Truth and Consequences

by siderealSandman

Summary

On Sunday, Marinette discovered who her arch nemesis really was.

On Monday, she made Adrien’s father deal.
Snow tumbled in the gaping hole in the side of the Agreste manor, landing on the smoking piles of shattered wood and mangled carpet. The smell of charred ozone mingled in the air with hundreds of aimless akuma, flitting here and there without their master to guide them. Somewhere in the distance, the sound of sirens made their way to the shattered remnants of Adrien’s house, but Marinette was numb to everything save for the look of utter bewilderment, betrayal, and contempt on Adrien’s face.

“...why?” Adrien mouthed, tears spilling out of the corners of his eyes and tracing trails down his soot covered cheeks. With torn clothing, mussed hair, and an ugly gash bleeding through his turtleneck, he looked only a tiny bit as bad as Marinette felt.

“I...I didn’t know,” Marinette croaked, dragging herself across the floor and towards her partner. “I didn’t know, I promise, I swear, I was only trying to-”

Adrien’s arm jerked away from her touch as she reached out for him, hauling himself to his feet and leaning on the wall for support.

“Trying to what?” Adrien murmured, shaking his head. “Trying to help?! My father...he was my father and you didn’t tell me?!”

“I didn’t know it was you!” Marinette insisted, rising with a wince to stand level with him. “If I had known, I-”

“What difference would it have made?!” Adrien spat, face crinkling as he stared at the blackened crater where Hawkmoth had stood only a few moments before. “I told you this would happen...I told you and you didn’t trust me!”

Marinette’s head swam as the sum of her nightmares seemed to rise around her with the smoke. Her ears dripped droplets of red in the snow, naked for the first time since she was fourteen years old. Adrien cradled his hand to his chest, an angry red welt the only sign a ring had ever been on his finger.

“I’m sorry,” Marinette said feebly. “I know that doesn’t even begin to help, but I swear, I’m so,
Marinette trailed off, staring at the floor where Hawkmoth disappeared.

“We can still fix this!” Marinette said, a manic edge creeping into her voice. “I-I can get my team—our team—and we can figure out what h-happened, right? We can still find them...w-we can get them back, right Adrien?”

She took a hesitant step towards him, ignoring the dull, throbbing pain in her ears as she watched his back, silently pleading for him to turn around and just look at her.

When he did, Marinette suddenly wished he hadn't.

“We?” Adrien echoed, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand before finally meeting her gaze with a look of anger and disappointment cold as the snow that piled around her ankles. “What makes you think there’s a we anymore?”

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Three months earlier, on a cold Sunday in September, Marinette had learned the identity of her greatest enemy.

The next evening, she made Hawkmoth a deal.

Chapter End Notes

AR YA READY KIDS?!

So this is the start of my Big Damn Long Miraculous Civil War AU. I've seen quite a few "Chat Joins Hawkmoth" AU's but no "Ladybug joins Hawkmoth" AU's which I think is a ripe opportunity for drama. And since S2 is failing to live up to Thomas' ominous "Miraculous Civil War" tweet, I figured I'd take a crack at it.

This AU is divergent post Syren and will likely be contradicted multiple times by upcoming episodes. That's fine; at this point I want to do my own thing with these characters regardless of where canon ends up. Hopefully I can present this AU in a way that makes sense.
As always, feedback is the fuel that keeps me going! Please leave a review/comment/death threat in the comments below
What You Are In The Dark

Three Months Earlier

“Vengeance is mine sayeth... PRAYING MAN-TIS!” The large, bug-headed akuma in a priest’s vestment shrieked, slicing a car in half with his long, hooked forelegs. “MOCK MY EDUCATIONAL BIBLE-THEMED BUG CARTOONS, WILL YOU?!”

“You just had to make fun of Horace the Easter Beetle, didn’t you Michel?!” A girl in a Catholic high-school uniform shrieked, dodging a trash can Praying Man-Tis threw at her head.

“I said it before and I’ll say it again; it was a stupid cartoon!” Her schoolmate shouted, defending himself with a backpack that their disgruntled youth pastor easily sliced in half with his mandible claw.

“Not helping!”

“You know I have no verbal filter! What am I supposed to do; not mock him?!” Michel said, holding a trash can lid up feebly to defend himself. The razor-sharp edge of the akuma’s claw glinted in the mid-day sun as it came arcing down, ready to cleave the pair in two.

Clink!

“Far be it for me to tell you how to practice your religion, padre, but I don’t think the Bible condones eating people.” Michel glanced over the rim of his shield to see a tall, black-clad young man blocking Praying Man-Tis’ claw strike with a long silver staff.

“Oh thank God, we’re saved!” Michel sighed as Chat Noir kicked the disgruntled pastor in the chest.

“OH NOW YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT GOD?!” Praying Man-Tis hissed, slicing a nearby car in half as Chat Noir vaulted over the hood. He whirled around, striking the insect in the back of its spindly legs as he tried to lure the akuma away from the teenagers. A flash of red swooped down from a nearby rooftop, the head of a yo-yo making a quick loop around the akuma’s claws. Snarling, Praying Man-Tis’ arms were hoisted above his head as Ladybug landed beside her partner, looping the end of her yo-yo over a nearby lamppost.
“You two might wanna take a page out of Exodus before your friend gets loose,” Ladybug grunted, tugging against the akuma’s strength as the younger teenagers turned and ran down a side-street.

“Hey look; w-we were saved by an insect after all!” Michel’s voice called as he ran out of sight.

“Shut up Michel!”

“COME BACK; YOU STILL HAVEN’T FINISHED THE GOSPEL COLORING BOOK!” Praying Man-Tis screeched, pulling against Ladybug’s yo-yo and snapping after the retreating teenagers.

“Dude, they’re like fourteen,” Chat said, jamming his baton in his mouth. “Nobody over fourteen colors.”

“I color,” Ladybug mumbled, tugging the Akuma back over the lamp post with a flick of her wrist. “Not cheesy photocopied drawings of the Last Supper, but I find it therapeutic.”

“Huh,” Chat Noir said, blocking another claw strike with a raise of his baton. “Guess I know what to get you for Christmas then.”

“I could use some more colored pencils, come to think of it,” Ladybug said, kicking the akuma back into the Seine. “Though there are a few books I haven’t been able to find yet—“

“ENOUGH!” Praying Man-Tis bellowed, rising from the water like an angry kaiju. “FOR TOO LONG HAVE I BEEN SCORNED BY THE YOUTH OF THIS CITY! ONCE I TAKE YOUR MIRACULOUS, HAWKMOTH WILL ENSURE THAT NO ONE CALLS MY EDUCATIONAL BIBLE CARTOONS LAME ANY LONGER!”

“Dude, we’re right here!” Chat said, wiggling a finger in his ear. “Ow...my ears are ringing now.”

“RINGING WITH THE PURE AND GOOD WORD OF THE-” Praying Man-Tis glanced down to see his ornate gold crucifix resting securely in the palm of Ladybug’s hand. “...when did you-”
“While you were rupturing Chat’s eardrums,” Ladybug said, spinning the necklace around on her finger.

“...oh,” Praying Man-Tis said, scratching the back of his head with his claw. “...can I have it back? It’s kinda the source of my dread powers, you know…”

“Oh, so if I were to break it that would be-”

“Really bad for me, yes,” Praying Man-Tis nodded.

“Oh...well, in that case.” Ladybug held out her hand. “All yours.”

“...r-really?”

“Sure!” Ladybug nodded. “Let’s go another couple rounds! Not like I’m late for an afternoon shift or anything! I got aaaaaaaaall the time in the world!”

“...o-okay,” Praying Man-Tis said, tentatively reaching out for his crucifix. “I-If you’re sure, then-”

Ladybug spiked the cross against the ground with all her super strength, shattering it into a thousand pieces as Praying Man-Tis screech, shrinking back down into an unassuming twenty-something man in a priest’s collar.

“Wha...what happened?” The priest looked up as a sea of bright, sparkling ladybugs washed over the destruction, wiping it clean and leaving the sparkling streets of Paris good as new.

“You know the drill,” Chat said, waving his hands over the priest’s head. “Say ten Hail Mary’s, four Our Father’s, one Dead Parrot Sketch, and all will be forgiven.”

“And maybe update your Bible study class,” Ladybug said, latching on to the edge of a building and swinging up off the street.
“Think that was a record,” Chat said, landing on the roof and holding his fist out. “What was that, like five minutes or...Ladybug?”

“Sorry got to talk later bye!” Ladybug called out as she leapt off the roof, swinging off towards the other side of the city, already well out of earshot.

“Huh... guess she really was late for something,” Chat murmured, glancing down at his fist before bumping it with his other. “Good job, Chat!” Why thank you Chat!”

“I’m here! I’m here! I’m here!” Marinette cried, dashing through the cafe doors and worming her way past customers as she elbowed her way to the cash register. “Sorry I’m late!”

“I love you, but if you stick me with cashier duty again, I will have to kill you,” Alya said, tossing Marinette an apron from the coat hook by the bar. “You know how I get when I have to talk to customers.”

“Crabby?”

“Righteously crabby,” Alya hissed, turning around with a broad, artificial smile. “Yes, sir, have you made your decision?”

“I... had a thing to do,” Marinette chuckled nervously, scanning the coffee order Alya had scribbled on the torn sheet of paper.

“When don’t you have things to do?” Alya snorted. “What was it this time; album art commission? Art school audition? Dough explosion at the folks’ place?”

“One time that happened,” Marinette said, spraying some whipped cream on the hastily cobbled together latte and passing it across the counter. Contrary to her fondest hopes, being a superhero didn’t get easier as she got older. In fact, as Marinette was presented with more interesting and lucrative opportunities, being Ladybug became more and more of a chore. She was now more likely to get called away in the middle of work, class, or an invigorating design project than she was when she was fourteen and while akuma battles were no less harrowing, they were more intrusive and annoying than life threatening.
It didn’t help that Hawkmoth was running thin on akuma ideas.

“Once is enough,” Alya said, grabbing a croissant from the display case and tucking it in a brown paper bag. “Did you...hear back from Central Saint Martins?”

“...oh,” Marinette wiped her hands on her apron, shooting Alya what she hoped was an easygoing smile. “Not yet…”

“Matter of time,” Alya said with a wave over her shoulder. “You’re a shoe-in; how many other applicants have won a Gabriel sponsored design contest when they were fourteen.”

“That was four years ago,” Marinette pointed out. “It was a long shot anyway; I-I’m not holding my breath.”

“Well, not like you’re hurting for options,” Alya shrugged, pulling her apron off and heading into the back. “New York, Tokyo, San Francisco; who knows where you’re gonna be next year.”

Marinette bit her lip, watching the cream dissolve into the coffee with a blank, unfocused stare. Part of her wondered why she was working so hard to save for a future that seemed further and further away with each akuma attack.

“...y-yeah, the world is my oyster!” Marinette chuckled, wiping her hands on her apron as she slid up to the register. “Thank you for waiting, sir, can I take your…”

One would think that after four years of being casual friends with him, Marinette would have been immune to Adrien Agreste’s unique brand of boyish charm.

“Sir?” Adrien asked with a crooked smile. “I thought we were at least on first name terms by this point.”

The problem was that Adrien’s boyish charm had grown up along with the rest of him; faster, it seemed, than Marinette could develop an immunity.
“O-Oh that’s just what all the cool kids are calling their friends these days,” Marinette laughed, leaning on the cash register and accidentally charging Adrien for fifteen scones. “Sir...madame...your excellency. Ironic formality is all the hype these days.”

“Shows how behind on the times I am,” Adrien snorted. “Can I get a-

“Tall black iced tea with no sweetener?” Marinette said, already pulling a pitcher of tea from the fridge behind the counter.

“With-

“Half a lemon?”

“And a-

“Raspberry scone,” Marinette supplied, fishing one out from behind the counter and tucking it in a brown paper bag.

“And while you’re at it-

“A medium latte with two pumps of caramel?” Marinette asked, glancing at the fencing bag over his shoulder. “When are you going to stop buying Kagami’s coffee for her?”

“When I stop losing duels where coffee is on the line,” Adrien sighed. “I swear, the first time I beat her was some kinda fluke…”

“The fact that I have it memorized at this point means you should probably stop stepping to your senpai like that,” Marinette chuckled.

“Speaking of memorization,” Adrien said, leaning on the counter. “We still on for tomorrow?”

“Four-thirty, your place,” Marinette nodded. As though she would forget.
“I’ll let Nathalie know you’re swinging by,” Adrien said, grabbing a drink in each hand and snatching the bag with the scone in it between his teeth. “Thnks!”

Marinette watched him waddle out of the shop with an armful of drinks, wondering if he was capable of going thirty minutes without doing something that made her squishy.

“What was that about?” Marinette turned around to see Alya leaning against the doorframe with a raised eyebrow.

“Nothing,” Marinette said quickly, fiddling with her braid.

“Adrien leaves you red-faced over nothing?” Alya asked, draping an arm over Marinette’s shoulder. “You really expect me to buy that?”

“...it’s just a study date at his house,” Marinette said, worming out of Alya’s grasp.

“So it’s a date?” Alya said, lips curling into a grin.

“A date with books and no funny business,” Marinette said quickly, busying herself with cleaning the counter.

“Not with that attitude,” Alya said, bumping her hip against Marinette. “Come ooooon; he basically invited you over while his parents aren’t home~”

“His father is a workaholic and his mother may be dead,” Marinette pointed out. “They’re never home.”

“Point still stands,” Alya said, pouring a cup of coffee for herself. “We’re gonna be out of school in a handful of months; this could be the last chance you get to do what every girl and at least half the guys in Paris dream of!”

“...Adrien?”
“Precisely,” Alya nodded.

“When you say every girl in Paris, do you mean that you-”

“What can I say; kid looks good in jeans,” Alya shrugged.

“...does Nino know that you-”

“What part of half of the guys in Paris was unclear?” Alya asked. “Look, Luka didn’t pan out the way you wanted, but that was like a year and a half ago, right? Get back up on that horse already...and by horse I do mean-”

“Got it!” Marinette said, straightening the disposable cups to give herself something to do other than turn red. With everything going on in her life, the last thing she needed was a fling with someone who was probably leaving for some posh foreign college in the following fall. She had tried (mostly unsuccessfully) to move past her feelings for Adrien and the last thing she needed was to go deeper down the rabbit hole she had spent four years crawling out of.

...on the other hand, next autumn was a long way away. Maybe the quickest way to get over Adrien was to get under-

“O-Oh, thank god, a customer,” Marinette muttered, stepping up to the counter with a beaming smile. “Can I help you?”

“Hooooooooooome!”

Marinette caught the door with her foot so it didn’t slam, strolling through the back of the bakery with a yawn. The smell of long-eaten dinner still lingered in the kitchen, and a plate of chicken, vegetables, and rice sat in the microwave with Marinette’s name on it. A note on the fridge read “Trouble with delivery driver; back tonight <3” in her mother’s neat pink calligraphy next to a crisp, cream colored envelope that Marinette had been anticipating...and dreading all week.

“Are you going to read it?” Tikki asked, fluttering out of her clutch bag as Marinette reheated the meal her father had made.
“I’ll get to it,” Marinette said, tucking the letter in her bag and hauling her dinner upstairs. By the time she had reached the ladder leading up to her loft, she had cleared through the chicken and vegetables and was just finishing her rice when she scooted through her trap door.

Not much had changed in Marinette’s room since she moved to the loft; only her computer and drawing table were relatively recent additions. A half-finished jacket pinned to a mannequin sat near her workstation, and a blinking light on her dashboard alerted her to a chat notification.

**Luka:** sooooooooooo not to be a pest or anything buuuuuuuuuuuuuuuut

**Luka:** did you get a chance to finish the back-cover art yet?

Rolling her eyes, Marinette scarfed down the last of her dinner, firing Illustrator up as she replied to Luka.

**Marinette:** some of us are still in lycee :P

**Marinette:** and have two jobs

**Luka:** two whole jobs???

**Luka:** i dream of the days when i only had two jobs

**Luka:** working two jobs would be a vacation for me

**Marinette:** cut me some slack; i’m not used to the whole starving artist grind

**Luka:** you will be, young skywalker

**Luka:** you will be
Luka: b t dubs, did you hear from Saint Martins yet?

Marinette: why is everyone asking me that?

Luka: because it’s cool

Luka: and you’re totes going

Marinette: might be going

Luka: did anyone else have a letter of reference from jagged fucking stone?

Luka: i think not

Marinette: we’ll see

Marinette: i have a french paper to write but i’ll try and get you another draft tonight

Luka: you’re a peach <3

Luka: i would kiss you just for old time’s sake if i were there

Marinette: with that tongue stud???

Marinette: hard pass; you used too much tongue as it was

Marinette: whatever girl you’re with is going to get her teeth broken by a little metal wrecking ball
Luka: <:p

Marinette: what did I say about too much tongue

Luka: just for that; no more kisses for you

Marinette: my dentist thanks you

By the time ten o’clock rolled around, half an essay on Les Miserables and half an album cover for a budding punk group were finished, and the cream colored envelope perched on Marinette’s desk had remained unopened. Every time her eyes drifted over towards it, she came up with something else to do. She started on her math homework that wasn’t due for a week, organized her desktop folders, and even wiped her desk down before curiosity started to get the better of her.

It was heavy in her hands as she stared down at it; she didn’t know if that was a good thing or not. Slowly she peeled the back of the envelope open, fishing the letter out and starting to read.

Dear Ms. Dupain-Cheng,

We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted to-

Marinette felt her stomach churn, heart pounding in her ears as she read line after line of glowing praise. “Great potential...imaginative designs...scholarship opportunities.” Every word said in her favor sent another cold, icy pang of disappointment washing through her as she just stared down at it, fingers running over the parchment almost longingly.

“What does it say?” Tikki asked, swooping over to read the letter as Marinette dropped it on the desk. “...you got in?!”

“Yeah...looks like it,” Marinette said softly, standing up and running a hand through her hair.
“B-But that’s amazing!” Tikki said, fluttering up to look her partner in the eye. “I-It’s what you wanted, isn’t it? One of the best schools in the world accepted your application!”

Marinette bit her lip, staring out at the Eiffel Tower. “It’s in London.”

Tikki’s antennae drooped, fluttering down to the desk with a small sigh. “...oh.”

It was what she wanted; an education from Central Saint Martins would have kickstarted her design career and made enough valuable connections to get her first investors interested. It was the beginning of her life as she wanted to lead it...and she simply couldn’t do it.

“Maybe you could…” Tikki trailed off, searching for an answer.

“What?” Marinette laughed. “Take the Chunnel every time an akuma popped up in Paris? Unless you’ve been holding out on teleportation powers, I can’t go to school in England and still be a superhero in Paris.”

“But…” Marinette swept the letter into her top desk drawer, opening Illustrator again and trying to lose herself in the swirling patterns of her design. She managed to ignore the weight in her chest up to and until Tikki laid a hand on her finger, looking up at her with wide, wobbling blue eyes.

“...it would have been nice,” Marinette said, wiping her eyes with the back of her hand and turning back to her computer.

“Chat?”

“Hm?” Chat glanced across the rooftop at his unusually taciturn partner as she stared out over the city.

“Do you…” Ladybug started, trailing off as she seemed to struggle to find the words. “Did you ever read the story of Sisyphus when you were a kid?”
“...sounds familiar,” Chat said, leaning on his staff. “Yeah, didn’t he betray the gods or something? And in true Greco-Roman dickweasel deity fashion, they made him roll a boulder up a hill for all eternity.”

Ladybug’s expression melted into a small smile. “Every time he almost got to the top, it would just roll back on down again. And he’d have to start over.”

“Makes you wonder why he didn’t just sit down; give up and spend the rest of eternity taking a cat nap,” Chat snickered.

“...maybe he thought it was important,” Ladybug said. “Maybe he...knew if he didn’t haul the boulder up to the top of the hill, someone else would have to. Maybe there was enough of the good king left in him to not back down from his duty...or maybe he’s just been doing it so long that he needs to see it through.”

“Even if it’s impossible?” Chat asked.

“Maybe he doesn’t know that,” Ladybug said, hugging her knees to her chest. “Maybe he thinks...okay, just one more try. Maybe this time I’ll get it; maybe this time I’ll win.”

Ladybug bit her lower lip. “…I mean, would you give up if you were him? Just accept that your task was impossible and that you’d never be free of this...this life you were living?”

“Do you really need to ask?” Chat snorted. “You know me; someone tells me I can’t do something, I’ll do it just to spite them.”

Ladybug snorted, standing up with a lazy stretch. “Well, if nothing else, spite is a hell of a motivator...same time tomorrow?”

“Unless our Sunday gets interrupted by Monsieur Butterfly,” Chat chuckled, holding out his fist. “You owe me two for skipping out on me today.”

“Fair enough,” Ladybug said, tapping Chat’s fist with a quick one-two punch. “Sorry about that, I just-”
“Don’t worry about it,” Chat said with a dismissive wave of his hand. “Let me know if you want me to cover a shift for you or something.”

“I wouldn’t even subject Hawkmoth to one of my swing shifts,” Ladybug chuckled, stepping backwards towards the edge of the roof. “…well-”

“I think Hawkmoth owes you one or two shifts at this point.”

“Owes me more than that,” Ladybug mumbled, shaking her hair. “Text me when you get home, kay?”

“Safe swinging,” Chat said with a two fingered salute as he dropped off the roof, kicking off a balcony and somersaulting over the lip of another building. She watched his dark figure retreat for a moment, admiring the deft way he landed and moved with an almost liquid flow before turning, latching her yo-yo on a lamppost and swinging off the roof. It was moments like this, when her life wasn’t in peril and she could enjoy the simple freedom of swinging through the city with the wind blowing through her hair, that she truly appreciated the freedom being Ladybug offered.

Her unexpected side job came with fewer perks than one might think so she was sure to take advantage of them whenever she could. Gliding past her balcony window, she latched on to another lamp post, slingshotting herself up into the night air. She reveled in the feeling of freefalling for a few seconds before swinging up and over the rooftops, closing her eyes as the chilly night air whipped past her cheeks.

The light in Ayla’s bedroom caught her attention as she landed on the roof across from her family’s townhouse. It was something of a guilty pleasure to catch small, stolen moments where her friends had their hair down and looked completely unguarded. Alya sat with her back to the headboard of her bed, phone cradled on her shoulder as she typed on her laptop. She couldn’t make out what Alya was saying but judging by the way she rolled her eyes with beaming laugh, it wasn’t hard to tell who she was talking to.

Envy wasn’t an emotion that Marinette liked to dwell on; she had been blessed and fortunate in so many ways that it felt petty begrudging the lives that her friends had built for themselves. But there were moments when she found herself craving the freedom to chart her own course, unfettered by responsibility she had shouldered since she was a fourteen year old girl. Alya didn’t have to plan her life within walking distance of the Eiffel Tower; she didn’t have to worry about putting her boyfriend’s life in danger on the off chance that Hawkmoth discovered her secret identity. The course of her life was entirely hers to chart and despite having nigh-limitless powers of creation of her fingertips, there were fleeting moments where Marinette would have traded her earrings and her nighttime runs through the city for just a taste of the freedom Alya had.
Shaking her head, Ladybug swung off the edge of the roof, hoping to lose the burgeoning feelings of resentment somewhere over the rooftops. She found herself sailing past Nino’s apartment, winding her way through the city until she found herself perched on one of the buildings across the street from Adrien’s family estate.

There were lines that Marinette never crossed as a superheroine; spying unseen on Adrien was one of them. She knew it would have been too easy to go down that slippery slope if she started and so she consciously steered clear of the Agreste manor whenever she felt like going on her little nightly strolls. Adrien lived his entire life under a camera lens; he deserved to have just a little bit of privacy in his personal life.

His father, on the other hand, wasn’t subject to the same courtesy.

The light on at the end of the compound drew Ladybug’s attention towards Gabriel Agreste’s office. While she had never indulged the creeping urge to spy on Adrien, the opportunity to be a fly on Gabriel Agreste’s wall was a little too much to resist. She could see him leaning over a drafting table as she had done so many times before, mumbling something to himself as a dark look of concentration crossed his face. While she had nothing but personal disdain for Adrien’s icicle of a father, the fashion designer in her couldn’t help but bear some begrudging respect for someone who built his fashion company out of nothing. He was living her dream; posted up in an expansive manor his own brand had bought. She could see herself in a similar position in a few years, drafting late into the night and in her personal office, talking with Tikki as her pen slid across the-

Ladybug frowned as Gabriel’s head turned to one side sharply, teeth baring as he snapped at someone just out of line of sight. The hair on the back of her neck stood up as she maneuvered herself up towards the window, keeping to the shadows as she tried to get a look at whoever Gabriel was snapping at. Adrien’s complaints about his father had petered off over the years, but something warm, fierce, and protective inside her bared its fangs at the thought of Gabriel looking at his son like that. She tilted her head to one side, peering around the corner as she tried take in whoever he was talking to…

And at first, she saw nothing.

Her initial instinct was that Gabriel was muttering darkly to herself as she sometimes did when faced with a difficult design decision. In the months and years that followed that moment, Marinette often found herself thinking back on the chance she had to follow her gut and turn away.

Six seconds was all it took to notice the small, floating purple figure that seemed to be the subject of Gabriel’s ire.
At first, Ladybug mistook it for a stress doll or an elaborate pincushion like the one that sat on her drafting table. During trying creative periods, she would often find herself ranting at the little duck shaped pincushion in the hopes that merely vocalizing her problems would be enough to solve them. So for a brief moment, Ladybug didn’t think anything of the fact that Gabriel was feverishly speaking to what appeared to be a doll; creative minds needed a safe outlet for stress, after all.

Then, the doll moved.

It was slight at first; just a flutter of wings that made Ladybug wonder if she hadn’t been up too late. She blinked, rubbing her eyes with the backs of her fists in the hopes that it was just hallucination brought on by lack of sleep. But when she opened her eyes, the floating purple figure had moved, hovering in front of Gabriel’s face as he spoke with it.

Ladybug froze, not trusting the flimsy shadows to hide her as she watched one of Paris’ most prominent fashion designers argued with a small purple bug creature. She tensed up as he turned to face the window, ducking out of sight as the small figure seemed to be going on at length about something. Gabriel closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and spoke two words she couldn’t quite hear.

A dark, purple light overtook him, causing Ladybug to avert her eyes with a pained wince. When she looked again, a tall, masked figure had replaced Gabriel and the small floating creature was no longer anywhere in the room. Ladybug’s stomach clenched, eyes widening as she saw a figure she had only seen in illusions or projections turn, walk towards a bookcase that swung open, and disappear down a dimly lit tunnel.

It wasn’t until the bookcase door shut behind him that Ladybug realized her hands were trembling.
Ladybug crouched on the ledge for what seemed like an eternity, shaking fingers clutching the windowsil. Cars passed on the street below, occasionally spilling light on her hiding spot, but Ladybug dared not move for fear that her legs would give out the moment she tried. Moving would mean that she needed to act; needed to do something about what she had just seen.

What was she supposed to do?

Could she take Hawkmoth by herself? She didn’t know where he was going or what kind of security measures Gabriel could have installed to thwart intruders. A better question; did she even know what he was capable of? She had spent almost five years fighting his proxies and servants, but his own skills were still largely unknown.

Taking him alone was out; she needed to call Chat, wait for Gabriel to transform back and then-

Her communicator beeping drew her out of her stupor. Fumbling for her yo-yo, Ladybug took a deep, steadying breath before answering.

“Chat, I...I need you-” Ladybug said.

“Always nice to hear,” Chat’s shaky chuckle came from the other end. “But maybe we should wait until after we handle this akuma, hm?”

“Akuma?” The sound of distance screaming drew Ladybug’s attention to a giant pink cupcake that threatened to swallow the Arc de Triomphe. “Of course there’s an akuma; why wouldn’t there be an akuma?!”

“You wanna split dessert?”

“I’ll be there in a second,” Ladybug sighed, closing her communicator and sparing one last look at Gabriel’s office before latching on to a nearby lamp-post and grappling towards the frosted nightmare that threatened to engulf her city.
“That was a piece of cake,” Chat said, watching the purified akuma flutter up over the city. Ladybug watched it flutter back in the direction of the Agreste estate, wondering why it never occurred to her that the butterflies might return home to their master when all was said and done.

“Okay, that was a low-hanging pun,” Chat admitted, frowning as Ladybug’s gaze drifted off over the skyline. “That one needed more time to rise...rise like a cake...cakes rise, right?...Ladybug?...you okay?”

“Chat…” Ladybug said, turning to face her partner. “There’s something I need to-”

Beep! Beep! Beep!

Ladybug growled, bunching her hands in her hair as her earrings started beeping. “Look, I...let’s meet up in the usual spot tomorrow; we need to talk.”

“I...have a study date in the afternoon but-”

“Chat,” Ladybug said, blue eyes hard as she held his gaze. “We need to talk.”

Another series of beeps silenced Chat’s line of questioning as Ladybug hopped off the roof, springing off a dumpster lid and landing behind a restaurant delivery truck as her transformation ran out.

“Okay,” Marinette murmured to herself, trembling fingers opening a packet of store bought cookies and passing one to Tikki as she fluttered up into her hood. “Okay, okay, okay...let me think...let me think...”

“What’s there to think about?!” Tikki squeaked, crumbs falling down the front of Marinette’s shirt as she frantically crammed the cookie in her mouth. “Adrien’s father is Hawkmoth!”

“Hey, say that louder next time!” Marinette said, pulling out her phone to make it look like she was talking to someone. “I don’t think Gabriel Agreste heard it that time!”
“B-But this is what we’ve been working for!” Tikki squeaked in her ear as Marinette wound her way through the evening crowds. “We have him! We have his address! We just need to sneak in while he’s sleeping and.”

“I know!” Marinette snapped, pausing under a tree as she took a deep breath. “Look, after getting drenched in magically generated buttercream, nothing would make me happier than going over there and snatching that Miraculous away from Adrien’s skeevier than advertised father…”

“But?”

“But, I can’t just break in, guns blazing,” Marinette countered. "This whole situation just got a lot more complicated than I thought it would be..."

“You could sneak in?” Tikki suggested, scarifying another cookie down in a hail of crumbs and chocolate chips. “Steal it from him when he’s sleeping?”

“And what if he doesn’t keep it on him when he sleeps?” Marinette countered. “What if he locks it away in a safe or something and I’m left fumbling around in the dark until the alarm system trips? And how am I supposed to explain to Adrien why I’m rooting around his father’s office at night?”

“I don’t know!” Tikki said, an edge of desperation creeping into her voice. “But we can’t just do nothing! We...we can’t just leave him there!”

Marinette closed her eyes, ducking into a grocery store with a small sigh. “…what’s his name?”

“...Nooroo,” Tikki muttered into Marinette’s ear. “I know we have to be careful but it’s...he was just so sweet. And kind. His power is supposed to help people realize their potential; to make heroes out of anyone...and to have him be in the hands of that vile man-”

“I know,” Marinette said, reaching into her hoodie and rubbing Tikki’s head with the tip of her finger. “And we’re going to get him out...we just need a plan. We need to figure out how to get to him without him transforming, or running, or causing a scene, or-”

Marinette trailed off, eyes narrowing as Gabriel’s cold, refined features glowered up at her from
“...Tikki,” Marinette asked, eyes drifting over to the rows of packaged cookies. “Does Hawkmoth need time to recharge after an akuma?”

Tikki frowned. “I...we all need to recharge after a fight. Unless we find some way to recharge our magical power like eating cook-”

Tikki froze, looking up at the rows of cookies before turning slowly to look at Marinette.

“How fast can you eat?”

The sliding bookcase locked with a *thunk* behind him as the last of Gabriel’s transformation disappeared in a flash of dark purple light. He pinched the bridge of his nose, taking a deep breath as he fought to calm the rising tide of frustration that welled up after every failed attempt. Closing his eyes, he slowly started counting down from ten, willing himself to resist the urge to upend his desk with every passing second until he felt calm again.

“Frosting?” Gabriel said, shooting Nooroo a cool glare. “That was the best you could manage, hm?”

“I-I didn’t think-” Nooroo wilted as Gabriel held his hand up.

“You can spare me the sob story,” Gabriel sighed, rubbing his temples as he reached for the light switch. “I know better than to expect any degree of effort on your part at this point since you’ve made no secret how little you care for my family. I just thought that after four years, you might at least be tired of this miserable run around.”

“Aren’t we all?”

Gabriel’s heart seized in his chest as a voice echoed off the walls of his empty office. The lights came up on a young woman perched on the edge of his desk, blue eyes hard and arms cross as she glowered down at him beneath a red and black mask.
“How…who let you…” Gabriel glanced between Ladybug and Nooroo, faced with the enormity of his greatest hindrance catching him redhanded talking to a purple butterfly kwami. “I...I know how this looks, but I can explain—"

“Can you?” Ladybug asked, hopping off the desk, advancing on the fashion mogul as he backed towards the door, looking for a way out. "Go ahead then; explain. It’ll be good practice for your criminal hearing !”

“Nooroo, transform me!” Gabriel hissed, tilting a chair over to try and slow Ladybug down.

