Crewel’s taste in fashion, she would have been sent to the headmaster without hesitation for disobeying the rules here.”

Leona grinned “A fearless princess who is willing to stare punishment in the eyes. Fearless, caring, selfless, and chaotic to the underworld and back! What makes our royalty such is their ability to lead; we have our system in place and to be among it one must work hard. That’s how the King of the Beasts was able to rule the savanna kingdom after all.”

“Well~ I do charity work.” Lila bragged, “And I’m friends with celebrities alike, I’m certain that will be enough to let me into your ranks.”

The group erupted into laughter, much to the confusion of the sheep. Lila was a wonderful person; she’s helped with various charities and was even close with Ali! She saved Jagged Stone’s kitten and everything! Why the heck was so funny among them, they should be lucky to even consider Lila a member of their silly royalty ranks. The wicked grin that Malleus had on his face got them to shrink before he called to the rest of the cafeteria;

“Ladies and Gentlemen, before us we have someone who doesn’t understand how social orders work.”

That got Mrs. Rossi to walk up confused, she looked at her daughter before looking over to the boys; “I’m sorry, what exactly is going on?” she asked carefully.

Idia chuckled softly. “Forgive us, we were explaining how our hierarchy worked to her; the dorm heads.” He motioned to them and himself. “We have a system in place and the school tends to follow; I know, it sounds like the stuff you see in movies, but I assure you that it holds true here. The heads here are ‘Kings’, Miss Lila here thought it was a grand idea to ask to join rather than work her way up the social ladder.”
She had a confused look on her face and frowned; “I’m sorry I don’t seem to understand?”

“Let me put it this way for you, ma’am.” Yuu spoke up. “The seven dorm leaders are labeled as kings because they’re in charge of their respective dormitories, each of them had gone to extreme lengths to be where they are today – take Vil from Pomefiore, he crafted a powerful poison that earned him the title of Pomefiore’s dorm master.”

“Okay, so…each high tier of the school’s social ladder is about how much work is done and performed?”

“More or less, yes.” He assured. “New students tend to be at the bottom of the pyramid, but I promise with hard work your daughter might make it to the top in no time.”

Once more. Fat Chance, they were going to make sure that parasite stayed at the bottom where she belonged. Lila and her sheep were nothing more but disposable pieces and they were going to make sure those five knew who truly ruled all; they were going to know their place and keep it even if they have to kick them to the ground to do so. Yuu’s answer however pleased the mother and she went off to talk more to the parents, however the look they all shared looking down at Lila was loud; **You’re in our court now, know your place.**
Summer Time: Rainy Discussions

Chapter Notes

Few things: I was about to post this chapter with some author note explanations on things but uh...Computer froze.

So I'm giving the TLDR: I realized an error, fixing it here. Going to expand more on Ida's Cousin (another sleep deprived thing). And at this point: Assume any error I make from here on out is from sleep deprivation because I have a bastard cat and an asshole neighbor who doesn't understand time.

While she was grateful for the rain, at the same time she hated it. Chloe huffed and leaned into her chaise and was working on the assignment given to her from yesterday; alchemy, it was actually easy – especially when you have some friends who had a hand in the field and magic in general to help you, but it still didn’t lighten her mood any. What was it about rainy days that brought the somber appearance? She looked to the others in the room with her; Sabrina was sitting back in a chair and working on history with no issues, Marinette was with Yuu, Adrien, and Ruggie working on some other subject (admittedly, Chloe forgot what their class was and she wasn’t going to ask with the Night Raven boy around), and finally Grimm was just taking a cat nap on the bed and laying with the Kwamis. It was a quiet afternoon with rain, and the sight was peaceful, but it was also boring at the same time; now if Kagami were here, things would at least be somewhat livelier than it is right now. Shaking her head of the thought, she returned to her work; which was essentially listing the name of herbs and what their uses were. She would worry about what to do on a rainy day at a later time, and frankly, she’d rather get this boring stuff done first before she had her new teacher coming after her.

“Can we play after this?” Ruggie asked.

“What did you have in mind?” Sabrina asked as she closed her book, rubbing her eyes. “It has to be an indoor game of course.”

That got the boy to grin and his bushy tail wagging. “We could play football – the American one.”

All eyes were on him, Adrien let out a small annoyed growl before pointing to the window with his pen, a silent reminder that it was raining and that going outside is out of the question. The hyena boy just blinked and tilted his head, he didn’t see what the big deal was, it was just rain and it would make playing exciting. There was a silent conversation in the room, everyone was trying to weigh the pros and cons of the offer; they would be able to let out any and all pent up energy and they could have a spa day right after, but at the same time…did they really want to deal with the mud afterwards? Along with the normal side of logic, there was also the fact that they had cats among them; and that brought another point to the con, did anyone really want to deal with Gabriel ranting and raving about his song getting dirtied?

The lights went on in a second; this would be a wonderful chance to give Adrien’s old man a heart attack, they would take the risk and take the spa time right after. One by one everyone was closing their books and changing into rain protection gear before heading out to the park where they were greeted to mild rain; Yuu had warned everyone that the rain was going to be picking up later so it
would be in everyone’s best interest to do five rounds. It was agreed upon and the setup was simple, boys vs. girls, they had an equal number of players and Grimm offered to referee the game (given if he can do so in the nice warm and dry car while the others played, typical cat.), both sides have taken their place; the quarterback of the boys team called out ‘hut’ and the game began.

Both sides knew this would be a messy game, what hardly anyone was expecting was Ruggie and Adrien going feral. They were fierce and showed little mercy when they bounced someone for the ball, sometimes they would go after each other despite being on the same game that it got to the point where it was just a free for all, points were out the window, they were going to play until the rain picked up. Marinette was holding onto the ball as Chloe tugged on the other end, dragging her along and laughing; the two were laughing and left themselves vulnerable for Yuu to creep up on them and snatch the ball from the two before running to their makeshift goalpost. Their shenanigans were being recorded by the tanuki in the car, and they were able to get a good look at them when they returned to the car as the rain picked up and thunder was heard. They knew it had to end, but they were having so much fun that they didn’t want to call it a game, the only thing that got the group to return to the car was that they would be going back to the hotel to wash up and to have a relaxing spa day.

After a massage later, some nails being done, and even soaking in a hot mud bath, the group were back in Chloe’s room dressed up in bathrobes while they waited for their clothes to be cleaned and brought back. They were looking at the pictures Grim had taken (okay, he actually had help with Chloe’s driver; “He just held the phone in place, I did the important job of photographing your fun!”). Some of the pictures were sent to Gabriel and everyone was laughing at the angry text messages from him; he was never going to learn that with his son everything was a losing battle; this was the same son that had snuck out of the house and moved in with Tori a few times in the past like he was some stray cat looking for a home. After the laughter had died down, they decided to go through Chloe’s Netflix for something to watch.

“Hey, what’s that show there?” Ruggie pointed at the icon. “Big Bang Theory?”

“Only the greatest sitcom.” Adrien smiled. “Chloe, let’s watch it!”

That got the heiress to look at him with a glare. “Adrikins, I love you, but there is no way on god’s fearing earth we are watching another episode of that! I refuse to sit through a second of it and I won’t let you drag another victim into watching this!”

“Fine, we’ll do it the simple way.” Ruggie crossed his arms, “All in favor, raise your hand.” Only he and Adrien had their hands up. “…All oppose?” the rest of the room had their hands up. He just pouted and sat next to an equally pouting Adrien with a huff.

“Don’t worry, I have my own account.” Adrien whispered. “We can watch it after class tomorrow.”

That got him to smile bright. “You’re my best friend now.”

“Rest in peace, Ruggie, you’ve had a good life.” Sabrina shook her head. “How about we watch the new Sonic movie, it’s actually really good.”

“Sonic it is!” Chloe started to play the movie and huddled up to the group.

That was how they had spent their night; after Sonic they went down the line of everyone’s favorite genre and went from amazing films to even the B list ones and laughing. Any movie that they’ve all seen before they would make stupid commentary to it and continued down the line until they passed out. The maid who was bringing their clothes saw the group sleeping where they were settled, she smiled and turned the tv off for them to get some sleep that night. Come morning, they
didn’t even remotely care who was in the room, they were tired and just decided to change right there and then. The rain had stopped, which was a blessing since they would be able to take their breakfast on the balcony at Chloe’s room and looking down at all of Paris.

It’s mornings like this that made everything worthwhile, they enjoyed the calm as they enjoyed breakfast before having to deal with the harsh reality that the morning would bring soon after; summer courses. It was going to be a chore, but they were fine with it as they gathered their belongings and headed out to the entrance where the carriage would be waiting for them. Though Marinette was used to the carriage, she still couldn’t stop the wave of vampire jokes that came with this creepy mode of transportation – her friends had the similar idea and their jokes continued until they got to the courtyard gate leading up to the school itself.

The mood was instantly ruined when they saw a familiar parasite leaning on one of the seven statues of the courtyard; Lila smirked at them and crossed her arms. It was too early to deal with her, they just ignored her and made their way down the path. She just happily followed with that stupid smirk on her face, Chloe was about ready to deck her right there and then, and she would have done it too if Sabrina wasn’t holding her back.

“What do you want?” Chloe demanded.

“Oh, just wondering how the princess is doing.” Lila smirked. “I mean, to the villains ‘princess’ is used as an insult after all.”

“If you have something to say, say it now before Ruggie gets the dorm heads involved.” Chloe shoved her away.

Lila smirked. “I’m saying, your boys need a new lie for the mortal realm if they’re going to try that ridiculous excuse; ‘princess is used as an insult among villains’; please, I’ve crafted better lies than that.” She sauntered by. “Not like they’re going to get to be among mortals when I’m done with them, so I’m going to extend the offer one final time; either go along and play the game or I ruin Night Raven College.”

That got Marinette and Ruggie to burst out laughing, they looked at her with smirks of their own.

“Lila, you may be the self-proclaimed ‘queen’, but this is where your reign ends.” Marinette held the air of a queen. “Mark my words, Lila Rossi, by the end of the school year this fall your empire will be in ruins; you will have nowhere to go, everyone will know your name and story, and your future will be in shambles.”

Lila just narrowed her eyes, “We’ll just see about that; I’ll give you a grace period and if your answer doesn’t change come fall, I’ll have the embassy over and shut down this school for good.” She turned and left the group behind.

Ruggie looked up at the group with an amused smirk; “Just what the hell is she hoping for? Our school is in another realm, mortal politics mean nothing here.”

“Just let her think that.” Sabrina had a sneer, “She doesn’t know her empire is already crumbling away, we got rid of the first main support; Caline and Damocles, they’re fired and lost their license to work in a school environment and they were one of her supporters. Chloe got Lila’s mother to sway on her side so she can’t try her lies on ‘mama dear’. And now we’re working on Hawkmoth.”

“Just say the word and we’ll take him down with your team.” Ruggie grinned. “We know his identity.”
“So do we.” Marinette said softly. “We just need him to make one mistake for us to strike.”

“And that will be this summer.” He smiled bright. “The Family Initiative says that if anyone tries to harm a dorm member, they risk the ire of the rest of the student body, Hawkmoth has hurt you so we’ll be there to back you up.”

Chloe smiled and ruffled his hair, “You’re a good boy, Ruggie, never forget that.”

* 

Unlike the sunny day of Paris, Night Raven College was hit with a rainstorm. So much for going home after class, on the bright side of things; Azul was at the pool with the swim team and looking over the group, he found there were some new faces ready to join – well, only one new face ready to join. Oh, he was going to have so much fun with him. While it’s true the mortal realm doesn’t allow any and all interference such as the ability to morph one’s body to swim with ease, competitions in the magic community hold no such rule. Azul gave a sharp whistle to get everyone’s attention; he introduced a Collinswood girl who would be acting as their lifeguard and that this would be a little initiation test to see if the new fish in the tank can hold his own against their best.

Floyd and Jade Leech.

The two made their way to the pool with Kim and smiled at him before wishing him luck as they got into position; Azul nodded to Mr. Vargas to take over on explaining the rules, they were simple enough; Kim had to keep up with the twins for the duration of their best time – ten seconds. Kim wasn’t worried, there’s been shorter records in swimming before and he could handle ten seconds with a set of twins. With the whistle blown and the boys diving in it, it was time for the fun to start; they transformed their lower-halves into eel tails and started to dart forward, leaving Kim in the dust. They weren’t even trying with the course, they decided to mess with Kim instead – hey, he just had to keep up with them, they didn’t say he had to finish the course.

“Don’t tell us you’re tired already!” Floyd laughed as he darted forward, twisting and turning as he tapped the other side and came back darting at him. “The fun is just starting!”

“Not all of us have tails!” Kim gasped out.

“No, but it does make it easier.” Jade pulled him under and used him to push forward.

“This continued on in the pool. In the bleachers, Mylene rushed over to Mr. Vargas’ side and begged him to put a stop to this, Kim might drown if this kept up! He didn’t he assured her he was fine and that they reached the five second mark on the timer. Most of the former Francoise-Dupont students watched as Kim would hurry and swim to the other side of the pool with the eel twins chasing after him and even dragging him under, the Night Raven group just watched and did their own thing. The twins were playing with their prey, they weren’t going to hurt the mortal, of course they would be lying if they said they weren’t going to videotape this for later.

And that’s what Idia was doing in the shadows; getting a good clear shot of everything that was happening. When Kim made it back to the starting point; to everyone’s surprise, he lasted longer than anyone would expect; twelve seconds actually. As per the rules, he had to last against them and he did, it looked like they were getting a new member on the swim team…surprisingly, Kim was actually eager to start with the group! He even said that it was fun and challenging to go against the eels like that! Normally, Jade and Floyd would make some comment to something so asinine as that, but they couldn’t even find their voice as the blond went to catch his breath and vowing to return to do another round. This was just too ridiculous even for Idia to comprehend,
with a sigh he went to his phone and got his cousin’s number up.

**UnderworldSpawn sent a video**

**UnderworldSpawn:** Please tell me this isn’t a normal occurrence

**Cerberus:** Hate to tell you cous, it is. Tori went to school with Kim for a year and this is the same guy that wanted to race a panther

**UnderworldSpawn:** Zeus, oh mighty, help us.

**Cerberus:** Don’t ask that one to help! You know his version of ‘help’ ends in tragedy. Anyway, how’s the summer courses working for you?

**UnderworldSpawn:** Could be better, I think Vil was ready to poison someone. Speaking of who… are you three ‘together’ together?

**Cerberus:** I told Vil I would agree if Adrien agreed, why?

**UnderworldSpawn:** No reason.

**Cerberus:** Shroud, you better tell me what happened!

[**UnderworldSpawn has logged off**]

**Cerberus:** IDIA SHROUD YOU GET BACK HERE RIGHT NOW!

* 

As things at the gym were going on, Marinette was actually in her dorm with Malleus; technically the dorms were closed for the summer, but there wasn’t a rule saying they couldn’t visit every now and then. The two were actually in the kitchen enjoying some cookies alongside with Tikki, the three would talk about whatever came to mind and even shared a few laughs; their summers were going smooth and they were actually happy that they were able to see each other again. When it came to the topic of the lying parasite, Malleus just broke down laughing – especially after the ‘I’ll get the embassy to shut down the school’ line. He wiped his tears and assured her that the mortal realm holds no say here nor did they have a say in the way the Community worked. Marinette wasn’t worried either, but it didn’t hurt to bring this threat up to the Headmaster; when school officially started Lila would be under close watch and heavily monitored, she was essentially doing the dirty work for Chloe as is.

Turning his head to the window, the Diasomnia dorm master stood up and stretched. “The rain is starting to fade; your rides will be here.”

“But I don’t wanna go back.” She pouted. “You’re not in Paris.”

He smirked. “Then I suppose I better start making plans to visit, does this weekend sound good?” He leaned close.

Marinette gently pushed him back, “Depends on what’s happening, I do have my own business after all.”

“All work and no play.” He led her out. “You’ve definitely been influenced by Riddle.”
“Well, I did come in later in the year.” She reminded.

“So you did.” He agreed.

Returning to the courtyard, they watched as people started to get into the carriages for the day. With a grin, he kissed her cheek and sent her to her group of friends where she would be heading home. Once inside the carriage, Marinette was greeted to an unusual sight; Alya was in the same as Chloe, Adrien, and Sabrina. Cautiously, she took her place by the auburn-haired girl and took out her sketchbook as the carriage began moving. Silence lingered between everyone, the only sound they had was the pencil meeting the paper and a …wedding dress was being made. Marinette wasn’t sure why she was drawing a wedding dress, but for some reason it felt right to get it made.

“Is…a client getting married?” Alya asked softly.

Marinette shook her head. “No, this was just something that came to mind.”

“Right.” She went back to her phone. “Uh…Aurore’s article on Contest was a big hit.”

“That’s good.”

“Blogger, what did I say about dancing around?” Chloe snapped. “If you have something to say, say it, I am not dealing with this again; Adrien and Marinette caused enough grey hairs already and I don’t need you to continue for them.”

Alya flinched and sighed, “I fucking suck.” She finally said. “I’m sorry…for everything really, I know that’s not enough and I know you’re not planning to forgive me anytime soon but…can we start fresh?”

Marinette set her pencil down and turned to her before holding her hand out. “It’s nice to meet one of Aurore’s friends, my name is Marinette.” She greeted with a smile.

She blinked. And again. And again.

“Wait…just like that?”

“Alya, you’ve been doing everything in your power to make up for everything and you’re right, it’s not enough. But, there’s this art of restoring pottery with gold; turn something old and broken into something new and wonderful. That’s where we are right now, our old friendship may be in pieces now but…we can make something new out of it.” She sighed. “I’m not going to pretend you didn’t hurt me, you did, but I am willing to try and make this work.”

A small smile, “You know…the twins said the same thing at Contest…” she held her hand out.

“My name is Alya, it’s also nice to meet one of Aurore’s friends.”

Chloe sighed in relief. “Finally, now if only we can talk Night Raven out of coming after you.”

“Don’t.” Alya said. “Let them get whatever revenge scheme out of the way…the twins said they were going to go easy on me so I’m taking their word.”

“Whatever, your call.” Chloe leaned back. “Wake me when we get back to Paris.”

“Even after all this time you’re still a Queen Bitch.” Alya smirked

Chloe opened an eye and smirked back, “And proud of it, the queen is going nowhere. And with that said, welcome to the group; every Tuesdays we get manicures.”
Alya winced and looked to Marinette, the raven-haired girl just shrugged; it was going to be a long summer from here on out.

Chapter End Notes

No disrespect for those who Like Big Bang Theory, I just don't like it.
Hi. My cat is an asshole.

And look, I'm bringing another event that will be brought up in the Ladybug retelling...I should really get to that fic *pushes it under the bed* After I have my fun with this and the other stuff.

so I know this is short, but I don't care; I was up at an ungodly hour. I'll make up for it in the next chapter.

“You want me to *what*?” Riddle stared in disbelief.

Out of everything he’s had the honor of happening to him since Night Raven from the overblot to witnessing a girl enrolled in a boys’ school to even learning that said girl was a superhero and… augh everything he’s going through was crazier than Wonderland! And that was saying something! But unlike the aforementioned events, nothing has come close to what he was hearing now; Marinette was asking him to decapitate her, he only did that to genuine rule breakers. No…No, there was no need to get ahead of yourself Riddle; she must have a good reason for the ludicrous request, she always had a reason for everything – her reason for ignoring their dorm uniform and school uniform for example; it was a ridiculous reason, but it was still approved by the headmaster. Taking a steady breath, he straightened himself up and just helped himself to one of the many desserts that she had brought for their little picnic as he waited to hear his friend out.

“I want you to use your unique magic on me.” Marinette repeated. “You said it seals a person’s powers, I was thinking if it works on a Miraculous user then we could use that in our final battle against Hawkmoth and Mayura.”

Riddle paused and looked at her; right on track, she had an equally inane reasoning for an inane request. Setting the dessert down, he pinched the bridge of his nose and let out a heavy sigh. He couldn’t really blame her reasoning here, and he was actually curious if it would work in this realm or not.

“It counts as a binding spell, so I want everyone here to swear that word won’t get out to the Three Heads.” He warned.

It was supposed to be a relaxing afternoon picnic at the Heartslabyul’s garden! Now granted, Riddle was hesitant when Marinette’s friend Aurore brought Alya over, but he accepted when Marinette greeted her warmly. It was him, Ace, Deuce, Trey, Cater, Yuu, Grim, and of course Marinette’s group; Chloe, Adrien, Sabrina, Aurore, Nathaniel, Marc, and now Alya. He wasn’t entirely sure when the auburn-haired girl was caught up to speed and frankly, he was just too tired to care right now; he was just relieved that everyone agreed to keep their mouth shut about the binding.

“Fine.” He took out his pen and flicked it, turning it into a scepter. “Are you ready?” he watched as she nodded. “Off with your head!”
A collar appeared on Marinette as he said that, the very one that was supposed to seal off magic. All eyes were on Marinette as she called out her transformation, there stood Ladybug instead of Marinette. Shoulders were slumped in defeat, there went the plan of using a sealing spell to keep Hawkmoth and Mayura quiet while they retrieved the butterfly and peacock miraculous. Silence lingered among everyone as they just ate in silence and enjoyed the tea of the day in thought; there had to be something they could do; they knew who the holders were and they wanted to get this mess cleared up before summer ended. Heck, they had the perfect cover since Hawkmoth was Adrien’s old man, and they were being merciful to the bastard.

Cater’s eyes lit up some, an idea had come to him; “Hey…you said he takes control of people, yeah? Who here has been under his influence?” he watched as a good number from Marinette’s group raised their hands. “Perfect! You guys have an idea about how he works, so give us the details, is there anything you can tell us?”