“Much as I’d like this to be a fair fight, I’m running on three hours of sleep and eighteen cups of coffee,” Ladybug said, kicking the chair clean across the room with an shattering crash. “Yeah, never had to deal with cooldown in the middle of a fight, huh? Fortunately for you, the care and feeding of your kwami isn’t going to be your problem for too much longer!”

“I-I understand how you feel-” Gabriel grunted as Ladybug lifted him off his feet by his lapels and pressed him up against the door to his office.

“You can’t even begin to comprehend how I feel,” Ladybug hissed, fingers bunching in the fabric of his shirt as his glasses slid off his nose. “I have spent four years putting my life on hold because of you and your magical temper tantrums—"

“Tantrums?” Gabriel’s lip curled into a snarl as he feebly tried to pull Ladybug’s hands off his shirt. “You think I’ve spent four years doing nothing but throw tantrums?! Like a child?!"

“Right, because covering Paris in pink buttercream frosting is just the peak of maturity."

“If you’re going to arrest me, arrest me,” Gabriel spat. “But I will not be judged by a child who has no understanding of my life beyond what she has no doubt read in supermarket magazines.”

“Ooh, now who’s being judgemental?” Ladybug laughed, blood pounding in her ears as her fingers twisted in the expensive fabric of his shirt, lifting him higher over her head. Nooroo seemed frozen in mid air, paralyzed between his master and his best chance at freedom. “Okay, Gabe, why don’t you fill me in then? What do you need my Miraculous for anyway? You want money? Power? Always wanted a pair of silver studs with spots?”
"You think that all this has been in service of some shallow vanity?" Gabriel panted, legs kicking against the door as he struggled to get out of Ladybug’s grip. "You think that little of me?"

“I think much, much less of you,” Ladybug spat, bumping Gabriel hard against the door. She could feel Tikki’s anger bleeding through her suit, amplifying the hurt she already felt. It wasn’t enough that Gabriel be dragged in; he had to pay, had to explain himself, had to give some reason as to why she had spent so long fighting. “Come on, tell me; get it off your chest. You owe me an-

“I...owe...you... nothing!” Gabriel hissed, teeth grinding as he glared down at his captor. “You cannot even begin to understand what I’ve gone through; what I’ve lost!”

“We’ve all lost plenty thanks to you,” Ladybug snarled, bringing Gabriel back down to eye level. “Tell me something; was it worth it? Was it worth all the heartache and destruction you caused?!”

“Emilie is worth anything!”

Ladybug blinked, fingers slackening ever so slightly as a soft series of knocks broke the tense silence that followed Gabriel’s outburst.

“Father?” Adrien’s voice came from behind the door. “Father, are you alright?”

Gabriel glared at Ladybug for a moment before she dropped him, sliding behind the door as Gabriel quickly straightened out his appearance. He ran his hands through his hair, took a deep breath, and unlocked the door wide enough to stick his head through.

“Yes, Adrien, I’m perfectly fine,” Gabriel said, sparing Ladybug a brief glance before forcing a somewhat uncomfortable smile. “I-I’m afraid my new chair was somewhat shoddily put together.”

Through the crack in the door, Ladybug saw Adrien’s eyes glance at the broken chair across the room, praying he didn’t look right to see her hiding behind the door. She didn’t know how she was going to explain to him what she was doing in his father’s office after hours or how to even begin to explain his father's extracurricular activities. She didn’t know if she had the heart to look him in the eye as she made him effectively an orphan by hauling his father off to prison.

“Do you need some ice?” Adrien asked, stepping forward as Gabriel held the door closed to
“No,” Gabriel said a little curtly. “thank you, but it was just a careless accident. No need to worry.”

“If you say so,” Adrien said, a little uncertainly as he backed into the hall. “I’ll let you get back to work then…”

“Wait…” Gabriel spared Ladybug a quick glance as Adrien turned around. “I...have business in the morning. Early flight to Belgium.”

“Oh,” Adrien nodded, shoulders slumping ever so slightly. “Sure; I’ll get Nathalie to drive me to the fencing meet.”

“I apologize for cancelling at the last minute, but I may be detained for quite some time,” Gabriel said. “If...the worst should happen, Nathalie has all my affairs in order.”

“What?” From her hiding spot, Ladybug could see Adrien frown in confusion. “Why are you-”

“The controlling interest in the Gabriel House of Fashion will be held in trust until your eighteenth birthday next month and the deeds to this property, the townhouse in London, and the cottage in Vienna will be transferred to your control as well,” Gabriel continued. “The contents of my bank accounts, as well as my personal retirement-”

“Father, where is this coming from?” Adrien laughed, brow knitting in concern. “You’ve made this flight more times than I can remember; why are you suddenly talking like you might not come back?”

Gabriel glanced at Ladybug for a moment, eyes betraying something other than contempt before turning back to his son. “Because...you are a man in all but age. Should...anything happen to me, you need to be able to provide for yourself. Nathalie will, of course, help in whatever capacity she is able, but...she is not family. And when...if something were to happen to me, you would be the only member of our family left.”

“Nothing’s going to happen to you,” Adrien said, resting a hand on his father’s shoulder. “You’re going to go on this trip like you’ve done so many times before, and you’re going to come back in one piece just like you always have.”
Ladybug’s stomach churned as Adrien leaned in, wrapping his arms around his father in a hug that he tentatively returned after a moment. In her haste to ensure that Gabriel was punished for his crimes, she neglected to consider that one of her oldest friends would be made fatherless in the transaction. As much as Hawkmoth needed to be stopped, it would come at the cost of Adrien’s last living family member, effectively orphaning him and exposing the company his livelihood was based on to ruin and ridicule. She had never considered that Hawkmoth might have family; he had been a faceless spectre that haunted her since she was fourteen. Seeing him as something human was unsettling; not even Tikki’s bristling anger managed to quell the sick feeling that bubbled up in her stomach.

“I am...not the most expressive person,” Gabriel said. “And I realize there have been times when you may have felt like I haven’t lived up to my responsibilities as a parent-”

“Father-”

“-but you must understand,” Gabriel said, pulling back with his hands on Adrien’s shoulders. “Everything I have done has been for your benefit...please, remember that.”

Adrien frowned in confusion. “I...will?”

“Thank you,” Gabriel said, awkwardly patting his son on the shoulders. “Now, you should be in bed. I fear Ms. Tsurugi will skewer me if she learns I kept you up.”

“I’d say that I’d fight her off but...well, we both know she’d beat me,” Adrien said with a shaky laugh, waving at his father as he backed out of the room. “Goodnight; safe travels.”

Gabriel opened his mouth as though he wanted to say something, but apparently decided against it, waving him off and closing his door with a lock that echoed in the silent office.

“I will ask you to kindly remember that this is my home,” Gabriel said, voice quietly restraining the anger that shook each syllable. “And to please refrain from tossing me about in a pique of anger while my son is home.”

Ladybug pursed her lips, folding her arms as Gabriel walked behind his desk, pressing a small button that opened the bookcase that led to his lair.
“I don’t know how you discovered my identity, but I’ll just assume it was carelessness on my part,” Gabriel said smoothly. “That’s hardly important now; all that matters at this stage in the game is deciding what you are going to do with this knowledge.”

“You know what I have to do,” Ladybug said.

“What you have to do is ensure that no more akuma appear,” Gabriel said, looking over the rims of his glasses. “It seems to me that there are a number of ways to accomplish that.”

Ladybug felt her skin prickle at the insinuation. “What are you suggesting?”

“I’m suggesting that there may be a way for us to both get what we want,” Gabriel proposed, gesturing to the tunnel. “Though I would prefer to discuss this somewhere more secure.”

“What makes you think that I’m going to follow you into your creepy secret lair?” Ladybug asked, crossing her arms.

“If you weren’t, you would have arrested me by now,” Gabriel shrugged, turning around and walking into his hallway. “You still could, I suppose…”

*Do it,* a voice in the back of her mind that sounded strangely like Tikki demanded.

*...and then what?* Another voice countered. Orphan her friend? Doom a company full of designers like her to death by collateral damage?

Hawkmoth just had to be someone important, didn’t he? He couldn’t have been a nobody who nobody would have missed if he went to prison. He had to be a lynchpin in Parisian culture, her second favorite designer, and the father of one of her favorite people, didn’t he? It would have been easy to bag a nameless, faceless baker or shopkeeper or tailor without everything falling down around her ears...but Gabriel Agreste made things all the more difficult.

Tentatively, Ladybug stepped forward, following Gabriel into the dark hallway and towards a dimly lit beacon of dark purple energy.
Chapter End Notes

Remember kids: don't go into supervillain's lairs unsupervised!

Thanks for all the feedback so far! Next chapter is the end of this prologue section so I'm eager to see if I can make a case that people will accept going forward. As always, read and review!
“Do you prefer red or white?”

Ladybug raised an impassive eyebrow at Gabriel as he uncorked a bottle of surprisingly cheap liquor, tilting the pale liquid into a stemless wine glass which he offered to Ladybug. When she made no move to take it, he shrugged and took a long pull from the chardonnay.

“Forgive me; I shouldn’t have assumed you were old enough,” Gabriel said.

“I’m-” Ladybug stopped herself with a small scowl. “Trying to fish personal information out of me?”

“Trying to be hospitable,” Gabriel said, corking the wine bottle and pacing over to the intricate glass window overlooking the city. Pale moonlight streamed in, casting shadows that made Gabriel’s face look thin, pale, and haunted. “I feel we may have gotten off on the wrong foot.”

“Kinda blew your chance to make a good first impression four years ago,” Ladybug said coolly. Small, pale purple butterflies danced in the air, fluttering close to Ladybug long enough to check her out before losing interest and dancing away.

“Never hurts to try again,” Gabriel said, setting his wine glass down on the windowsill and turning to face Ladybug. “Very well; let’s talk business. What is it that you want?”

“Are you trying to bribe me?” Ladybug asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Would you accept a bribe?” Gabriel asked, reaching into his jacket for a checkbook. “Funny; I hadn’t considered whether or not you might be open to selling your Miraculous…”

Gabriel took one look at the withering glare Ladybug leveled at him and quietly put his checkbook away.
“Very well,” Gabriel said. “Hard to put a price on something that is quite literally priceless, after all...so what is it that you want?”

“What *I* want is for you to stop using your butterflies to ruin my life,” Ladybug said, crossing her arms. “I want you to give up your Miraculous and stop chasing after *mine*."

“And in return?”

“Return?” Ladybug asked. “How about your freedom; is that good enough?”

“No,” Gabriel said simply. “It’s not.”

“I’m sorry, *Gabriel*, but you’re not really in a position to make demands,” Ladybug said. “One word to the chief of police, and-”

“What, exactly?” Gabriel asked, taking a sip of his wine. “He’s going to take the word of an adolescent vigilante over mine?”

“Your word is better than Ladybug’s?” Ladybug snorted. “Which one of us has a statue of them in the middle of a park?”

“Which one of us has their name on half the park benches in this city, along with the words “Generously donated by the estate of…” Gabriel countered. “If celebrity is the only arrow in your quiver, I’ll remind you that I’ve been gracing magazine covers since you were in diapers.”

“Well, that’s just more reason for me to take your Miraculous right now then, isn’t it?” Ladybug countered.

“You can certainly try, though I imagine any fight between us might be a bit destructive,” Gabriel said, glancing down at the house below them. “The problem with akumitizing workers to build a secret lair for you is that they tend to skip over building codes; I shudder to think what would happen if our fight carried out into the main house…”

“Figures,” Ladybug sneered. “Given your complete and total disregard for your son’s safety in the past, I can’t say I’m surprised.”
“Do not assume that you know what is beneficial for my son more than I do,” Gabriel said, voice cold and steely. “Let it be clear that I would not be the one putting my son in danger in this situation.”

“So it would be my fault for wanting to drag in his criminal father,” Ladybug said.

“I am not going to apologize for the things that I have done in service of my family,” Gabriel said, hands clasped behind his back. “I doubt a simple ‘sorry’ is sufficient at this point in any case. But I am giving you a chance to end this peacefully with minimal destruction to all parties involved. I am offering you a trade.”

“Let me guess; you want my Miraculous,” Ladybug said.

“My interest in your Miraculous extends only so far as to what it can do for me,” Gabriel said. “Your guardian...has he never told you what kind of power you wield?”

Ladybug was silent, so Gabriel pressed on. “One who wields both the power of creation and the power of destruction has the potential to rewrite the world to suit their whims. That degree of power can overcome any obstacle, achieve any goal...heal any wound.”

“You expect me to believe that?” Ladybug asked, fingering her earrings absentmindedly.

“Think of the things you’ve already done with your power.” Gabriel said. “Think of all the devastation you’ve healed with a wave of your hand. Does it really stretch credibility to believe that the Ladybug Miraculous—with the Black Cat to provide support—could bring someone back?”

“Adrien’s mother,” Ladybug said. “So...this was all for her?”

“Everything I’ve ever done since I was fourteen years old has all been for her,” Gabriel said, folding his arms behind his back. “There is nothing that I would not do to make my family whole again; I cannot expect you to understand that, but if the power of your Miraculouses can bring Adrien’s mother back from...”
Gabriel trailed off, taking a deep breath as he fixed Ladybug with a resolute stare. “I promised that I would bring Emilie back...and I will not break that promise. To do that, however...I require the use of your Miraculous.”

“So you just want me to hand it over?” Ladybug asked, shaking her head. “After all we’ve been through?”

“I don’t need to actually posses them,” Gabriel continued. “I just...I need their power to be used once...for one solitary wish. I would not even need to be the one to make it, as long as it is made.”

“...so…” Ladybug shifted her weight. “One of us could…”

“You could use them both,” Gabriel said, snapping his fingers with a sharp echo that reverberated across the walls. “A snap of the fingers is all it would take; one second of effort and we could both go our separate ways. Paris need never be bothered by our little turf war ever again.”

Gabriel took a step forward, staying slightly out of reach. “Four years we’ve been at this. Four years of pointless back and forth like something out of a cheap comic book...aren’t you sick of this? A young person like yourself should be looking to the future rather than fighting a long, bitter, pointless war.”

“Yes,” Gabriel continued before Ladybug could interrupt. “This was all pointless; you were involved in a fight you had no business getting involved in and for four years, you’ve done nothing but delay my family’s reunion. That is what you’re fighting for; not for peace or for justice, but to torment one family who has been through enough heartbreak for-.”

“Stop it!” Ladybug blurted out, taking a step back. “You think that makes any difference?! Am I supposed to feel sorry for you?!”

“I am not asking you to feel sorry for me,” Gabriel said softly. “I am offering you a way to end this without further harm to anybody.”

Ladybug stood stock still, jaw clenched and hands shaking in balled fists, not trusting herself to move as she scanned Gabriel’s face for any hint of deceit that would justify his elimination.

“I...I need to go,” Ladybug said, backing slowly towards the tunnel. “This was a mistake, I...I need to-“
“Of course,” Gabriel said, running a hand through his hair. “I did not expect an answer right away. Take all the time you need; we have nothing but time, don’t we?”

Rather than give him an answer, Ladybug simply turned, running down the hallway as though she were waiting for it to swallow her whole. She didn’t look back until she was at the window that led to his office; didn’t realize that she had been holding her breath until the first gulp of night air seared her lungs as she dove off the balcony.

Nooroo watched Gabriel down the last of his wine with a thoughtful smack of his lips as he looked out the window.

“That went better than I thought it would,” he mused, watching Ladybug’s figure retreat over the rooftops.

Tikki started yelling the minute the suit disappeared.

“You had him!” Tikki shrieked as Marinette paced the length of the balcony, hands running through her hair as she fought to regain control her breathing. “He was standing in front of you and you walked away! You could have snatched that pin away from him at any time but-”

“I know!” Marinette snapped, rounding on Tikki. “I... know.”

“What,” Tikki said, zipping up and cupping Marinette’s nose. “Were you thinking?!”

“I don’t know, okay?” Marinette said, batting Tikki away with a wave of her hand. “I panicked; forgive me for having some trouble digesting the fact that my friend’s father is a crazy person in a moth suit!”

“W-Well...digest it!” Tikki squeaked. “Call up Chat! We need to go back!”
“And do what?” Marinette laughed, running her hand through her hair. “Hey, M. Agreste! I took a powder and decided, actually, fuck you and your deal; let’s throw down! Oh, shoot, try not to drop rubble on your sleeping son’s head while I’m kicking your ass, kay?”

“Then we can lure him away!” Tikki said, fluttering up to Marinette’s shoulder. “Call Chat; we can come up with a plan! We can fight him and-”

“**What have I been doing?!”** Marinette snapped, rounding on her kwami with a wild, frantic look in her eyes. “What have I been doing for the last **four years**, Tikki?! I’ve been **fighting**! I’ve been fighting since I was fourteen years old and it **isn’t working**!”

“All I do is **fight**,” Marinette rambled, pacing the length of her roof. “And when I’m not fighting, I’m waiting to fight! I’m hanging on the edge of my seat just waiting to get the call that something is attacking my city! I’m on standby twenty-four seven! I-I can’t even go to the beach or go on vacation or go to the movies without worrying that something bad is going to happen!”

Tikki floated back as Marinette blinked rapidly, shaking her head and scrubbing her eyes with the back of her hands. “I’m sick of it...I’m sick of my life being completely **ruled** by a fight I thought would be over by now! It’s the same thing, over and over and **over** again! Even now; now that we know who Hawkmoth is, I **still** can’t just run in there and bag him without Adrien’s life falling down around his ears.”

“Seriously?!” Tikki scoffed. “You know who Hawkmoth is, you have him at your mercy, and you’re not going to take him down because it’s going to **inconvenience your extravagantly wealthy crush**?!”

“What am I supposed to do; Adrien is my friend!”

“And Nooroo is mine!” Tikki snapped. “How calm do you expect me to be when he’s being held hostage by that...**hideous** man?”

“I know...” Marinette said, reaching out a hand and stroking her agitated kwami’s head. “I know **exactly** how you feel. Hawkmoth has two of our closest friends hostage...so what do we do in a hostage situation?”

Tikki’s eyes drooped for a moment, before widening in horrified realization. “...you don’t mean-”
“We...negotiate,” Marinette said, kneeling down to get on eye level with her kwami. “Tikki...is he lying?”

“Marinette-”

“Tell me he’s lying, and we’ll take him down,” Marinette pleaded. “Please, just look me in the eye and tell me there’s no way that we can bring Adrien’s mother back and I’ll call Chat right now…”

Tikki glanced away, scowling deeply at the street below them. “That...that shouldn’t matter.”

“Is it possible?”

“Only one person in the history of the world has ever held the Ladybug and Black Cat Miraculouses!” Tikki said, fluttering around anxiously.

“Is it possible ?”

“Anyone who did would have to wrestle with the two most powerful forces in the universe! I-It’s not like rubbing a magic lamp and making a wish; we’re talking about reshaping reality itself!”

“Tikki!” Marinette said, catching the fluttering kwami in her palms and bending over to look her in the eye. “Is...it...possible?”

Tikki glanced away for a moment, mentally chewing on her answer before turning back to Marinette. “Technically... technically anything is possible, but-”

“But what ?” Marinette asked. “Tikki, we have a chance to end this without anybody else getting hurt; w-we can’t just dismiss this out of hand!”

“So that’s your plan; after everything we’ve been through we’re just going to give the homicidal maniac what he wants?!”
“It’s not like he wants to rule the world or anything; he’s trying to bring his wife back,” Marinette countered.

“According to him,” Tikki sniffed. “Personally I wouldn’t trust him as far Ladybug could throw him... which, I might add, is not a bad idea!”

“Yeah, sure, let’s just whip people around the city like a superhero movie!” Marinette said, throwing her hands up. “Let’s just get in there and kick ass! I mean, why don’t I just kill him and dump his body in the river?! I mean it’s not like my actions have any consequence, right?! Who cares what happens after, right?! I’m sure Miraculous Ladybug can fix the fallout that’s gonna come after the head of a major fashion label gets outed as a supervillain! But hey, as long as we bag the bad guy it’s all hunky dory, right?!”

Marinette pinched the bridge of her nose. “We...we have to think about this. If there’s a chance that we can bring Adrien’s mother back and ensure that Hawkmoth never akumitizes another person again—”

“And you expect him to just hand over Nooroo when all is said and done?” Tikki asked.

“He doesn’t have any reason to keep fighting and if he does I can just take him down even easier,” Marinette said. “No... no, if we do this, everybody gets what they want. We could do it tomorrow and everybody’s life could just go on.”

“You’re talking like you have both Miraculouses already,” Tikki said, shaking her head. “What about Chat? Is he supposed to just give you his ring when you tell him Hawkmoth made you a deal?”

Marinette bit her lip, frowning at the ground below her for a second. “...we can cross that bridge when we get to it.”

Tikki shook her head, floating a few yards away from Marinette as silence washed over the roof.

“Kwamis are beholden to their chosen,” Tikki said after a moment. “So if this is your choice... I have no real way to stop you.”

Marinette turned to see Tikki looking at her with a tired, sad look that made Marinette realize for
the first time just how old she was.

“But this is not going to go the way you think it will,” Tikki said softly.

Tikki fluttered through the skylight as Marinette turned back towards the city, taking a deep breath as she watched the lights glimmer until the sun slowly started to peek over the rooftops behind her.

“You need a break?”

Marinette shook her head mid yawn, slapping the sides of her cheeks as she forced a small smile. “Sorry...late night.”

“I couldn’t tell,” Adrien said, watching her finish the third cup of coffee he brought from the kitchen. “I would top you off, but at this point I think you’ve had enough.”

“I’m probably just eating into tonight’s sleep at this point,” Marinette said, slurping the coffee-flavored sugar slurry at the bottom of her cup with a thoughtful smack of her lips.

“I think we’ve done all we can for today anyway,” Adrien said, closing his textbook and stretching with a small grunt. “We can always hook up at some point this week if you want to refresh.”

“You know I’m always down to hook up with you,” Marinette said, blinking as her sleep-deprived brain caught up to what she had just said. “...that came out wrong.”

“You do need some sleep,” Adrien chuckled, mopping up a streak of raspberry jam with the corner of his pastry before popping it in his mouth. “Just as well; father said his business trip to Belgium was cut short so he should be home for dinner.”

“O-Oh,” Marinette coughed. “Well...yeah, you should probably spend time with him then, huh?”

“I take what I can get where he’s concerned,” Adrien shrugged. “He has gotten better; we’re not
gonna be playing football in the park anytime soon, but at least he’s home for dinner most nights.”

“That’s…” Sad, Marinette thought. “Good?”

“Not as good as these pastries,” Adrien said, biting into the last orange scone with a small moan. “Seriously, when can I get the recipe?”

“Family secret; sorry.”

“If I marry you, do I get it?” Adrien asked as Marinette covered her squeak of surprise with a small cough.

“I-I’ll see if I can get it in my dowry,” Marinette chuckled, scratching the back of her neck as she stood up. “See you tomorrow?”

“Unless I bang at your door at three in the morning asking for more scones,” Adrien said, standing up and walking her out of his room.

“I may or may not throw them at your head if you wake me up at-” Marinette froze at the top of the stairs as the front door opened and a somewhat tired looking Gabriel Agreste stepped through.

“Oh, Father!” Adrien said brightly as Marinette’s stomach plummeted to the soles of her feet. In the light of day, it was easy to forget that Gabriel Agreste was a full fledged supervillain. He didn’t look like what she expected a supervillain to look like; he looked like an overworked old man, tired from a day of pretending to travel. “You remember Marinette, don’t you?”

Gabriel looked up at her with a small nod and a perfunctory smile. “Ah, Mlle. Dupain. It’s been a while, hasn’t it?”

_Not as long as you think_, Marinette thought as she returned the smile. “M. Agreste. I hope your trip was successful.”

Gabriel’s brow knit in confusion for a moment before he nodded in recognition. “Yes, my latest trip was quite successful, thank you for asking.”
“Marinette was just mentioning that she’s been accepted to Central St. Martins,” Adrien mentioned, nudging Marinette lightly in the ribs.

“Really?” Gabriel said, perking up ever so slightly. “I’ve worked with half the admissions board at some point or another and they’re not the type to be easily impressed.”

“N-Nothing’s for certain yet,” Marinette said, waving her hand. “There are still a few French schools I’m waiting to hear back from…”

“Don’t let Parisian snobbery hold your career back,” Gabriel said seriously. “French education is not automatically superior; it may do you some good to get out of the country for a while...broaden your horizons.”

Gabriel’s eyes turned to Adrien at the last line and Marinette felt him stiffen beside her.

“HEC is as good as Oxford,” Adrien said somewhat stiffly.

“There’s something to be said for travelling while you’re still young enough to enjoy it,” Gabriel said cryptically, brushing past them and heading up the stairs. “Congratulations on your admission, Mlle. Dupain; I trust you’ll exceed the expectations placed upon you.”

Adrien waited until the door to his father’s office closed upstairs before rolling his eyes.

“Oxford?” Marinette asked.

“Father wants me to do my undergraduate there,” Adrien shrugged, sticking his hands in his pockets. “Mom’s old alma mater so...he’s got a soft spot for it.”

“Oh,” Marinette said softly, rocking back and forth on her heels. “Well...it’s Oxford. Can’t beat that for a pedigree.”

“I guess,” Adrien sighed, forcing a small smile. “Sorry; you must be tired. I won’t keep you.”
“You make it sound like it’s a chore talking to you,” Marinette tsked. “But I’m sure you’d like to catch up with your father.”

Marinette paused as she stepped out into the cool autumn evening, turning around with a smile. “I’ll...see you tomorrow?”

“‘You want to do our chemistry homework together?’ Adrien asked, leaning in the doorway. “After class?”

“S-Sure!” Marinette said brightly. “We can cheat off Alya and Nino’s notes at a cafe or something.”

Marinette didn’t miss the way Adrien’s expression fell ever so slightly. “Oh...yeah, sure we can all go together. Four heads are better than two, right?”

“I’ll let Alya know when I get back,” Marinette said with a small wave of her fingers. “Night Adrien.”

Adrien watched her walk down the steps, watched her round the corner past his gate, and watched her until she disappeared around the side of his house.

“Night Marinette,” Adrien muttered with a small smile.

“No...no we’re not going in that direction this season,” Gabriel said, scowling at the sketches Nathalie had dropped off earlier. “Well if that’s his opinion, he can sit this fashion week out; he either loses the hat or we go with a different designer...yes...yes that will do nicely.”

He registered the sound of the window unlatching behind him, but didn’t look up from the sketches or drop the call. “Have him deliver the revisions to my office tomorrow morning...thank you...goodnight.”

“Forgive the mess; I’m just getting my ducks in a row for Fashion Week,” Gabriel said, hanging
up the phone and carefully tucking the designs in a manilla folder. “One of my designers insists on trying to bring back comically large hate as if this was the Kentucky Derby or some garish gala.”

Gabriel turned around to see Ladybug pacing around the edge of his office, stopping to lock his office door before turning to face him.

“Have you considered my proposal?”

“Let’s get one thing out of the way,” Ladybug said, crossing the room and placing her palms on Gabriel’s desk. “I don’t like you, M. Agreste. I don’t like you and I could throw you much farther than I trust you.”

“You need not like someone to do business with them,” Gabriel said, regarding her over the rims of his glasses. “You need not even trust me, even if I have no plans to betray your confidence.”

“Good, because I don’t,” Ladybug said, eyes narrowing at Gabriel. “We’re not friends, we’re not partners. If I even think you’re going to go back on your word I will dropkick you into the Seine and fish you out by your heels for the whole city to see. Understand?”

“Completely,” Gabriel said, folding his hands on his desk. “Now...terms?”

“You will hand over your Miraculous-”

“No,” Gabriel said curtly, ignoring the scowl that darkened Ladybug’s face. “My Miraculous is the only collateral I have to ensure that you’ll keep your end of the bargain. You will receive it only when my wife is restored to me and not a moment before.”

Ladybug’s lips curled into a snarl. “Fine...but no more akumas.”

"Akuma," Gabriel interjected. "It's a singular plural, like-"

"Do you want to get slapped?"
“I suppose a ceasefire is in both of our interests,” Gabriel sighed. “What else?”

“At no point will you ever possess our Miraculouses,” Ladybug said. “I will use both of them to make your wish.”

“Very well, but you will do it here where I can be assured that you are doing what you say you are,” Gabriel said. “While we’re on the subject, if we need to meet, we will do so here. You will not approach me in public, at work, or in the presence of my son. For that matter, Adrien is not to know any details of our arrangement, understood?”

“Understood,” Ladybug said.

“And on the subject of your...partner,” Gabriel said. “He is not to know my identity; I will deal with you and only you in this matter.”

“So what am I supposed to tell him?” Ladybug asked.

“Tell him what you like,” Gabriel shrugged. “Just keep my name out of it. How you get his ring is immaterial to me only so long as you get it.”

“I can reason with him,” Ladybug said, eyes narrowing as a small scoff slipped out of Gabriel’s lips.

“If you say so,” Gabriel said, holding his hands up placatingly. “When do you anticipate that you’ll acquire it?”

“Tomorrow,” Ladybug said. “It....may take a while for me to get him to agree.”

“I’m willing to agree to a ceasefire until this time next week then,” Gabriel said, raising an eyebrow at her indignant glare. “One week should be enough time to state your case; after that-”

“I’ll get it,” Ladybug said, crossing her arms. “I’ll bring it here, make your wish, get Nooroo back, and we’ll be done. That the sum of it?”
“Seems to me you’ve summed it up,” Gabriel said, slowly standing up. “If that’s all—”

Gabriel held his hand out.

“Then we can do business.”

Ladybug glanced at the outstretched hand for a moment, sparing Gabriel a cold look before she reached out and gave it a brief shake, releasing his grip after one pump.

“You had better thank your son,” Ladybug said after a moment. “He’s the only reason you aren’t in prison right now.”

Gabriel surprised her with a genuine, human laugh that made the hair on the back of her neck stand up. Something about the sight of Gabriel Agreste smiling was eerily unnatural.

“And here I thought Mlle. Dupain was the only impressive friend Adrien had.”

"I think you’ll find that Adrien runs in more impressive company than you think," Ladybug said coolly, brushing past him on her way to the window.

"...I'm glad it was you," Gabriel said as her boot perched on the ledge of the windowsill. She turned to see Gabriel looking at her with his hands clasped behind his back. "Something tells me that your partner would not have seen things so clearly."

"For your sake?" Ladybug said, latching on to a streetlight outside. "I hope he does."

Chapter End Notes

I'm actually proud that I made it to the plot of my story in under 20,000 words this time...

Thanks to everyone who’s reacted to this so far; this idea has been living in my head for so long that it's been really interesting to see how other people have responded to this relatively unexplored concept.
Hopefully I've laid out this scenario in a way that makes sense (thanks @DarkReyna16 for vetting this) but I'd like to hear what y'all think. Do you think I laid this out in a way that seems reasonable? Is Marinette entering into a hostile partnership reasonable given the circumstances I've set up?

Next chapter! Ladybug gets the Black Cat Miraculous and makes the wish! Everyone goes home happy!

...yeah, nah, it's only gonna get better(worse) from here lads

Also, despite this getting posted in a month (apparently) dedicated to Gabrinette and despite the two main characters of this fic being Ladybug and Gabriel, this fic will not have any Gabriel/Hawkmoth/Ladybug/Marinette romance because...ew.
Communication Breakdown

It was five past six and Chat Noir already knew there was something amiss.

The setting sun spilled on the roof of the old, rarely visited apartment building that had served as their unofficial meeting spot for more than four years. It was earlier than they typically met, and despite setting the meeting, Ladybug was nowhere in sight.

**Ladybug: Patrol tonight; six o’clock. Meet at the usual spot.**

Chat Noir frowned at his communicator, making sure he was in the right spot at the right time. It took him less than ten minutes to make it from fencing practice to their meet-up spot, but when he arrived, Ladybug was nowhere to be seen. After missing patrol the night before and refusing to go into detail over the phone, something was troubling him and with each passing second that Ladybug was late, his uneasiness only worsened.

The sight of a familiar red figure swinging over the rooftops five minutes later did little to quell the nervous flutter of his heart in his throat. For once, he wished his swishing tail didn’t give away the anxious butterflies in his stomach as Ladybug landed, cradling a bag of warm, baked sweets under her arm.

“Sorry I’m late,” Ladybug said, cracking open the bag of pastries and offering him a warm lemon scone. “You would not believe the line at the Dupain’s bakery.”

“With these scones?” Chat asked, cracking it open and inhaling the warm, rich scent with a sigh. “I’m surprised the line doesn’t wrap around the city. How did you even get in?”

“Special City Savior privileges,” Ladybug said, closing the bag and rocking back and forth on her heels. “Owners let me practically come in the skylight.”

“Wait, how come I don’t get to do that?!” Chat asked, blinking after a moment. “…well, I’ve actually never asked.”

“I’ll put in a good word for you,” Ladybug said, scratching her arm a little anxiously. “Sorry about bailing last night; had a lot on my plate.”
“I’m sure it was a good reason,” Chat said, popping the corner of his scone in his mouth. “Everything alright? You were acting a little...off the other day after the Great Frosting Disaster that threatened our city.”