“I…hate to tell you but, we don’t really remember our time as akumas.” Sabrina said softly. “We don’t even know what we did during those moments.”

He hummed and grabbed a clean fabric napkin before standing up. “Alright, Super Nate, hold still.” He tied it around the redhead’s eyes. “Just trust me on this, I know this will work.” He patted his shoulder, “He’s all yours, Yuu.”

Yuu shook his head and went up to Nathaniel, he took his hand into his and gave a gentle squeeze. “I want you to take us back to when you were Evilistrator.” He ordered gently. “Walk us through everything.”

“I was bored in class; it was just review on biology at the time.” Nathaniel started. “I used to have this crush on Marinette and…I was shy, so I did a short comic about me being a hero and sweeping her off her feet, it was a light feeling…then it was embarrassing again. Our teacher called me out and sent me to the office for neglecting to pay attention, that and Chloe tried to play wingman but came off as a bitch about it.”

“And when you were in the halls, that’s when the akuma came, right?” he asked.

“Yeah, when the butterfly entered the pencil I…” he stopped. “I heard him offering me the power to bring to life anything I draw; I could win the girl of my dreams if I do what he asked; I…I agreed! It felt freeing, I was able to do whatever I want with this gift and…it also included revenge. I was so mad at Chloe that I wanted to get back at her but, I was willing to wait I wanted to spend a romantic night with Marinette at the time. The heroes weren’t around and I decided to set the scene up for me and her.”

“Safe to assume Hawkmoth didn’t like that.”

“He didn’t, he paralyzed me until I agree to carry my end of the deal.”

“And I think that concludes it.” Cater undid the blindfold. “So, adding in the info Alice gave us and what you know; Hawkmoth sees what the akuma sees, so this is what I’m thinking; we have two teams – one will keep the akuma of the day busy long enough for team two to sneak into the Agreste manor and take down Hawkmoth and Mayura while they’re distracted.”

Trey and Riddle looked at Cater in disbelief; they were now half-convinced that they were in the twilight zone and that this was nothing more than a dream. They weren’t at a picnic; they were back home dreaming and they were just about to wake up. Surprisingly, Alya was in the same boat as those two. There were just way too many ‘what if’s’ for that plan to remotely work! Marinette and Adrien wouldn’t be able to handle it – not that she was doubting them as heroes; but they only
had Queen Bee, Madame Grey, Ryuuko, and Viperion. Chien Citrine and Hooded Assassin were 
away on coven related business so they hadn’t been around all summer as of late, they were down 
some allies and as far as she knew; Rena Rouge and Carapace were still benched.

“Where exactly would Marinette get the allies from?” Alya spoke up.

“Simple, right here at Night Raven!” Cater took his phone out and started to send a mass text. 
“You’re aware of the Family Initiative, yes? Well, Hawkmoth is hurting our dear Alice so he’s 
hurting this school.” He grinned. “Just let me worry about this.”

“I should have your head for this idea!” Riddle yelled. “How the hell do you propose that this plan 
of yours will work!”

“No idea, I’m just gonna Yolo it.” Cater shrugged. “I was thinking maybe Kalim could distract the 
akuma with a tidal wave…of course, this plan’s going to need an akuma to happen.”

Adrien’s eyes lit up, a devilish grin gracing his face. “Oh, I have the perfect candidate for this; I 
was hoping to avoid her being one because she’s a pain in the ass to fight but…my patience with 
her ran out.”

Plagg looked up and grinned, “My kitten’s growing up! Oh, please tell me Joe and I can finally 
cataclysm her sausage hair!”

“We’ll see.” He promised. “I’ve done this so many times to get out of photoshoots or if a fellow 
model needs a break. I’ll send a letter ’signed’ by my father saying that Miss Rossi’s services will 
no longer be required.”

Trey and Riddle both sighed in defeat, they looked at each other before nodding in reluctant 
agreement.

“We should wait a while until we get everyone to Paris for this.” Trey said. “We’ll have Marinette 
let you know when to send the resignation letter out.”

“I can’t believe you’re talking me into this.” Riddle groaned. “Fine; even if decapitating won’t 
work, there’s more spells where that came from. For now, to add to the homework we were 
assigned yesterday; everyone should plan out how the team up is going to work.”
Out of all of the dorm heads in the school, nothing ever got by four of them; Azul, Riddle, Malleus, and Vil weren’t blind to the summer courses. At the start they did take their time enjoying watching the mortals struggle to grasp their new coursework, even if they were a bit condescending when it came to tutoring them and helping them along, the mortals still found a way to enjoy everything about the school – heck, they were still amazed that Kim was willing to go against their best again! And if that wasn’t enough, by some sheer luck Vil watched as that mousy girl Mylene won Mozus Trein’s favor in auditioning to join the drama club! The sheep were doing the job for everyone and the parasite was fuming in the background; she thrived for attention and their school was taking them away from her. This was a blessing as every other day and the weekends their turtle would report that Lila’s grand tales were being swept under the rug whenever the group would gush about their club activities.

Chloe was just cheering on the inside and in private with the rest; their first year together hadn’t even officially started and everything was going according to plan. There was a silent agreement that once Hawkmoth was gone for good and the two miraculous were recovered that Mrs. Rossi would be aware of everything her ‘sweet bella’ has done; there was a blessing in having an ally like Idia Shroud and Tori’s informant Rhyme Rabbit, they could bring up every nasty record from previous schools and have the files ready at the go. The empire was going to be in shambles when the school year is over, she won’t have anywhere to go nor anyone to be by her side – except maybe prison if they can get Hawkmoth to confess in having Lila as his ally, somewhere in their gut said that Hawkmoth was the type to sacrifice their useless pawns if it means saving face.

As of now, today was another day at summer school; Vil was taking charge of the drama club along with most of the Pomefiore students, with the joining of Mylene, Idia was with Max and the rest of Ignihyde working on different pieces of tech and coding – Markov had received an update as well! Every dorm had adopted someone, even if not certain clubs most certainly took joy in poaching the mortals and keeping them in their ranks. Heartslabyul was actually in the middle of a game of croquet before the Leech twins came over and kidnapped one of their players – Princess Marinette. Forever a strange girl Marinette was, but…Riddle had to admit her presence here had made school life enjoyable – she got the dark and broody Malleus to interact with more people. Speaking of Malleus, said Diasomnia was calmly following after the twins for her. Yep, it was just another day here at Night Raven College, no matter the season things would never change.

Which brought everything to now; Idia watched with Max and Kim as the Leech Twins were running over with Marinette in their arms. The two mortals had a bit of longing in their eyes as they watched their former classmate smile and laugh, she had a healthier glow about her and they actually miss it. Idia didn’t take long to notice their expression, he went back to typing away at his computer before speaking to them;

“Just apologize to her.” He snapped. “Everyone knows you and some others screwed up; so own it, apologize, and work on improving your relationship with her.”

“We didn’t do anything.” Kim protested

“Keep telling yourself that, if you want to be back around Marinette’s smiling face you better face her yourself.” He looked up at them. “Also, two words; paper napkin.” He watched as they sputter for a response, this was going nowhere.

Standing up, Idia shook his head at them and told them to get ready to run. They were staring there confused as he walked over to the twins, an exchange happened before Idia came running over with
Marinette in his arms, he dropped her into Kim’s arms and he pointed to the corridor.

“Go! Get moving!” Idia ordered. “It’s a game of keep-away! Now hurry before Malleus gets here!”

The two stared in confusion, they saw a small smile on the boy’s face before turning and running off with Marinette. She giggled some and just watched her two classmates carry her with amusement on her face. Once they were far enough, Kim set her down and leaned on the wall to catch his breath along with Max.

“You can last twelve seconds against a pair of eels but you can’t run while carrying me?” She smirked.

Kim looked at her and gave a pained smile; “Well…you’re not the same pipsqueak anymore.”

“Of course, I am.” She insisted. “I’m also known as Pixie around here.”

“A pixie with muscles.” Kim pointed out. “Guess working in the bakery helped with that…you know since you’re lifting heavy bags of flour every day.”

She crossed her arms and looked at him, “Kim…we grew up together; you, Max, and I know each other since we were children…what’s wrong?”

“We’ve…well…” Kim looked away.

Max turned away, “As you know, our former school was home to a lot of kids who had influential people in our lives from actors to chefs and the like…and…with Lila…what we’re trying to say is…”

“It’s not that we still believe your claims of her being a liar, she might actually know those people but…” Kim started. “You’re not the type to lash out and…it took a few times being dragged underwater and being cursed at by the twins to realize that.”

“You’re always looking after us and we…we’re sorry.” Max bowed his head. “You wouldn’t hurt anyone and we believed that you would.”

Marinette smiled a little, “I guess I should get more gold resin for the rest of the broken pottery then.” She watched as they looked at her in confusion. “I already told Alya that our friendship may not be the same as it once was, but…I am willing to mend the broken pieces with resin to make something new, only if you want to, don’t think you’re obligated to.”

The two were in silence for a while before holding onto her; she couldn’t make out what they were saying but they were showing remorse over how they treated her when it came to Lila; hurting her on Lila’s behalf. She wasn’t going to forgive them for that, obviously, they had ways to go…but they were willing to put the effort in it, and that counted as a start at least.

At the moment, the game was on hold while the trio had their little reunion, Malleus stayed in the shadows and watched the sight before him; he wasn’t too thrilled that the Princess would welcome them back like this, with a sigh he decided to send the mass text saying to go easy on Kim and Max, if their princess was willing to welcome them back into the fold so be it. That doesn’t mean they won’t be safe from pranks! Speaking of which, this scene went on for too long; taking out his wand he aimed it at the group before summoning thorns and turning it into a makeshift cage. He smirked as the boys jumped with fear as he made his way over, opening the cage to let Marinette out.
“Game, set, and match.” He smirked. “Friendly word to the wise, in a game of keep away, you’re meant to keep Marinette away from me, not make it easier for me to catch up.”

Marinette gave him a stern look, “Malleus, behave.” She scolded.

“Telling a faerie to behave?” He leaned close to her. “Hmm how’s that working for you, princess?”

She gently pushed him away. “I am not having this argument with you.”

He just smiled and picked her up. “Come, we have a game to finish.” He looked to the two boys. “You two still have your little club meetings.”

*

It warmed his old heart to see Malleus being around his classmates like this and from the looks of it, he might just have a girlfriend. Now, Lilia’s seen it all in his…what was it? Five hundred years? Longer than that? It didn’t matter, he’s seen everything in his life, but this was actually new for him; a little pixie in Night Raven College, said pixie ending up as a superhero, and now humans are joining their school for a full year! Times have certainly changed after all, and in some way, he owed the thanks to that little liar that’s trying to win her classmates back; poor girl, she’s lost the spotlight to the NRC boys and if he was right, this was going to be the norm when fall came in…a month from now. Another new feature to the school; class were going to start earlier in the year. So many changes, his heart couldn’t take it. Oh wait, it could, it meant that the gloves would be off and they could bring back an old tradition – they just had to make sure this didn’t get back to the headmaster.

Well, no harm in starting now by giving some words of wisdom to the unfortunate like the vixen.

“You, girl!” Lilia called to her. “Come hither for a moment of your time.”

Lila looked over and walked up to him, she had a wary expression on her face as she did so; “What do you want?” She asked carefully.

“Tis not what I want, it’s what you want.” He leaned back. “Times are changing and we’re going to be starting the new year sooner than expected and when that happens, you’ll officially be fair game for everyone.” He sat up and unfolded his legs before looking her dead in the eyes. “You know how it works; everyone has a clique, and I hate to inform you but your sheep found some new shepherds leaving the wolf all alone.”

“Just get to the point already!”

“As you wish; I’m here to give you advice after all.” He smirked. “Leave Night Raven and Paris, and in return I will ask Idia to erase all of your misdeeds; you can live your life in blissful ignorance that your lies will do no harm.”

Lila huffed, “Please, I’ve had worse hands dealt to me before, I will remain on top.”

The vice head of Diasomnia laughed and wiped an imaginary tear from his eyes. “Oh you sweet summer child, my old heart goes to you.” He stood up. “Very well, continue to stay and it shall be your funeral.” He smiled. “Now then, I’m going to steal Malleus from his pixie for a while we have so much to talk about! He’s growing up so fast, ah…how the years go by!”

Lila’s arrogance shifted to confusion. “Wait…you…act like you’ve known him since he was kid, are you two childhood friends?”
His grin grew and his sharp teeth were seen. “Child, the thing about faeries? We’re old enough to have met your grandmother when she was a toddler.” He chuckled. “Now then, I don’t have time to play with you anymore, have a good life Miss Rossi and may your empire thrive~”
Summer's Ending

Chapter Notes

So I was up all night on this because of a storm;

Summer's ending and you know what this mean: BACK TO NIGHT RAVEN!

(I'd suggest listening to Addict from Hazbin Hotel for Marinette's show)

Few notes:
Riddle's Overblot, I'm sorry...but...I actually found the design to be hauntingly beautiful. I'm kinda like that in general and yes that goes double for the other boys! I just find them very pleasing to look at >.>

Looking over at her desk, Marinette had let out a sigh; Chloe had managed to convince Audrey to let MDC’s design onto the runway and promote the brand even more, but that’s not what has her stressed. She had her designs and there was something missing, an important element, there wasn’t a date yet because the Style Queen wanted to see the concept art first off. No, what has her stress was today was the day that the takedown plan was to happen; her allies from Night Raven were in position of akuma hotspots along with the other heroes were stationed, Rena Rouge and Ace agreed to hand off the fox to one another during the battle so there was that too. She was actually afraid to ask what they had in mind, but knowing Trixx the answer was no doubt ‘Don’t Worry About It’.

As of now, she was waiting for the akuma alert to go off; Adrien had confirmed the email was sent to Lila and all they had to do was play the waiting game. That was the stressful part and she already destroyed a pen by biting on it too much. The sight of her fretting and stressing out got the attention of Malleus and Riddle, they had agreed to stay behind and hold down the bakery while she went off to deal with the Akuma with group A; and as of now, they were just watching her grow grey hairs out of stress. It was time to set an intervention; both getting up, they moved to the desk where Malleus just picked her up and carried her to the chaise while Riddle cleaned up the desk. A tidier environment helped set the mind at ease after all. Marinette pouted and looked up at Malleus who just kept her in his embrace, even with the forced hug, she still found comfort in it and something about those light mischievous eyes of his brought some kind of calm; probably a spell he’s using, but she wasn’t going to complain in the slightest.

“Pixie, you need to relax.” He kissed her head. “Otherwise the akuma will leave for you instead; come now, tell us about your new designs and the theme your going for in your upcoming fashion show.” He pushed a strand of hair behind her ear.

Marinette just smiled up at him, he always knew how to make the situation easier. She turned as Riddle came over with the sketchbook and sat beside them; the pages were showcasing different dresses for different occasion, but the theme was the same; Akuma. She was actually inspired by a song when she came up with the idea; having a sinful side wasn’t anything to be ashamed of, having emotions was normal – you were valid to feel any negative feeling without some creep taking advantage of you, everyone had a dark side to them. Instead of the rogue look that Hawkmoth enjoyed, Marinette turned them into elegance and something to show off with heads
held high and the stage belonging to them. Chilling, elegant, and reasonable, there was even a suit and dress dedicated to Hawkmoth and Mayura, it was a time for the darkness to fade and be showed in the light of everything.

“There’s some pages missing.” Riddle said softly. “Artist block?”

“Not quite…” She looked down. “I…was actually going to use something from your world to add to them; obviously I was going to do a line of your dorms but those aren’t the missing pages.”

Malleus lifted her chin up so they could meet eye to eye; “Pixie, what were those pages?”

“Promise me you won’t be mad at Yuu for telling me this!” she begged. “He…told me about the overblotting incidents – we were just having a day in the park together, Grim was sleeping in the sun, but I asked him what life in Night Raven was like before I showed up…and…he told me but I promise he didn’t make things sound that bad…”

Both boys were quiet for a while, Riddle frowned and handed her his pen and her sketchbook; “Redraw them.” He ordered. He stared at her shocked reaction, “I’m assuming you can’t retrieve the old sketches, so draw them again.”

She took the pen and raised an eyebrow; “You’re…not upset at the idea?”

“Your theme was ‘Embrace your emotions’ was it not?” He looked at her. “True, there are more factors that causes a blot to happen, but your reasoning still stands; can’t really give you a visual to help so you’ll have to put that creative brain to work.”

She barely had time to react before the familiar alert came to their phones. They looked at each other in silence before Marinette got up and transformed into Ladybug, Malleus held her close and kissed her on the forehead again to wish her well, Riddle took her hand and kissed it; wishing Alice a safe return. She smiled and told them that everything would be fine as she left through the window to where group A was; the boys of Savanaclaw, Octavinelle, and Scarabia were at the sight where Volpina returned to the scene. The heroes on the sight were Queen Bee, Madame Grey, and Hooded Assassin; Ladybug smiled and waved at them before facing their foe.

Queen Bee had caught the boys up to speed and formation began; each summoned their own brooms and took to the skies whenever Volpina tried to take to the roof, her illusions were dispelled each time Kalim summoned a water spell to wash them away. Floyd got close and struck her in the chest with his unique spell; “Bind the Heart!” each attack she would make would constantly miss their target. It wasn’t really a permanent solution; besides, they just wanted her attention on them so they could stall for time while group B went off to the Agreste Manor to take care of Hawkmoth and Mayura. Speaking of Mayura, she was kind enough to let out a sentimonster for them to play with.

The moment the monster came out to cause some havoc, Hooded Assassin, Ladybug, and the Octavinelle boys rushed to take care of it and get the amok from it. Savanaclaw and Scarabia were backing Queen Bee and Madame Grey up; Kalim and Leona teamed up and mixed Oasis Maker with King’s Roar; a sandstorm was made and with a chant, Leona was sent surfing and getting close enough to destroy the flute that Volpina had. No more illusions, now the fox was ready to be captured and muzzled.

* Things over at the Agreste mansion was in chaos. Hawkmoth and Mayura were not only up against Chat Noir, but was also against Ryuuko, Heartslabyul, Rena Rouge, Chien Citrine, Diasomnia, and Carapace. They didn’t take the threat of a group of school boys seriously; they knew they were
from a magic school in another realm, but they didn’t think those powers would crossover into
theirs! Mayura was doing what she could in keeping Diasomnia and Carapace at bay, but was
blindsided when a cauldron came flying and smacked into the back of her head, it knocked her
down but not enough to rush in and grab the peacock pin off her. Deuce silently cursed and nodded
to Ace who teamed with Chien Citrine, one power boost from the canine hero and Ace was coming
in hot with a windstorm of his own – knocking the fan out of her hand so she couldn’t send
anymore monsters out there. Cater took a quick selfie with the villainess in the background trying
to hold against the storm before sending his clones over and corner her. Getting the peacock back
was easy and even Chien got word from Ladybug that the Sentimonster was taken care of.

It was now time to go against Hawkmoth. Everyone stayed back and watched Chat Noir face him
one on one, this was his battle and the group knew not to interfere unless it was absolutely needed.
They watched as the cat would swipe and claw at the man who would use his cane as a sword and
block each oncoming attack; both were on equal footing when it came to fencing, they knew each
other’s moves and styles. It was like the saying goes; like father, like son. When Cataclysm was
used on the floor they were on and causing them to fall to the ground floor, Chat Noir stood and
held his side in pain, damn be the timer that would be going off every minute; both him and
Hawkmoth were weakened from the fall, he was going to finish this even if it were him as Adrien
Agreste and not Chat Noir. Weak and hardly able to do much, both males fell to their knees, the
timer was up and instead of Chat Noir sat Adrien; as predicted Hawkmoth was in silent frozen and
fear, not only was his son one of many who had been a pain in his side as a hero, but the hatred
look in his eyes was directed at him kept him frozen long enough for Rena Rouge to walk up and
take the broach off him; no more Hawkmoth, all that sat in front of Adrien was Gabriel Agrestete.
No more Hawkmoth, no more akuma, no more Mayura, no more sentimonsters. It was…over.

“Three years.” Adrien said. “Three years of chasing you, waiting for you to make your mistake…
three years of hiding my emotions away, of seeing Paris and its people being hurt by you.” He was
shaken. “I’m almost sixteen, do you know what I could have done in those three years? I could
have had a life, I could have spent more time with my boyfriend without having to bail on him just
to protect Paris from your latest attack, I could have been working on school and aiming for my
future! If that wasn’t enough….” He choked on his words as tears welled up.

Chien silently approached and held Adrien close, he timed out and no longer was the hero there,
but Joe Dupont. In the background; Rena Rouge had told the others it was finally over. The room
was dead quiet save for the silent sobs from Adrien as he held onto his boyfriend for dear life,
afraid that this was nothing more than a dream he never wanted to wake up from. Or rather, he
wanted this to be a dream; his own father was the terror of Paris! The man who never had time for
him but certainly had the time in the world to create monsters out of the negative emotions of the
people in his home. The Night Raven boys silently led the other heroes out of the room and
watched as the ladybug cure swept through and replacing the damage of the mansion and whatever
other damage of Paris that had happened.

“It was for your mother.” Gabriel finally said. “With the ultimate wish, I could have brought her
back to us…the peacock miraculous caused her harm and…I just wanted her back to us.”

“You’re familiar with the story of the monkey’s paw.” Joe said softly. “If you had used that wish
someone else would have suffered. You were willing to let someone else be in a strange coma to
bring her back.” He kissed Adrien’s head. “There’s a few ways to help, give us time and we will
return; when we do, we have a lot to discuss regarding you and Nathalie.”