Ladybug opened her mouth to respond, but seemed to think better of it, biting her lip as Chat tore pieces off his scone. “...how long have we been doing this, Chat?”

“...you mean raiding the Dupain’s bakery before patrol or-”

“I mean…” Ladybug gestured between them. “This. How long have we been doing the whole teenagers with attitude thing?”

Chat frowned. “Four years in...twenty four days. October 19th, right?”

“Hard to believe, isn’t it?” Ladybug chuckled, shaking her head somewhat wistfully. “It feels like forever ago.”

“Time flies when you’re having fun,” Chat said, eyeing Ladybug’s expression out of the corner of his eye.

“Fun…” Ladybug echoed, fidgeting with her yo-yo. “Not the word I’d use...I mean this is fun; moments when we’re not fighting off possessed schoolchildren or slighted lovers with superpowers can be fun…”

“You don’t think eating your way out of a cupcake the size of Notre Dame is fun?”

“Wasn’t fun on my stomach the next day,” Ladybug chuckled. “Seriously though; you can’t tell me that you’d be disappointed if Hawkmoth disappeared tomorrow without any warning.”

“I’d be disappointed that I didn’t get to deck him in the schnozz at least once,” Chat said, jabbing his fist in mid-air. “You can’t tell me you’d be disappointed if you never got to toss Hawkmoth around a little for all the grief he’s given us.”
“What good would that do?” Ladybug asked.

“It would make me feel better,” Chat shrugged.

“But are we really in this to make ourselves feel better at this point?” Ladybug asked, fidgeting with the cord of her yo-yo absentmindedly. “Or are we in this to stop akuma from terrorizing our city?”

“Something tells me a fist in Hawkmoth’s face would accomplish both for me,” Chat said, punching his palm with a satisfying *thwack*.

“But what if you had to choose?” Ladybug asked, turning to face her partner. “Is it more important to make sure one man is punished or is it more important to make sure nobody ever gets akumitized again?”

“Someone’s philosophical tonight,” Chat chuckled, scratching his chin. “I mean...I guess it’s more important that people stop living in fear of one bad day turning them into a monster...but at the same time, we can’t really guarantee that without bringing Hawkmoth to justice. One way or another, it’s gonna come down to some face punching in the end...”

Ladybug nodded, chewing her bottom lip as she slowly walked over to her partner, placing her hands on Chat’s shoulders. “...what if it didn’t have to?”

“What do you mean?” Chat frowned.

“What if we could put a stop to Hawkmoth without fighting another battle?” Ladybug asked, fingers squeezing his shoulders through his suit. “Without putting any more people in danger? What if...what if we could end this all *tonight*?”

“Tonight?” Chat echoed, blinking in disbelief as his half-eaten scone dangled from his fingertips. “What are you talking about?”

“Chat,” Ladybug said, licking her lips. “Do you trust me?”

“Ladybug, do you know something?” Chat asked, gripping her shoulders. “Is that why you bailed
on our meeting yesterday?"

“I had to be sure of something before we talked, but I need to know if you trust me or not,” Ladybug asked.

“Okay, I could honestly do without the cryptic back and forth here-”

“Chat!”

“Do I need to say it!!” Chat laughed, scratching the back of his head. “I mean...don’t you know that by now?"

Ladybug took a deep steadying breath. “I...have discovered a way to completely end this feud with Hawkmoth. I can get his Miraculous back and make sure he never has the power to harm anyone ever again...but to do that...to do that, I need your Miraculous.”

“How?” Chat asked. “What do you need my ring for?”

“I...it’s a long story,” Ladybug sighed. “And I can’t go into too much detail but...this is a sure bet. If I do this...if we do this, then Saturday’s frosting disaster will be the last akuma we’ll ever have to deal with.”

“But you can’t say…” Chat said, closing his eyes with a small sigh. “I thought...I thought we were past this.”

“Past what?”

“Past you not telling me things that I need to know,” Chat said, pulling out of her grip and pacing the length of the roof.

“This isn’t the same thing!” Ladybug protested chasing Chat down. “You don’t need to know how this shakes out, you just-”
“Need to hand over my Miraculous,” Chat sighed, crossing his arms. “And trust you.”

“I thought you did,” Ladybug murmured.

“That’s not fair,” Chat said, shaking his head. “You’re asking me to give up the one thing I’m supposed to protect with my life and giving me nothing in return.”

“I’m trying to give you your life back!” Ladybug said, grabbing Chat by the shoulder and turning him around. “Don’t you want this to all be over? Don’t you want to be able to leave town without worrying about whether or not it’s going to crumble around your ears?!”

“Yeah, but-” Chat ran his hands through his hair. “How do you even know this plan is going to work? How is this supposed to stop Hawkmoth without a big confrontation? Last I checked, he seemed kinda attached to his Miraculous and the whole ‘take over the world’ scheme he’s got going on.”

“He doesn’t…” Ladybug stopped herself before she could say anything else, closing her eyes as she weighed her options.

“I’m your partner,” Chat said, crossing his arms. “If you want my Miraculous, I deserve to know why.”

“…okay.”

“Okay?”

“You want to know why I need your Miraculous?” Ladybug asked, licking her lips as her fingers twisted together anxiously. “I… I know who Hawkmoth is.”

“You…you wha-”

“How or why isn’t important,” Ladybug barreled on.
“Are you sure?” Chat asked.

“I saw him transform in front of my eyes,” Ladybug said, watching her partner’s face split into a toothy looking grin.

“Wait...does he know you’re-”

“No,” Ladybug said, shaking her head. “He doesn’t know anything about me...just that I know that he knows he’s Hawkmoth.”

“Did he see you?”

“Would have been pretty hard to miss me when I was picking him up by the scruff of his neck and tossing him around his house,” Ladybug chuckled, infected by some of Chat’s bouncy enthusiasm.

“You...wait, you fought him?!” Chat stammered. “Wh-when?! Why didn’t you call me?”

“I didn’t fight him,” Ladybug said, biting her lips. “I roughed him up a little and then...we talked-”

“You... talked ?” Chat asked, head tilting to one side. “About what; when he plans to turn himself into the police?”

“Not exactly,” Ladybug said, holding a hand up. “Before...before I tell you what happened, I need you to promise me you’ll stay calm.”

“...what are you going to say that you needed to preface it with that?” Chat asked, raising an eyebrow.

“I met with Hawkmoth on Saturday,” Ladybug said. “I..I wanted to know why . Why he had spent four years terrorizing his own city.”

“So you, what, pumped him for information?” Chat frowned. “Kinda wish I had been there for
“He told me that our Miraculouses are special; did you know that?” Ladybug asked. “When you put them together...when they’re used by one person, they can accomplish anything. Creation and destruction working in harmony to suit one person’s purpose...”

Chat idly glanced down at his ring, turning it over as Ladybug enclosed her hands around his.

“...even bring someone who’s gone back,” Ladybug said softly, looking up into Chat’s eyes.

There were moments in their partnership where Ladybug was truly impressed with Chat’s quickness; the speed with which he put the rest of the story together and twisted out of her grip was something to behold.

Chat looked at her with wide, disbelieving eyes. “...tell me you’re not doing what I think you’re doing.”

“Chat,” Ladybug said, taking a step forward only for Chat to retreat from her, cradling his hand close to his chest. “Chat, what if we were wrong this whole time?”

“I can’t...I literally can’t believe this,” Chat said.

“All those hours we spent just guessing about what Hawkmoth wanted,” Ladybug said, a frantic edge creeping into her voice. “Money, power, world domination; he just wanted to bring his wife back!”

“Says him!” Chat spat. “Tell me you’re not seriously thinking of just giving up your Miraculous to the purple psychopath we’ve been fighting since collège!”

“He is never going to lay hands on either of our Miraculous,” Ladybug said seriously. “I will be the only one to ever touch both of them; that was our deal!”

“Your... deal,” Chat echoed, straightening up and staring at her incredulously. “You... you made a deal with Hawkmoth-”
“Chat, if you will just *let* me explain-”

“-for *my* Miraculous,” Chat said. “Without even *thinking* of talking to me?”

“This all happened so fast, I-I didn’t have the time to stay on top of Hawkmoth *and* bring you in!” Ladybug said. “I came *straight* to you after I talked to Hawkmoth again-”

“Again?!” Chat hissed. “How many secret meetings have you two had without me?!”

“If I *thought* you could have helped-” Ladybug started, irritation mounting with each interruption.

“Oh I would have helped,” Chat laughed, teeth flashing in the setting sun. “I would have helped *my* foot up his-”

“Chat!” Ladybug shouted, startling a small murder of crows off the ledge of a nearby roof. Her voice echoed throughout the city streets, reverberating off townhouses and offices as Chat straightened up, eyes narrowing in a way that prickled Ladybug’s irritation even more.

“I am *sorry* that the situation moved too quickly to involve you,” Ladybug said, taking a deep breath through her nose. “And I am sorry that I didn’t consult you before cutting this deal, but I assumed-”

“You assumed I would just hand over my ring, no questions asked,” Chat said, shaking his head.

“I *assumed* you would see the benefit of a peaceful solution to *four years* of pointless back and forth fighting that’s put Paris in the crosshairs!”

“Hey, I didn’t start this fight!” Chat said, pointing his finger at Ladybug. “*You* didn’t start this fight! We’ve been doing nothing but defending each other and this city from a lunatic in a bug costume; why is it *our* job to sue for peace?!”

“Because *fighting isn’t working*!” Ladybug groaned, grabbing her hair with both hands. “Fighting...isn’t...working, Chat! We have been rolling a rock uphill since we were kids and we’re...”
“Getting no closer to the top!”

“Only because we didn’t know who we were fighting,” Chat said. “Who is it?”

“Chat-”

“No, I just want to talk!” Chat said, holding his hands up. “Hey, he convinced you that rewarding him for terrorizing Paris was a good idea; let’s give him a chance to sell me on it!”

Ladybug sighed, glancing to one side and muttering something that got lost on the wind.

“Seriously; if this is as good a reason as you say it is, maybe we can all just shake hands and go out for ice cream later,” Chat said. “Let’s go, c’mon.”

“I…” Ladybug shook her head. “Hawkmoth agreed to stop creating akumas and I...I agreed that I wouldn’t tell anyone else what I knew...he only wanted to deal with me.”

“And you told him no, right?” Chat asked, eyes narrowing. “You told him that there was no way you were going to make a deal concerning your partner without your partner, right? You fought Hawkmoth until he agreed, right?”

Ladybug’s lips pursed in a thin, tight line that told Chat everything he needed to know.

“...I see how it is,” Chat laughed bitterly, gesturing at Ladybug. “Batman gets to make a deal with the Joker, but we gotta leave the sidekicks out of it, don’t we?”

“Oh my god, are we really doing this right now?!” Ladybug laughed, clutching the sides of her head. “Is this really happening?! Am I hallucinating?! The fate of Paris is hanging in the balance and you’re holding it up because you feel slighted?!”

“Hey, don’t make this about my hurt feelings-”

“You’re making this about your hurt feelings!” Ladybug snapped. “You’re mad because you
didn’t get to play superhero!”

“... play?” Chat said, green eyes narrowing.

“I...I didn’t mean it like that,” Ladybug said, pinching the bridge of her nose.

“No, no, tell me how you really feel,” Chat said, spreading his arms wide. “Let’s get it all out there! Ladybug clearly thinks that I’ve been playing at being a superhero!”

“That is not fair,” Ladybug said in a soft, dangerously quiet voice. “Do not put words in my mouth.”

“Your words are not the problem here!” Chat snapped. “You found out who Hawkmoth was—and didn’t tell me—you met with him twice—and didn’t tell me—you made a deal with him for my Miraculous without consulting me and now you won’t tell me the identity of our arch nemesis because he wants it that way! What you’ve done and what you’re doing is more worrying to me than the words coming out of your mouth!”

“What I’ve done and what I am doing is trying to make sure Paris never has to wake up to another akuma attack,” Ladybug said, hands balled into fists at her side. “So sorry if I haven’t taken the time to loop you in to this deal, but there are people’s lives at stake here...including yours!”

“Aren’t you tired of this?!” Ladybug asked, pacing around the edge of the rooftop. “Aren’t you sick of having your life dictated by our responsibilities? Don’t you wish you could just snap your fingers and put a stop to this pointless back and forth struggle? I know I am! I have things I want to do with my life that don’t involve running around rooftops in embarrassingly tight spandex; don’t you?”

“Of course I do, but-”

“But what?”

“It can’t just end like this!” Chat said. “Is this how it’s really supposed to end? Hawkmoth just walks away scot free with the thing he wanted in the first place?”

“If it means it ends, what’s the big deal?”
“Because someone has to answer for all the heartache this city has endured!” Chat shouted, tail swishing back and forth as he paced the roof.

“Even if he’s not the only one who has to answer for it?!” Ladybug asked. “It’s not that simple, Chat; Hawkmoth has a business. He has a family!”

“Who cares about his stupid family?!” Chat blurted out, startling Ladybug into taking a step back. “So... what?! This was never going to end without collateral damage; someone was always going to be out a father or a brother or business partner!”

“Not like this!” Ladybug said. “We have a real chance to put a stop to all this madness without anyone else getting hurt! Isn’t that worth more than making sure Hawkmoth gets punished?!”

“Why are you asking me?! You already made the deal!” Chat said, throwing up his hands. “Maybe we should poll Paris! Hey, citizens! Does the bug themed psychopath deserve to get his wish? Text #HAWK to 43123 to cast your vote!”

“Can you please this seriously?” Ladybug said, foot tapping against the rooftop. “You’re not thinking clearly-”

“No, you’re not thinking clearly,” Chat said, shaking his head. “Never ever thought I would say that about you…”

“Chat-”

“Call me when you’re ready to do this right,” Chat said, stepping off the edge of the roof.

“Chat, wait!” Ladybug called, but he vanished into the encroaching night faster than Ladybug could catch up with him. She watched him go for a moment, watched his black silhouette disappear over the rooftops until it blended into the shadows that lingered between buildings.

On the streets below, a passing couple heard a frustrated snarl before a crumpled bag of pastries sailed over the edge of the roof and landed in front of them in a shower of crumbs.
Ladybug: Chat?

Ladybug: Chat, please answer me

Ladybug: I know you think I’m out of my mind but please

Ladybug: Please take a moment and think about what I’m proposing

Ladybug: Think about what really matters to you

Ladybug: We can accomplish our mission to this city with one move

Ladybug: We can end this today

Chat Noir: i agree

Ladybug: You do???

Chat Noir: yep

Chat Noir: this has gone on long enough

Ladybug: Yes!

Ladybug: We don’t need to fight any more akuma to keep this city safe!

Chat Noir: nope
Chat Noir: just one bad butterfly left to swat

Chat Noir: tell me who he is and i’ll end it now
Chat Noir: how am i the one holding this up?????

Chat Noir: you have a royal flush and you’re folding!!!

Ladybug: I’m not having this conversation again

Chat Noir: i can’t believe you’re not even considering it!!

Chat Noir: you’re the one who wants a quick end to this, right?

Ladybug: Yeah, I want to beat the newest Mech Quest game too

Ladybug: Does that mean I have to rip the disk out and throw it at the wall?

Ladybug: BECAUSE IT ISN’T JUST ABOUT HAWKMOTH

Ladybug: OUR ACTIONS AFFECT MORE THAN JUST THE MAN WE PUT IN JAIL

Ladybug: Hawkmoth’s family are victims in all this too!

Chat Noir: victims because of their loony relative!!!

Chat Noir: why is it suddenly our responsibility to make up for the things that Hawkmoth did!!
Ladybug: Because if WE don’t, NO ONE WILL

Ladybug: This isn’t as simple as putting one man in prison anymore.

Ladybug: If Hawkmoth is outed and publicly punished, there is a very real chance that hundreds of people will be out of work and his family will be left to bear the brunt of public scorn.

Ladybug: Are you ready to do that?

Ladybug: Are you ready to look his family in the eye and explain to him that you had a chance to not only keep him out of prison but bring his wife back and didn’t take it?

Ladybug: Are you ready to explain that the need to make someone pay outweighs their happiness and well-being?

Chat Noir: i think if i found out my father had traumatized half the population of paris for four years i would understand it if he needed to do some time in the clink

Chat Noir: why don’t you ask his family what they’d rather do?

Ladybug: His family doesn’t need to know

Chat Noir: so you’re fine just making a decision that affects people you don’t know without consulting them first?

Ladybug: No matter what we do, our decisions affect people we don’t know!

Ladybug: Don’t you get that?

Ladybug: If I tell them, they have to wrestle with the fact that they were living with a monster for four years.
Ladybug: They have to suddenly second guess every late night meeting or missed birthday and wonder if their family member was out terrorizing the city.

Ladybug: Am I crazy for sparing them that pain?

Chat Noir: just admit you don’t trust me

Ladybug: How many times to I need to say this??

Ladybug: This

Ladybug: Isn’t

Ladybug: About

Ladybug: You!!!!!

Chat Noir: yeah you made that really clear already, thanks

Ladybug: Oh my god

Chat Noir: no

Chat Noir: you are asking me to wager my miraculous on a gamble without giving me anything to go on other than you plan on giving this ring to hawkmoth

Chat Noir: and after four years of putting my life on the line, i don’t get a seat at the table to decide the fate of paris
Chat Noir: because you don’t trust me to not put my foot up his ass

Ladybug: Maybe because you’ve done nothing but talk about how much you want to put your foot up his ass since I’ve told you!!!!

Ladybug: How many times do I need to tell you that I trust you?!

Chat Noir: trust me to do what exactly?

Chat Noir: be a good sidekick?

Chat Noir: take hits intended for you?

Chat Noir: did you trust that i would keep my mouth shut and fork over my ring when you asked?

Chat Noir: or do i only have your trust when it’s convenient for you?

Ladybug: You know what?

Ladybug: You’re being so incredibly immature right now it’s not even funny.

Ladybug: You have done nothing but make this about yourself since I told you!

Ladybug: You act like holding the fate of this country in my hands is some kind of cool privilege that I’m robbing you of!

Ladybug: This isn’t fun and games Chat!

Ladybug: I’m not holding out on you because I get off on being secretive and withholding!
Ladybug: I am trying to come up with a win-win solution

Ladybug: The most gain for the most people

Chat Noir: even if one of those people is a psychopath?

Chat Noir: does hawkmoth deserve to get his wish more than paris deserves vengeance?

Ladybug: Does satisfying the need for revenge mean more than coming to a peaceful solution?

Bzz!

Adrien let out a frustrated snarl as the edge of the sabre slid across his padded stomach, triggering a buzzer that added another point to his opponent’s steadily increasing lead.

“Again,” his opponent said, prompting a return to their starting positions. A bell chimed and Adrien lunged again, leaving his chest open for another point heralded by the sound of the buzzer’s metallic ring.

“Again,” his opponent said, flourishing a silvery sabre and returning to an almost perfect guard position. Adrien raised his sword as the bell chimed again, counting on his speed to slip past the guard and-

Bzz!

“Agh!” Adrien pulled his face protector off with his free hand, resisting the urge to toss it across the empty practice hall.

“That’s two you owe me,” Kagami said, removing her own face protection. “And to spare your wallet, I think we’ll end it here for today.”
“I can go a few more rounds,” Adrien protested, feebly poking at Kagami who absentmindedly batted his weapon away.

“You’re in your head too much; you’re going to lose an eye if you keep ‘fencing’ like you’ve been ‘fencing’ all afternoon,” Kagami clucked, resting a hand on her hip as she narrowed her eyes at Adrien.

“Sorry...just a little out of whack today,” Adrien muttered, running a hand through his hair with a sigh.

“Clearly,” Kagami said, uncorking a bottle of water and squirting a jet in her mouth before tossing it to Adrien. “Anything you’d like to share with the class?”

“I…” Adrien bit his lip, choosing his words carefully. “I got into it with a friend a few days ago. Kinda had a shouting match if I’m being honest.”

“A shouting match?” Kagami asked, raising an eyebrow. “You?”

“I shout!”

“At other people?” Kagami said, narrowing her eyes. “About?”

“Something stupid,” Adrien said dismissively. “We’ve been working on this project for a long time and let’s just say we’re having differences of opinion in the home stretch.”

“And you got your blood pressure raised over that?” Kagami chuckled.

“It was an important project,” Adrien said, chewing the inside of his lip.

After the meeting with Ladybug the day before, Adrien had tried to put as much distance between himself and Ladybug as possible, running past the limits of his kwami-enhanced stamina until he found himself on the edge of town. He always thought better when he was in motion, but even the lap around the city’s edge didn’t offer any solutions to a problem he never thought he would face.
“Still nothing to get your whiskers twisted over,” Kagami clucked, rapping his padded chest lightly with the flat of her sabre. “Pretending your opponent is the subject of your woes isn’t going to do you any favors as a fencer.”

“Like I’m going to the Olympics anyway,” Adrien snorted, batting Kagami’s sabre aside.

“You could if you put the work in.”

“One rookie prodigy fencer from France is plenty, don’t you think?” Adrien said, poking Kagami in the side. “Any more and the old guard will get humiliated.”

“I can’t be expected to humiliate the international fencing community by myself, can I?” Kagami chuckled, batting his fingertip away with the flat of her sword lightly.

“You’re gonna have to find some way to manage,” Adrien said, tucking his foil in its case. “Same time next week?”

“Only if you leave your troubles at the door like I do,” Kagami said with a small smirk. “I’m getting tired of always beating you.”

“I’m pretty sure I scored on you a few times since we’ve started practicing together,” Adrien said, crossing his arms.

“Times where you didn’t lean into my guard and kiss me to distract me?” Kagami asked.

“You’re just mad because we don’t kiss anymore,” Adrien said.

“Yes, truly I am bereft and despondent that the great Adrien Agreste no longer sees fit to grace my lips with the company of his,” Kagami said in a flat deadpan, back of her hand pressed against her forehead. “Surely a wealthy, eligible bachelorette with her own townhouse can do no better than a collège student who still sleeps in a bedroom with a skate ramp in it.”
“Hey, you liked the skate ramp!” Adrien spluttered.

“Not my favorite piece of furniture in your bedroom, if I’m being perfectly honest,” Kagami said, lips curling as Adrien’s face flushed a darker shade of red. “You’re still too easy to fluster; you know that, right?”

“You just know all my weak spots,” Adrien said, stiffening as Kagami lightly pecked him on the cheek.

“Better than you think,” Kagami murmured, ruffling his sweaty hair as she brushed past him. “Good luck with your project; try not to hurt your voice this time.”

Adrien grumbled out a half-hearted retort, stuffing his fencing gear back in his pack as the door slammed behind Kagami.

“...you wanna explain why you stopped seeing that girl?” Plagg asked, floating out of his bag and landing on Adrien’s shoulder.

“She’s allergic to stinky cheese goblins,” Adrien chuckled, flicking Plagg lightly on the head. “You drove her away.”

“Glad she didn’t go too far away,” Plagg sniffed. “Keeping your head on straight is a two person job and Ladybug’s currently not up to the task.”

Adrien frowned, idly changing back into his street clothes as he glared holes in the floor in front of him. Kagami was right; he had been off balance and in a bad mood since his spat with Ladybug and their ensuing week-long text message argument. They seemed to wind around each other in circles, neither giving any ground as they struggled to pull the other over the line.

“Hey Plagg…” Adrien said. “Could...could the Ladybug and Black Cat Miraculouses really-”

“Eh,” Plagg shrugged. “Who can say? Not like anyone’s been able to hold us both at the same time for...hm...must’ve been a couple hundred years now. I kinda black out whenever Tikki and I are too close together for too long anyway.”
“...so if Hawkmoth were to get both...or if we let Ladybug use both-”

“You’re acting like it’s as simple as snapping your fingers,” Plagg said, nibbling on the corner of his cheese. “Phenomenal cosmic power doesn’t come easy, kid. I mean, Ladybug’s got a stronger will than most, but-”

Adrien’s phone chirped in the bottom of his bag, a familiar three note chime that he had programmed to ring when exactly one app updated. Heart plummeting, he dove into his bag, scrambling for his phone as the Ladyblog app flashed across his screen.

AKUMA ATTACK: BELLEVILLE
ALL CITIZENS PLEASE REMAIN INDOORS
MORE NEWS TO FOLLOW

“So much for a ceasefire,” Adrien murmured. “Plagg...transform me!”

The scene that greeted Chat Noir as he touched down in the courtyard of a park next to a series of apartment buildings was baffling to say the least.

“-had no right to interfere like this!” Ladybug shouted, hands beating against the chest of an akuma dressed in the uniform of a Napoleonic artillery man. He could have been mistaken for a historical reenactor were it not for the glowing purple mask that hovered over his face.

“Our deal was for one week,” the akuma spoke in a voice that reverberated and echoed with someone else’s. “You have not held up your end of the bargain; why should I?”

“I am this close to convincing him,” Ladybug said, holding her fingers up to the akuma’s mask. “You have to-”

“I’m not interrupting anything, am I?” Chat asked, unable to keep the sneer out of his voice as he casually approached from behind. Ladybug whipped around, interspersing herself between the akuma and Chat.
“Chat, please give me a minute,” Ladybug asked, holding her hand up. “This is all a misunderstanding!”

“There is nothing to misunderstand,” Hawkmoth said through the akuma’s mouth. “Ladybug has failed to satisfy the terms of our deal; Warning Shot here is...well, a warning shot.”

“You stay out of this!” Ladybug hissed at the akuma before turning back to her partner. “Look, you wanted a meeting with Hawkmoth, right? Well...meet! Here he is; you can talk to him as long as you-”

“I think not,” Hawkmoth said through Warning Shot’s mouth. “We had a deal, Ladybug; our understanding was that I would deal with you and only you in this matter.”

“Not really your call anymore, Hawky,” Chat snarled, resting the baton against the akuma’s shoulder. “You’re dealing with me whether you want to or not.”

“Chat, please; just hear him out,” Ladybug begged, hands clasped in front of her. “I promise you, this all makes sense; Hawkmoth, tell him-”

“You expect me to debase myself in front of every adolescent in a costume?” Hawkmoth sniffed. “No; I owe you no explanation.”

“You are not helping your cause right now!” Ladybug insisted.

“I thought that’s what you were supposed to be doing,” Hawkmoth retorted. “But, if you’d like to go back to the way things were before-”

“Hey, I prefer things better that way,” Chat said, giving the akuma a quick once over. “Now let’s see here...what’s small and easily breakable?”

“Chat please just let me handle this!” Ladybug said, trying to pull Chat back from his nose-to-nose staredown with Hawkmoth.

“I can handle this just fine!” Chat said, digging his heels in and glaring through the mask at
“Listen to your...’partner’, boy,” Hawkmoth said, refusing to retaliate even as Chat shoved the
akuma back a few steps. “She has your best interests at heart...”

“I do,” Ladybug insisted, sparing a glare for Hawkmoth. “Chat...Chat, please look at me.”

Ladybug grabbed the sides of Chat’s face, twisting his head until he was staring down at her.
There was a time when being this close to Ladybug would have turned him into a lovestruck
mess; where the feeling of her gloves on his cheeks would have been the highlight of his week.

He thought he was past the point of Ladybug’s big, blue eyes holding any power over
him...clearly, he was wrong.

“I know you’re mad or slighted or upset with me,” Ladybug said in a slow, calm voice. “That’s
fine...we haven’t ever really fought like that, have we?”

Chat was silent, eyeing Warning Shot out of the corner of his eye as Ladybug continued to speak.
“I-I guess we were pretty overdue,” Ladybug chuckled, rubbing her thumbs on his cheeks. “And
we can fight more when this is done but please, Chat; please just hear us out...”

Chat let out a small growl, but Ladybug’s expression took some fire out of his anger. “I need you
to be calm right now,” Ladybug pleaded. “Please...”

Chat sighed, sparing Hawkmoth one last glare before turning away.

“Fine...” Chat said. “I’ll hear you out...”

“Thank you,” Ladybug said, feeling a weight lift off her shoulders. “I-”

“And they say you can’t train a cat.”

Hawkmoth’s words echoed throughout the empty courtyard, followed by a snarl as Chat whipped
around, hurling his staff at the brooch on the akuma’s uniform. It shattered, and a small purple butterfly floated out of it as Ladybug watched on in horror.

“Chat!” Ladybug hissed, watching the akuma float up over head. “What are you-

“Catch it,” Chat said, fists balled as the confused local historian wobbled to his feet behind him. “Do it!”

Ladybug let out an annoyed sigh, flicking her yo-yo open and snapping up the akuma in a flash of light. She watched it go, purified and floating back towards the center of the city before turning around and facing her partner.

“What...the hell ?!” Ladybug spat, spinning Chat around to face her. “What do you think you’re doing?!”

“My job!” Chat fired back. “Or did you forget that we’re not supposed to be having chit-chats with akuma?!?”

“That akuma was not here to hurt anyone,” Ladybug seethed, jabbing her finger at the historian who seemed to be taking his cue to slowly slither away. “He fired three shots in the air to get my attention and then led me here. He wanted to talk! ”

“He wanted to shake you down and make fun of me while he was at it,” Chat scowled. “Some talk...”

“Un believable!” Ladybug groaned, jabbing her finger into her partner’s chest. “One minute of calm, reasonable discussion was all I asked for-”

“Hey, what are you getting mad at me for?!” Chat asked, batting Ladybug’s finger away. “Your buddy showed up and started talking down to me the minute I showed up!”

“It was just talk !” Ladybug snapped. “I needed you to just do nothing and you couldn’t even do that because your fucking ego got bruised! That was our one chance to sit down and discuss this deal together but you blew it!”
“Oh no, what a bummer,” Chat deadpanned. “Truly unfortunate; oh well, guess we have to kick his ass now, huh?”

“You are being such an ass right now!” Ladybug growled. “You’re looking for any reason to kill any chance this deal has at working.”

“Yeah, because it was such a stellar plan to begin with!” Chat spat. “Look, I know you think you figured out a way to twist this so nobody gets hurt, but people have already been hurt! There’s a trail of hurt that goes all the way back to my fourteenth birthday!”

“And there’s nothing we can do about that!” Ladybug snapped. “Nothing! We couldn’t help all those people when we were kids, but we can help now! We can help people who would be hurt if we keep fighting!”

“You know what,” Chat said, taking a step back. “You do what you want to do; I’m gonna keep doing what I’m supposed to do and hopefully you’ll wake up and realize that there’s only one real way to end this.”

“Chat, wait~” Ladybug said, reaching out to grab his wrist as he turned away from her. He stepped farther than she thought he would, and instead of her fingers closing around his wrist as she intended, her fingers brushed across his fingers, tugging his ring ever so slightly off his finger. They froze, eyes trailing from Ladybug’s fingers on his ring up until they held each other’s gaze. In one swift motion, they stepped back from each other, Ladybug holding her hands up and Chat cradling his hand to his chest, a look of anger, confusion, and fear clouding his features.

“I...I didn’t…” Ladybug stammered, throat suddenly tight as she searched for the right words that seemed to slide further and further out of reach. “Chat, I-I didn’t- Chat!”

Chat sprang up into the encroaching night, leaping over the ledge of the roof as Ladybug latched onto a nearby lamp post, grappling herself up onto the roof after him. She touched down in a low crouch, scanning wildly for any sign of her partner.

“Chat?!?” Ladybug called, frantically scanning the shadowy alleys beneath her feet. “Chat, come back! I didn’t mean...I would never... Chat!”
Across the city, Gabriel Agreste calmly walked over to the window overlooking the city and unlatched it, pushing it open and taking a deep breath. The cold night air lapped against his face, and as he watched a red figure swing closer and closer to his home, he allowed himself a small, self-satisfied smile.

As Ladybug approached, Gabriel calmly removed his glasses and tucked them into his breast pocket, protecting them from harm as Ladybug swung through the window and immediately punched him in the face.

Chapter End Notes

Λ(⋂) Don’t
Λ(⋂) Stop
Λ(⋂) Me
Λ(⋂) Now

九龙 cause
九龙 im
九龙 havin
九龙 a
九龙 good
九龙 time
九龙 havin
九龙 a
九龙 good
九龙 time

And so the plot thickens. Hopefully this Ladynoir fight isn’t coming off as one-sided one way or another. I know people tend to stan either Marinette or Adrien but I want to be fair to both of their points of view here. I don’t want it to come across that Ladybug has just gone off the deep end and I don’t want Chat to come off as completely childish and stubborn for refusing her. Hopefully I’m pulling this off but if I’m not, you know where to tell me.

Thanks as always to DarkReyna16 for looking this over! Please let me know if you’re still on board for this ride; I promise the end will be worth it.
Ladybug had a *fantastic* right cross.

Even as he was sailing over his desk, crashing into his new chair and landing in a broken heap on his office floor, Gabriel had to admire the way she stepped into the blow, threw her whole weight into her arm, and twisted her fist so the first two of her knuckles collided with his face.

Her technique, Gabriel mused as Ladybug hauled him off his feet and dangled him over the floor, was flawless.