* 

That was how it ended; Ryuuko was with Ladybug assuring the people that Hawkmoth and
Mayura would no longer be a threat to Paris and that they were being taken care of by the Community as it was a magic incident. As of now; the whole party was at the manor, from the heroes who kept Volpina busy, to the ground patrol (consisting of Pomefiore, Riddle, and Malleus) that kept civilians safe, and even to the group that brought the end of Hawkmoth and Mayura. There was a way they could reverse the damage done, the first was using the grimoire but hardly anyone could translate the cure so they had to use the drastic measure; Tori drew a symbol on the glass life support coffin and held the earrings and ring in his hand before reciting the spell. His grey eyes glowed and the spell was casted, the aftermath? Emilie was awake and being tended to by Rook and Trey, as for Tori…Luka was carrying his unconscious body to the group where Idia took him and assured the musician that he would be fine before taking him to the underworld to be healed by Hades and Persephone. That left everything to the now; the terms and conditions for Gabriel and Nathalie to follow through so they wouldn’t have to deal with any nasty loose ends later on. The stage belonged to Adrien – who was seated between Vil and Joe and staring down at his father with an emotionless expression on his face.

“We won’t reveal your identities to the world.” Adrien started off. “However, you are to call Lila off – stop having her spy on me for you, if you really wanted to know what’s been going on in my life talk to me! All Lila’s been doing is every abuser tactic in the book; isolating me from my friends, physically harming me by digging her nails into me, using you as leverage to keep me in line, this ends now.” He squeezed Joe’s hand as he said that. “On the topic of Lila, I’ve been giving her too many chances, if she doesn’t shape up during the new year at the new school, we will have you return as Hawkmoth to make the official statement of her being your accomplice…If you truly care about me, help us get her out of Paris and out of our lives for good!”

Gabriel bowed his head and stayed silent. “I will ensure that the best lawyers will aid you in this.” He said softly. “Adrien….”

“Don’t.” Vil snapped. “He’s already shaken up by everything you’ve done…let him approach you instead.”

Gabriel looked at Vil and nodded slowly. “Very well, well, don’t let us keep you then.”

“Come Sunshine.” Vil helped him up. “You too Sweet Lavender, let’s be on our way; we have a show to get ready for.”

Even with everything said and done, even though they knocked out another important structure in the liar’s empire. Everything was just…calm. It was that moment where after a storm destruction laid in wake and it would be a while before anything could be normal again; it took a lot of visits from the Community to help the mortals express their emotions freely without having to look over their shoulders, any deaths that might have happened the necromancers had to work on getting everyone back to normal – true they remember the feeling even after the cure, but they wanted to ensure that they would be able to get back on their feet. Paris was currently broken and the Community had to work in restoring it back to its former glory. Despite being villains, the Night Raven boys were doing all they could in helping out; from brewing memory potions to even trying to get the mortals in on some fun like Heartslabyul’s famous unbirthday parties, to just being there to listen. It would be a while before things were back as they were, but it was a challenge everyone was going to face together.

When word came out about a new fashion show, it lifted the spirits of some; normally they were ticketed events but to everyone’s surprise, the Style Queen invited the whole town to the showing that would be held at the old Opera House. With a little magic and a helping hand, it was restored and it was the perfect place to hold the showing for MDC’s works; Embrace your Emotions. The details were lined out in clear definition and everyone went to see the glory that was the theme.
Nino took to the orchestra box where his gear was set up and he played the song requested; Addict, Marinette’s models were from school and each showed the akumas that they had faced over the years as elegant and show-off; it was normal for everyone to be nervous, but with encouragement from her they strode out into the center stage and showed off their glory.

Alya as Lady Wifi came in a black corset gown with purple highlights and a masquerade mask with amethyst adorning it; under the stage lights she was glowing and was giving off ‘strong signals’ when the wifi symbol showed under the lights.

Kagami as Oni-chan was in a traditional white kimono with red and black spiral patterns; her makeup was done to give the appearance of a dragon. Fierce, elegant, and ready to slash at you with her sword in hand. Once backstage she smirked at Marinette and reminded her that white was a symbol of death; Marinette told her she knew and that’s what she was going for; deadly, fierce, and elegant. Deadly beauty

Luka as Silencer walked in a form-fitting tux with a purple veil covering his face as well as a black top hat, he bowed and made the ‘shh’ stance. He was another formidable foe; he gave the appearance of an alluring stranger in the night with a deathly quiet aura about him. Ready to strike and you wouldn’t know it before it was too late.

Models after models came after that with similar themes, it wasn’t until they got to the final part; a silent homage to the boys of Night Raven College. Each came out in Marinette’s rendition of the overblot episodes that Yuu had told her and came out in all their glory; regal, deadly, and looking like grotesque beauties. Their entrances started off normal, one would take to the stage as they were, the lights would dim and their dark makeup would be exposed as an eerie glow (thank you Vil for your weird concoctions), they would shed their uniforms to bring out the horrific beauty from underneath. A grisly story was being told on how it led to this.

Tragic, beautiful, grim, it was everything this show promised to deliver and it was actually a huge hit; so much so that Marinette paled when she saw her business email blowing up with requests left and right. Business was booming, Style Queen endorsed her, celebrities were flocking, it was actually a call for a celebration. Well, a small one as the Princess fainted from being overwhelmed after the show.

*  

“Your little Pixie is something else.” Vil said looking over the orders.

Adrien looked up from where he was; as a way to make up for everything, the Gabriel brand had offered to help make the creations come to life. He was actually sewing together the Evilistrator’s suit when Vil spoke out to him.

“Marinette? Yeah, she’s a great designer and she’s the only one who would find beauty in the darkness.” Adrien agreed.

“And she’s in a relationship with royalty.” He set his phone down. “Sunshine, are you okay?”

Adrien paused and sighed; “Honestly, I don’t know.” He finally said. “I’m glad that I don’t have to hold the mantle of a superhero anymore – I mean, I still have Plagg because Adella gave her blessing that I could keep him by my side – but…I actually miss it.” He went back to sewing Marinette’s signature into the suit. “Then there’s Hawkmoth, I’m glad we finished him! But…I just…I just wanted him to be anyone else than…”

Vil took his hand into his hand. “It’s a lot to take in.” he agreed. “So! I propose, we take a break,
go pick up Sweet Lavender from the Underworld and then go catch a movie, I hear they’re releasing Jurassic Park again, we could watch it just the three of us.”

“You bought out the theater again, didn’t you?” Adrien smiled. “You really have to stop doing that for date night.”

Vil smirked. “What if I don’t? What are you going to do, kitty?”

“I could tackle you?”

“And I could easily overpower you, I’m more than a pretty face and you know that.”

Even in the midst of recovery, Adrien still found his own ray of sunshine; their names were Vil and Joe, the three of them would always have the time of their lives together. And Summer…though ending, was actually brighter than normal. Such proof was over with Malleus and Marinette going over every design and working on them together – while there were some dresses that had a minor alteration to them (if they ran out of a particular piece of fabric or gemstone), but it was hardly noticeable. They were still the same and they would always be made on time and sent out on schedule. Words didn’t need to be spoken between them; they had their own way of conversing and their own way of checking on the other.

Malleus had brought over cherry flavored macarons with a cup of hot cocoa whenever he saw Marinette tense up. A simple kiss on the cheek and gently guiding her over to the TV and letting whatever show on Netflix play while he went and continued on working on the dresses and suits for her. That was for when Marinette was on pins and needles and needed to relax. When it came to Malleus, Marinette would actually sing to him, there was something about hearing her sing that brought him at peace and brought a light pink to his face. His curious pixie still had Tikki who would sit by them and help with the small stitches – after all, Joe gave his blessing that Marinette and Tikki could stay together. And as for the rest of the Miraculous? Well, Marinette still had them, it was going to be a while before they would go to their respective families and the community trusted her with them. For now, they could wait for her.

“Summer’s almost over.” Marinette finally said.

Malleus hummed and gently folded a dress into a box. “It is.” He agreed. “We’re going to be attending school with your classmates for real this time.”

“There’s nothing stopping Lila now…” her voice faltered. “I should be proud that we’re bringing her and her lies down but…”

“You’re not certain if this is the right way or not.” He sealed the box and wrote the address on it. “You know the harm her lies can cause, it was because of those lies is why you were at our school to begin with. She knows what she’s doing and she’s not afraid to try her spell again; if nothing is done more people could be hurt.”

Marinette kept her gaze down, “I don’t really want to ruin her life.”

“She ruined her own life.” He went and sat by her. “You know of the Yin and Yang; there’s darkness within light.”

“And light within darkness.” Marinette finished. “I guess I do have her to thank, if she hadn’t gotten me expelled… I wouldn’t be at Night Raven with you… I wouldn’t have met you.”

“And I would be without a princess.” He held her close. “You’ve fought a hard battle, it’s time to put the sword down and we’ll help you. No-one will harm you ever again while I’m here.”
She smiled and leaned in his embrace; though summer may be ending, it was getting warmer.

Chapter End Notes

Was Gabriel Redeemed? Ehh....if you squint hard enough? Wasn't really trying to but...it just happened while I was writing.
A New Year

She wasn’t too thrilled to be doing this, but the Queen had to make her move now while everyone was being gathered for their official year at Night Raven College; everything she had worked for had finally come this. No akuma to worry about; it was going to be a simple meeting with Mrs. Rossi and the end result might come to that parasite going to some reform school. Speaking of the ambassador, she came walking into the little café and taking her seat across from Chloe in a secluded booth. Both she and Chloe caught up and talked about what has been going on at the school, how everyone was adjusting, simple small talk. It wasn’t until after they got their order did Chloe drop the bombshell by sliding over a file to Mrs. Rossi; it was the official paperwork that was filed during the wrongful expulsion incident.

The report outlined it perfectly: At the start, the ‘victim’ reported theft on a mock exam and stole a ‘family heirloom’ as well as claiming assault had happened. The ‘aggressor’ was expelled on the spot. A few days later the ‘victim’ came in and cleared up the notion saying that she suffered a terrible lying disease that acts up whenever she was stressed out.

Mrs. Rossi stared at the reports with a confused look on her face; this happened between Lila and Marinette? She looked up at Chloe for an explanation; what she saw were icy blue eyes staring her right into her soul. Gone was that sweet, concerned classmate and now stood a powerful Queen.

“Did you know in cases like this an investigation is supposed to happen?” Chloe asked. “The offender would be given suspension at most while the said investigation is happening, it’s required by law after all; before that both parents are supposed to be at the hearing before the suspension even happened, and as you can clearly see on the next page with the parents…you were supposedly out of the country.”

“I’m sorry…but Lila and I were here in Paris this whole time!” She sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose. “Miss Bourgeois, the day at the grocery store, you weren’t bringing up the akuma battles out of kindness, were you?”