“What the *hell* is your damage?!” Ladybug snarled, slamming him on his desk with a splintering thud that suggested that it was finally time to replace his workstation. “I had this all under control until you just *had* to get your snippy little quips in!”

“Clearly,” Gabriel coughed, wheezing as Ladybug hauled him up off his desk and back on to his feet. The slowly darkening bruise on his right cheek throbbed painfully as Gabriel touched it with a small wince. “I sense that you’re unhappy with me.”

“No, I’m fucking *ecstatic* that our plans to bring this to a peaceful solution have fallen down around my ears and now my own *partner* thinks I’m trying to steal his Miraculous,” Ladybug spat. “So *thanks* for that!”

“I won’t apologize for refusing to spill my life story to anyone who asks,” Gabriel said, straightening his tie and wiping the corner of his split lip with a handkerchief. “You must see now why I chose to deal with you over your partner…”

“Because *you* provoked him!”

“I provoked *you* as well,” Gabriel said, removing his glasses from his jacket pocket and replacing them on his nose. “You, however, appear to possess more of a practical sentiment than he does since you seemed to see the merit in my proposal…and the sense not to fly off the handle and squander a deal because your feelings are hurt.”
“Don’t talk like you know us,” Ladybug said, poking Gabriel in the chest.

“You forget that I’ve spent the last four years watching you,” Gabriel said, regarding Ladybug over the rims of his glasses. “I’ve watched countless battles between my akuma and you, and do you know what I see? I someone who does what they want to do and someone who does what they must do.”

“We both do what we have to do.”

“Oh, I don’t doubt that your partner can be effective in battle,” Gabriel said, wiping the corner of his mouth. “When properly managed. But I do business with CEO’s; not their support staff-”

“Hey, none of this would have happened if you hadn’t created that akuma!” Ladybug snapped.

“I wouldn’t have created an akuma were it not for you reneging on the terms of our arrangement,” Gabriel said, leaning back on his desk. “You have not done what you said you were going to do, so where does that leave me? What recourse do I have?”

“Have you tried not being a total asshole when you don’t get your way?” Ladybug asked. “Wouldn’t kill you.”

“No, but why risk it?” Gabriel said, taking his glasses off and cleaning them with the corner of his pocket square. “But, the past is the past. All that remains is to determine where we go from here.”

“There is no we,” Ladybug growled. “I am not your friend, I am not your partner; don’t let the fact that your end lines up with my means fool you into thinking there’s any we here.”

“How you feel about me is completely immaterial,” Gabriel sniffed, catching a trickle of blood running down his nose with his handkerchief. “All that matters is if you’re still willing to work with me to come to an equitable solution.”

“Jury’s still out,” Ladybug said, flexing her fingers. “Chat’s solution to this is looking more and more tempting the longer I listen to you talk.”

“Please don’t waste my time with idle bluffs and empty threats,” Gabriel said, ignoring the look of
irritation that darkened Ladybug’s features. “If you wanted to take me down, you wouldn’t have come alone and you wouldn’t be wasting time threatening me. Since I’m currently not being dragged to the police station by my ankles, I’m going to assume you’re still open to a win-win scenario.”

“I think there’s an English saying about assumptions and asses that you should probably be familiar with,” Ladybug grumbled, crossing her arms as she paced around the perimeter of the office. A dull, throbbing headache pulsed with each step she took, worsened by the harsh white light that reflected off Gabriel’s sterile office walls.

She had looked for Chat for almost an hour, but her partner’s talent for blending into the shadows was remarkable. When calling him didn’t work, she sent a string of almost illegible text messages as she walked the streets, grabbing every passerby she saw and asking them if they had seen her partner. Desperation gave way to frustration gave way to anger which led to Ladybug decking her friend’s father with all the strength she could muster.

...well, small portion of the strength she could muster. Her full strength would have likely popped Gabriel’s head clean off and sent it bouncing off the walls like a grisly pinball.

“I take it your partner was less than amicable to the idea of surrendering his ring to you?” Gabriel said.

“I have spent the last week trying day and night to convince him, but he won’t even entertain the idea,” Ladybug sighed, massaging her temples with the tips of her fingers. “I laid out your case as best I could—”

“Leaving pertinent details out, I would hope.”

“-yeah, he didn’t like that,” Ladybug said. “Secrecy has always been something of a sore spot with him.”

“Why?” Gabriel asked. “He must understand that parts of your personal life need remain secret.”

“You would think,” Ladybug laughed. “No...he gave up even talking about our personal identities years ago.”

“You...don’t know who he is?” Gabriel seemed genuinely surprised. “Are you telling me that
you’ve spent the last four years entrusting yourself to a complete stranger?”

“...It’s safer that way,” Ladybug said, narrowing her eyes at Gabriel. “In case...in case one of us was compromised by you .”

“...prudent,” Gabriel admitted.

“You get a little paranoid when fighting someone whose M.O. involves brainwashing,” Ladybug replied coolly.

“If you say so…” Gabriel said, smoothing his hair out. “So...what are the next steps?”

“I don’t know,” Ladybug said, trying not to let her agitation show. “He’s...I don’t think I can get a hold of him anymore.”

“Explain,” Gabriel said, brow creasing.

“...we had a fight,” Ladybug said, rubbing her arm. “I tried to grab for his wrist...and I accidentally grabbed his ring.”

“You...you got your hands on his ring?” Gabriel asked, sitting up and leaning forward.

“I didn’t rip it off his finger if that’s what you’re asking!” Ladybug snapped.

“But you got your hands on it,” Gabriel said, stepping off his desk as he rubbed his bruising jaw. “You...you were able to get close enough to grab it.”

“Yeah, and now he thinks I’m trying to steal his Miraculous!” Ladybug groaned, throwing up her hands.

“...is that such a bad idea?”
Ladybug turned slowly to face Gabriel as he started to slowly pace back and forth.

“Granted, the element of surprise is no longer on our side, but with your skills-”

“You better not complete that thought old man,” Ladybug growled.

“Why not?” Gabriel asked, head snapping around to look at her. “You are the only reason I wasn’t able to get both of your Miraculouses-”

“Stop,” Ladybug said, holding a hand up and taking a step back.

“How many times have I managed to possess your partner?” Gabriel pressed on. “And how many times have you managed to get the better of him? We have proven again and again that when it comes down to a contest between the two of you-”

“This wasn’t our deal!”

“-that you consistently come out on top,” Gabriel continued, eyes widening as an idea slowly washed over him. “If he isn’t going to cooperate with us...yes, you could quite easily defeat him and when he was incapacitated-”

“That’s enough!” Ladybug shouted.

“-you...you could simply take his ring!”

Smack!

Gabriel staggered back as the back of Ladybug’s hand collided with the side of his face, sending him reeling and his glasses tumbling to the ground with a shattering crash. Ladybug took a step back from him, breathing heavily as she slowly backed towards the window.

“You are crazy,” Ladybug whispered, falling back out of the window and latching on to a lamp post as she swung away into the night.
Gabriel watched her go as he slowly pulled himself to his feet, readjusting his glasses as he wiped a trickle of blood from his mouth. Calmly, he walked over to his bookcase, opened a compartment with a click of a hidden switch, and opened the small safe that contained his Miraculous and a dejected looking kwami.

“...what now?” Nooroo asked in a small, quiet voice.

“Now,” Gabriel said, reaffixing his pin to his tie. “If I’ve played my hand correctly, we shouldn’t have to do a thing…”

Chat Noir ran until the lights of Paris faded behind him.

He ran until the familiar city streets gave way to more winding, wooded roads that carried him further and further away from his city.

He ran with all the superhuman stamina his Miraculous afforded him, passing through town after town without slowing down or diverting his course.

He dropped his transformation, and he kept running until his legs ached and lungs burned and he was forced to duck into a rail station, leaning heavily on the cold walls as he tried to catch his breath.

“Easy, kid,” Plagg murmured in his ear. “Take a deep breath...hey, breathe!”

“I can’t...I can’t…” Adrien put his hand against the wall, sucking great lungfuls of air through his nose as he tried to get control of his breath.

“This is gonna sound really weird coming from me, but you really need to calm down right now,” Plagg said as Adrien pulled his hoodie over his face so no one could see him talking to Plagg.

“How,” Adrien panted. “Am I supposed to be calm right now?!”
“You have to try,” Plagg said, pinching Adrien’s ear. “Flipping out is not gonna help us right now?!?”

“Then tell me what I’m supposed to do!” Adrien hissed, crouching down to avoid suspicion of the evening crowds. “Ladybug-”

“If she wanted to take it, she wouldn’t have let it go,” Plagg said.

“She still wants it though,” Adrien murmured, head resting against the cool tile wall of the train station. “She wants to use our powers for-”

Adrien trailed off, pressing the heels of his palms into his eyes.

“I never... never in a thousand years thought I would be worried about my partner trying to steal my Miraculous sitting in a train station in-” Adrien lifted his head to read the sign above him. “Oh god, I’m in Creil?”

“Listen,” Plagg said, squeezing Adrien’s earlobe with his paws. “We don’t know for sure if Ladybug’s gone off the deep end.”

“Don’t we?!” Adrien said. “She’s spent the whole week hitting me up for my ring and trying to convince me to buy into this hairbrained scheme of hers! If she hasn’t gone off the deep end, she’s certainly climbing the diving board!”

“Oh!” Plagg admitted. “It’s a pretty sad state of affairs when you’re the levelheaded one-”

“Hey!”

“And I sure as Swiss don’t want to wind up on Hawkmoth’s finger,” Plagg said. “But before we jump to red alert, we need to really think about our options.”

“Okay,” Adrien said, pulling out his phone. “I think we can get a train as far as Normandy. From there we can probably book passage across the Channel and-”
“Let’s call going on the lam Plan Z,” Plagg sighed. “Best case scenario…”

“Best case scenario is...Ladybug’s been listening to bad advice and didn’t really mean to grab at my ring,” Adrien said, tilting his head back as he thought. “Worst case scenario…”

“Worst case scenario is that Ladybug has either been akumitized or is genuinely on board with fulfilling Hawky’s plan,” Plagg said, landing on Adrien’s shoulder. “Which, for all intents and purposes, is the same thing.”

“No...Ladybug willingly siding with Hawkmoth is worse,” Adrien said. “I can deal with an akuma easier than I can deal with trying to change Ladybug’s mind…”

Willpower had always been one of Ladybug’s stronger values; one did not fight against all manner of silly enemies for so long without developing a hard-nosed drive to win at all costs. Ladybug’s strength wasn’t in her supernatural abilities; it was in her cunning, quick thinking, and motivation.

If all that was turned on him...

“Worst case scenario is that Hawkmoth has one of the Miraculouses and Ladybug is going to be gunning for me,” Adrien sighed, leaning forward and resting his head on his forearms. “…I don’t think I could beat her if it came to that.”

“Doesn’t matter if you think you can or not,” Plagg sighed. “You cannot let Hawkmoth get both me and Tikki or that’s the ballgame. Even Ladybug holding both of us is bad news since we tend to get a little...tweaky when we’re used by the same person.”

“So even if Ladybug never gives Hawkmoth our Miraculouses…”

“There’s a pretty good chance that she’ll try and use both of us at the same time and...well, does the term psychofraculated mean anything to you?”

“No.”
“Well, it ain’t pretty,” Plagg chuckled. “One person’s successfully used us both at the same time...the rest-”

“Got fraculated?”

“Psycho fraculated,” Plagg corrected. “See, Tikki’s ability to create anything and my ability to destroy anything aren’t easy to use. There’s a reason Chat Noir can only use it once before we need to recharge. It’s technically possible to use us both at the same time but...well, you need to be pretty strong willed and totally balanced, like, spiritually to pull it off...otherwise-”

“Fraculated,” Adrien nodded.

“Psycho fraculated.”

“Still fraculated,” Adrien murmured. “So...wait, why don’t we just give them to Hawkmoth and watch him blow himself up?”

“Because he could blow up the city while he did it,” Plagg said. “And that’s the best case scenario. You ever hear of the Empire of ________?”

“...what?” Adrien frowned, wiggling his pinkie in his ear. “Sorry, I missed that last bit; mind running that by me again?”

“About, oh, sixty-five hundred years ago the sovereign Emperor of_______ got his hands on both the Ladybug and the Black Cat Miraculouses,” Plagg said. “The_______believed that reality was an illusion, so the emperor wanted to use our powers to reject reality and create a new world for him and his followers to live in. Time came to use our powers and...well, things didn’t go the way he thought they would. Instead of rejecting reality, our powers rejected him. The emperor, the empire, all one hundred and fifty million citizens, and the land they lived on just disappeared. Erased from the world, from time, and from everybody’s memory in the blink of an eye. I can’t even say the word_______anymore because even that got wiped out...in fact, as soon as I’m done talking about this, you’re going to totally forget we even had this conversation.”

“So you’re saying that whatever happened to the...the, uh...” Adrien’s eyes glazed over. “Sorry, I missed that last bit; mind running that by me again?”
“All you need to know is that neither Ladybug nor her new chum in the purple suit should get their hands on me,” Plagg said, patting Adrien’s confused looking face. “And hey, so far so good, right? Four years and Hawkmoth hasn’t got his grubby little paws on me yet, has he?”

“That was before Ladybug decided to help him out,” Adrien pointed out. “And let’s face it; my track record vs. Ladybug isn’t the best.”

“Let’s face it, Adrien,” Plagg said. “Have you ever really tried?”

“How many times has someone turned me against Ladybug?” Adrien laughed bitterly. “And how many times has Ladybug knocked me on my butt?”

“She’s got a steller track record against kooky akuma who like to use you as a puppet,” Plagg corrected, nudging Adrien in the cheek. “There’s more to Chat Noir than just the suit, kid. Ladybug’s never gone up against you when you wanted to fight her.”

“Yeah, but…” Adrien sighed. “I don’t even really want to now…”

When Plagg could think of nothing to say to that, Adrien slowly rose, wobbling over to the ticket booth to purchase a train ticket back home.

The after-dinner crowds pressed in around Marinette as she aimlessly walked the streets that led away from Adrien’s house. She needed to not be Ladybug for a moment; long enough to calm the pounding in her head caused by the neverending cavalcade of thoughts that threatened to drive her mad.

You could simply take his ring.

She had touched it; reached out and grabbed at it with barely any effort at all. Even if Chat were to put up a fight, she could easily overcome him; she’d done it in the past. It would be easy to just reach out, take it, and put an end to this-

Marinette let out a small sigh, pressing her fingertips against her forehead. She was not a common
hoodlum, no matter what Adrien’s overpaid tailor of a father thought. She couldn’t (she could) just take the ring off Chat’s hand without getting into a big fight (that she would win) and alerting all of Paris to the fact that Ladybug and Chat Noir were on the outs.

And even if she wanted to (she didn’t, she didn’t, she didn’t) there was no way of locating him. Marinette wasn’t just going to be walking along and bump into Chat in the middle of the- 

“Oof!” Marinette stumbled back a few steps as she bumped into someone in a black hoodie. “Sorry, I didn’t see you ther....Adrien?”

Adrien pulled his hood down, expression flickering from confusion, to recognition, to brief panic as he jammed a small piece of paper into the pocket of his running pants. “Oh, h-hey Marinette! Fancy running into you running into me here!”

“Sorry; I had my head in the clouds,” Marinette chuckled, rubbing her arm. “Out for a night jog?”

“Hm?” Adrien glanced down at his clothes. “Oh...yeah I...I had to get out of the house for a little bit.”

Marinette didn’t fail to notice the way his face fell as he spoke, eyes dimming ever so slightly as he averted his gaze.

“Trouble with your father?” Marinette asked.

“...you could say that.”

“Sorry, I don’t mean to pry,” Marinette said, twirling the drawstrings on her hoodie.

“You’re not prying,” Adrien said, a small smile returning to his face. “We...we’re having something of a disagreement.”

“Join the club,” Marinette muttered.
“Hm?”

“Oh...I...just having some problems with my dad,” Marinette said, scratching the back of her arm.

“Oh...I...just having some problems with my dad,” Marinette said, scratching the back of her arm.

“Really?” Adrien said, raising an eyebrow. “Wow...sorry, I just can’t remember you ever mentioning having problems at home before. I thought your dad was cool.”

“My too,” Marinette sighed. “Sorry; you have your own problems to worry about. I shouldn’t-”

“You want to get some coffee?” Adrien asked, jerking his head towards a cafe across the street. “I could do with some caffeine right now; I’m buying.”

“I…” Marinette blinked. “...you know what, I’m not even going to pretend that doesn’t sound good right now.”

Chapter End Notes

Welcome back to Cafe Exposition folks!

Kind of a low action chapter but the next two are the last setup chapters before things get (imo) really really juicy. I’m introducing some homebrew worldbuilding here so please let me know how that’s coming across.

Thank you for all the feedback! I know this concept is kind of a hard sell but I’m glad it’s coming across well so far. Shit’s about to get fairly real very soon so please put your seatback trays in the upright position, make sure your seatbelts are fastened, and keep in mind this will end well.

...mostly.
“You don’t have to talk about it if you don’t want to.”

“It’s fine,” Marinette said, taking a sip of her latte as she watched Adrien stir sugar into his tea. “I’m just...reeling a little bit.”

“Would a cookie help?” Adrien said, pushing a biscotti across the table.

“Wouldn’t hurt,” Marinette chuckled, dunking the cookie in her coffee. “I just...never thought we’d be at the point where we were screaming at each other in public.”

“Yikes, that bad?” Adrien said with a small wince.

“We’ve just been having this...low level argument all week and it all just came to a head today,” Marinette said, fingers threading through her hair. “Back and forth until...he left.”

“He left?”

“Uh...just left the bakery,” Marinette said hastily. “Not my family or anything...I may have done something I didn’t mean to do and I think he took it the wrong way.”

“Ouch,” Adrien said. “No wonder you’re so blue.”

“...weird question,” Marinette said, taking a sip of her coffee. “If you...had an opportunity to do something, something you were so sure was the right thing to do, but...but if you did it, it would
mean losing the confidence of someone for the rest of your life. Could you...do you think you could do it?”

“Marinette, I don’t think your dad is gonna hate you,” Adrien laughed. “You had an argument; that’s all. I don’t think anyone could really hate you for very long, no matter what you did.”

“Always nice to hear,” Marinette chuckled, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. “But still...if you had to choose between doing something you felt was right and doing something your family wanted you to do, what would you do?”

“Have you met my family?” Adrien said, raising an eyebrow. “My raison d’etre is doing things that my father doesn’t want me to do.”

“...what if it was your mother?” Marinette asked quietly, carefully studying Adrien’s face as he stared into his tea. “If she was here-”

“If Mom was here, I wouldn’t need to fly in my father’s face all the time,” Adrien chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck with a semi-wistful smile. “She would bat her eyelashes and he would melt and I could do whatever I wanted; she had him completely wrapped around her little finger.”

“Hard to imagine,” Marinette murmured. “I-I mean, it’s just hard to imagine your father as...well, anything other than your father.”

“He didn’t used to be as thorny as he is,” Adrien said, chewing on his bottom lip. “We both took Mom disappearing hard but...she took a big, big chunk of him when she disappeared.”

Marinette’s fingers twitched, acting on impulse as she reached across the table and lightly squeezed Adrien’s hand. “How do you even get over that?”

Adrien surprised her by flipping his palm over and squeezing her hand back. “You don’t,” Adrien said simply.

Their palms touched for a few moments before Adrien withdrew with a sheepish chuckle. “Sorry; didn’t mean to make it about me.”
“I shouldn’t have brought it up,” Marinette said, scratching her cheek.

“It’s fine,” Adrien shrugged. “Dad doesn’t talk about her much, so I take whatever opportunities I can.”

“...do you ever wonder if she’s still out there?” Marinette asked. “If…I don’t know…if she showed up one day out of the blue?”

“All the time,” Adrien said, taking a sip of his tea. “Not as much as I used to back when she first disappeared but usually around Christmas or her birthday I find myself wondering what would happen if she were to burst through the door like nothing had ever happened. I know dad would be happy; probably would get off me about going to Oxford and let me take a gap year with Nino. Wouldn’t have to worry about him working himself to death if Mom was there to threaten him to go out to dinner with her.”

Adrien trailed off, fingers steepling and green eyes gazing unfocused into the middle distance for a long moment.

“But,” Adrien said with a small laugh, shaking his head. “Nothing anyone can do about it, right? Can’t snap my fingers and make everything better, right?”

“You would if you could though,” Marinette said, chewing on her bottom lip. “If…you had a genie or something that could bring her back…”

“I mean, probably after I wished for world peace and your mother’s scone recipe,” Adrien chuckled. “I get three wishes in this scenario, right?”

“Sure,” Marinette chuckled. “Anything you want…except the scone recipe.”

“Not even a magic lamp can get me your family recipes, huh?” Adrien laughed, leaning in on his palms. “Will that still be included in your dowry if I marry you?”

“I-I would have to clear that with Mama first,” Marinette said, fidgeting with her belt loop. “No promises.”
“We can sort that out after the honeymoon then,” Adrien said, lightly prodding her shin with the tip of his shoe in a move that sent a small shiver running through her.

“Depends on how big the ring is,” Marinette said, emboldened enough to brush the back of his calf with the top of her foot.

“I’ll get you the crown jewels if it means getting to eat your...parent’s scones every morning,” Adrien said, smile widening as Marinette choked on a sip of her coffee, leaning over and patting her on the back. “You okay?”

“Fine,” Marinette spluttered. “Something went down the wrong pipe.”

“Inhaling cookies is only good when you don’t actually *inhale* cookies,” Adrien said, hand lingering on her back for a moment before pulling away. “...you gonna be okay?”

“Are you?” Marinette asked. “You said your father was getting better?”

“Ups and downs,” Adrien said, scratching the back of his neck. “…pretty down today, though. He...tried to do something today that I didn’t think he was capable of…”

Adrien took sight of Marinette’s rapidly horrifying expression and quickly backpedaled. “H-He totally tried to forge my signature on an application acceptance! I...I managed to stop him before he actually sent it in, but...well, I think I know what he was trying to do.”

“*Dick,*” Marinette said before she could stop herself. “I-I just mean-”

“It’s fine,” Adrien laughed. “It was...kind of a dick thing to do, huh?”

“Majorly!” Marinette said, suddenly sitting up. “Wh-where does he get off trying to make a decision like that for you?!”

“Always been like that, I guess,” Adrien shrugged, idly scratching the worn wooden cafe table. “Just...seems like a big thing to do without even asking me. Maybe I let him get away with too much in the past; maybe I should have drawn a line somewhere when I was younger.”
“It’s not your fault that your father has no respect for your boundaries,” Marinette growled, shaking her head.

“He says he’s just trying to do what’s best for me…”

“Shouldn’t you get to decide that?” Marinette said. “Nobody knows what’s best for you better than you do, right?”

“I would hope so,” Adrien mumbled.

“You’re not wrong for taking charge of your future,” Marinette said softly. “And if he really wanted to do what was best for you, he’d respect that.”

“He won’t,” Adrien sighed. “Sh... he is the single most driven person I’ve ever met. When he wants something, he gets it and until now I’ve really never stood in his way. We’ve...fought in the past, but we usually go with what he wants to do.”

“And you don’t want to do that anymore?”

“...I can’t do that anymore,” Adrien said, clenching his fingers around his cooling tea cup. “It’s not that I want to; there’s just too much at stake now to not fight him on this. If he gets his way…”

Adrien trailed off, shaking his head as Marinette’s fingers lightly brushed against the back of his, wrapping his hands in a small embrace.

“Then he can’t get his way,” Marinette said with a small smile. “I know you don’t pick hills to die on as much as I do, but if there ever was one, I think this might be it.”

“And what if I’m wrong?” Adrien asked. “What if...what I really don’t know what’s best for myself?”

“Then you have the right to be wrong,” Marinette laughed. “You have the right to make mistakes, Adrien; especially when it comes to your own life. Your father may think he has you all figured
out, but when all’s said and done, you have to chart your own course. You can’t just let yourself be dragged around by someone who thinks they’re doing the right thing. It’s not right; you deserve to have the chance to live your own life without someone constantly taking decision making power away from you!”

It was moments like this, when her eyes shone with barely restrained passion as she spoke at length about what she loved, that Adrien found it hard to think about anything else. The miserable week he endured to get to this table was worth it to feel Marinette’s soft hands pressing into the back of his. It was worth being close to her warm, resolute optimism, even if only for a few moments.

“Sorry,” Marinette said a little sheepishly as someone craned their necks from a table over to see what the ruckus was about. “Got a little carried away.”

“Don’t be,” Adrien said, suppressing a disappointed cluck as Marinette pulled away. “I needed some clarity...glad I bumped into you.”

“I think we both got what we needed out of that,” Marinette said, rising to her feet. “You know what you’re going to do?”

Adrien nodded, jaw tight as he rose to stand with Marinette.

“I think so,” Adrien said. “I think I owe you something for the pep talk.”

“If you’re gonna try and tip me, I’m gonna be a little offended,” Marinette said, eyes narrowing ever so slightly.

“Would you be offended if I offered to buy you dinner?” Adrien asked, holding the door for her as they stepped out into the chilly evening. “Say...Friday?”

Marinette blinked, praying the encroaching darkness hid her warming cheeks. “I...y-yeah, I’m probably gonna need to eat on Friday.”

“Not gonna get photosynthesis down by then?” Adrien chuckled, rubbing the back of his arm. “So...it’s a date then?”
“Uh...s-sure?” Marinette said, unable to keep the smile from her face. “It’s a date...a date for us...this Friday...dinner...”

“You okay?” Adrien asked, lips curling into a small smile.

“Date!” Marinette said, shaking her head as she slowly started backing away from Adrien. “I mean late! I mean...w-wow I should be getting home! Thanks for the coffee; have a date night!”

Marinette took three steps down the sidewalk before turning back. “Great night! Date night is Friday! And late night is...today! Tonight!”

Marinette laughed a little too loudly, inexplicably shooting Adrien a pair of fingerguns as she backed up and around the corner.

“...she’s adorable,” Adrien sighed, leaning against the lamp post as Plagg burrowed out from his hoodie.

“Wasn’t a total wash of a week, was it?”

“Like a date date?!”

“That’s what he said,” Marinette said, spinning around on her chair as she looked up at her ceiling. “I could be misreading it, but-”

“Nah, it only figures that after four years of coming up with plans to get Adrien to like you, he’d just up and ask you out of the blue,” Alya snickered.

“My luck was bound to improve sooner or later,” Marinette chuckled, eyes drifting over to her computer blinking an unread email message up at her. “I’ll give you that scoop tomorrow.”

“Speaking of scoop,” Alya said in a conspiratorial whisper. “I got a tip about that weird akuma
Marinette’s good mood deflated like a week old birthday balloon as she opened an email from Alya, blood running cold as she saw a video attachment.

“Sound quality is garbage,” Alya said as Marinette hit the play button and a shaky camera showed Ladybug and Chat Noir in mid argument. “But looks like Paris’ it-couple is having a little lovers’ spat.”

“I-It’s probably nothing important,” Marinette laughed, watching her costumed self reach out for Chat’s wrist as he turned away. She paused the video, half of her not wanting to see what came next and half of her wanting to confirm a nagging suspicion that fluttered around her mind like an errant butterfly. There, in the middle of the frame, she could clearly see her fingers close around the cool metal ring around Chat’s finger and tug on it just a little.

“Yeah, I’m not in the business of outing Ladybug’s dirty laundry,” Alya sighed. “Just thought I’d share some juicy gossip in return for the dish about Adrien~”

“Th-Thanks,” Marinette coughed, leaning back in her chair. “I, uh...I gotta hang up. D-Dad needs me for something.”

“Keep me posted,” Alya said, hanging up and leaving Marinette in total silence as she stared at the scene before her.

Could was no longer the question; she grabbed his ring once and she could do it again. She wouldn’t even need to (physically) hurt him. It would be as simple as-

Marinette pushed herself back from her computer, standing up as she slowly started to pace the room.

“Tikki,” Marinette called out. “What do I do?”

Silence greeted Marinette as she paced over to the little cabinet Tikki now called home. She opened the door to see her kwami perched on a little doll-chair she had found for her, nibbling on the corner of a store-bought cookie she fished out of Marinette’s dresser. Since Marinette had agreed to talk to Chat on Hawkmoth’s behalf, there was an unspoken tension between them that had never been there before. It was clear that there was quite a bit Tikki wanted to say, but for
whatever reason she kept it to herself.

“Do you really want my advice?” Tikki asked, looking up at Marinette with a tired, vaguely disappointed look. “Or do you want me to tell you to just follow your heart and that everything will be alright in the end?”

“Tikki, please,” Marinette said, kneeling down to face kwami at eye-level. “Try and see things from my point of view! I am trying to do what is best everyone involved-”

“Including yourself,” Tikki said, rolling a chocolate chip around on her paw idly.

“That’s not-”

“You think you have a way to beat Hawkmoth in such a way that you get to go to the school of your dreams, get the guy of your dreams, and make it so you never have to fight another Ladybug battle ever again,” Tikki surmised, popping the chocolate chip around in her mouth and chewing it thoughtfully. “When you say win-win, you’re talking about yourself and Hawkmoth-”

“-and Adrien!” Marinette added.

“-whose happiness is something you want,” Tikki said. “So when you say you want to do what’s best for everyone, you really just mean yourself and the Agrestes.”

Marinette bristled, sitting up on her heels and looking down at Tikki. “I’m sorry, but isn’t ending this fight the goal?! Do you want to subject Paris to a costly battle?!”

“A battle our power would fix,” Tikki countered.

“Not everything can be healed with a Miraculous Ladybug!” Marinette groaned, grabbing at her hair. “Why isn’t anyone seeing that?! Why am I the only one worried about the human cost of this?!”

“By human, you mean-”
“Yes, I mean Adrien!” Marinette snapped. “Sue me for wanting to help my friend out!”

“So Adrien’s happiness and well being matter more to you than Paris’?” Tikki asked.

“We don’t have to pick!” Marinette shouted, glancing down at the trapdoor before lowering her voice. “It doesn’t need to be either-or; we can come up with a solution where everybody gets exactly what they want!”

“...including yourself,” Tikki said, folding her legs and looking up at Marinette.

“...including myself,” Marinette said. “Yes, alright, fine; I’m favoring the solution that gives me exactly what I want as well...is that wrong?”

“You have a responsibility to more than just yourself!” Tikki snapped, fluttering out of her house and looking Marinette in the eye. “Ladybug has a responsibility to more than just what Marinette Dupain-Cheng wants!”

“Don’t you think I know that?!” Marinette said. “Don’t you think I’m intimately aware of the needs-of-the-many crap?! My life has been ruled by responsibility since I was fourteen! I have always gone above and beyond to put the needs of total and complete strangers above my own for four years!”

“So this is, what, some kind of reward for all your hard work?” Tikki asked. “You think you’re owed a happy ending for all the work you’ve put in?!”

“Why not?!” Marinette asked. “Why does everybody get a happy ending except Ladybug?! Why am I the only one who had to struggle and fight and sacrifice?!”

“...you’re not the only one,” Tikki said quietly, narrowing her eyes at Marinette. “You said that this deal with Hawkmoth is the best way to make sure everyone gets what they want, right? Seems to me you’re failing to take someone into account here.”

Marinette glanced back at the computer screen, eyes lingering on the look of confusion and fear on Chat’s face.
“Oh...yeah, forgot about that, didn’t you?” Tikki said, floating up onto Marinette’s shoulder. “What, exactly, does your partner get out of this?”

“His life back,” Marinette muttered.

“This *is* his life,” Tikki said.

“He can still be Chat if he wants to be,” Marinette argued. “Once I make the wish-”

“You think it’s that easy?” Tikki said, floating around to stand between Marinette and Ladybug on the screen. “You think you’re just going to give him the ring back when it’s all said and done? You think he’s even going to want to speak to you after this?”

Marinette’s lips pressed together into a silent scowl, blinking as she turned away from the screen.

“...okay,” Marinette admitted, wiping her eyes with the back of her hand. “So this isn’t a *totally* happy ending...but nothing’s perfect, right? And even if...even if he never wants to speak to me again, he’ll understand. Someday, I’m sure...I’m just...I’m trying to do what’s best for him.”

Tikki closed her eyes with a sad sigh, lightly laying a paw on Marinette’s shoulder.

“Then...you should follow your heart, Marinette,” Tikki said flatly, floating back into her cabinet. “I’m sure it will all work out in the end…”

The door shut behind Tikki, leaving Marinette alone with the image of Ladybug’s fingers on Chat’s ring.

“Alright,” Marinette sniffed, grabbing her jacket and kicking the latch open. “Plan B…”

**Knock-knock-knock.**
“Master?” Marinette called out softly, rubbing her arms as she craned her neck in to look Master Fu’s shop. “Master Fu?”

The lights were on as the creaking of footsteps on floorboards preluded a symphony of unlatching locks as the door opened, revealing her old friend and mentor.

“I was beginning to think you weren’t coming—” Master Fu’s smile fell for a moment as he caught sight of Marinette. “Oh...Marinette, how lovely to see you.”