She smirked, “You found me out, truth is…and I’m sorry to say this but, I hate your daughter; she took advantage of people including those dear to me, I want my revenge simple as that.” She folded her hands. “You know something I don’t, am I right?”

“She was right about the lying thing.” Rossi said. “But not in the way that’s written here; this is the third school she’s tried this, fortunately the last two didn’t escalate this far but…you know what they say; third time’s the charm.” She sighed. “Each of those two schools and myself outlined a big red warning for teachers to be aware so she wouldn’t try this again.”

“Maybe at places like Collinswood or Night Raven.” Chloe shook her head. “Madame Bustier had always ignored regulations, you saw that in the letter the board sent you. Something about ‘fresh start harmony’ or whatever tree-hugging nonsense she was regurgitating on a daily basis.” She straightened up. “My team and I have more of such and are willing to get individuals like Jagged Stone involved if we have to; she’s been making claims about having connections with celebrities and turned everyone on their class darling who just also happened to be Jagged’s honorary niece.” She narrowed her eyes.

Rossi looked at her. “I’m not going to stop you. I’ve tried and tried again with her.” She looked at her food. “I won’t lie, my work does make it hard to be around all the time but can’t that be said about other occupations family might have?” she watched as Chloe nodded. “But I’ve tried still, I told her she could come to me for anything and I would always make time for her…”
“It’s a case of nature vs. nurture.” Chloe sighed and played with a fork. “You could be a loving family and still have a rotten child if nature deems it so. Just to make sure we don’t have loose ends; you’re perfectly fine with us banishing her from Paris after our official year of Night Raven?”

She nodded. “If not sooner, if the reports sent from that school are anything to go by, she’ll be begging to be pulled out and I will take her out of there.” She folded her hands. “And take her straight to a strict boarding school that handles troublemakers like her.”

The deal was sealed. The pact was made. And the empire was finally in shambles as the faux queen sits in the safety of the palace unaware of everything that had transpired. Both Chloe and Mrs. Rossi wished each other another good day as they parted ways; the new school year was starting and Chloe wanted to make sure she had everything ready before she started off as a student of Night Raven. Most of the families were happy to see their children off into the carriage that would take them to the school for a whole year, The Rossi household was tensed; Mrs. Rossi had wished her daughter the best at the school as any mother would, but there was an emotion to it that Lila was unable to place.

Things at Night Raven were lively as ever; the new faces were led to the Mirror Chamber or being led out of the coffins to begin their own little sorting ceremony. The humans that were joining were going to be in the Ramshackle dorm by default save for Luka, Chloe, Adrien, and Sabrina – most likely due to the fact they were exposed to the miraculous longer than Rena Rouge and Carapace. Yuu had assured the other mortals that the dorm was actually renovated and everything, it was only called Ramshackle because the name had been there for years that it just stuck after all this time (of course, the ghosts were still there, but they were mostly harmless).

Even though everyone had been acquainted with the students before; the former Francoise-Dupont students were in jaw-dropping awe as they watched the first years going up to the Dark Mirror where they would be sent to their respective dorms; even more so when they saw Chloe led up to the mirror by the strange headmaster – some jealousy rose, they were wondering why she got to be sorted in a dorm other than the one they were assigned to. That’s when the mirror spoke out; A regal and cold soul yet sweet as honey, she belonged to Pomefiore. There was a cheer from a familiar dorm head; Vil had shot a look to some of the others as if he was saying ‘see that? I got the honeybee joining us.’ Sabrina was next and was sorted into Octavinelle; calculating, cunning, and prone to be shady. A rat in the wall so to speak, to which, Azul happily welcomed her and shot a smirk over to the other dorm heads; a storm was coming and Sabrina was going to help bring it. Adrien was the next surprise, he stood in front of the mirror and assumed he would be in Pomefiore; he was a model after all, it would make sense he would be in the dorm of glam and beauty.

“A destructive soul…Diasomnia.”

“Uh…sir I think the mirror is broken?” Adrien looked at the headmaster. “I mean…I’ve been in the fashion industry so shouldn’t I be in Pomefiore.”

“Afraid the mirror is rarely ever wrong.” Crowley spoke up. “It judges you based on the soul you have.”

If he were Chat Noir, his ears would be flattening with annoyance. He just shrugged and made his way to where the Diasomnia students were and waved at Vil from a distance; well, even if they weren’t in the same dorm, he could still see him after school or in the halls. Suppose there was a plus to everything.

The ceremony came to a close and with everything said and done; the welcoming feast could begin. Normally, depending on the dorm, students would show up to the cafeteria where rules
would be laid out and Crowley would give some big welcome speech – most dorms preferred to let their new first years know of the rules ahead of time, but this year was going to be different than the past; special guests were arriving.

To say that everyone was shock when Joe Dupont and Tori Dalimar-Shai took to the center of the room was an understatement. The last time Marinette had seen Tori he looked on the verge of death! She wasn’t sure what was going on in the underworld, but she figured she could ask afterwards. Tori just smiled at her and waved to the mortals at the Ramshackle before turning to Octavinelle where a familiar blue-haired boy was; Luka, he smiled back and blew a kiss to him. Joe just nudged Tori in a playful way ‘Save it for your room, Lord Dalimar-Shai.’ He mouthed.

“Students of Night Raven College, it is an honor to grace your halls.” Tori bowed at the waist in respect. “As heir to the Sennen Coven, I wish everyone a successful year to become the Great Magician they’re destined to be.”

Joe was next, “As heir to the Fleur Family, let me be the one to wish a blessing of good health to both students and staff.” He bowed next.

There were cheers before they stood up and the cheerful demeanor changed into one of seriousness. Tori was the one to speak first; “As we are aware, we have mortals in the halls; by traditional standards, this would only happen if the extremes happen and it pains me to say the notion had to carry through. Now, this brings to why we are here as students with you but also as members of staffing here; with the alarming number of mortals gracing the halls, the Elders had decided that the two of us join as well as to ensure the past doesn’t repeat itself.”

“We don’t have to say which past would be.” Joe started. “But let it be known, we are not judging your actions based on the events of the Age of Fairy Tales; we are not like the Elders of the time; however, this does not mean we’re going to sit by idly. We were made aware of the Family Initiative and while we won’t meddle in your affairs, we will step in if the payback ends up crossing into drastic territory.” He watched as some students flinched and cursed. “Unless you want us to put the permanent ban on visiting the mortal realm, you will do well to heed our warnings.”

“On the topic of mortals; I know we have some students who are prone to egg people on and rise a reaction from them. Mortals of Francoise-Dupont, we ask that you do not provoke the Night Raven Students, while we are here to keep you from eating a poisoned apple, we will not be responsible if things get physical. Your actions are on you and consequences will happen.” Tori stressed. “That rule goes double to our new teacher; I know they’re listening from the safety of their new office getting set up and our rules and conditions go double to them; we do not need a repeat of History.” He narrowed his eyes to the mirror above the archway.

“We understand that we may be harsh, and believe us, we don’t wish to be; that job is reserved when we take over the family name and we’d like to have a few years before that.” Joe crossed his arms. “But we still cannot ignore our duties as the heirs to our respective coven. With all that said; we do hope your time here at Night Raven goes smoothly and we send our blessings to you of a good year to come.”

* 

Things over at Diasomnia was imposing as ever; Adrien was face to face with his dorm leader and...Marinette’s boyfriend; Malleus Draconia, he felt his hair stand on end as the leader showed everyone where their room was. Even though he had his own safe haven, he was still frightened like a new kitten being brought home for the first time. Seeing his distress; the dorm head just led Adrien to the kitchen and had Sebek make tea for the both of them, it helped the nerves some and
they just had a silent conversation; well more like Adrien was going on due to nerves and Malleus just listened to the kitten.

“And I’m amazed you haven’t tried to kill me for giving Marinette that stupid idea.” Adrien groaned. “Take the high road, what the hell was I thinking!”

“You did just get through saying you thought Lila was trying to fit in as the new girl; frankly, I would have done the same and hide my lineage should I had attended at your broken school. No one would know the truth but me.” Malleus said calmly.

“But she escalated from stories about false travels to defaming her and…it felt more like a tabloid move and…” he let his head hit the desk.

“The past has passed.” He took a drink. “Stop fretting about it, Marinette is in a better environment and she’s been making friends; you’re still friends with her are you not?” he watched him nod. “She’s never alone and now the ball is in our court. No-one is going to be harmed here.”

Adrien looked up at him, “How are you this calm?” Malleus just hummed, and Adrien just let the conversation die like that. “Next problem? Should I…contact my dad, let him know I got here safe?”

“If that’s what you desire.” Was all Malleus said.

Pomefiore was better than her hotel penthouse. Chloe had found herself getting along with everyone at the dorm and even gushing about the defeat of Hawkmoth – “it was all thanks to you boys after all, your school kicked ass”; when she wasn’t doing that, she and Epel were getting along, she helped him where Pomefiore couldn’t on the matters of elegance. That action got Vil to demand her what her secret was; the answer was obvious; she was a superhero and she had to keep appearances. These abs weren’t going to build themselves and her makeup game wasn’t going to apply itself after all.

“You’re definitely magic if you can get Epel-kun to go through skin care routines.” Rook chuckled.

Chloe just smirked; “Beauty is an art, what can I say.” Her smirk vanished and a serious demeanor showed. “Besides; skin care counts as health and I am going to be damned if the people I care about have terrible health practices, I don’t care what your background is, if you’re not at least moisturizing heaven help you if I find out about it!”

Rook leaned forward a bit, “You hardly know us, we’ve only interacted during the summer and even then, our times were short.”

“You’re dear to Marinette, therfore, you are dear to me.” She smiled, “Sorry, but you boys here at Pomefiore are stuck with me!”

“We wouldn’t have it any other way.”

The rest of the dorms were similar; Sabrina was getting along well with the Octavinelle dorm along with Luka, however…The Ramshackle Dorm was another story; sure, the majority of the mortals there were alright with it, heck, Juleka was getting along with the ghosts that resided there. But no-one could ignore the grey cloud that was Lila sitting and pouting on one of the couches. They couldn’t really blame her, the dorm looked like anyone’s living room so far, nothing grand or fancy like the other seven dorms. But, unlike her, they were trying to make the best out of it and they got to hang out with Grim and Yuu, wasn’t that good enough? Apparently not. Lila tried
everything she had; her back was acting up and she needed a soft bed? Ramshackle had undergone some major renovations and all the beds were gel memory foam or the sleep-number beds. Her stomach couldn’t handle processed food? Well it was a good thing that Yuu worked as a chef in the Monstro Lounge and his cooking was top-notch. Nothing she could throw would stick, she was losing power and she hated it!

Grim was the first to notice after she returned to her room and was fuming. He sat on her new vanity and let his tail sway and his sharp teeth exposed in a grin as he spoke to her.

“I don’t know why you’re fuming; this is a great school!” Grim chimed. “Of course, you’re just a powerless human! You lost your followers~ what are you going to do?”

“Shut up, you mangy cat.” She spat. “I’ve been in tighter situations before; I can get this to work in my favor.”

“Hey! Grim-sama is not a cat!” He hissed. “And that’s what you think, I’m not stupid I’ve seen everything~ Your followers are getting chummy with us and are leaving you, the girl you tried to ruin has powerful allies, your former teachers are no longer here to pick you up, and your mom? Eh, I haven’t seen much of her but I’m sure the result is the same…the second you leave the school, your life is over.”

“My life isn’t over!” she insisted. “Just you wait, I’ll rule this school!”

“Delusional as ever.” He shrugged and left the room. “I’m going to get some tuna from the kitchen.”

Stupid cat, he was lying. Lila can get back control, she just had to find the right teacher who will sympathize with her, sway some of the first-years on her side with her crocodile tears, everything will return to normal. Marinette won’t be able to stay a day in this school when she’s done with her. Everything. Will. Work.
I LIVE! I JUST COULDN'T GET THE WORDS TO WORK WITH ME!

This chapter features bashing

It was like walking on a thin wire. Caline looked over her new classroom, she didn’t want to give up teaching and when she was presented with the chance to start a new, she immediately took it, not knowing it would land her in the claws of Night Raven College. The only relief she had was when she saw Tori at the meeting and was overseeing the training course for new teachers in the community (he was standing beside his aunt who was in charge of organizing everything). Still, her relief was short lived; instead of the warm smile he once shared back when he was a student in her class, she was face to face with an ice statue and would be pretty harsh with her over any small mistakes. The atmosphere of Night Raven College was suffocating, the teachers were just as cold as when she had met Mr. Trein at Contest, the Headmaster – though helpful – was just as strict and stern. Any ideas she had to brighten the place was a swing and miss; she could have colorful posters in her classroom, it was where she was going to be working after all. Daily compliment sessions and meditation however was not allowed (in Mr. Crewel’s words “Keep that childish stuff in a nursery where it belongs.”). She was thankful they weren’t in Paris and that the akumas were finally gone, but…she still couldn’t help but to be on pins and needles; one misstep and she would be escorted from the school. She didn’t want to lose her only chance, but she also didn’t want to be cold and cruel like the other teachers here.

“Interesting little set up.” Yuu walked in and looked around, taking in the sights of the cute cat posters and the little knickknacks on the desk. “How are you adjusting?”

Caline forced on a smile and straightened up in her desk. “Everything is going well, I’m excited to start my first day here.”

Yuu nodded and set his books down at one of the front desks. “You know what this class is, right?”

“Yes…it’s just a study hall class.” It wasn’t the greatest offer; she was just there to assist with any homework that a student may be struggling with. She had the courses from this school beaten into her head so she would be able to help, but unless she’s asked for help, she was to remain silent and let the students work.

One by one the students would fill in and the majority of them looked at her with disgust as they took her seat; she didn’t let it deter her as she welcomed everyone and introduced herself to her students. The only ones who welcomed her back were her former students (and even then, it was only three of them), the boys of Night Raven just stared at her with an unamused look as they just turned to their work; ignoring as the small reunion was going on. Some students were passing notes written in a coded message that was just trash talking. Was this unfair to a new teacher? Perhaps, but at the same time, this was the same woman who was pretty…well, the kind version is neglectful and playing favorites. They were still willing to give her some semblance of a chance, there was that very thin hope that by some chance she learned from her previous actions and would wise up to the current situation – maybe if she was lucky and if she gets gold marks the
Community could get her back into teaching at a mortal school? But the harsh reality is that the students at Night Raven silently agreed to never acknowledge her as one of their staff, they’ll show their respects in the classroom and do their homework while in study hall, but outside? They wouldn’t hold back on how they truly felt about her.

“I was hoping maybe we could get to know each other while we do our work.” Caline said with her cheerful smile, she didn’t let the lack of a reaction bother her as she turned to Riddle. “What about you, could you introduce yourself to the new students?”

Either she was blind, or she just chose to ignore it, but Riddle had a villainous grin on his face as he set down the pen he was holding, he folded his hands together and looked up at her. “Of course, ma’am.” He stood up. “My name is Riddle Rosehearts, I’m the Prefect of Heartslabyul and I have another name while here in school; many of my fellow students and now you will know me as The Crimson Tyrant.”

The room went dead cold – at least to Caline and her three former students. The other Night Raven students had their own grin and would give some half-hearted mentions to his past; how he decapitated most of the dorm because someone broke one of the Queen’s Rules, his family is close descendants of the Queen herself, the list went on and each listing just brought more and more dread to the room. Caline had learned the hard way of things, that this was going to be a very long school year.

Now, Riddle has been tamed lately – thanks to Yuu and his friends, but if there was something he held pride in, it was his ability to keep appearances when it came to new faces; when the tour began he kept the icy appearance, he was warm to those he called friends but to the Francoise-Dupont students he was a strict dorm leader. And that was all he wanted them to know, and they did. They kept their distance from him until he was ready to approach them or when he was feeling kind in inviting them over to the Heartslabyul dormitory (which was hardly a thing). He decided to bring the arrival of the Crimson Tyrant while around the teacher; his head held high, the deathly cold gaze in his grey eyes, and the stance that showed who was in charge. It worked when in the halls, he took great delight in seeing the former Francoise-Dupont students cower and now he was bringing it into the classroom.

The poor teacher didn’t know what to expect; there wasn’t much she could do as is. Riddle wasn’t breaking any rules, and she couldn’t really use the reason ‘He sends chills down everyone’s spines’ to send him to the Headmaster’s office. She was stuck with him and he made sure of that. The hour spent with the class had been the longest that Caline Bustier had ever sat through, the silent and looming threat of a blade by her neck was there – yet, no one was holding an ax to her – it was a feeling she didn’t want to go through.

When study hall had ended and the students left the room; everyone started to burst into laughter once they were far away enough from the classroom. A fellow Prefect – Kalim, patted Riddle’s back and was wiping a tear from his eyes.

“I wouldn’t have expected anything less of you, Riddle.” He sighed. “Establishing your dominance to the new faces of Night Raven, you’re definitely a queen in the making.”

Riddle just smirked; “It’s vital to let those lower on the food chain know their place in the world.” He looked to the confused face of the trio; according to Yuu they were Mylene, Max, and Kim. “Madame Bustier’s only here out of pity and nothing more; pathetic excuse of a teacher isn’t going to last a week here.” He turned and started to head down the hall.

“Wait!” Mylene rushed up to him. “You…You were kidding about the Crimson Tyrant thing, right? You never decapitated anyone?”
He just sent a smirk her way, “You may be Mr. Trein’s only leading lady, but that’s not keeping
you safe; I had indeed ‘axed’ people in the past and will not hesitate to do it again. Shall I give you
and your friends a demonstration?” He watched the girl squeak and return to the side of the boys
before shaking his head. Night Raven College, currently hosting mortals that still fall for the same
act as they did in the summer; perhaps it was a normal thing in their realm and the saying ‘Fool me
once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me’ doesn’t hold well over there. Oh well, it wasn’t
his problem. No, he had more important things to worry about; this year’s unbirthday party at the
dorm, any and all prefect meetings, equestrian club, and so much more. Those who used to attend
Francoise-Dupont would have to sit on the backburner now, he had no time to play with them.

After his performance as the Crimson Tyrant, the former Francoise-Dupont students slowly
realized that the school year was probably not going to be like the fun summer they got used to.
And they were right; unlike the summer time where the teachers were lenient and were able to
help…they made their former chemistry teacher back at their old school look tame! The teachers
here were strict and showed little to no mercy, any complaints they tried bringing to their former
classmate – Tori and his ‘brother’ Joe was met with a shrug and telling them ‘What were you
expecting? This is a prestigious magic school, of course the teachers are going to be hard on you.’
Life at Night Raven was a bit more difficult, but in the actuality of things, they could understand
that it was just how things worked at the school and they couldn’t really complain about it. They
did their best to just look at the positive side of things; they would be able to learn some wicked
cool spells, right? Not exactly.

The teachers here weren’t stupid; they weren’t going to try and teach magic-less humans simple
spells, and even if they would make the exception to the rule, they knew the reputation that the
Francoise-Dupont students had and the last thing they need was to teach that Rossi girl how to
create a spark. No, Headmaster Crowley knew that would just spark disaster and it was another
reason he agreed to having that useless mortal teacher around; instead of magic studies, they were
stuck with the extensive history and science of everything. To say they were easy topics was a lie
as the two Coven Heirs had heard from the mortal students that their heads were going to implode
from the studies, and that was the new normal.

It’s only been three days since their arrival and they were still trying to get used to how things
worked around Night Raven. And for some, they had it better than others; such was the case of
Alya when the boys finally had their moment of revenge. It wasn’t much and it actually left with
some interesting pictures on Cater’s social media; Ace had invited her to Heartslabyul to help paint
the roses for the upcoming Unbirthday Party…the end result was her arriving and a bucket of paint
pouring on her like it was Carrie. She actually just smiled and took her glasses off before turning to
the boys with her arms crossed and a judging look.

“Really? This was the grand revenge you had me worried about?”

Ace pouted; “Ahh~ You didn’t react the way we were expecting.”

“I told you borrowing from Stephen King wouldn’t work.” Deuce grumbled as Marinette just face
palmed.

Alya had her own little smirk; “Guess there’s one thing left to do…” she pounced and hugged Ace,
getting the paint on him in return. “Nope, you’re not getting out of this, Fox Boy!”

It was an all-out paint war; and the video was actually viral afterwards. After everyone was washed
up and just lounging int bathrobes while they waited for their uniforms to be cleaned, the group
was in Marinette’s room playing games; things were a tad bit brighter after that.
With the Unbirthday Party happening today, Marinette was actually leading some of her friends to the dorm; sure, things were still a little shaky with Alya and she and Nino were starting to get close again (not close enough for the relationship to get back on, but they were still friends and were able to laugh at stupid stuff again), but as of now – the boys had their little revenge and the party was going to be in full-swing. The first ever tea party of the year. With everyone in their best Heartslabyul themed outfits (MDC of course, it was as Marinette had said “It’s not like the dorm uniform sucks, I like it, but uh…the card designs on those jackets have to go.”), the flamingos and hedgehogs were ready for a game of croquet, desserts of all kind were ready, the tea was set, and the afternoon can kick off without a problem.

“As prefect of Heartslabyul, I’d like to welcome some of our new guests – even if some of them are from another dorm and this is technically an event only for ours.” He had a teasing grin and small napkin thrown at him. “Very mature, Miss Dupain-Cheng.” A few chuckles from the other students came. “While the past…three days have been on shaky grounds, we can finally heave a sigh of relief and enjoy ourselves for once.” He held a teacup. “To Heartslabyul and…whatever the dorms the others are from.”