"Sorry," Marinette mumbled. "I would have called, but-

"You never need to apologize for visiting," Master Fu said, surriptitously craning his neck to look behind Marinette. "Are you...alone?"

"Tikki isn't here, if that's what you're asking," Marinette said, rubbing her red, puffy eyes as she lingered on the threshold. “Is this a bad time?”

“I sense it is a bad time for you,” Master Fu said, stepping aside with a shaky little hop and sweeping her into the kitchen. “Would you like to tell me what is on your mind?”

“It’s...been kind of a bad day,” Marinette said with a small chuckle. “Well...ups and downs, really…”

Marinette took a seat at the table as Master Fu noting the pair of steaming teacups that sat on the table.

“Are you expecting someone?” Marinette asked.

“I was but...well, they seem to have gotten held up,” Master Fu chuckled, nudging the teacup towards her. “It happens from time to time; my friend makes appointments that frequently get derailed by family matters. Good thing that you came when you did; shincha green tea is not something one should throw out.”

“Feel free to kick me out if you have a date or something,” Marinette chuckled, taking a sip of the bitter green brew.
“I think the time for romance in my life is long past,” Master Fu chuckled, wincing suddenly and rubbing his temples.

“Are you doing okay?” Marinette asked.

“Oh...ups and downs…” Fu chuckled, wiping his sweaty brow with the corner of a tea rag. “Perils of getting old is that one tends to have more than a few aches and pains that tend to crop up at unexpected times…and I have been going without some very important medicine for far too long...”

Fu tried a shaky smile that didn’t quite look right for some reason.

“Is there anything I can do?” Marinette asked, only to be waved off by Fu.

“My physician shall be with me in due time,” Fu said, folding his hands in front of him. “But perhaps there is something I can do for you. I think this is the latest you’ve ever sought my company...what is the matter?”

“...very long story,” Marinette said, fidgeting in her seat. “Chat and I are...having a disagreement.”

“Ah,” Fu said simply. “Well...I’m afraid I won’t be able to offer much in the way of relationship advice, if that is what you need.”

“It’s a...professional disagreement,” Marinette murmured, glancing up at her master. “We...we may have a way to stop Hawkmoth. After all this time, we have a chance to make sure no one ever gets akumitized ever again.”

Fu leaned forward, narrowing his eyes at Marinette. “Is that so?”

“Yes, but...Chat doesn’t agree that it’s the right thing to do,” Marinette sighed, chewing on the inside of her lip. “He has a solution of his own, but it involves hurting people who don’t need to be hurt...”
“I cannot imagine Chat Noir would be the kind of person to endorse a course of action that leads to needless suffering,” Fu mused, stroking his chin. “What exactly is this plan of his?”

Marinette took a deep breath, looking the old man in the eye. “Master Fu...what happens if someone uses both the Ladybug and the Black Cat Miraculous?”

Fu seemed to stiffen in his seat, gaze focusing more intently on Ladybug. “...what has made you think of that?”

“Is it true that the Ladybug and Black Cat can accomplish anything if used together?” Marinette rambled on.

“Marinette, there is a reason I did not just give you both Miraculous when you were fourteen,” Fu said, leaning forward in his chair. “That kind of power is not one that can be used lightly and if you are thinking of using it to just banish Hawkmoth from existence or some such-”

“So it is possible?”

“Who have you been talking to?” Master Fu asked, leaning forward and sharing a curious look with Wayzz who floated out of his pocket. “Why the sudden interest?”

Marinette’s fingers twisted together under the table. Master Fu had the uncanny ability to make anyone feel like a schoolkid who lied about doing their homework without so much as raising his voice.

“I have an idea,” Marinette said. “An idea that I think will work...but I need both Miraculous-”

“Marinette, whatever you think you’re going to do-”

“I just need to know if it’s possible,” Marinette asked.

“Possible is not the thing you should be concerning yourself with,” Fu said, sweat glistening on his brow as he rose to his diminutive height with a half stern, half fearful look. “I did not name you my successor to use the Miraculous however you saw fit; a Guardian only seeks to protect the
Master Fu was breathing hard, one side of his face twisted in a concerned scowl and one unnaturally drooping despite his best efforts.

“Master?!” Marinette said, slowly rising to her feet. Master Fu blinked, reaching up with a shaking arm to pat the side of his face as he looked at Marinette with a strange, fearful expression.

“To...to hangre….” Master Fu fell back, splintering his ancient chair as Marinette scrambled to catch him before he hit the ground.

“What’s wrong with him?” Wayzz asked as Marinette fished her phone out with one hand while cradling Master Fu’s head with the other.

“I-I think he’s having a stroke,” Marinette said, frantically dialing emergency services. “Yes, hello? I need an ambulance at 72 Rue de Merre, now! My friend is having a stroke!”

The phone slipped out of Marinette’s fingers as Fu’s hand reached up for hers, his eyes pleading even as his mouth struggled to form the words he wanted to say.

“Hang in there, Master Fu…” Marinette muttered, smoothing his hair. “Help is coming...help is coming…”

She pulled the smaller man towards the living room, careful not to jostle him too much as she laid him on the futon, covering him with a quilted afghan as he started to shiver. As the sound of ambulance sirens drew closer, her eyes landed on the bracelet around Fu’s wrist that dangled uselessly on the floor. Thinking quickly, she snapped his Miraculous off his wrist, tucking it in her pocket as Wayzz disappeared with a confused protest and a flash of light.

“I’ll keep this safe,” Marinette muttered, eyes now falling on the familiar octagonal box resting on the table. She glanced back at Fu for a moment, heart pounding as she cracked the box open, frantically grabbing the Fox, the Bee, the-
“Hello?” Marinette shut the box as she stood up, staggering over towards the door as the paramedics knocked. “Anyone home?”

“It would be unwise for me to speculate at this point,” Doctor Fandor said. “The fact that we were able to treat him as early as we were is promising but…”

Marinette nodded, watching the heart rate monitor blip in a slow, steady beat through the glass. She had never thought of Master Fu as “old” until now; not until he was hooked up to a dozen different machines keeping his unconscious body alive. He seemed to be shrinking into himself somehow, the lines on his face deepening with each passing breath.

“We’re still waiting on the results of his blood tests before we start any serious treatment,” Doctor Fandor continued. “We don’t want to inadvertently aggravate anything that might have caused his stroke.”

“He...said his personal physician was coming,” Marinette said, clutching on to the jewels in her pocket for a small source of comfort. “I’ll, uh...I’ll send her your way. Maybe she can tell you a little more about his condition.”

“Visiting hours are normally over by now, but…” Doctor Fandor coughed. “If you learn anything-”

“I’ll send him your way,” Marinette said with a weak smile. “I’ll be back with some blankets for him...thanks doctor.”

Doctor Fandor nodded, stepping away as Marinette lingered in the doorway for a brief moment, watching her master sleep for a few moments before stepping away, walking down the cold, sterile hospital hallways in a daze, letting her feet robotically carry her out into the night and onto the midnight streets of Paris.

Until Fu got better, she was, effectively, the last guardian of the Miraculous. Somehow in her quest to untangle herself from the chains of destiny, Marinette had found herself all the more entrenched in a fight that seemed to have no end. The Bee, Fox, and Turtle Miraculous clanked in her pocket with every step, inert, yet a constant reminder of her new responsibility.
What happened if he died?

Was she supposed to be a mentor to more teenagers barely younger than she was? Was she supposed to decide who was worthy enough to hold cosmic power in the palm of their hand? In all her training with Master Fu, he never prepared her for the possibility that she might need to take up the mantle before she was ready. Her head pounded with every step as an inescapable thought rose to the top of her beleaguered mind.

She had to get the others.

Even in her exhausted, emotionally battered state, her feet carried her towards Master Fu’s house, moving faster and faster through the darkening night until she stood at the back door to Master Fu’s house, wiggling the lock until she stood in the cold, dark kitchen she had been in only a few hours before.

The tea kettle sat alone and untended, steaming faintly as Marinette picked up her upturned kitchen chair. Her hands gripped the back of the chair for support, biting her lip to stem the wave of helplessness that threatened to overwhelm her. She took a few, shaking breaths, rubbing the backs of her eyes as she staggered into the living room.

The first thing she noticed was that the polished wooden box was open. The second thing she noticed was that each drawer was pulled out and each Miraculous slot was completely empty. Finally, she noticed a torn piece of paper folded on top of the box, neat black handwriting barely visible in the dim light of the apartment...

Across the city, Adrien sat motionless on his bedroom floor, dried tear tracks glistening in the florescent light as he looked down on the twelve new Miraculous he had rescued from Master Fu's empty house...

Two floors above him, Gabriel unlocked a hidden book safe, withdrawing a glittering blue peacock pin that had sat unused for almost ten years. He glanced up at the picture of Emilie cradling a newborn Adrien, took a deep breath and calmly returned the empty book safe to its place on the shelf...

A few miles away, Alya Cesaire sat staring at a Ladyblog post, finger hovering over the post button for a moment, before saving the article titled "Ladybug and Chat Noir on the outs?" as a draft. Reaching over to grab her coffee, her fingers accidentally nudged the cup off the desk, sending it to the floor with a wet, shattering crash...

"You lost little guy?"

Down the road, Nino Lahiffe leaned down, reaching out a hand to a black cat that hissed as he
approached, quickly running off into the night before Nino could catch him.

"Fine," Nino said, tossing the kitchen garbage in the can and heading back inside. "No belly scratches for you then..."

"Night dude!"

Two streets over, Luka Couffaine raised a lazy hand over his shoulder as he stepped out of the back of the warehouse, under a ladder and onto the cold Parisian streets, humming a tune under his breath as he made his way home...

Above him, in the penthouse suite on the fourteenth floor of Le Grand Paris, Chloe Bourgeois woke suddenly, slowly sitting up and casting her eyes around her room. She got the strangest sensation that she was supposed to be doing something but quickly chalked it up to the product of too many sweets before bed and tried to settle down again...

Crack!

As she stepped out of the shower, Kagami Tsurugi's foot split a carelessly cast aside comb in half. She frowned, bending over to pick up the pieces and carefully toss them into the trash can...

"I will handle things from here...thank you doctor."

Doctor Fandor opened his mouth to protest but the look the tall, severe looking woman gave him told him they were done speaking. A pair of neatly dressed attendants in the room behind her unpacked their suitcases, attaching silvery looking monitors to Master Fu's fingers and unpacking vacuum sealed bags of powdered medicinal supplies. The woman slowly approached Master Fu's bedside, picking up his chart with a small laugh.

"Chan Fu?" She mused, shaking her head. "Is that what you've been calling yourself, you old tortoise?"

"Master He?" Master He turned to see her assistant holding up a small flask with clear pink liquid swirling around.

"Give him three drops, but he's too far gone for that to be enough," Master He said, taking off her white jacket and rolling her sleeves up. "We need to work fast if we're going to save this old fool's life."

Reaching down to take his pulse, Master He frowned as she noticed his bare wrist.

"Lost another one, have you?" She clucked, turning to one of her assistants. "Go to his home and retrieve the box; we can't afford to have any more Miraculous escape our clutches..."

And back in Master Fu's house, Marinette's fingers clenched around the note, trembling in fear, frustration, and anger as she read it.

Notre-Dame
Thanks to Squabbler for reminding me I should probably deal with Master Fu :)

WHO'S READY FOR A GOOD OLD FASHIONED DONNYBROOK????

As always, feedback is much appreciated. This series is only going to be following canon through Anansi so anything that comes after it is not gonna be taken into account.

Just a note: I did change Chloe's ship plan because I couldn't naturally think of a good way to ingratiate her into DJWiFi much as I'm a fan of that triad. So I'm gonna pilot some Lukchlogami to see how that plays out because of a kinda cool idea I have for them.

NEXT TIME: Y'all ever seen that Naruto episode where Obito and Kakashi fight? It's gonna be kinda like that.
The distant droning of the mass carrying on below his feet provided a dull, grim soundtrack to Chat Noir’s train of thought. He had given up pacing a tread on the rooftop of Notre Dame’s cathedral, standing with his back against the wall as he waited for Ladybug to arrive. Arms crossed and jaw set, he tried to wrest control of the storm of conflicting emotions that bubbled unpleasantly in his stomach.

The large clock struck nine, an echoing gong rattling Chat’s teeth as a familiar red figure swung into view. He passed his sheathed baton between his hands, stepping out from the shadows and into the moonlight as Ladybug landed in a low crouch on the edge of the roof.

“...hey,” Ladybug said a little warily, eyes drifting down towards the baton in Chat Noir’s grip.

“Hey there,” Chat echoed, noticing that she hadn’t respooled her yo-yo after landing. “Rough night?”

“You could say that,” Ladybug replied, glancing around at the shadows that loomed over her like the cathedral architecture. “Not exactly our usual haunt.”

“Felt like a change of scenery,” Chat shrugged, leaning on his baton. “Haven’t been up here in quite a long time, have we?”

“Not since we found a better local to spar,” Ladybug said with a weary chuckle that trailed off into a few moments of tense silence that hung like the bitter October chill in the air between them.

Ladybug was the first to break the silence. “...where are the other Miraculous, Chat?”
“Master Fu?”

Trust another longwinded “future of the company” speech from his father to derail Adrien’s plans of getting some better advice on the whole Ladybug situation. By the time Gabriel was done, Adrien was half an hour late, running down backstreets and staying detransformed in case Ladybug or Ladybug’s new friend were looking for him.

Adrien knocked on the back door, arching up on the balls of his feet as he peered into the dimly lit kitchen. “Plagg, can you see anything?”

Plagg floated out of Adrien’s hood, peering in the window over the door. “Other than the ugly rugs he hasn’t changed in a hundred years? Not much…”

Adrien reached out, trying the doorknob out of frustration more than anything else. He half expected it to be locked and Master Fu in his turtle-patterned jammies for the evening. He didn’t expect the door to swing open, revealing a dimly lit kitchen that looked like it had seen better days. A broken chair lay strewn on the floor next to a shattered mug of tea. A faintly steaming teapot sat unnoticed on the stove and perhaps most worrying of all, a mug of shincha green tea that Adrien had gave him last Christmas sat undrunk across the table.

Adrien opened his mouth to call out before Plagg quickly held his paw up to his mouth. Grabbing the leg of the broken chair, Adrien slowly crept through the house, wary of every creaking step he took in case whoever had shattered Master Fu’s chair was still lurking in the shadows. He stepped into the living room, brandishing the splintered piece of furniture like a knife as his eyes swept the mildly disheveled room.

The bitterness about being the last person to find out about Master Fu didn’t linger long as the kindly old guardian took a unique interest in Adrien. No longer was Adrien completely alone as a civilian; he had someone to talk to outside of Ladybug and Plagg about the challenges a Miraculous holder faced. When thoughts of his fight with Ladybug wouldn’t leave him alone, Adrien reached out...only to arrive too late to be of any help.

“Check upstairs,” Adrien said, nodding towards Fu’s bedroom as Adrien slowly made his way around the perimeter of the room, opening cabinets slowly and scanning for any clue as to Master Fu’s whereabouts. His eyes landed on a familiar wooden box that Adrien had never had the chance to look inside before. He had asked about it a few times only for it to be brushed off as an urn for a departed friend. Now it lay almost open, multicolored velvet tempting Adrien to look inside.
“Not upstairs,” Plagg said, floating down as Adrien knelt in front of the table, slowly raising the lid of the box. “What are you-”

“Did you know this was here?” Adrien asked quietly, fingers running over the empty grooves in the velvet where he could imagine a hair comb, a bracelet, and a necklace laying.

“We…” Plagg trailed off as Adrien tossed the broken chair leg to one side, lips trembling as he stared down in horror at the empty box in front of him.

“They’re...they’re gone,” Adrien murmured. “This is where they were supposed to be, right?”

Plagg hovered down to the open box, lifting the velvet up to look for any sign of his friends. “This can’t be happening...who could have taken them?! Nobody knew they were here except…”

Plagg trailed off, but it was clear by the look on Adrien’s face that he didn’t need to say it.

“...she was here,” Adrien said, voice trembling with barely constrained fear and anger. “She...she took them!”

“We don’t know if-”

“She was the only one Master Fu trusted with their location!” Adrien snapped. “Who else would have taken them?! She had to have known where they were! If I had just been here when I was supposed to have been here then-”

Adrien’s fingers clenched around the box, unknowingly springing a mechanism that caused twelve smaller drawers to shoot out the sides. Adrien fell backwards on his hands, head arching up and staring at twelve pristine jewels embedded into a variety of accessories and artifacts.

“...there’s more?” Adrien murmured, leaning forward and slowly picking up a black and red brooch.

“She must not have had time,” Plagg said, glancing around. “We must have just missed them...”
Adrien spun the box around, rifling through the open drawers to see if any more had gone missing.

“She just took three,” Adrien said, heart pounding as he stared into the open box. “The three she knows...the three who know and trust her more than they trust me.”

“Now you’re just-hey!” Plagg watched as Adrien started emptying the box, hastily jamming his pockets full of Miraculous. “What are you-”

“I don’t know where Fu is but something tells me he wouldn’t have given Ladybug carte blanche to make off with as many Miraculous as she wanted,” Adrien said, stuffing the Dog bracelet and the Snake charm into his pockets. “And it isn’t going to be long before she’s back to pick up another dozen Miraculous to either give to Hawkmoth or use to get you! Does that sound fun to you?”

“...you don’t think-”

“I don’t know what I think right now,” Adrien babbled, tucking the Ox and the Dragon into his coat pocket. “Right now, Ladybug is talking crazy and there’s a box full of Miraculous unguarded on Master Fu’s table; what do you want me to do?”

Plagg opened his mouth to argue but found his excuses coming up short in light of almost overwhelming evidence.

“If you have a better idea, I’d love to hear it,” Adrien said, ferreting the last of his Miraculous away in his back pocket. “Until we find out what happened to Master Fu...”

The thought of the small, kindly old man that had been a good friend and mentor to Adrien suddenly hurt or dead made Adrien’s stomach churn as he snatched a piece of notebook paper from the coffee table, hastily scribbling down a message and leaving it neatly folded on top of the now completely empty box.

“...we need to get these somewhere-”
“-safe,” Chat Noir said flatly, green eyes narrowing at his partner. “All but three anyway; wouldn’t happen to know anything about that, would you?”

“I don’t know where I went wrong, really…” Tikki sighed, morosely nibbling on the corner of her cookie. “I always thought she had a good head on her shoulders. Not prone to jumping off rooftops like that Florentine Ladybug I had in the fifteenth century. Maybe that was the problem...maybe she’s too smart to know when she’s making a mistake…”

Marinette’s gigantic striped cat plushy stared unblinking back at Tikki.

“You always know just what to say,” Tikki said, patting the toy on the nose as the trapdoor banged open, startling her into peering over the edge of the bed as a tired, haggard looking Marinette stumbled into her loft. “And where have you been, missy?”

“He took them…” Marinette murmured, staring up at the ceiling as she rolled on to her fainting couch. “He...I was at Master Fu’s and then...stroke...hospital...Miraculous…”

“Did you hit your head on the trapdoor again?” Tikki asked, floating down from the bed. “Do you want me to fetch the-”

“Hey do we have to stay in your pocket all night or can we come out while you’re having another existential breakdown?” Tikki frowned as a small orange fox wriggled its way out of Marinette’s coat pocket.

“Trixx?” Tikki asked.

“What’s shakin’ Rikki Tikki Tavi?” Trixx said, floating up and lightly bumping Tikki’s head with their own. “Wayzz, Pollen, come say hi!”

“We hope it’s not a bad time to beg your hospitality,” Pollen said, floating up and lightly kissing Tikki on her cheeks. “We know it’s very late but…”
Tikki’s eyes trailed over to Wayzz’ downcast expression. “...Master Fu is hurt.”

“Hurt?” Tikki’s eyes drifted between Wayzz and Marinette who was staggering to her feet, rifling through her dresser as the sky on the horizon slowly started to pinken.

“He had a stroke…” Marinette grumped, pulling a fresh blouse and jeans out of the dresser drawer as she shucked her coat off. “In the hospital...I had to take them in...”

“...please, go make yourselves at home,” Tikki said with a small, uncertain smile. “Beds and cookies are in the dollhouse.”

“Ever the gracious host,” Pollen said with a small curtsey as she and Trixx tugged a morose looking Wayzz towards the dollhouse. When she was sure they were out of earshot, Tikki floated down to Marinette, peeking over the divider as she changed.

“Explain.” Tikki hissed. “All of it. Now .”

“Master Fu. Stroke. Hospital. Had to rescue the kwami,” Marinette muttered, reapplying her deodorant.

“Is he going to be okay?!” Tikki asked.

“Don’t know,” Marinette shrugged. “Not a doctor.”

“Well what did the doctor say-”

“I don’t know !” Marinette snapped. “I wasn’t there for long! I had to get back to Master Fu’s place and pick up the Miraculous!”

Tikki’s jaw set as her eyes narrowed at Marinette. “So where are the rest?”

Marinette glared at her blouse as she picked little fuzzies off of it. “...Chat took them.”
“Chat...took them?” Tikki echoed.

“He was going to meet with Master Fu but something held him up,” Marinette said, pinching the bridge of her nose as she fought off a pounding headache. “He came back while we were gone...he took the rest of them out of the box when he saw Trixx, Wayzz, and Pollen missing from the box on the table.”

Tikki blinked, floating back a little as though struck. “...so...he must have thought-”

“I don’t... care what Chat thinks,” Marinette grumbled. “With Master Fu out of commission, I am the last Guardian. I am the one he trusted to take care of the Miraculous; not Chat."

“Then this is just a misunderstanding,” Tikki said in an almost pleading tone. “Just talk to him! Tell him why you took the Miraculous!”

“I have done nothing but talk to him,” Marinette said in an eerily quiet voice. “I have talked and talked and talked and talked but he just doesn’t want to listen! He has it in his head that a stupid superhero fight is the best way to solve this! He isn’t even open to my solution; he talks a big game about trust, but when it comes down to it, he doesn’t trust me enough to realize that I’m right!”

“I know you’re not on my side,” Marinette muttered as Tikki opened her mouth to protest. “I know you think I’m wrong or crazy or too craaaaaaaaaaaazy for Adrien to realize his father is a monster but I know who I’m dealing with. Hawkmoth is not in control of this deal; I am. Hawkmoth doesn’t get to use any Miraculous; I do. I’m the one in control of this runaway freight train and if Chat has a problem handing over the reigns, tough. I’m the Guardian until Master Fu gets better, and if he doesn’t want to use his ring to finish his mission, then I will.”

Marinette’s shoulders rose and fell as her breathing slowly returned to a normal pace. The sun crested over the city, spilling light into her room as Tikki watched her chosen grab her backpack and trudge down the stairs.

“Where are you going?” Tikki asked.

“It’s six on a Tuesday; I have to help Papa proof the bread before class,” Marinette mumbled,
ignoring her kwami’s feeble tugs on her backpack straps.

“You need to sleep,” Tikki said. “You haven’t been sleeping well since-”

“You need to sleep,” Marinette said, kicking the hatch to the ladder open. “We have a long night ahead of us…”

Ladybug’s jaw tightened. “They’re safe with me.”

“Are they safe or are they with you?” Chat asked. “Because that sounds like two pretty contradictory things.”

“I took them to keep them safe,” Ladybug said, eyes narrowing. “As their acting Guardian.”

“Speaking of which, I couldn’t help but notice their current caretaker is a little AWOL,” Chat said, noting the way Ladybug’s steely expression seemed to fall at Master Fu’s mention. “I was supposed to meet him last night, but wouldn’t you know it? He wasn’t home. Now...you wouldn’t happen to know where he ran off to, would you?”

Ladybug bit her lip, breaking Chat’s gaze with a sigh. “He’s...in the hospital.”

“Care to explain why?” Chat asked in a low, eerily calm voice barely audible over the noise of the city below.

“You think I hurt him?!” Ladybug spat.

“I think it’s very convenient that Master Fu ends up in the hospital and you just happen to come across three Miraculous whose wielders you know personally,” Chat said, glancing over her shoulder. “I’m actually surprised I’m not getting ambushed right now...or are you waiting for me to have my back turned before you stick a knife in it?”

“You think I took them to... use against you?!” Ladybug spat.
“Hey, that would get you what you wanted that much faster, right?” Chat asked. “Four heads are better than one after all...oh, sorry two. It would be remiss of me to exclude your new partner.”

“If I wanted to take your Miraculous, I would have done it already!” Ladybug snapped, eyes wild and lower lip trembling with barely concealed anger. “I am so, so not in the mood to argue with you right now, Chat! Where...are...the Miraculous?!”

“You know, I would have brought them, but I thought I’d gift wrap them first so you can give Hawkmoth a nice early Christmas present!” Chat snapped. “Master Fu was gone; I made a call to keep the Miraculous you didn’t make off with safe!”

“That wasn’t your call to make!” Ladybug shot back. “I am the acting Guardian! I am the one Master Fu trusted to keep these Miraculous safe; not you!”

“Did he make that call before or after you told him that you wanted to use our powers to give Hawkmoth everything he wanted?” Chat spat, hair raising and tail-belt swishing back and forth irritably. “Hey, why don’t we wait for him to get out of the hospital to ask him? Let’s table this Hawkmoth Mercy Run debate until Master Fu adds his two cents?”

“Because he may never get out of the hospital!” Ladybug shouted, hoarse, trembling voice echoing off the cathedral walls. “He had a stroke and he’s sick and he could very well die leaving me in charge of a bunch of jewelry I never wanted to deal with in the first place!”

Ladybug’s voice echoed off the tall stone walls as she stared him down, jaw set and eyes brimming with unshed emotion.

“And as much as I would rather not spend the rest of my life babysitting kwami,” Ladybug said, blinking and shaking her head. “I am going to do my job as best I can...and for that...for that I need the Miraculous back... all of them.”

“...including mine?” Chat asked.

“...including yours.”

A chilly breeze rustled their hair as Ladybug felt a weight slide off her shoulders. She had spoken
the terrible and unavoidable truth she had been avoiding all week and the world didn’t immediately end. Chat Noir didn’t even react like he thought he would.

“Until Master Fu gets better, I decide how to use the Miraculous and who to give them to,” Ladybug said, jaw tight as Chat just watched her with an unwaveringly sad gaze. “I gave you a chance to work with me. I gave you so many chances to work with me, but you’ve made it very clear that you don’t care to anymore...so until Master Fu recovers, I’m...taking back the ring.”

There was no impassioned plea to see his side of things, no stubborn refusal to part with his Miraculous. As the silence between them stretched on, Ladybug found herself wishing he would just yell like she expected him to. She could deal with Chat’s outbursts of anger when they were up front and grandiose like most of his emotional displays. The quiet, resigned look of sad, tired disappointment in Chat’s eyes was the only thing she got...and she didn’t quite know how to react to that.

Chat let out a deep sigh that seemed to deflate him a little as he looked down at his ring, turning it around his finger with the pad of his thumb. For a moment, she thought he was considering it. She could see the wheels in his head turn as he bit his lip, tossing the idea back and forth in his mind as she waited, fingers gripping the string of her yo-yo tightly.

“...just give it up,” Ladybug said, dropping her voice into a low, soothing tone. “We don’t have to fight...but I will if it comes to that.”

She could see his resolve start to crumble as he chewed the inside of his lip, avoiding her gaze. “I...don’t want to fight you,” Chat said in a small, soft voice. “It’s not right, you know? We...we were supposed to do things together...up to the end.”

Chat raised his hand, eyes turning up to meet Ladybug’s with a small, shaky smile. “You know...this week has really sucked.”

Ladybug found herself laughing in spite of herself, wiping her eyes with the back of her gloved hand. “Tell me about it...I think I maybe slept an hour total since last Friday...”

“Wow, a whole hour,” Chat chuckled, rubbing his nose with a small sniffle. “I’m actually jealous...”

Chat hesitantly reached his ring-hand out, palm up in an inviting gesture as he tossed his baton to one side.
“I don’t want to fight you,” Chat said, voice firm and resolute. “But I promised Master Fu to never give this to anyone...so to keep with the letter of that promise, you’re going to need to take it off yourself.”

Ladybug’s eyes drifted between Chat’s hand and his face, cautiously taking a step forward as her brows knit in confusion.

“I’ll go with you on this if you want it,” Chat said seriously, tossing his baton to one side and extending his hand. “But if you want it...you’re going to have to come get it.”

Ladybug took a deep breath, fastening her yo-yo to her hip as she slowly approached Chat. “I know this doesn’t seem fair...but I promise you, it’s for the best.”

“...you really believe that, don’t you?” Chat asked, head tilting to one side as Ladybug got closer.

“I do,” Ladybug said, tentatively reaching her fingers out towards his ring finger. “After all this is said and done...we’ll be able to go about our lives like normal...we’ll be able to just be friends…”

Ladybug’s fingers brushed the green face of Chat Noir’s ring, gently tugging it forward and slowly down his finger.

“You know…” Chat chuckled. “I really don’t see that happening anymore.”

Before she could register what was happening, Chat’s hand flipped over, snaking around her wrist and pulling her in while his free hand shot for her face. Out of instinct more than anything else, she threw her arm out, catching his elbow as his fingers hovered a hair’s breath over her left earring.

Ladybug’s breath caught in her chest as she looked up to see any trace of softness or sentimentality gone from Chat Noir’s eyes. Even the malicious glint they took when possessed by an akuma didn’t scare her as much as the look of tranquil focus that he fixed her with as his fingers reached for her Miraculous.

“Well...darn…” Chat chuckled, fingers wiggling as he struggled against Ladybug’s strength. “Worth a shot…”
Ladybug raised a leg, planting her foot against Chat Noir’s chest and kicking him backwards, breaking his grip as she just stared at him for a moment, watching him crouch to pick up his baton.

“You...you were going to-” Ladybug’s fingers reached up to touch her earrings, heart skipping a beat when she found they were ever so slightly out of their socket.

“I didn’t lie about not wanting to fight you,” Chat said almost sadly. “I didn’t...I don’t, really. Hell, if you had come to me with any other plan that involved my ring, I might have agreed to it by now. If you needed my ring to help quite literally anybody else in the world, I would have given it to you by now.”

Chat slid his Miraculous back down his finger as Ladybug unspooled her yo-yo, holding the impossibly strong string taunt in front of her like a shield.

“But you were right when you said this was about more than what I want,” Chat conceded, extending his baton with a flick of his wrist. “This isn’t even about what you want. This is about the men, women, and children who have spent the last four years living in total fear of every brush of anger; in fear that one bad day is all it would take to turn them into a monster. This is about all the people who were forced to hurt their friends and family because one lunatic with a God complex wanted to make a wish! This is about the uncountable amount of suffering Hawkmoth has caused to his kwami, this city, and everyone living in it!”

Chat’s shoulders rose and fell as a familiar fire crept into his eyes.

“He...has...to pay!” Chat hissed, tears brimming in his eyes. “If we don’t make this right, then nobody will! He will just go on, free as a bird, with a pat on the back and a nice shiny prize for being a superpowered asshole! Everything we’ve done, everything we’ve fought for, all the times we got hurt will have been for nothing! And this has to all have been for something!”

Chat Noir raised his baton, pointing it across the rooftop at Ladybug. “If you won’t make him pay...then I will.”

“You really don’t want to pick a fight with me right now, Chat Noir,” Ladybug said, yo-yo spinning as she slowly paced around him.

“Not particularly,” Chat said. “So why don’t make things easy and just give me your
Miraculous?

Chapter End Notes

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IT BEGINS

Hold on to your butts because this is gonna get wet and wild pretty quick. As always reactions/responses/politely worded death threats are always welcome and much appreciated.
“So you want me to just come at you?”

Chat Noir twirled his baton back and forth between his hands as Ladybug stretched out on the rooftop across from him. Full contact sparring was not Chat’s idea of a nice first date with his newly minted partner, but he supposed there would be time enough to ask Ladybug out for coffee later if he played his cards right.

“Obviously don’t use that black glowing hand thingie,” Ladybug chuckled, whipping her yo-yo out and twirling it around experimentally. “But otherwise, yeah, just come at me like you’re trying to steal my Miraculous.”

“You think Hawkmoth is gonna show up in person now that we put Stoneheart away?” Chat Noir asked.

“No...but I don’t think that’s the last time our butterfly friend is gonna gun for us,” Ladybug said, bouncing on the balls of her feet. “Besides...if one of us gets turned all evil by Hawkmoth-”

“You think he can do that?” Chat asked.

“I don’t know what he can do,” Ladybug shrugged. “I’d like to be ready for anything though.”

“Even if someone makes us fight?” Chat shuddered. “I don’t like the idea of hurting you…”

Ladybug gave her newly minted partner a challenging smirk. “Who says you’re the one who’s gonna hurt me?”
Chat straightened up, raising his baton as his eyes narrowed. “You really think you’re gonna beat me that easily?”

“Let’s just say I think you’re gonna need to give it your all,” Ladybug said, sticking her tongue out at him. “Ready?”

“Want me to count it down?” Chat said, lowering himself into a fighting stance. “Three...two...one...”

Ladybug’s fingers tightened on her yo-yo string as it swung around her head, cautiously waiting for Chat to make the first move. He seemed to waiting for her to make a move; either to surrender her earrings or launch an attack. Baton raised like the blade of a sword, his eyes never left hers as she maneuvered herself around the edge of the rooftop.

“Fine...we’ll do things your way,” Ladybug said, glancing over Chat’s shoulder. “Rena! Now!”

Chat whipped his head around, expecting an orange and black blur to come hurtling at him only to be greeted by the sight of an empty city behind him. By the time he realized what happened, Ladybug’s yo-yo had shot out, wrapping around his wrist and jerking him forward across the roof.

“You’re not the only one with dirty tricks up their sleeve!” Ladybug grunted, as Chat regained his footing. Instead of fighting her, he kicked off the roof, both of their strengths to catapult himself towards Ladybug’s face at full speed. At the last second she leaned back as Chat sailed over, tucking into a ball and bringing her feet up to kick hard against Chat’s chest.

He shot across the roof, bouncing off a stone column before rocketing back towards Ladybug as she yanked him by the cord still wrapped around his wrist. He spun like a top, leg shooting out as he approached and catching Ladybug in the back of the head with a kick that brought her to one knee. Ladybug rose with a snarl, pushing him back across the rooftop as she rubbed the back of her neck.

“Sorry,” Chat chuckled. “Did that-”
“-hurt?”

“Not really,” Ladybug muttered, rubbing the spot where Chat had bonked her with his baton a moment ago. She had barely felt the pressure through her suit despite the fact that Chat had given her a whack hard enough to send her back a few feet. “Huh...I guess that’s good to know.”

“Need a break?” Chat asked, a tense, hurt expression on his face. Ladybug simply snorted, shooting him a cocky smirk he was quickly falling in love with.

“You-”

“-wish,” Ladybug spat, bringing her leg around in an arc that swept Chat’s legs out from under his feet. With catlike grace, he deftly landed on his hand, springing back and landing on a gargoyle as Ladybug recovered.

“I’ve never wished you harm,” Chat said, unfurling himself and batting Ladybug’s yo-yo away with the haft of his staff.

“You have a funny way of showing it!” Ladybug snapped, yo-yo ricocheting off the stonework and wrapping around the haft of Chat Noir’s baton. He leapt back, using an archway as a simple pulley to yank Ladybug off her feet and into the air above the cathedral’s roof. A grasping claw shot past her ear as she let her yo-yo go, arms wrapping around Chat’s waist as she threw her weight backwards, tossing Chat Noir over her head and on to the roof below.

Pivoting at the last moment, Chat tucked into a ball, rolling along the hard stonework and-

- coming to a stop just before he teetered over the ledge.

“D-Don’t you think you’re taking this a little too seriously?” Chat chuckled, ducking a wide, arcing yo-yo shot.
“Akuma aren’t going to go easy on you, kitty,” Ladybug laughed, shooting her yo-yo at his ankles. “You better step your game up or you’re not going to last long.”

Chat danced out of the way of the yo-yo, stepping on the disk to prevent Ladybug from taking it back.

“Well, wouldn’t want this to end too soon,” Chat chuckled, lunging at Ladybug with a staff attack that-

-sailed inches above Ladybug’s head. Her arms came up to trap the staff, wrenching it from Chat Noir’s grip as she drove her foot into his midsection with a grunt that echoed off the ancient masonwork. He flew backwards, bouncing off the wall as Ladybug swung his baton in a wide arc towards his stomach. Chat ducked in time to miss the stone-shattering swing of his baton, vaulting over Ladybug’s head and diving for the small, barely recognizable red earrings as he passed.

“No!” Ladybug roared, batting Chat Noir up and over the roof as his claw snagged her yo-yo latched to her hip. He soared high over the city for a moment before yanking at her with a sharp snap of his wrist, tugging her along, off, and into the mostly deserted streets below. In mid flight, his legs locked around her waist, hands frantically diving for the earrings as she struggled to keep him away.

“Let...me... go!” Ladybug hissed as his fingertips brushes the smooth, polished metal of her Miraculous just as they collided with the street below. They tumbled over and over in a tangle of limbs, rolling a quarter of a mile down the road and separating, each landing in a low crouch as they glared at each other warily.

Ladybug slowly rose as Chat Noir recovered his baton, extending it to the length of a broadsword and letting it dangle loosely from his hands.

“How do you think this is going to end, Chat?” Ladybug asked, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. “How long do you think you can keep this up before I beat you?”

“You know, that confidence is gonna take you places,” Chat said, twirling his baton experimentally. “Unfortunately, it’s not enough to take my Miraculous.”
“How do you figure?” Ladybug laughed, shaking her head. “Chat, when have you ever been good enough to beat me? How many times have you been made to fight me now? And how many times did you actually win?”

“Well, you never know,” Chat shrugged with a dangerously lopsided grin. “My luck might be turning around.”

“Really?” Ladybug asked, yo-yo whipping around her head. “What exactly has changed since the last time you lost to me?”

Chat raised his baton like a sword ready to thrust, eyes narrowing as he tensed, ready to strike. “I’m actually gonna try this time.”

His hand twisted a split second before his baton extended, shooting past her face and embedding into the wall behind her as she twisted out of the way.

“Is this what you call trying?” Ladybug asked, turning back to see Chat Noir retracting his baton with him on the end of it, rocketing towards her face feet-first and ready to-

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“Not bad!” Ladybug said, tumbling back on to the roof, kipping up, and leaping over the haft of Chat Noir’s staff as he swept it along the ground.

“You sure you’re not a gymnast?” Chat chuckled, lunging with the tip of his staff that Ladybug effortlessly batted to one side with a kick.

“I’m sure I would break my neck if I tried that without this suit on,” Ladybug giggled, backflipping away from a low claw strike and responding with a yo-yo shot that-

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-wrapped around a nearby lamp post and allowed Ladybug to shoot herself towards Chat at full
speed. He ducked, rising as she passed over him to flip her mid air and sent her tumbling down the street, knocking over a parked car as she skidded to a halt.

Heart pounding in her ears, Ladybug scrambled behind a parked van, looking for a moment to recollect her thoughts. Every time she seemed to gain the upper hand, Chat did something that put her on the back foot again. Getting to his ring finger proved harder than she thought as he wove a web of steel around himself with a constantly twirling baton, knocking away all her attempts to end the fight quickly.

“Alright, Plan B,” Ladybug said, opening her hand. “Lucky Charm!”

A small black and red ball appeared in her hands, heavy and hard enough to knock anything she threw it at for a loop. She bounced it experimentally off the ground once as she caught Chat’s reflection in the glass of the store.

“You know I can see you, right?” Chat asked, waving at Ladybug’s reflection as she eyeballed the wall next to the shop, the lamp post, and the side of Chat’s head. If she could ricochet the ball off both surfaces, she could strike him in his blind spot, incapacitating him long enough for her to take his ring.

“Bet you won’t see this,” Ladybug muttered, whipping the ball as hard as she could against the wall-

“Ooph!” Ladybug jerked backwards as the ball ricocheted off the wall and smacked her directly in the face, spinning her around and banging her head on the van as she heard Chat audibly wince behind her.

“That had to have stung,” Chat chuckled as Ladybug bent down to pick the ball up again. “Was that supposed to do something? I know you’re the one with all the brilliant plans, so you’re gonna have to explain it to the dumb cats in the audience.”

“You said it, not me,” Ladybug growled, stepping out from behind the van and whipping the ball at Chat Noir again...only for her foot to land on a patch of slick sidewalk and jerk out from underneath her as she released it, sending it flying into the night and out of reach.

"Am I supposed to fetch that?” Chat asked. "Because that's kind of a dog thing."
Something’s wrong... Ladybug thought as Chat approached, baton extended and ready to strike.

“Looks like someone’s having an unlucky night,” Chat said, leaping into the air and diving straight for-

- Ladybug’s midsection, wrapping her in a bearhug and pulling her off her feet.

“Caught you!” Chat crowed, waving Ladybug back and forth as she struggled to wriggle out of his grip.

“This isn’t a game, Chat!” Ladybug squealed, kicking at her partner futilely as she tried to wriggle out of his super-hug.

“Not one you’re winning, anyway,” Chat sniggered, ignoring the way Ladybug-rained elbow after elbow on top of Chat Noir’s head as he drove her hard against the side of the shop wall, dislodging a few decorative bricks from the facade.

“Didn’t your father ever teach you not to hit a lady?” Ladybug grunted, smashing her elbow into the side of his head as Chat picked her up, spun her around, and slammed her back first into the hood of a nearby car.

“Didn’t yours ever teach you not to hit a cat?” Chat hissed as Ladybug struck him hard in the face with her palm, locking his arm in an armbar as she tried to reach for his ring. In response, he rammed her into the car again, knocking it over and sending them both-

- tumbling to the ground, laughing as Ladybug’s fingers mercilessly attacked his sides.
“L-Ladybug, stop!” Chat laughed, trying to wriggle away from the onslaught of tickles she rained down on him. “Not fair!”

“I don’t play fair, kitty,” Ladybug cackled, digging her fingers into his sides without mercy. “Should have never told me you were ticklish!”

“I can’t believe you’re using truth or dare questions against me!” Chat panted, grabbing onto a railing and sliding out from underneath her before she could tickle him again.

“All’s fair in love and war,” Ladybug said, readying another fighting stance.

“So is this love or war?” Chat asked, arching an eyebrow with a suggestive wink.

“Pretending to flirt with me isn’t going to make me go easy on you,” Ladybug snorted.

“Who’s pretending?” Chat asked, leaning back as Ladybug—

—shot her yo-yo at his legs, yanking him off his feet and dragging him down the street towards her as she reeled him in.

“You...just had ...to be stubborn ,” Ladybug growled as Chat grabbed at a lamp post, trying to catch himself before she pulled him in. “If you had just done what I said, we wouldn’t have to do it like this! But you just had to make this even harder, didn’t you?!”

“Yeah, because I totally put us on this batcrap crazy path to destruction!” Chat said, kicking at Ladybug with both feet as he wriggled his ankles out of her yo-yo. “At least I’m not giving up without a fight!”

“That’s just how you think, isn’t it?!” Ladybug snapped, ducking a staff thrust and countering with a series of elbows to Chat’s midsection. “Everything has to end in a big punchup, doesn’t it?!”
Ladybug grabbed Chat by the wrist, pulling him in as her forearm cut him across the throat and sent him tumbling to the ground at her feet.

“Well...you wanted a fight?! You got one!” Ladybug spat, leaping in the air and bringing her knee down-

- hard enough to crack the cement.

Ladybug’s jaw dropped as she shared a mortified look with Chat. “Did...did you just-”

“I didn’t know I was punching that hard!” Ladybug said, shooting him a horrified look. “Why didn’t you tell me I was punching that hard?!”

“I didn’t know!” Chat shrugged. “I thought you were going easy on me!”

“I...was,” Ladybug said, glancing at the hole her super strength had left in Notre Dame’s roof.

“...fix it later?” Chat said.

“I’ll do the ladybug thing before we-eeep!” Ladybug squeaked as Chat pounced at her, landing in a low crouch at her feet with a smirk. “Hey, I wasn’t ready!”

“I think a wise bug once said that all was fair in love and war,” Chat said, examining his nails. “So if you’re not going to play by the rules, neither will I.”

“If that’s how you want to play it,” Ladybug shrugged, twirling her yo-yo a little faster. “Don’t say I didn’t warn you…”

The yo-yo sailed in an arc over Ladybug’s head, tip of it swinging around and-
- catching the side of Chat’s baton as he raised it in a block. He countered with a thrust that backed her up a few feet, parrying another yo-yo attack and-

- bringing his staff down in a wide slash that Ladybug avoided by nimbly leaning out the way at the last second. He shifted, bringing his staff across in a sweeping slash that-

-Ladybug leapt over, shooting a kick at Chat’s head that he barely got out of the way of. Ladybug landed, pivoted, and drove her elbow towards Chat’s midsection only for his-

- open hand to reach out and catch it, tugging her off balance and dipping her as he lunged for her-

- ears, barely missing them as Ladybug drove her forehead into his face, backing him up towards the bridge with a series of-

- punches and kicks that nearly overwhelmed him. While he was too busy defending his face, Ladybug made her move, sweeping his legs out from underneath his feet and-

-quickly pouncing on top of him, hands pinning his wrists to the bridge as he struggled to get out of her grasp.

“End of the road, kitty,” Ladybug said, inching her fingers up his wrists towards his ring. “Not a bad fight, but you really should have learned when to-
“-give up!”

“What?” Ladybug said, glancing down at her partner as she held his wrist between her fingers. “Are you kidding?”

“I give up,” Chat said again, glancing up at Ladybug who was currently sitting on his chest. “You win; I lose.”

“Come on, Chat, you can’t give up that easily,” Ladybug clucked. “What if this was a real fight? Would you just give up and let Hawkmoth take your ring?”

“What else am I supposed to do?” Chat asked, trying to wriggle his way out from under Ladybug. “I’m out of options!”

“Come on, kitty; think,” Ladybug prompted. “What’s the one thing you can still do?”

Chat’s brow furrowed for a moment before a flash of insight went off behind his eyes.

“-Cataclysm.”

He said it so softly that Ladybug almost didn’t catch it before his hand erupted in a writhing mass of dark energy. His hand lashed out, but instead of lunging at her, he clawed at the bridge beneath them, sending tendrils of black energy arcing out through the stone. The ancient footbridge creaked, groaned, and then with a mighty crack buckled and splintered into a hundred shards of stone and metal that cascaded down towards the inky black waters of the Seine below.

As she fell, Chat kicked off against her chest, falling with the splinters of ruined road and disappearing as icy black water engulfed her in one, freezing moment. She gasped, tried to keep her eyes open, but in the darkness Chat may as well have been invisible. Kicking hard against the broken stone, she struggled against the undertow, trying not to get swallowed as the bridge pieces
nearly pulled her under.

“Phew...okay time out.”

Chat Noir sprawled back against the rooftop with a sigh of relief, anchoring himself between two buttresses as Ladybug perched on the railing beside him.

“Not bad for a first workout,” Ladybug panted, flexing her fingers experimentally. “I think that was more exercise than I got all year.”

“At least now we know what we can do,” Chat said, punching his hand with a satisfied smirk. “And this is a lot more fun when the bad guys aren’t breathing down your neck.”

“I’ll say,” Ladybug said, drawing her knees up against her chest. “...still, next time we fight, it isn’t going to be so easy, will it?”

“Doubt he’s going to go easier on us now that we publicly humiliated him,” Chat conceded, glancing up at his partner’s pensive expression. “Still, not like Hawkmoth’s hitting the gym like we are; a couple more workout sessions like this and you’ll probably be able to bench-press any akuma that swings at you.”

Ladybug’s tense expression melted as she let out a chuckle that made Chat’s heart skip a beat. “...thanks, by the way.”

“Hm?” Chat’s head cocked to one side as Ladybug turned and nearly ended his fourteen year old life with a beaming smile.

“It’s just...this is going to be really hard, you know?” Ladybug said, tucking a strand of dark hair behind her ear. “And...well...I’m just really happy that I don’t have to do this alone...”

Coughing, Ladybug hauled herself out of the river, retching freezing water onto the sidewalk as
she turned around, scanning for any sign of Chat Noir. In the flickering street light on the far side of the river, she could see a pair of green eyes staring at her for a long moment, his face hidden by the shadows, his expression unreadable.

Chat blinked, hoping his burning cheeks weren’t totally obvious as he coughed, trying to look cool as he offered a fist for Ladybug to bump.

“I think as long as we have each other’s backs, Hawkmoth doesn’t stand a chance.”

Chat Noir held Ladybug’s gaze for a long moment. There was a time when he would have been the one to fish Ladybug out of the water himself; a time when even inconveniencing his Lady would have been unthinkable. But then again, there was a time when Ladybug looked at him with something other than hurt, betrayal, and cold, defiant anger.

He did his best not to flinch, refusing to be the first to look away.

Ladybug slowly rose to her feet as the sound of sirens approached, brushing wet hair out of her eyes as she watched Chat Noir’s green eyes blink...and then disappear as he was swallowed by shadows.

A wave of tremors wiggled their way up from her stomach, building strength in her chest, and barrelling out of her mouth in a long, frustrated, angry, anguished scream that rattled the windows of the houses and shops as Ladybug sank to her knees, fist driving into the concrete again and again until a small cloud of powdered stone hung in the air around her. She screamed until she couldn’t scream anymore; until the street in front of her had borne the brunt of her frustration as much as it could. Her head fell forward, hair hanging around her face as the water lapped uselessly against the banks below.

“...fine,” Ladybug sniffed, rubbing her eyes with the back of her hands. “That’s fine...I don’t need you...I can do this by myself...I don’t...I don’t…”

Ladybug curled in on herself, cradling her hand to her chest as she tried to stifle the sobs that fought their way out of her body.
“I don’t need you…I don’t need you...” Ladybug whispered again and again as thought the act of saying it would make it true.

Ladybug returned his smile, carefully brushing her knuckles across his for the first time, standing up with a stretch. “Alright...you up for a quick lap around the city?”

“Sure,” Chat said, springing to his feet as he cracked his neck. “I know this great bakery downtown where we could maybe get a bite to eat?”

“I think I know a better one,” Ladybug said, latching on to a lamp post and leaping into the setting sun. Chat kept pace with her, bouncing from rooftop to rooftop, doing stupid stunts that made her laugh and almost lose her grip as they chased the setting sun over Paris’ shadowed streets.

Gabriel’s pencil paused it’s scratching on the paper as the creaking of a window opening drew his attention behind him. Ladybug leaned against the window frame, dried tear tracks betraying the quiet, resolute expression on her face.

“Chat Noir is not cooperating,” Ladybug said in a soft, distant voice. “I am going to have to take his Miraculous from him by force...but I am not going to do your dirty work for you while you sit back and do nothing.”

Gabriel turned around as Ladybug made no effort to come in out of the biting October air.

“You are going to help me get it from him,” Ladybug said quietly. “You are going to use whatever powers you have to help me recover the Black Cat Miraculous...and then I never... ever want to see you again.”

Before he could reply, Ladybug fell back into the night, swinging off as a breeze ruffled Gabriel’s latest drawing. He caught it before it flew away, admiring the blue and green peacock themed coat with a small, self-satisfied smile.
Two floors beneath him, Adrien stared at his tired, beleaguered expression in the bathroom mirror, watching the last of his tears run down cheeks as he leaned against the wall of the shower, fully clothed and letting the water soak through thousands of euros worth of fabric and design.

“...okay,” Adrien said with a heavy sigh, slowly standing up and peeling the wet fabric off his back. “...okay.”

Wrapping himself in a warm, freshly laundered towel, Adrien padded into his room, the sounds of hushed kwami whispers coming from the cabinet by his bed. He stopped in front of his desk, eyes lingering on a picture of Ladybug and Chat Noir that had hung over his desk since their very first akuma battle together. He stared at it for a long moment, until black and red blurred together as his vision blurred. With a soft tug the little picture came loose, revealing a perfectly square patch of fabric in the bulletin board where it had sat as he tucked the little picture in the top of his desk drawer and padded aimlessly towards his bed.

“You did good today, kid,” Plagg said, floating down from the Zodiac kwami party and lightly nuzzling into Adrien’s cheek. “Held your own against Ladybug going after you full tilt...you should be proud of yourself.”

“I’m not…” Adrien sighed, rolling over and clutching his pillow. “I’m really not.”

A soft weight pressed against his pillow as Plagg landed on it, curling up next to him.

“I’m proud of you,” Plagg muttered. “And I’ll be proud of you for you until you wake up and realize you should be proud of yourself too.”

Adrien let out a weak laugh, scratching the top of Plagg’s head with his fingertip. “Least I still have you…”

"Damn skippy, son,” Plagg purred.

Across town, Marinette sat at the foot of her bed, tired red eyes bouncing back and forth between the Bee, the Turtle, and the Fox as the gears in her mind turned and the beginnings of a plan started to take shape.
“What are we going to do?” Marinette muttered, glancing at Tikki who was staring out the window. “Why didn’t my Lucky Charm work?”

A sharp, almost mocking laugh came from Tikki’s throat as she refused to look at Marinette. “You went up against someone whose superpower is misfortune and you wonder why your Lucky Charm isn’t working like it used to?”

Marinette looked over as Tikki slowly turned to face her chosen. “For the last four years, you’ve had Plagg’s powers of bad luck affecting your enemies...now they’re going to affect you. And there’s really only so much I can do to stop it; I was never made to go against Plagg or him against me. To call this...unprecedented is putting it mildly.”

“So...what’s going to happen?” Marinette asked, a creeping sensation of dread crawling up her spine.

“I don’t know.” Tikki laughed, leaning back against the windowsill. “But I think it’s safe to say that your luck has finally run out.”

“Tikki-”

“I am bound to do what you command,” Tikki barreled on, refusing to meet Marinette’s gaze. “I am literally incapable of opposing you in this...but you should know that as long as you insist on helping Hawkmoth, I will do exactly what is required of me and nothing more.”

Marinette watched as Tikki floated into the cabinet by her dresser without another word, leaving Marinette completely alone in her bedroom loft with her thoughts and the weight of the Miraculous pressing down on bed.

As the heart rate monitor steadily blip-blip-blipped into the night, Master He carefully opened her old friend’s mouth, tipping a cup of thick, softly glowing green liquid into his mouth.

"See what you get for being too proud to take your medicine?” Master He clucked, wiping the corner of his mouth as he stirred restlessly in his sleep. ”Insufferable old goat..."
Her phone on the table beside her buzzed, Jun's number blinking on the screen as she answered. "Did you find them?"

"We've combed every inch of Master Fu's house," her apprentice said as the sound of opening drawers echoed in the background. "Lan is going once more around the house looking for hidden compartments but...the box is here. And it's empty. No sign of the Zodiac or any of the other Miraculous..."

Master He sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose. "Alright...come back to the hospital at your earliest convenience. I need you two to help with the next part of Qingfu's treatment."

Master He closed the phone, fingering a white beaded bracelet that hung around her wrist. "Not again..." she muttered quietly to herself.
“You look like total crap.”

Adrien sighed, shooting Chloe a sidelong glance as she fell into step beside him.

“Good morning to you too, Chloe,” Adrien said flatly. “How lovely it is to see you, my dear friend. That’s how normal people say good morning.”

“Don’t get mad at me for being honest,” Chloe sniffed. “Gabriel may be making handbags now but that’s no excuse for having bags under your eyes...unless this is some kind of really stupid viral marketing campaign.”

“Can you not see this boy has had a late night?” Nino sighed, tweaking Chloe’s ponytail as he walked alongside her. “Provide the coffee or keep your opinions to yourself, mkay?”

“Why would I start doing that?” Chloe asked, straightening her ponytail with a small pout sent Nino’s way. “I’ve got an eighteen year streak of never keeping my opinions to myself.”

“Keep it up and you’re bound to break some kind of record,” Nino said, lightly nudging Adrien in the shoulder. “...seriously though, are you okay dude?”

“Fine,” Adrien mumbled, tugging his jacket tighter around himself. “Just...late night is all.”

“I haven’t seen you this tired since your fencing club went out to Nice for that tournament,” Nino said, placing a hand on Adrien’s shoulder. “Kagami make you do late night fencing drills again.”

“I hate to be the one to break it to you, but fencing was not what they were drilling when they
“went to Nice,” Chloe chuckled, bumping Adrien’s hip with her own. “Don’t tell me you’ve replaced a Kagami shaped hole in your life without telling us.”

“For once, I have not enjoyed staying up until the crack of dawn,” Adrien sighed, rubbing his pounding temples. “Just a bad night’s sleep.”

Adrien could feel Nino and Chloe sharing a look over his head. “Everything okay at home?”

“As much as it ever is,” Adrien sighed, jabbing the stopwalk light as he spied Alya and Marinette in deep conversation across the street. From across traffic, Alya seemed to be insistently drilling at some point that Marinette seemed to be evading with one-word answers, mutely nibbling the end of a croissant as she and Alya crossed the street towards them.

“Morning,” Alya said, leaning up to peck Nino lightly on the cheek as Marinette gave a small wave with her croissant. A pink knit beanie covered messy dark curls, and her tired, red eyes could have given Adrien’s a run for their money.

“Hello friends…” Marinette said. “…and Chloe.”

“God, you look even worse than Adrien does,” Chloe sniffed, looking Marinette up and down. “Did you lose a fight with the sandman?”

“Bite me,” Marinette muttered without any real feeling.

“Just spreading the love around today, aren’t you Chlo?” Adrien chimed in.

“I’m just being honest!” Chloe huffed, stomping ahead in line with Nino and Alya. “Don’t bite my head off!”

“I don’t think anyone’s mouth is big enough to fit your head in it,” Adrien muttered, teasing a weak snort out of Marinette. “…you okay?”

Marinette nodded, fingers clenched the heavy metal brooch in her pocket.
“No?” Gabriel raised an eyebrow. “I beg your pardon?”

“There will be no more akuma in this city,” Ladybug said, folding her arms across her chest. “You’ve brainwashed enough people, don’t you think?”

“I’m curious to know how exactly you think I’ll be able to help you apprehend Chat Noir then,” Gabriel said. “Since creating akuma is my Miraculous’ sole capability.”

“Have you tried fighting for yourself?” Ladybug asked, rubbing her tired, red eyes. “Wouldn’t kill you, you know.”

“It very well might if Chat Noir has his druthers,” Gabriel said. “And I pay people to do my fighting for me.”

“You brainwash people to do that for you,” Ladybug pointed out.

“You act like the people you fought had no choice in the matter,” Gabriel said. “I offered them a deal they agreed to; not my fault there was fine print they weren’t aware of.”

“Spoken like a true businessman,” Ladybug muttered.

“Thank you,” Gabriel replied, leaning against the windowsill as he rubbed his chin. “I can’t very well go out there and fight him with you...I wouldn’t stand much of a chance, unfortunately.”

“What makes you say that?”

“Other than his skillset revolves around being able to take and deal massive amounts of damage?” Gabriel sniffed. “Your Miraculous are on an entirely different level than mine. You managed to fight him to a standstill, but I fear your erstwhile partner would flatten me like a crepe if it came to a fight between the pair of us.”

“You can’t seriously mean that,” Ladybug said. “You both have Miraculous; you should be on
“It would take at least four other Miraculous to equal the Ladybug or the Black Cat,” Gabriel said, head jerking over to where the book that Marinette had returned to him so long ago sat on a shelf. “You’re talking about one-half of absolute power; the power to create champions is nothing compared to the power the pair of you wield.”

Ladybug touched her earrings absentmindedly.

“You think it’s coincidence that you’re incapable of being harmed while wearing your suit?” Gabriel continued. “Or that you have the power to fix and destroy almost anything? You think illusions or a simple shield or even the ability to create temporary champions is anything compared to that?”

“Make no mistake about it,” Gabriel said. “Chat Noir wields more destructive capabilities than even he realizes. And if he were to ever unlock his full potential, I doubt I would survive a single well-placed punch without shattering into a thousand pieces. Like it or not, we are going to need more support. If we had more Miraculous on our side maybe…”

Gabriel trailed off, raising an eyebrow in Ladybug’s direction.

“...I know where we can get three,” Ladybug said carefully.

“...you mean the others you deputize on occasion?” Gabriel asked. “I had hoped you were the one responsible for creating new heroes.”

“Heroes that I have to convince that Chat Noir, the literal spokesperson for Parisian homeless cat shelters, is now somehow evil and needs to be stopped,” Ladybug sighed, scowling at the floor. “They’re not just going to take me at face value when I say Chat needs to go down.”

“You sell yourself too short,” Gabriel clucked. “It’s your word against his, and you don’t seriously think this city would believe Chat Noir over Ladybug, do you?”

“That’s not something I really want to find out,” Ladybug said tersely. “I’d like to keep the fact that our city’s superheroes are on the outs under wraps as long as possible; you’re not the only supervillain in the world, you know.”
“If you’re talking about the bank robbers and pickpockets those charlatans in New York stop, I hardly think you need to worry about them.” Gabriel said nothing for a moment, fidgeting with something in his pocket. “But I can respect the need for discretion...very well,” he murmured. “In that case...”

Gabriel withdrew his hand, tipping it open to reveal a blue and green brooch in the shape of a peacock tail.

“Is that-”

“Consider this a gesture of good will,” Gabriel said, laying the brooch on the table. “After all, the Miraculous should be in the custody of their new Guardian.”

Ladybug reached out for the brooch carefully, picking up and inspecting it. “Where did you get this?”

“It belonged to Adrien’s mother,” Gabriel said, meeting Ladybug’s stunned expression with a chuckle. “What? You didn’t seriously believe you were the only Miraculous users in the world, did you?”

“I didn’t know that my Master’s missing Miraculous was in your pocket this whole time,” Ladybug said, eyes narrowing. “Any more Miraculous you’d like to cough up?”

“Let’s start with this one and we can go from there,” Gabriel said, taking a seat behind his desk. “I would recommend that you use that to find someone who isn’t a fan of your previous partner and start a cat-catching task force. The Peacock’s unique ability to create, shall we say, disposable cannon fodder should come in handy.”

“Cannon fodder?” Ladybug asked.

“The kind you don’t need to fret over if Chat Noir kills a few...which he most assuredly will,” Gabriel said.

“You make it sound like I’m just going to run into Chat on the street,” Ladybug said. “If he was smart, he would never transform again.”
“You forget that he wants your Miraculous as much as you want his,” Gabriel said, steepling his fingers. “Besides...I think you know the best way to get the cat to come out and play, don’t you?”

“...Marinette?”

Marinette shook her head, shooting Adrien a weak smile. “Sorry...it’s nothing, really.”

“Doesn’t look like nothing,” Adrien prodded. “You know you can talk to me, right?”

Marinette’s fingers brushed the Peacock in her pocket, turning it over this way and that in her palm as she walked alongside Adrien. It belonged to his mother...so why shouldn’t he have a chance to use it? He was admittedly a pretty big Chat Noir fan but if she put her case to him...if she explained why she was fighting his father, then-

“Hey, Marinette!”

Marinette turned around to see Luka jogging up behind her, worn wool-lined denim jacket wrapped around his shoulders as he shot them a small wave. “And Adrien...long time no see.”


“Oh you know; living the glamorous life of a starving artist,” Luka chuckled. “Not exactly gonna sell out the Velodrome anytime soon, but we’re hanging in there.”

“Even The Beatles played strip-clubs at first,” Marinette chuckled. “I’m sure you’ll look back on this when you’re a millionaire and laugh.”

“If I can find a band to stick together long enough to sell out that is,” Luka chuckled, falling into step on Marinette’s other side. “You guys see the Ladyblog this morning?”
Marinette nodded. “I guess...there was some kind of fight last night?”

“Rumor has it that it was Ladybug and Chat Noir, but there wasn’t any akuma spotted nearby,” Luka said, glancing at Marinette out of the corner of his eye. “I know they’re fond of sparring every now and then, but there was apparently a bridge destroyed.”

“Well, I’m sure superhero spars get rough every now and then,” Adrien said tightly.

“ Heard someone say that it got pretty rough,” Luka continued as Marinette just nodded mutely. “Cars flipped, street destroyed, the whole nine yards. One or two commenters suggested that.”

“Can’t always believe what you read on the internet,” Adrien interrupted, pulling ahead as he checked his phone. “I gotta talk with Nino about a project; catch up with you later, Marinette.”

Marinette watched his black jacketed back fall into step with Nino who glanced back at her and then leaned in to talk to Adrien.

“What do you think?” Luka asked quietly. “Do you think...I don’t know...that Ladybug and Chat Noir are on the outs or something?”

Marinette swallowed, gripping the peacock tighter in her fingers.

“If they were,” Marinette said. “That would be pretty bad news for Paris, wouldn’t it?”

“Be pretty bad news for Ladybug too,” Luka replied, tugging Marinette’s elbow to turn her around to face her. “I mean, she’s pretty incredible but...I get the impression that fighting her own partner wouldn’t be easy, would it?”

“I wouldn’t know,” Marinette shrugged, avoiding Luka’s questioning gaze.

“You sure about that?” Luka asked, snaking his head around to look her in the eye. “Because you know...you can talk to me about anything, right?”
Marinette bit her lip, clutching the brooch in her pocket for support as a distant school bell rang.

“I...I gotta go,” Marinette said, backing up towards the school gate.

“Okay,” Luka nodded. “But...if you need to talk to me about something... anything ...I mean, we’re still friends, right?”

Marinette nodded, shooting Luka a shaky smile as she darted after her friends, leaving Luka watching her go with a thoughtful frown.

“Dude, what was that about?”

“I don’t know,” Adrien grumbled, shoving his hands into his pockets as they approached their lockers.

“Yeah you do,” Nino said, leaning against his locker.

“...yeah I do,” Adrien sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. “...god, he was just talking to her about the Ladyblog; he wasn’t kissing her or anything.”

“He used to,” Nino pointed out.

“Don’t remind me,” Adrien grumbled.

“A lot,” Nino continued.

“Don’t remind me!” Adrien squawked.