The cheers came and the relaxation could begin. Marinette was to the side with her dorm head and her first friends from arriving at the academy; Ace and Deuce were having their own argument over which theatrical release of Carrie was the best one (somewhere in her heart…Marinette was actually regretting getting those boys into Stephen King), Cater was floating around taking pictures of the students having a good time, and Trey was checking on the dessert situation and the satisfaction of the members of the dorm as well as their guests.

“As your friends are having fun.” Riddle pointed out.

Marinette nodded and watched as Juleka and Rose were trying to play croquet with the other boys; “I think this party is just what they needed.” She agreed. “So…does Heartslabyul do this party every year?”

“It is tradition.” He nodded, “Of course, this year and…last year we’re making some subtle changes here and there.” He was tensed a little.

She smiled at him; “You know…in the time I was here, I never got those croquet lessons.”

Riddle just stared at her; “I…did teach you though? On your second day here?”

“Well then I guess I forgot how to play.”

“You’re just being cute this year, aren’t you?” Riddle smirked as he led her to the court.

It was actually surprisingly easy to get the flamingos to work with the holder; the group matches were a little chaotic – Adrien did get headbutted by the flamingo he held – everything else at the party was going without a problem. Sort of, Trey had to escort an uninvited guest with sausage hair out of the garden before she could even step foot inside; naturally, that warranted her trying to get the new teacher involved but Caline was shot down when the Headmaster had informed her that the dorms are allowed to have their traditions and are allowed to include or exclude anyone of their choosing.

Sunrise to sunset was how long the party was; Alya was back at the Ramshackle dorm with the others and sharing pictures with everyone. Lila was sitting on the stairs glaring over at them, it was just a tea party! What was the big deal? Well, sometime during the party Nino had started up an upbeat dance party in the Heartslabyul courtyard – with the help of Cater – and one of the other viral videos was Marinette and Riddle performing a duet together and dancing. Actually, a lot of
students were just as bad at dancing and singing as evident by some videos showing someone improvising the lyrics. A sly smile graced her face, well…if she couldn’t join the party she could try and ruin their mood with pity.

“It’s such a shame I couldn’t join…I guess Marinette’s dorm was feeling petty.” Lila looked down and quivered her lips. “At least you got to have fun.”

Yuu looked at her; “Actually, Riddle is strict about who was invited…he had all summer to see if anyone here would be allowed to attend the Heartslabyul’s Unbirthday Party; he was probably unimpressed with how you were during the summer courses.”

“And you would know this…how? You were hardly here for the summer?” Rose asked.

“We text each other?” Yuu said like it was obvious. “And yes, I wasn’t here for most of the summer because I didn’t want anything to do with the headmaster’s crazy ideas but…here I am.” He shrugged. “Anyway, I can Riddle right now and have him confirm if whether or not you impressed him or not.”

That plan went out the window. Fine…she had all year to perfect her craft; and if all else fails. Well, Lila had her mother in the wing after all. If she can’t have her way in this school no-one can.
Hey did ya miss me? Don' worry like I said; I'm being a lurker because I'm still playing Twisted Wonderland more and more >.>

In normal circumstances; history would have a nasty tendency to repeat itself, especially with the upcoming of the Magical Shift Tournament. Despite having a dorm filled with students who can’t cast spells to save their life, Yuu was still at the prefect meeting and had offered an alternative to go with tradition; just sports in general, it would be a perfect blend of dorms from their school and their rivaling school Royal Sword Academy. There was some debating here and there but it was agreed since they did want to give the mortals a leg to stand on, if they were going to participate – by sending their best of course – they were going to need some form of a fighting chance since Crowley had forbade them from learning magic (under direct orders of the Coven Heirs of course). The meeting decided on a few of the following; the swim team, equestrian club, lacrosse, and basketball; Yuu had the honor of announcing this to the Ramshackle dorm and was met with enthusiasm – mostly, the Rossi girl was scowling at her phone and if Yuu had to guess; she was trying to get her mother involved but was having no success. He would have tried to help her, but he’s been here long enough to know what a losing battle looked like (and his name was Dire Crowley and his inane ideas)

Classes were nothing special, unless you count Caline trying to get her classroom lively with activities whenever students were taking a brief break from their homework. The good news was that it worked on the mortals, the bad news she was going to have to try a lot harder than that with the Night Raven students (who certainly didn’t try hiding the jeers when she walked through the halls and have to listen to her own words being mocked by the students.) Like with Lila, Caline had tried to go to the headmaster about the students’ behaviors but was unsuccessful – what was she expecting when she tried to disrupt the students’ studies with ‘daily positive compliments’? The end results were humorous though; she had tried to pair Riddle with Mylene, that ended with a positive from Mylene ‘You’re looking radiant today’ and a simple yet cold compliment from Riddle; ‘And you’re less mousy than before, finally coming out of your teapot.’. Max and Kim fared no better when it came to Kalim and Ida…it was after the failed talk with the headmaster that the ‘daily compliments’ were no longer a thing.

That was during the school hours; outside the halls and over at the Diasomnia dorm around this time, the dorm head and Marinette would be in the lounge dancing together and having the time of their lives together. Every day was a new song and sometimes it would be a one-sided love, sometimes it would be true love, whatever the song they found a way to be in perfect sync together. If they weren’t dancing together, they would be near each other and just enjoy the calm and quiet between them; Malleus would have a book in hand and Marinette would work on designing the newest outfit she was inspired to draw that day and every so often Malleus would just play with her hair as they just stayed like this.

Octavinelle was sort of the same; over at the Monstro Lounge, Luka and Floyd would take to the stage and work on a collab together while Tori was tending to the tables. Normally, to be suckered into this job one would have to make a failing deal with Azul, however the prefect in question was feeling generous that day. That was the unofficial statement from him, the reality was that he and
the twins were interested in the coven head and his boyfriend and decided to pounce the first chance they got; the end result was the five were actually in sync – which was surprising given the circumstances, they started out as professional workers and dorm mates, nothing more. That drove them to where they were now, a small ‘band’ that would work together as just peers by day but by night and away from prying eyes; they were singing another tune. It actually got to the point where when My Wonderland Nightmare (formerly known as Kitty Section) would meet up for band practice, Juleka had asked what happened and point out they looked like they came from a hurricane. Tori and Luka just told her not to worry about it and band practice would resume. And as of now, Tori watched as two of his boys were on stage and performing together, Jade had come up and tapped his shoulder and smiled down at him; the silent conversation was there and it screamed loud and clear; ‘We can stargaze later, we have work to do’.

“Are you going to participate at the tournament?” Jade asked.

Tori shrugged and carried a tray of drinks over to a table; “I mean, Joe and I are going to be among the spectators.”

“Not what I asked, you’re technically part of Octavinelle, are you going to compete in our name?”

“Nope.” Tori walked by him again with a now empty tray. “I don’t really do Sports Day stuff.”

Jade chuckled and watched the boy for a while before speaking up; “You were the one who convinced Yuu to submit the idea of the nonformal events to go along with Magic Shift.” He watched him freeze; “I think if Azul were here and not sucking a new worker into a contract, he would ask you what you hope to gain from your little mix of traditional and nontraditional.” He sauntered up to him and looked him in the eyes; “I won’t shock your heart if you answer me honestly.”

Tori narrowed his eyes and huffed; “I’m not doing this to gain anything. Like when I spoke to the heads and your headmaster when I offered Caline Bustier a job here; I want her destroyed.” He set the tray on the bar counter before sitting at a stool. “Despite everyone here being on somewhat good terms with the school; I’m still pissed at them, and you know how deep a grudge can go within the Community.”

“’No force from heaven nor hell can save you should you disrespect a coven heir.’” Jade recited. “But you know as your favorite duet goes ‘They’re only human’, you don’t want the students to suffer…you want something else.” His eyes lit up and he chuckled lightly. “I see, the nonformal stuff is just an opening act for the Grand Tournament; lacrosse and the like were drummed up to be this grand spectacle when in reality they’re just performing the overture before the curtains rise.”

Tori smiled and nodded slowly. “You found me out, a little humiliation should the former sheep try bragging about their accomplishment. We all know Night Raven’s Magift is the main event; it’ll be televised for the realms to see and – if I may, I always cheered for Diasomnia in the past.”

“And now you’re going to be cheering for Octavinelle.” Jade nodded. “I knew there was a reason why we were drawn to you and your boyfriend; you’re just as much of a snake as we are, Lord Dalimar-Shai.” He smirked

A soft chuckle. “The Naja Haje is our family symbol after all; you will always find the cobra on the emblem of the Three Heads.” He gently flicked Jade’s diamond earring. “I suppose I really am a snake.”

“I’d say we’re closely related then; given our nature, but…biologically impossible.” Jade tilted the boy’s head back. “Snakes and Eels are too different I’m afraid, though they look like they could be
related, they’re really not.”

Tori laughed and got up; “But you do have a reputation when it comes to biting.” He got up and made his way behind the counter. “I wouldn’t want to be caught in your jaws.”

“You say that now, but you will one day, Lord Dalimar-Shai.” Jade bowed at the waist. “You will, and when the day happens, I will take great delight in it.”

“I swear, the more I talk to either You, Azul, or Floyd, the more I feel like I’m talking to the local mafia.” Tori shook his head. “You boys really are Night Raven’s residential mafia family.”

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Another day, another meeting; this time it would be different. Nino had been approached by Idia about updating his set for the Magift event and he agreed; he tried some of the tunes and it had better clarity and everything! Not only that, but Kalim had came up to him with a flash drive with some popular songs that would get Night Raven’s side going with excitement. They were titled with “Heartsibayul favorites” and the like, Nino just shrugged, he wasn’t going to argue against what the students here enjoy. All he cared was what was requested of him; show of his DJ skills for the approval to get the tournament going with hyped up energy.

And that brought him to the now; he got everything set up and plugged in the drive that Kalim gave him, he smiled at him and started off with ‘Scarabia Favorites’…what he got was an earworm song; it was Fancy by Iggy Azalea played, he tried going for the next song and it was Silver Shamrock from Halloween 3: Season of the Witch, then the ‘Banana Splits’ song from the…well the horror movie Banana Splits, Never Gonna Give You Up, Call Me Maybe, All About that Bass, and finally Dragostea din Tei. It got to where Nino was just was laughing with each track, he had to take his glasses off to wipe at the tears from his face – he was just laughing so hard at this point.

“Really Kalim?!” He called. “What the hell?”

Kalim just grinned at him; “Well, we did say we were going to get our revenge on you and your class.”

Nino held his hands up in surrender; “Alright, alright, you got me.” He laughed. “You guys win.”

Azul chuckled; “I must say, I’m surprised that Ignihyde and Scarabia teamed up for this.” Idia just silently shrugged in response.

“Jokes on everyone though.” Nino took out his own personal playlist. “I have Dragostea din Tei and Never Gonna Give you up on my personal playlist.” He smirked. “You have to get up extra early to make this DJ Look bad.”

Yuu shook his head; it was just another day here in Night Raven College.

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