“I’m pretty sure Alya saw him sneaking out of the bakery at like four in the morning once or
“I’m pretty sure Alya saw him sneaking out of the bakery at like four in the morning once or twice,” Nino said, tapping his finger against his chin. “And I’m pretty sure she found his-”

“Oh my god stop talking!” Adrien hissed, rounding on Nino only to get lightly smacked on his cheek for his troubles.

“Jealousy is a disease, my friend,” Nino said, cupping Adrien’s face and lightly slapping his other cheek. “If you want to make this thing with Mari work, you are going to have to deal with the fact that you are not her first man. And deal with the fact that Luka is still tight with her. She is not gonna fall into your arms if you throw a fit whenever she chats up her ex.”

Adrien sighed, rubbing his cheek with a small pout. “I know…”

“I mean, it’s not like you’re pure as the driven snow, right?” Nino chuckled, elbowing Adrien in the ribs. “You’d be an Olympic fencer if you actually practiced with Kagami as much as you claimed you were practicing with Kagami.”

“We practiced,” Adrien insisted, following Nino up the stairs towards their classroom. “…just not fencing, most of the time.”

“Yeah, something tells me those Japanese classes you’ve been taking are a lot easier once you’re familiar with the native tongue,” Nino chuckled, ignoring Adrien’s burning cheeks.

As much as she tried to focus on the lecture, Marinette’s attention was drawn to the brooch she kept turning over in her pocket, rubbing the smooth metal compulsively as her eyes scanned the familiar faces of classmates she had been in school with since she was a child. As they drifted from Ivan to Mylene, to Kim, to Max, she wondered if any of them would accept the opportunity to help her stop Chat Noir.

She wondered if any of them would even believe her if she told them Chat Noir needed to be stopped.

Marinette glanced over at Chloe, texting conspicuously on her phone, and Nino and Alya, passing small notes to each other behind their textbooks. All three of them were the most reliable choices, but they had all worked with Chat in the past. They knew him on a personal level; maybe not as intimately as she knew him, but enough to cast doubt on any lies she might throw their way. No,
involving them would be a last resort; it was too risky to involve people that might side with Chat instead of her.

A quiet grumbling came from her stomach as the sickening sensation of anxiety flooded back into her stomach. In times like these, Tikki usually had the right answer. But her kwami was being uncharacteristically quiet; sullen even. She would answer Marinette’s questions in snippy, one word responses, making herself as scarce as possible whenever Marinette didn’t need her. It was amazing how fast her support system had completely crumbled around her; first Master Fu, then Chat Noir, then finally her own kwami. She was left with the enormity of dealing with Chat completely on her own...except for Gabriel, but she would rather eat her own beanie than open up to Hawkmoth.

Much as Marinette hated to admit it, she was completely and totally on her own.

Her phone buzzed in her pocket, breaking her out of her brooding and drawing her attention down as she opened her chat client.

**Luka**: hey got a late shift tonight but text me if you need a friendly ear

**Luka**: gives me something to do besides unload trucks all night lol

...well, maybe she didn’t have to be totally alone.

Careful to close the door without making a sound, Luka quietly locked the back door, hanging up his coat on the coat rack as the sound of a muted television caught his attention from the living room. He carefully stooped down to pick up the mail, singling out the letters with *PAST DUE* stamped on them for immediate attention in the morning once his paycheck cleared.

Making his way into the living room, he stopped to pull a blanket over his sleeping mother, carefully turning off the television and quietly making his way upstairs. He could hear Juleka quietly talking to someone on the phone, occasionally giggling quietly as he passed her bedroom towards the small, corner room he had slept in since his family moved to the small townhouse on the edge of the city when he was six.

Carefully sliding the door open, Luka stifled a yawn, dropping his keys in a bowl on a cluttered
nightstand as he closed the door behind him. He paused as he tugged his shirt over his head, distantly aware of the sensation of being watched as he unbuckled his jeans. Then he smelled it; a warm, strawberry scented shampoo he had come to know very well.

“...hey there, Marinette,” Luka said, quietly turning around as he turned on the light, revealing Ladybug sitting in a worn leather armchair in the corner of his room.

“Actually, it’s me,” Ladybug said quietly, shooting him a shaky wave.

“Yeah...hi Marinette,” Luka said, leaning against his dresser, holding up a hand to forestall any questioning. “You want to skip the part where you deny it and get to the real reason you’re here?”

“You want to put your shirt on?” Ladybug asked.

“Not like it’s anything you haven’t already seen but, sure,” Luka chuckled, tugging a worn concert t-shirt out of his top drawer. “So, I’m guessing you’re not here to reignite our whirlwind romance.”

“If I was, I wouldn’t be telling you to put the shirt on,” Ladybug chuckled anxiously. “How did you-”

“You bailed on a lot of dates,” Luka chuckled, earning an indignant huff from Ladybug. “Like every week, you had to run off to take care of some imaginary problem... conveniently when a giant monster was tearing through the city.”

“...oh,” Ladybug sighed.

“Also, let’s be real, that suit leaves very little to the imagination,” Luka said with a small smirk. “You think I wouldn’t recognize my girlfriend’s butt on national television?”

“Why didn’t you say anything then?” Ladybug asked.

“Figured you’d say something first,” Luka shrugged, crossing his arms. “Then...you didn’t. Then...we broke up.”
“I wanted to tell you,” Ladybug said softly. “I...really did, but you know the kind of crazy situations I get involved in.”

“The kind where your partner powerbombs you onto the roof of a car and breaks a bridge over your head?” Luka asked, raising an eyebrow. “Were you two really sparring last night?”

“...not exactly,” Ladybug sighed. “I...have a way to end this fight against Hawkmoth. Chat Noir disagreed with my methods and it got to the point where he almost Cataclysm’d me.”

Luka’s frown deepened as Ladybug stood up, cupping something in her hand as she approached him.

“I need to get his Miraculous,” Ladybug said. “And I wish I didn’t have to ask you to do this, but all the other heroes I’ve recruited before have worked with Chat. They have reasons to trust over me but I was hoping…”

Ladybug pulled a small black leather box out from behind her back.

“I was hoping you’d see things my way,” Ladybug said, cracking the case open and revealing a blue, peacock shaped brooch.

“Is this…” Luka reached out for the brooch, only for Ladybug to pull it back.

“This is a one way ticket to total disaster,” Ladybug explained. “If you accept this...you accept being my new partner. And that means that Chat is going to come gunning for you too sooner or later. I’m not going to pretend like this even begins to equip you for the dangers ahead but...I’m out of options. And I need someone to fight with me.”

One look at Ladybug’s large, pleading blue eyes was all it took for Luka to reach out and pluck the brooch from the case.

“So…” Luka asked. “How does this work?”
“I’m just saying this series has jumped the shark at this point,” Kagami muttered, tugging her jacket around her shoulders as she followed Adrien out of the movie theater and into the chilly evening air.

“When was Star Wars not jumping the shark?” Nino snorted, falling into step on the other side of Adrien.

“The new series had so much promise,” Kagami sighed. “But that final lightsaber fight between Rey and Kylo Ren’s giant fighting robot was just asinine.”

“I’m sure a hundred other nerds on the internet would agree with you,” Adrien chuckled, earning an elbow in his ribs as they passed a small crowd gathered outside an electronics store. “Wonder what that’s all about?”

“My guess is that Mayor Andre finally did something so stupid the news paid attention,” Nino chuckled, arching over the crowd to get a better look at the TV screens. “...hey, check this out.”

Adrien and Kagami elbowed their way through the crowd as Nadja Chamack finished addressing the camera.

“That’s right,” Nadja said with a beaming smile. “Paris has yet another hero to defend her! Joining me now is Ladybug with her new sidekick!”

The camera panned over, and Adrien’s stomach clenched at the sight of Ladybug standing next to a tall, dark haired young man in a form fitting blue, green, and purple suit. A feathered cloak fastened with a blue peacock brooch hung down to his calves, ending in the frills of a peacock, and in one hand, he could see a fan folded and tucked behind his back.

“Now, now, Nadja,” Ladybug laughed, patting the new superhero on the shoulder. “Paon here isn’t my sidekick; he’s my partner.”

“A partner you say?” Nadja said as Adrien let out a derisive snort, jaw clenched as he felt his heart pounding in his ears. “And how does Chat Noir feel about this new man in your life?”
“Well, when it comes down to it, I think Chat understands his place in our little team,” Ladybug laughed. “And while he’s pretty good at taking hits, sometimes you need a subtler approach, you know?”

Kagami glanced up at Adrien, noting the way his hands seemed to be shaking at his sides as his eyes bored holes into the television.

“Well, it looks like Team Ladybug has a new leading man,” Nadja chuckled, sticking a microphone in the blue stranger’s face. “And what can Paris call you?”

The blue costumed hero looked into the camera with a smile. “Call me...Mayura.”

“And with that, we’ll send it back to you!” Nadja said, smiling at the camera. “But you can expect more from this new mystery hero in the days to come!”

“Cut!” The camera man shouted as Nadja turned back to Ladybug. “Thank you again for this exclusive opportunity, Ladybug. I’m sure my viewers would love to know more about your new partner.”

“You’ll have plenty of chances to get to know him,” Ladybug said, resting a hand on Mayura’s shoulder. “I don’t think he’s going anywhere anytime soon.”

Mayura gave a small thumbs up as Nadja turned to go. “You think that worked?” Mayura asked once Nadja was out of earshot.

“It should,” Ladybug sighed, crossing her arms. “Chat’s feelings get hurt at the drop of a hat and he’s always been insecure about our partnership. Calling it out like that is bound to get him seeing red.”

“Damn, remind me never to piss you off,” Mayura chuckled. “Or if I do, promise not to use my daddy issues and fears of abandonment as weapons against me.”

Ladybug gave a noncommittal grunt, staring after Nadja’s van as she drove off. The hurt, angry part of her that relished finally being able to vent her frustrations with Chat didn’t last long and a
quiet, nagging, Tikki-esque voice of shame in the back of her mind soon took over.

“This is war,” Ladybug said, with a firm nod. “If the worst thing I end up hurting is his feelings, I’m fine with that...besides-”

Ladybug turned, offering her closed fist out to Mayura.

“-Chat and I are through,” Ladybug said with a small smile. “You and I are partners now.”

Mayura returned the smile, lightly brushing his knuckles against hers. “Partners.”

“Dude,” Nino breathed, as the television cut back to the news desk. “What was that about? I’ve never heard Ladybug diss Chat like that before...”

“I wouldn’t know,” Adrien said stiffly, turning and heading down the street.

“Adrien,” Kagami said, turning to stop him.

“I should really get home; catch up with you guys tomorrow.” Adrien made it a few steps before Kagami caught his wrist, forcing him to turn around and look at her.

“It would seem that Ladybug and Chat Noir are having some relationship troubles,” Kagami said, falling into Japanese and looking Adrien dead in the eye as she spoke. “And if I were Chat Noir, I would be careful not to let any obvious attempts to antagonize me get under my skin.”

Adrien blinked frowning in confusion as Kagami squeezed his wrist. “Understand?”

“I... yes,” Adrien replied, stepping back with a confused look on his face as Kagami turned, walking back towards Nino and tugging him in the direction of their houses.
“She’s right, you know,” Plagg hissed in his ear. “Ladybug knows you’re too easily ruffled; that’s why she’s trying to ruffle you.”

“Well mission bloody accomplished,” Adrien snapped as he stomped off down the street. “I’m ruffled, I’m miffed, I’m downright nettled at this point! How could she-”

“Okay, be as nettled as you want to be,” Plagg whispered. “Just don’t fly off the handle and play right into Hawkmoth’s hands. Ladybug expects you to come at her swinging without any thought for your personal safety...mostly because that’s what you always do.”

“I do not!” Adrien insisted.

“You do too,” Plagg shot back. “You did pretty good last time against Ladybug, but you can not start playing her game. She’s good at her game; she always wins her game.”

“Then how are we supposed to win?” Adrien asked.

“We change the game,” Plagg said. “Rewrite rules, put her Duusuu’s new partner on the back foot, and fight as dirty as she is until we get Tikki and Nooroo back! Come on; use that big brain of yours and come up with a plan for once!”

“I come up with plans,” Adrien protested.

“Good ones this time,” Plagg chuckled, smile falling as he caught the look on Adrien’s face. “...you okay?”

“Yeah...I just...I know we're supposed to be enemies, but hearing her say all that...” Adrien said with a hollow chuckle. ”Guess I finally know how she felt about me, huh?”

Plagg nuzzled into the crook of Adrien’s neck as he walked on in silence towards his house, lost in thought as his feet wore the familiar path towards his mansion. A flutter of movement above him drew his attention to a red and black blur, swinging off a nearby lamp post with a blue feathery blur hot on her heels. The distant sound of laughter echoed over the streets as he watched Ladybug bounce off the rooftops, landing at the edge of a building as Mayura stepped beside her. He said something that made her laugh, open mouthed as she lightly punched his shoulder, free as a bird and apparently without a care in the world.
He turned away before she could spot him, melting into the crowd of gushing onlookers as he walked home.

“Cheer up, kid,” Plagg chirped. “When we get home, Uncle Plaggy is gonna let you in on a couple of secrets that should make plucking old bird brain over there a cakewalk.”

“Please never call yourself ‘Uncle Plaggy’ again,” Adrien said with a small shudder. “It’s creepy and makes it sound like you’re going to- ah!”

Adrien stepped onto what he felt was a shadow only to fall through empty space, tumbling down into a dark hole that seemingly opened up beneath his feet. He hardly had time to cry out before he fell out the other side of the hole, tumbling on to the sidewalk a few yards away from where Plagg was floating, a smug little grin on his face.

“What...what was that?” Adrien asked, patting the concrete where the hole had been a few seconds earlier. ”Did you do that?”

“A better question is,” Plagg said with a toothy grin. ”Do you want to do that?”

Down the street, out of Adrien’s sight, Kagami Tsurugi glanced up at Ladybug and her new partner with a derisive sneer before turning and heading towards her townhouse a few blocks over.

“Kinda expected him to show up by now,” Mayura said, perched on the edge of the rooftop as Ladybug scanned the skyline for any sign of a black figure heading towards them. After three laps around the city, conspicuously posing wherever she was sure that cameras would pick them up, Chat Noir was still nowhere to be found.

“Yeah...me too,” Ladybug said, turning to face her new partner. “How’s the supersuit treating you?”
Mayura cracked his knuckles, flexing his fingers experimentally. “I feel...great. Like I could run a marathon and still not even be tired! I see why you guys spend your nights just running around the city.”

“No better view of Paris, that’s for sure,” Ladybug sighed, biting her lip as she sought out any sign of Chat Noir. Her plan to draw him out of hiding had been, so far, unsuccessful. He either hadn’t seen the broadcast, didn’t care that she had replaced him...or had and was being uncharacteristically reserved. She waited for the rush of anger and emotion; waited for him to get pissy and make a mistake out of spite.

But nothing came. And the thought of Chat Noir actually planning something unnerved her more than it should.

Mayura laid a hand on Ladybug’s shoulder, offering her a small smile. “Hey...we’ll get him.”

“Not tonight though,” Ladybug sighed, looking back up at Mayura. “Want to go once more around the city?”

“Want to go once more around the city?”

Across the city, Hawkmoth watched through Mayura’s eyes as Ladybug smiled up at him.

“Not a bad idea,” Mayura’s voice said, watching Ladybug leap after him into the night. Mayura glanced down at the brooch attached to the cape around his shoulders, running his fingers over it almost reverently. He didn’t know that the Peacock brooch was darker than it should have been; didn’t know that there was far more purple in his attire than the Peacock usually had.

As far as Ladybug and her new partner knew, there was absolutely nothing wrong with the Peacock Miraculous.

Chapter End Notes

NOTHING WRONG WITH THE PECOCK MIRACULOUS!
I blame this fic for getting me finally liking Luka as a character. I'm also taking this opportunity to address Adrien's jealousy issues (whichtheshowisntdoing) so hopefully I can do that in a way that isn't too love-triangly.

Yeah that's a word.

Also, just to note, I am fully and 100% disregarding any canon I don't particularly care for because, hey, what is fanfic for if not creating intricate canon non-compliant AU's? I know Mayura is coming up so I may come back and integrate some of that into Mayluka but we'll see.

Either way, our little civil war is finally ramping up! Ladybug has a new partner! Chat Noir is getting special training! Kagami is still best girl! Nothing is wrong with the Peacock Miraculous! How will Chat Noir react? And will Kylo Ren's giant robot actually defeat the Resistance?

P.S. Thanks for the amazing Kudos/Comments ratio this fic has gotten. To see so much engagement is a continuous source of encouragement and keeps me amped and motivated to continue to break your hearts >:D
Chat Noir extended his claws, grasping at nothing as he focused on an apple in the middle of the table in his bedroom. He closed his eyes, grunting in frustration as he retraced the steps Plagg showed him over and over in his mind. When nothing happened, he let out a frustrated snarl, slumping over onto his couch with a deep sigh.

“Okay...Claws In,” Adrien said, taking a sip of his water as Plagg rematerialized. “What am I doing wrong?”

“You’re treating it like a Cataclysm,” Plagg clucked, crossing his arms. “This is a lot more...subtle. Not as destructive, but since you can use it without me needing a cheese break, I’d say it’s pretty useful.”

Adrien leaned forward on the couch, glaring at the apple as though he could make it disappear through spite alone. “Why didn’t you tell me about this sooner?”

“You know...you have twelve unused Miraculous just hanging out upstairs,” Plagg pointed out. “I’m sure if you explained things to them, they’d be down to help you out.”

“And put them in Ladybug’s grasp?” Adrien shook his head. “I’m not getting anyone else involved, Plagg. The last thing we need is for Ladybug and her new bird friend to recover the few Miraculous we do have and turn them over to Hawkmoth...no, I have to do this myself.”

“That’s pretty objectively not true, dude,” Plagg sighed as Adrien sat up suddenly, head cocked to one side as he regarded the apple.
“Where does the portal go?”

“Wherever you put the second portal,” Plagg said, head tilting to one side as Adrien stood up.

“You’re telling me I have an ASHPD in my ring?!” Adrien said, a slow grin spreading on his face. “Why didn’t you tell me sooner?!”

“A what now?”

“Claws out!” Adrien said, cracking his neck as he felt Chat Noir’s suit settle over him. He took a deep breath, reaching his hand out. “Black Hole!”

A swirling portal of dark energy materialized under the apple, sucking it in as Chat Noir’s other hand reached over his head, materializing another portal on the ceiling. The apple tumbled out of the portal above him, landing in his open palm as Chat Noir disappeared both portals with a snap of his fingers.

“This was a triumph~” Chat hummed to himself, taking a bite of his apple. “I’m making a note here, huge...oh...oh God, why does it taste like Camembert?!”

Mayura turned this way and that, examining his reflection in the mirror that hung over the back of his door. His fingers glided down the smooth, scaled fabric with a toothy grin, unfurling his fan and plucking a quill out to toss at the dart board pinned to the far wall. It sailed clean through the drywall, out the other side of the wall and on to the street below as Mayura winced, quickly vanishing his transformation as Luka ran to the window to look out.

“Guess I’m still getting used to my own strength,” Luka chuckled, looking down at his bare hands with a small frown. Turning back to his civilian self after being able to leap and glide between buildings in single bounds was disorienting to say the least. Compared to the power and agility Mayura had, Luka felt like a sluggish, flat footed drunk stumbling around the street without any real power.

“You up for a tour around the city, little guy?” Luka asked, turning around and facing Duusu as
they calmly floated just over his shoulder. The little peacock kwami’s peaceful, serene smile and unblinking lavender eyes unnerved Luka ever so slightly, but he supposed that magical animal spirits didn’t have the best grasp on what was and wasn’t creepy for humans.

“If that is what my master wishes,” Duusu said with a small, slightly vacant smile. “It would be wise to familiarize yourself with your new abilities before you encounter our enemies.”

“Might not be a bad idea to take Mayura out for a test drive; see what he can really do,” Luka said, crossing his arms thoughtfully. “…hey, Duusu?”

“Yes, my master?” Duusu replied.

“…you know you don’t need to call me like that,” Luka chuckled a little nervously.

“Would you…prefer it if I called you something else?” Duusu said, cocking their head to one side.

“Just Luka would be fine,” Luka said.

“Very well…Luka,” Duusu said. “Was there something you required of me?”

“Just wanted to see if you knew what we were up against,” Luka said. “I know a little about Chat Noir from the Ladyblog and the scraps of what Ladybug has said, but I don’t really know what I’m getting myself into yet.”

“You needn’t worry yourself,” Duusu said in what they probably thought was a soothing tone of voice. “With my power, you will be able to overcome that treacherous alley cat without any problem.”

“You’re saying that like he doesn’t have an instakill attack that will pulverize me if he so much as touches me with it,” Luka pointed out.

Duusu chuckled. “All the more reason for you to get...comfortable with your pawns.”
“My what now?” Luka asked as Duusu gave another unnerving smile.

“You didn’t think a fan, some sharp quills, and short range flight were the sum of my abilities, did you?”

A soft knock on the cabinet door and the smell of freshly baked cookies drew Tikki out of her nap as Marinette slowly opened the door.

“Hey,” Marinette said with a small smile, placing a small plate of cookies on the table in front of the cabinet. “Papa made some of his caramel cookies if you want a few?”

Tikki glanced down at the plate with a small, noncommittal nod. “Thank you.”

“I...was thinking later we could go train with Mayura a little,” Marinette said, sitting on a stool by Tikki’s cabinet. “He still needs a little fine tuning to get control over his powers, but I think Luka is really taking to it! Your friend Duusu seems to like him too; couldn’t stop fawning over her new partner.”

Tikki rolled over with a small frown. “Duusu...fawned?”

“...yes?” Marinette said.

“Duusu...doesn’t fawn ,” Tikki said. “Unless it’s over their own reflection in the mirror.”

“I...I know it’s been a while since you two spoke,” Marinette said, scratching her arm nervously. “And...I probably should have brought you back to say hi before I gave her to Luka, but-”

“You don’t need to explain yourself to me, Marinette,” Tikki said flatly. “As my chosen wielder, I am obliged to obey your wishes in all things; you don’t need to explain your decisions to me after all.”

A frustrated sigh escaped Marinette’s nose. “You know, this would all go a lot quicker if you
stopped dragging your feet.”

“I’m sure it would,” Tikki said airily, taking a nibble out of the offered cookie. “Things usually go much quicker when partners work together. I’m sure if you and Chat Noir were still on the same side, you could have accomplished anything...like, say-”

“Alright,” Marinette said, leaning in with a small scowl. “Let’s say we defeat Hawkmoth. Let’s say Chat is still willing to work with me after throwing him around the city and essentially calling him useless on national television. How does that make anyone’s life better?”

“Your job isn’t to make one family’s suffering go away,” Tikki said, floating out of her cabinet. “You’re not responsible for healing every broken heart that comes in your path.”

“Even if I had the power to?”

“Marinette, what do you think this is?!” Tikki laughed. “Do you think there’s no risk involved to this little plan?!”

“Hey, I understand the risk!” Marinette hissed, careful not to wake the other sleeping kwami. “I know doing this isn’t going to be easy-”

“It’s not just not going to be easy; it’s going to be the single most difficult thing you’ve ever had to do in your entire life,” Tikki said, eyes narrowing. “I wasn’t lying when I said it is possible, but the last person to successfully use us not only had an ironclad will, but understood creation and destruction enough to balance us evenly! It’s like walking a tightrope; one slip and-”

“And what?” Marinette said.

“And I don’t know what’s going to happen,” Tikki shrugged. “I honestly don’t know because no one has failed to use us the same way twice. One person got ripped apart the moment he mantled both of us, one person disappeared for seven months and then reappeared in a foreign country as a completely different person, one person turned into a flower pot, one person instantly transformed into a garden of roses, one person was flat out rejected by the pair of us and spent the rest of her life with shockingly orange hair-”

“Okay, point made ,” Marinette sighed. “What happened to the one person who did use you properly?”
Tikki sighed. “...if I told you...it would only encourage you.”

“It’s encouraging then,” Marinette said. “We wouldn’t be working so hard to stop Hawkmoth if there wasn’t a chance he could use it, right? And if Gabriel Agreste is a serious threat, then why not me?”

“What makes you think you’re even going to get the chance to use us?” Tikki said. “You think your friend in the tacky red pants is going to honor his side of the arrangement and not immediately screw you over the first chance he gets?”

“How?!” Marinette laughed. “Tikki, I have a small army of Miraculous on my side. I know who he is, I know his weaknesses, and the best part is that he knows it too! He knows I have him under my thumb and that if he so much as blinks at me the wrong way, I can take him out with Mayura’s help! What does he have other than the ability to make underpowered minions?!”

Tikki looked thoughtfully at Marinette for a second. “...you’re a fairly big fan of Gabriel’s, aren’t you?”

“I was ,” Marinette snorted. “The shine has come off that apple lately.”

“So...was he always a fashion mogul?” Tikki asked. “Did he come from a powerful family who afforded him every privilege in the world?”

“...no, he was actually born to a single parent who died when he was a boy,” Marinette said slowly. “He...put himself through school and started as a janitor for a men’s clothing company that let him work in the drafting rooms when he was done with work.”

“And from that, he built a fashion company that is known the world over,” Tikki said. “Is that the kind of man who has nothing?”

“So he has a lot of money.”

“He has drive ,” Tikki hissed. “Ambition, and the will to carry his plans out. Yes, he has a lot of money, and there is no way to get that much money without stepping on a lot of people in the
“Maybe,” Marinette admitted, standing up and plucking a cookie off the plate. “But I’m not going to be one of them.”

Tikki watched Marinette as she disappeared down the ladder, trap door closing with a bang that startled Pollen awake.

“I hope you’re right,” Tikki said softly.

Mayura’s grin was almost infectious and after test-driving his new powers, even Ladybug’s dour mood seemed to lift.

“So that’s what Duusu meant by ‘pawns’,” Mayura said, eyes roaming the rooftop where he and Ladybug had sparred only a few moments earlier. "Good to know I can always call on back-up."

“Gotta admit, having more numbers on our side isn’t gonna hurt,” Ladybug chuckled, stretching her shoulder out as she watched Mayura throw a few experimental jabs. She remembered what it was like feeling the rush of otherworldly power for the first time, elevated from human to superhuman with only a few words. As much as the weight of being Ladybug had begun to wear on her over the years, there was no doubt that being a superhero was just cool.

“I doubt Chat Noir is gonna even know what hit him,” Mayura chuckled, pounding his fist into his palm with a toothy smirk. “We may even have his Miraculous before the week’s out.”

“...I wouldn’t get overconfident just yet,” Ladybug said, tucking a piece of hair behind her ear.

“What do you mean?” Mayura laughed, gesturing to the roof behind him. “Did you...not see what I just did? That was awesome, right? We’ve got our own little army now; what does Chat Noir have other than a catnip addiction and a skewed sense of priorities?”

“Experience,” Ladybug said simply. “He’s had four years now to bond with his kwami and really start to get the full breadth of his powers. Not to mention he knows how I fight forwards and backwards by now; we learned how to fight together when we were kids and now...”
Ladybug shook her head, trailing off as she looked over the city. She thought that Chat would have surfaced by now, but he was being uncharacteristically quiet. He could be subtle when he wanted to be, but more often than not he was prone to more in-your-face displays of heroism. And yet, despite conspicuously flaunting her new partner at every turn, he seemed to be nowhere in sight.

...maybe she had gotten to him.

In the deafening silence, her own traitorous thoughts seemed louder than ever. Despite telling herself that hurting his feelings in the short term would save her from having to hurt him in the long term, and despite the fact that Chat had tried to take her Miraculous barely a week earlier, it still felt cheap publicly humiliating him on national television.

There was a difference between doing what you had to do to win and actually enjoying it.

“Hey, we got this,” Mayura chirped. “I know my suit isn’t the only thing that’s green about me, but with you backing me up I’m sure I can take him down sooner than you think!”

“I’m all for putting an end to this as soon as possible, but let’s not get ahead of ourselves,” Ladybug said, patting Mayura on the shoulder. “You did good tonight; your friends did good too. But I think we need to run a few more practice sessions before we start hunting for Chat in earnest.”

Mayura nodded, biting his lip thoughtfully as Ladybug ambled towards the edge of the roof. “Taking off so soon?”

“I have a French paper to write,” Ladybug explained.

“Write it tomorrow,” Mayura suggested. “I could use a little more practice.”

“Can’t,” Ladybug said. “I...have a date.”

“...oh,” Mayura blinked. “Well, great! Awesome! Uh...yeah, no, by all means, go do your homework! Sorry for keeping you. I'll just do another pass around town and let you know if I find
“Thanks,” Ladybug said, shooting a small smile over her shoulder. “And, uh...thanks. Again, I know this is a tall order, but-”

“It’s no problem,” Mayura said, waving Ladybug off. “We’ll catch up later, okay?”

“Sure,” Ladybug said, raising her fist for him to bump but transitioning into an awkward, half-hearted wave at the last second. "And um...if you run into Chat-"

"Go for the groin?" Mayura said, lips quirking as a genuine smile floated out of her lips.

"Seriously though...if you run into Chat, don't fight him by yourself,” Ladybug said. "I know you think you're doing well...and you are. But I don't think you're at his level quite yet."

Mayura ignored the warm, prickling sensation of indignation as Ladybug latched onto the edge of the roof, swinging away into the city. It was strange that every time Ladybug even mentioned Chat a swell of sudden anger and aggression welled up inside him, stronger than he was used to feeling. Shaking his head, Mayura watched her go for a moment until her red dot disappeared into the city.

“Come on, man,” Mayura sighed, slapping his face lightly. “Get it together…”

Chat Noir sat with his legs crossed on the couch, a pad of paper in his lap as he tossed various objects through one Black Hole and out another.

“Looks like even kwami magic bows to Isaac Newton,” Chat muttered, making a note on the pad as he tossed a soda can through a portal on the floor and caught it as it came through a portal that opened up by his head. “No loss of velocity so I should be able to…”

Chat scratched his head with the back of the pen as the webcam positioned outside his window pinged on, drawing his attention to the monitor screen of his laptop. He was happy that Nino accepted “girl problems” as a reason for installing a few secret security systems around his window; in truth, the floor-to-ceiling windows that were currently drawn shut offered any passing
superheroes a good look into his bedroom physics laboratory. Now that Ladybug and her new sidekick were out looking for him, it probably wasn’t a good idea to walk around his own bedroom in full costume without the shades drawn.

A flash of blue flitted across the screen as Chat Noir’s lip curled into an instinctive snarl, watching Mayura leap high into the air and glide, the edges of his cape fanning out as he floated lazily over the city. Of all the (many) things that Chat Noir envied about Mayura’s new position, the freedom to run around the rooftops without looking over his shoulder was one of them. Ladybug’s little press tour had made his usual nighttime stress relief runs impossible when he needed them the most.

Speaking of Ladybug…

Chat Noir frowned at the monitor, watching Mayura land on a rooftop nearby. When Ladybug didn’t join him, Chat Noir slowly stood up, pocketed the pen and reached his hand out towards the screen.

“Hm...wonder how far I can use this thing…”

Mayura touched down on the rooftop, hands lacing behind his head as he stopped his frenetic running long enough to catch his breath. He had been twice around the city already and still felt like he could run all night without getting seriously tired.

But it seemed that no matter how far he ran, he kept coming back to the same spot.

“Come on, it’s been a year,” Mayura muttered under his breath, pacing back and forth on the rooftop to try and release some of his anxious energy. “Of course she has a date; why wouldn’t she? Why shouldn’t she…”

Mayura sighed, leaning on the edge of the rooftop.

“Get over it…” Mayura muttered to himself. “You need to get over it…last thing you need is to over-complicate this with...ugh…”
“Let me guess; lady troubles?”

Mayura snapped around, fan unfurling as he scanned the rooftop for the low, purring voice that had just spoken.

“Who’s there?” Mayura called, cautiously backing up to the edge of the roof in case he needed to run. “Show yourself!”

“Alright, alright, no need to get your tailfeathers twisted,” a voice said from behind him. Mayura whipped around to come nose to nose with a pair of large, glowing green eyes.

“Hey there,” Chat Noir said, chuckling as Mayura let out a startled squawk, backpedaling and nearly tripping over his feet as Chat Noir climbed over the ledge of the roof. “You must be...sorry, I’m drawing a blank here. What was your name again? May...uvula? Feel like it started with an M…”

“Wouldn’t you like to know?” Mayura asked, drawing a quil from his fan and holding it tensed between his fingers.

“I would actually!” Chat Noir said, casually walking along the rim of the rooftop as Mayura watched, heart thumping loudly in his ears. “I like to greet all the new heroes of Paris...after, of course, Ladybug has known everything about them for a few weeks at least. Don’t worry; as Ladybug’s partner, you’ll get used to finding out things secondhand.”

“Jealous?” Mayura asked. “I seem to be a lot chummier with Ladybug than you were.”

“Well of course you are; you’re her partner,” Chat Noir said, leaping up onto the roof of the stairwell. “You’re ‘Team Ladybug’s new leading man!’ You woulda thought that Carapace would have beaten you out by seniority alone but you must’ve aced the interview.”

“Or maybe she just trusts me more than she trusted you?” Mayura said as Chat Noir hopped off the stairwell.

“Ladybug trusts you not to get in her way and to do your job without questioning her,” Chat Noir said coolly. “And that trust dries up the second you have a dissenting opinion. Don’t let her little publicity stunt fool you; you’re more puppet than partner, pal.”
“Are we on the roof of a winery?” Mayura laughed. “Because I smell a lot of sour grapes in the air tonight. What, are you sad she didn’t take time out of her day to kiss your head and make you feel special?”

“Joke all you want; I’m just offering some friendly advice,” Chat Noir said, examining his nails. “Ladybug is keeping things from you; including the underlying reason for this little spat between us.”

“Oh, I’m sure you have a very well thought out sob story to accompany the reason you tried to take her Miraculous,” Maura said, crossing his arms.

“It’s actually pretty short; wanna hear it?”

“Sure; why don’t you tell it to me while I’m bouncing your head off the pavement,” Mayura said, eyes narrowing as Chat Noir let out a bark of laughter.

“Oh, wait...are you serious?” Chat Noir chuckled. “You...actually think you can beat me, don’t you?”

“Why don’t we find out?” Mayura said, gesturing around the rooftop as that surge of anger swelled inside him again. “Fitting that a mangy alley cat should die on a roof, isn’t it?”

“You don’t want to wait for your partner?” Chat Noir asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Oh don’t worry; I’m sure I can handle you all by myself,” Mayura chuckled, unfurling his fan.

Chat Noir let out a small, derisive snort, leaning back with his arms lazily draped over the ends of his baton. “Alright then, bluebird... handle me.”

Mayura tensed, waiting for Chat Noir to pounce on him, but he just stood there, casually stretching his back out by turning this way and that. Mayura spun his fan around with a flourish, hoping to provoke some kind of reaction from Chat Noir, only to be disappointed by the unphased look of half-bored amusement on his face.
Alright then, Mayura thought, springing into action as he spun in a wide arc, shooting a kick at Chat Noir’s head that he effortlessly ducked, lazily stepping out of the way as Mayura landed where he had just been standing. A flurry of blue feathers sailed out from the fan as he whipped around, bringing of the hard edge of the fan around in a slash at Chat’s head that he avoided by simply stepping back. The next three blows were similarly completely ineffective as Chat danced just out of reach of the fan’s range, teasing him with a pearly white grin that only served to irk Mayura as none of his attacks seemed to connect.

“Sorry, am I supposed to be feeling handled right now?” Chat laughed, parrying a thrown quill with his baton and sending it sailing into the streets below. Another flurry of quills sailed past his head as he leapt forwards, handspringing off Mayura’s head and landing in a crouch on the roof behind him.

“So, partner, I’m curious as to what Ladybug’s been telling you about me,” Chat said conversationally, catching a punch from Mayura and holding his fist fast in his palm as he tried to pull it back. “I’m guessing by the way you’re trying to spear me with those quills, it probably wasn’t great, was it?”

“Nothing but the truth,” Mayura grunted, planting his foot on Chat’s chest and kicking off, fluttering up in the air and coming down with a flipping kick that Chat caught. With a jerk of his hips, Chat sent Mayura flying over his shoulder, landing in a heap on the floor of the roof with a frustrated snarl.

“And what exactly is her version of the truth?” Chat asked, turning around in time to pluck a thrown quill out of the air. “That I’m some kind of evil mastermind conspiring to steal the Miraculous?”

“You tried to take hers!” Mayura spat. “You stole twelve already!”

“Twelve that she would have likely just forked over to her new mystery partner,” Chat said, letting out a sharp bark of laughter as a confused expression crossed Mayura’s face. “Oh, she didn’t tell you about that, did she?”

“Can we skip the banter and meaningless chit-chat and get to the part where you stop running away from every attack I throw?” Mayura panted, rolling his shoulder.

“Man you are new at this,” Chat sighed, rubbing the bridge of his nose. “Banter and meaningless chit-chat are like the biggest part of being Ladybug’s partner.”
“I thought being Ladybug’s partner meant getting brainwashed or taken out of the fight,” Mayura said, lips curling into a smirk. “Or was that just you?”

“Hey, there you go!” Chat laughed. “Though, a little constructive criticism, a bit lacking in puns for my taste. You might want to go with a bird theme or-”

Mayura’s blue leathered boot silenced Chat’s train of thought by driving heel first into his face.

“Tweet tweet, fuck you,” Mayura said in a flat, emotionless voice. “How’s that?”

“Mediocre,” Chat said, spitting as he rubbed his jaw. “But I’ll give you a pass because I guess you were just winging it.”

“Please start punching me; it’s bound to be less painful than these puns,” Mayura growled, driving his elbow into the side of Chat’s head as he rolled with it, flipping into a cross-legged sitting position.

“Now why would I want to do something like that?” Chat asked, tapping his chin thoughtfully, falling back out of the way of another kick, and handspringing up back on to his feet. “I don’t particularly have any reason to dislike you, do I?”

“My little coming out party not get your fur ruffled?” Mayura panted, whipping a quill at Chat Noir’s head. “Come on; this is barely any fun without you fighting back!”

“Am I boring you, bluebird?” Chat asked with a small pout.

“I have new respect for Ladybug for having done so much with an anchor like you holding her back!” Mayura spat as another kick missed Chat by a scant few inches. “Face it; you’re not exactly on her level, are you?”

A rush of black, knocked the fan out of Mayura’s hands as a hand picked him up by the scruff of his cape and dangled him effortlessly in the air above his head. Mayura clawed at Chat’s hands, trying to pry them open or kick him away, but Chat held fast, not even flinching as Mayura tried to wriggle out of his grasp.
“Neither, it seems, are you,” Chat said, tossing Mayura across the roof with a flick of his wrist, sending him crashing into some patio furniture as he fell.

“I’m not the one you should be fighting,” Chat Noir said, bending down to pick up Mayura’s fan as he crawled out from under a broken lounge chair. “We should be working together!”

“Is this your *join me and together we can rule Paris* speech?” Mayura said, wiping his lip as he wobbled to his feet, reeling from the force with which Chat had *flicked* him. “Because it *sucks*.”

“You don’t know what you’re getting yourself into,” Chat said, tossing the fan back across the roof. “Ladybug doesn’t want my Miraculous because I tried to take hers; she wants it so she can use it for Hawkmoth!”

Mayura blinked, catching his fan out of mid air. “Are you...are you serious?”

“Yes!” Chat Noir said. “She wants to use our Miraculous to make his wish so he stops supervillaining it up! She knows who he is and she just wants to give him what he wants.”

Mayura frowned, crossing his arms. “So...this whole time... *Ladybug* has been working for Hawkmoth...wow...”

“I know! That’s why we need to-” Chat trailed off as Mayura’s shoulders started shaking, his mask of shock and concern dissolving as he burst out laughing.

“That is...without a doubt...the *stupidest* lie I have ever heard,” Mayura chuckled, wiping the corner of his eye with his finger.

“I...I’m not lying!” Chat said. “I’m telling the truth! She really wants to use our powers to give Hawkmoth what he wants! She’s trying to sue for peace with the lunatic that’s held this city hostage for years!”

“Oh, *please*,” Mayura snorted. “Ladybug working with Hawkmoth? What kind of dumb shit is that? Who would be *stupid* enough to believe that?”
“I don’t know; maybe the asshole who’s stupid enough to buy Ladybug’s lie!” Chat spat. “Who is, by the way, you!”

“Nice comeback,” Mayura said, waving his hand over his brooch that started to glow a faint, blue and green light. “I’ve got a better one... Quill Guard!”

Plucking four feathers from his fan, Mayura whipped them at the rooftop around Chat’s feet as they started to faintly glow. Four black and blue circles slowly materialized around his feet, growing and glowing brighter as four armored figures slowly emerged. Each wore intricately crafted blue and green plate armor and each had an elegant peacock plume coming out of their helm. Two held shields; one with a broadsword and one with a long, feather tipped spear. One unsheathed two shimmering scimitars as it unfolded as the largest figure slammed a heavy, two-handed warhammer down on the roof at Chat Noir’s feet.

“Since we’re all about introductions tonight, let me introduce you to my band,” Mayura said as the four armored figures bore down on Chat Noir. “Hammet, Hetfield, Hendrix, and Van Halen. Boys? Say hi to Chat.”

The four knights turned their glowing purple eyes towards Chat, raising their weapons as they started closing in around him.

“Alright which one of you is Hendrix because I gotta say I’m a big fan of your-,” Chat Noir dove out of the way as they charged with four echoing metallic roars that echoed throughout the city.

Chapter End Notes

I was close to naming Luka's Quill Guard after the Midnight Crew.

I added another Tikki/Marinette scene that I cut from the last chapter because some of you pointed out (fairly) that Marinette hadn't been explained the potential repercussions of using both. That said, if it wasn't at least a possibility, then Hawkmoth getting a hold of them wouldn't be such a big threat. Hopefully that clears some things up; I'm writing at a breakneck pace so thanks for letting me know if I need to circle back and make myself clearer. Also starting to play around with some of Chat's cut powers so interested to see how this plays out.

Next Time! Strife! Dates! More classic rock references than you can shake a guitar pick at!
Singing the Same Old Song

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: This chapter was written before Mayura dropped but after getting a quick synopsis, I'm gonna say this is compliant with S2! No more AUs (unless I feel like it)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Papa?”

Gabriel looked up over the rim of his laptop, lightly whacking the side of the case to try and get the spotty internet connection to work. Adrien was holding up the pair of fishing rods while struggling to balance a tackle-box in his other hand.

“You didn’t think the fish were going to catch themselves, did you?” Emilie chuckled, lowering her sunglasses and raising herself up on the beach chair to look at her husband. “And you did promise earlier today, Gabriel.”

“That was before Marcel bungled the Milanese order,” Gabriel sighed, trying to avoid his five year old son’s beaming expression.

“There’s no one else who can handle it?” Emilie clucked, sitting up with a small frown. “Gabriel, you can’t spend all weekend working.”

“I know; I know...I just need a little bit more time,” Gabriel said, shooting his son an apologetic smile. “Raincheck?”

Adrien looked up at the mention of rain as his mother sighed, rising from her seat and leaving her book page-down on the chair. “Come on, sweetie. Papa needs to work.”

“I’ll...catch up with you later,” Gabriel said, not missing the look of disappointment that crossed his wife’s face as she took their son by the hand and led him down towards the water.

Gabriel sighed, taking off his glasses and pinching the bridge of his nose as a calm breeze blew in over the water, taunting him with the promise of relaxation as he turned back to his laptop, quietly
promising to murder his business partner at the first available opportunity.

“Sir?”

Gabriel opened his eyes, sitting up in his chair as Nathalie gently rocked his shoulder.

“What time is it?” Gabriel muttered, feeling around for his glasses.

“A little after nine,” Nathalie said, placing a cup of warm tea down on his desk.

“Must’ve drifted off,” Gabriel said, closing his eyes as the memory of the beach slowly slipped back out of his consciousness. “Anything to report?”

“Marcel wants your opinion on which brand of nylon we should use for our men’s underwear,” Nathalie said, placing the report on Gabriel’s desk. “Because he is pathologically incapable of having an independent thought, no matter how minor.”

“This is urgent I suppose,” Gabriel snorted, circling a choice at random and passing it back across the table to Nathalie.

“His lack of foresight is always your emergency, isn’t it?” Nathalie chuckled.

“Why break tradition now?” Gabriel said, leaning back in his chair. “Anything else?”

Nathalie tapped a few buttons on her tablet as the widescreen TV Gabriel used for conferencing lit up with a grainy picture of Chat Noir battling four peacock plumed knights. Frowning, Gabriel turned around, threw the curtains to his office open, and looked out the window at the battle taking place on the roof across the street.

“...Nathalie?”
“Yes, sir?”

“In the future, I would appreciate it if you informed me about superhero battles taking place outside my house before you asked me about my underwear.”

"I will take that to heart, sir."

Chat Noir ducked as the tip of the knight’s sword sailed over his head, barely missing him as the glittering point of a spear stabbed itself into the roof at his feet. He recovered just in time to leap over a lumbering hammer smash, parrying a flurry of scimitar slices with the haft of his staff before backflipping out of the way of Mayura’s feather darts.

“Alright, I’m starting to feel handled,” Chat panted, leaping on to the roof of the stairwell as he looked down on Mayura and his Quill Guard. “Or at least I’m not bored anymore.”

“Come down here then; I’m sure Hammet could bore you plenty,” Mayura said as the spear wielding knight gripped their spear tighter.

“Nice pun...so Hammet’s the one with the spear and shield….that makes the sword and boarder over there Hetfield.” Chat Noir said aiming his finger at each knight in turn. “I’m guessing you named the flippy scimitar one Van Halen which would make the big guy Hendrix, right?”

“Good guess” Mayura said, patting the large, hammer wielding knight on the side of the shoulder.

“I also guess that your phone is full of nothing but Brittish dad-rock,” Chat Noir snickered.

“Nothing wrong with appreciating the classics!” Mayura said, whipping another handful of feathers at Chat as he leapt into the air.

“You know they kept making music, right?” Chat laughed, blocking Hendrix’s hammer strike with his staff and kicking off the larger knight’s chest before Van Halen could come in with a sword strike. “Rock didn’t just die when the 80’s ended.”
“Might as well have!” Mayura snapped, watching Chat match Hetfield blow for blow before kicking his helmet off. It sailed through the air as the headless suit of armor staggered around, dropping his sword and shield and fumbling around on the ground for any sign of his head.

“Personally, I always found all that wailing and wanking to be kinda grating,” Chat sighed, kicking Hetfield’s head at Hammet and watching the spear wielding knight fumble, trying to grab it before it tumbled off the edge of the building. “Like, we get it; you’re an attention whore who needs the spotlight on them. Do we really need a guitar solo in every song?”

“If you’re trying to piss me off, you’re gonna have to try a lot harder than that,” Mayura scoffed.

“Jagged...Stone... sucks ,” Chat Noir said with a large, toothy white smile that widened with every word he said.

“...you son of a bitch!” Mayura charged, unfortunately at the same moment that Hendrix, eyes glowing with purple fury, also charged, hammer swinging in a wild arc towards Chat Noir’s side. At the last second, Chat stepped back, barely missing the hammer blow that spun around and caught Mayura full in the chest, knocking the wind out of him and sending him tumbling back into Hetfield and Hammet who had just righted their helmets. They fell into a pile with a sound like a cart full of pots falling down the stairs amid Mayura’s muffled curses.

By the time he righted himself, Chat Noir was nowhere in sight.

“Where’d he go?” Mayura muttered to himself. “Come on o-”

Mayura’s vision suddenly went dark as a Quill Knight’s helmet was jammed over his head backwards.

“Gotta protect that fragile brain of yours,” Chat Noir snickered, dancing out of the reach of Mayura’s flailing arm swipes. “Can’t exactly afford to lose too many more cells, can you?”

Mayura wrenched the head off with a growl, chucking the helmet at Chat who ducked, picked up a second helmet, and promptly jammed it on Mayura’s head again.
Across the street, Gabriel watched Mayura struggle to pick himself up, fumbling and swinging wildly as Chat Noir held his palm against his forehead.

“...not the most impressive Mayura, is he?” Nathalie coughed as Gabriel sighed, taking his glasses off and squeezing the bridge of his nose.

“Nooroo,” Gabriel said, drawing the quivering little kwami out from his hiding spot in the desk. “Contact-.”

“-Marinette?”

Marinette’s head jerked up as her mother’s hand laid on her shoulder, startling her out of a murky train of thought.

“Sorry,” Marinette said, placing the roll of dough in a banneton and covering it with a clean towel. “This one’s ready to proof…”

Sabine watched her daughter as she grabbed another lump of dough from the machine, weighed it out on the small scale in front of her, then started kneading with the same distant look in her eyes as before.

“...I think we can handle it from here, dear,” Sabine said gently.

“We have twenty more loaves to proof before we meet the order,” Marinette sighed, wiping her forehead with the back of her arm. “You and papa-”

“Were kneading bread before you were even a bun in the oven,” Sabine said, taking the dough from her daughter. “We can manage without you...you look tired.”

Marinette caught her reflection in the window over the counter, tucking a strand of floury hair behind her ear. “...been a long week.”
“I can tell,” Sabine said, slowly kneading the dough as Marinette pulled her apron off. “...anything you’d like to talk about?”

Yes, Marinette thought. “Not really,” she said, hanging her apron up on the back of the door. “I should get some designing done anyway.”

“You should** take a break,” Sabine clucked, turning to face her daughter. “Don’t think I don’t know how hard you’ve been working lately.”

“I’ll break when my schedule breaks,” Marinette grumbled.

“You’ll break much sooner than that if you don’t take time for yourself,” Sabine said, dropping the dough on the counter and making her way over to a stack of fresh raspberry pastries. “There will always be work to do, Marinette; you need to make sure you’re strong enough to do it.”

Sabine dropped two pastries on a plate, pushed the plate into Marinette’s hands, and gently pushed her out of the kitchen.

“Go get some rest,” Sabine said. “And by rest, I do not mean any portfolio work.”

Marinette was too tired to even consider arguing with her mother, and knew better than to linger in Sabine Cheng’s kitchen when her mother didn’t want her there. She wasn’t strict by any definition of the term; she simply demanded the same respect she extended to her daughter and Marinette never had reason to rebel.

Even as she padded upstairs, nibbling on the corner of her favorite pastry, Marinette didn’t feel any less tense or unhappy than she had been in the kitchen; the only difference was that now she had no dough to take her frustrations out on. And despite the swirling medley of emotions making her hair turn prematurely grey, frustration was the one that made every minor setback seem like an insurmountable obstacle.

The worst part was that she had almost nobody to talk to.

She liked Luka; trusted him to keep her secrets and stand by her side. But the truth of the matter was that he wasn’t Chat Noir. And as much as she was angry with him, a small corner of her still held out the smallest bit of hope that he would come to his senses; that he would see things her way and agree to let her mitigate the damage that Hawkmoth had already done. For all Gabriel
Agreste had done to Paris, he had inflicted the same kind of suffering on his family, and while she doubted he would turn over a new leaf, at least Adrien would have one parent he could rely on instead of no parents at all. And despite the growing revulsion she felt towards Adrien’s father, she wasn’t going to cause harm to someone who had been harmed enough already.

Not if she had the power to do something different.

Marinette was barely through the door to her room when her earrings started vibrating a faint, pulsing beat that made her heart drop into her stomach. Her earrings only buzzed like that when someone was trying to call her Miraculous communicator, and the only person who ever called her communicator was-

“Tikki! Tikki transform me!” Marinette said quickly, pulling her yo-yo out the moment Ladybug’s suit settled over her. Her fingers trembled as she popped the lid to the communicator open, fumbling with the lid until a dark video screen came into view. “...Chat?”

“Afraid not,” Hawkmoth said as his picture filled the screen. “You don’t look happy to see me.”

“No, I’m thrilled to have random old men calling me at odd hours of the night,” Ladybug said, feeling her lip curl into a snarl. “Tell me you have a good reason for interrupting my evening.”

“Oh I just called to see how you were doing,” Hawkmoth said airily. “Catch up and dish the goss as the kids say...since I clearly have nothing better to do with my life than talk to an adolescent girl in a ladybug costume.”

“For someone who doesn’t like to chit-chat, you sure are wasting a lot of oxygen with your words,” Ladybug sighed. “Is there a point to this call?”

“I just thought you should know that there’s a cat fighting with a bird on the roof outside my home,” Hawkmoth said, angling his communicator towards a large screen television. A grainy image showed Chat Noir wrenching the hammer out of the hands of one of Mayura’s knights and smacking it across the roof with it. She watched in horror as Mayura lunged, swinging a peacock-patterned sword that Chat caught in an open palm as his free hand grabbed Mayura by the scruff of his collar, tossing him aside as he kicked the helmet off another knight.

“Oh, and to the surprise of no one...the cat is winning.” Hawkmoth said. “Thought you might want to do something about th-“
Ladybug snapped her communicator closed with a growl, kicking her window open and leaping out into the night.

Hawkmoth blinked as his communicator went dim.

“Well...that was rude,” Hawkmoth said, turning his attention back to the fight outside.

“You think he would be doing better with a five to one numbers advantage,” Nathalie sighed, leaning on the windowsill as she watched two of Mayura’s knights run headlong into each other as Chat leapt out of the way.

“I think he’s doing quite well for someone with literally a thousandth of the experience as Chat Noir,” Hawkmoth mused, watching as Chat hurled another knight off the roof and on to the street below. “He should have drilled with his knights more so they weren’t tripping over each other in battle.”

“Shouldn’t have goaded Chat Noir into a fight,” Nathalie sighed.

“Yes, well, you know how young men are,” Hawkmoth said, folding his hands on his cane. “If anything is going to provoke Chat Noir into an act of foolhardy bravado, it’s going to be another young gun trying to take his spot.”

“But what happens if Mayura slips out of our reach?” Nathalie asked.

“We shall just have to hope Ladybug gets here in time to save her new sidekick,” Hawkmoth shrugged.

“...I know I’ve brought this up before-”

“I sense you’re about to bring it up again,” Hawkmoth sighed.
“Can we really trust Ladybug to see this through to the end?” Nathalie asked, wincing as Mayura tripped over Chat Noir’s baton and crashed into one of the two remaining knights.

“We can trust that she’ll deliver what we want,” Hawkmoth said evasively. “Beyond that...well, that’s what our little insurance policy is for, isn’t it?”

“Still...a bit much to expect from a teenager, isn’t it?” Nathalie said, watching Chat lift Mayura off the ground and press him back against the wall of the stairwell.

“Any other teenager and I would agree,” Hawkmoth said, eyes trailing to a security camera that showed a familiar red spot swinging across the city. “But if there’s one thing we can count on, it’s that Ladybug will always find a way to come out on top…”

Mayura grunted, kicking feebly against Chat’s stomach as he held him fast against the brick wall of the stairwell. The Quill Guard was in a pile of armored pieces on the rooftop, feebly trying to piece themselves back together and frequently attaching the wrong limbs to wrong torsos. His fan lay on the ground at Chat’s feet, just out of reach of Mayura’s grasping fingers.

“You had enough?” Chat asked, head rolling with a punch that Mayura managed to land on the side of his head. “...ow.”

“Just getting warmed up,” Mayura grunted, despite the fact that his blow didn’t even seem to phase Chat or slacken his grip enough for him to wiggle out.

“You can cut the bravado; you have nobody here to impress but me,” Chat said, fingers brushing over the Miraculous that held his cape up. “This is a new one, isn’t it?”

Mayura’s heart fell into his stomach as Chat began to unclasp it...before seemingly thinking better of it and simply straightening it as he let Mayura fall back to his feet.

“I don’t know where you got it or what Ladybug has been telling you, but you’re not helping who you think you’re helping.” Chat said as Mayura straightened up.
“I think I know Ladybug better than you do,” Mayura said, reaching for the fan only for Chat to carelessly pin him against the wall with one hand.

“After two days?” Chat snorted. “Unlikely.”

“Oh, so you’ve also seen her without her mask on?” Mayura said, lips curling into a smirk.

“You…” Chat blinked. “She told you who she was?”

“I guess I’m just the trustworthy kind of guy,” Mayura sighed, watching Chat’s eyes narrow ever so slightly. “Aw, what’s wrong? Feeling left out?”

“She told you who she was…”

“That’s right, though the mask wasn’t the only thing she took off when she was with-”

“…and you just told me ?!” Chat snarled.

“Yeah, that’s…wait, I feel like you’re mad at me for different reasons than I want you to be mad at me,” Mayura said as Chat released him from the wall.

“Didn’t Ladybug tell you to keep this stuff close to your chest?!” Chat sighed. “God, this is superhero 101! No secret identity talk ever and especially not to someone you’re fighting against! Because guess what? Now I know that you know who Ladybug really is!”

“You what?!” Mayura and Chat turned to see Ladybug land on the roof a few meters away, glaring at both of them, but saving a special kind of ire for Mayura.
“...I feel like I may have fucked up,” Mayura said.

“No shit,” Chat snorted.

“I…” Mayura glanced back and forth between Ladybug’s indignant glare and Chat Noir’s smug, shit-eating grin. “He started it!”

“Go pick up your toys, junior; the grown ups need to talk,” Chat said with a dismissive hand wave as his eyes settled on Ladybug. “You know that’s the one downside of owning a bird; they always find a way to sing when you don’t want them to.”

“Look, I-” Mayura stopped as Ladybug held up a hand and sent him a look that said I’ll deal with you later before turning her attention back to Chat Noir.

“I see you two are getting acquainted,” Ladybug said, placing her hands on her hips.

“Why wouldn’t I take the time to get to know my replacement?” Chat Noir sniffed. “Didn’t take long for you to replace me and let the whole city know about it, did you?”

“Didn’t leave me much of a choice, did you?” Ladybug replied. “Thought that little publicity stunt would grab your attention.”

“Well, you got it,” Chat said, folding his hands on top of his baton. “Didn’t need to go and hurt my feelings to do it.”

“I’ve done nothing in the past, and your feelings got hurt,” Ladybug said, feeling her irritation at Chat prickle. “At least this time I seem to have gotten what I wanted out of it.”

“Sorry, were you expecting a temper tantrum?”

“Given your history of throwing a fit when you don’t get what you want?”
“You mean like you did when I didn’t fork over my Miraculous on demand?”

Mayura’s eyes ping-ponged between Ladybug and Chat Noir as he tried to piece his knights back together, his initial indignation at being forgotten giving way to relief that he wasn’t being used as a prop in this superpowered marital spat.

“My god, are we in a time warp?” Ladybug laughed bitterly. “I swear we just had this conversation a few days ago!”

“Before, during, or after you pitched The Dumbest Idea Ever?!”

“Uh...are we still fighting?” Mayura asked, screwing Hammet’s head back on and helping the suit of armor back on its feet.

“We’re fighting; you’ve had enough for one night, M. Loose Lips,” Chat Noir sneered.

“Hey, don’t get him involved in this!” Ladybug countered.

“You got him involved in this!” Chat Noir cried, jabbing his finger at Laybug. “He was probably writing Gorillaz fanfiction in his underwear before you had to pull him into our fight!”

“Hey, who told you about that?!” Mayura cried as Ladybug and Chat Noir both turned to look at him incredulously. “...I mean...I...I don’t...”

“Dude, I was kidding ;” Chat Noir sighed

“Shut up!”

“Can we all focus on why we’re here?!” Ladybug groaned, rounding on Chat. “Look...I’m willing to be the bigger person here-”

“You haven’t been bigger than me since I hit puberty, short-stack.”
“- and give you another chance to end this peacefully,” Ladybug continued, breathing hard through her nose.

“Wait, what?!” Mayura interjected. “He tossed me across the roof for half an hour and he gets a second chance?!”

“Mayura, please-”

“No, by all means; your partner should have an equal say in decisions you make regarding the pair of you,” Chat shot back.

“Wait, are you on my side now?!” Mayura asked.

“This does not need to be any more complicated than it needs to be!” Ladybug snapped. “You cannot seriously think that this little rebellion of yours is going to turn out the way you think it will! You’re outnumbered, Chat! You got away last time, but I have backup this time; there’s two of us and only one of you! And what exactly has changed since the last time we fought that makes you think you can handle the both of us?”

Chat was silent for a moment, green eyes trailing back and forth between Ladybug and Mayura. “...you guys ever see that cartoon based on that MMO that came out a while ago?”

Mayura and Ladybug shared a confused glance. “Oh, wait, I think my sister watched that when it was on TV,” Mayura said, snapping his fingers. “Yeah, wasn’t it called Wak- FUCK!”

Mayura’s shadow expanded into a large, swirling black hole that sucked him into the roof. Before Ladybug could react to her partner suddenly disappearing, Mayura tumbled out of another hole several meters above her head. Ladybug skirted out of the way just as Mayura crashed into the roof at her feet.

Ladybug glanced between her discombobulated partner and an infuriatingly smug looking Chat Noir. “What was that?” She squeaked, voice cracking up a whole octave in pure confusion. “What the hell was that?!”

“ACME Portable Black hole,” Chat said, fingers twisting and sending Mayura tumbling through
another portal that deposited him across the street, depositing him into a hot tub and startling a trio of elderly bathers. Ladybug watched dark energy crackle around his hands, opening a portal beneath Mayura’s feet as he stepped out of the hot tub that sent him tumbling back into the frothy jacuzzi.

“You think this is funny?!” Mayura called from across the road, climbing out of the hot tub. “Is this all some kind of joke to you?!”

“A little bit!” Chat called back, meeting Ladybug’s baffled expression with a hapless shrug. “My kwami is very interested in not getting himself captured, so we’ve been, shall we say, expanding my moveset a little bit...hasn’t Tikki done the same for you?”

The sound of her kwami’s name coming from Chat’s mouth momentarily stunned Ladybug, long enough for her not to notice the shadow that opened up beside her. As Chat’s hand reached through another shadowy portal, she barely leaned back and out of the way of a claw that brushed the smooth, metal surface of her earrings. She jumped backwards, as the first portal disappeared and another opened beneath her feet where she landed, sending her tumbling back into inky blackness and depositing her at Chat’s feet. Before he could grab a hold of her, she aimed a kick at his shins, creating enough space for her to slide back across the roof, one eye behind her to watch out for any more surprise portals.

“Don’t pretend like you’re doing this because you’re concerned about my kwami!” Ladybug snapped, shooting her yo-yo at Chat’s head as he opened another portal, redirecting it so it shot out of a portal and bonked Ladybug in the head.

“I’m not; I’m concerned for mine,” Chat Noir replied, jumping into another shadow and appearing behind Ladybug. She ducked, rising with an uppercut that sent Chat staggering a few steps backwards as she rounded on him. Her yo-yo snapped out again as two teal armored figures rushed past her, lunging for Chat Noir with a pair of scimitars and a spear. The yo-yo wrapped around the haft of the spear as Hammett thrust at Chat Noir, yanking it back out of the knight’s grasp and embedding it in the rooftop a few meters away.

“Just how many kwami are you gonna press-gang into this little crusade of yours?” Chat spat, ducking as Van Halen’s scimitars ripped into Hammett, scattering the armor pieces across the rooftop.

“That’s something for their Guardian to worry about; not you!” Ladybug fired back, untangling her yo-yo and sending another strike at Chat Noir. Again, a staggering, uncoordinated knight stumbled into Ladybug’s attack path as Chat Noir moved out of the way, getting tangled in the yo-yo string.
“What do you think is gonna happen when Master Fu wakes up and realizes you’ve been working to undo everything he’s been working towards for the last four years!” Chat Noir demanded, lunging with a staff strike that Ladybug sidestepped as she drove the heel of her palm into Chat’s nose.

“He’s going to wake up to all the kwami back where they belong and Hawkmoth defeated forever!” Ladybug growled, wrapping her yo-yo around Chat’s staff. “The only difference between our plans is that mine sees a family reunited and yours is just revenge for revenge sake!”

“You’re honestly okay with giving this prick what he wants?!” Chat Noir hissed, grabbing on to either end of his staff and holding fast as Ladybug tried to rip it from his hands. “Vichy Ladybug, just handing over the keys to the city and collaborating with the psychopath who’s been using Paris as his playground?!”

“This isn’t about Hawkmoth!” Ladybug grunted, fingers twisting tightly in the string of her yo-yo. “And it isn’t just him who gets what he wants!”

Chat’s brow furrowed. “What do you—”

“I got him!”

“Mayura, no!” Ladybug cried out as Mayura dove at Chat feet-first, descending from a high-dive behind Chat. Chat turned as Mayura cried out, dropping his staff and stretching his hands out beneath him. As she watched Chat form a portal to disappear, Ladybug was suddenly struck with the realization that, for whatever reason, Chat couldn’t use his new power without the use of both hands.

She was then struck by Mayura’s boots as Chat vanished, leaving her face the only thing stopping Mayura’s descent.

Mayura collided headlong into his partner, sending them both tumbling along the rooftop and rolling to a stop just before spilling over the edge. They righted with Mayura on top of her, shaking his head in confusion as he looked down.

“Got... you?” Mayura chuckled as Ladybug closed eyes with a deep sigh. “Uh...hi?”
Wordlessly, Ladybug turned Mayura’s head towards Chat Noir who was currently miming taking a picture.

“You two make a cute couple,” Chat said, kicking his staff up off the ground as Ladybug and Mayura rose to their feet, brushing off the dust and untangling themselves from each other. “Is it...MayLady? Ladyura? Doesn’t have quite the ring as Ladynoir, does it?”

“What’s the plan?” Mayura whispered.


“...featherstitch?” Mayura said, unfortunately loud enough for Chat to hear him.

“Oh, wait, I know that one!” Chat called out. “Yeah, that’s where you trade off attacking from the left to the right to throw your opponent off balance...of course, if that doesn’t work you can always try backstitching—you told him about that, right?”

“I feel like i’m missing some context here,” Mayura mumbled as Ladybug’s jaw tensed, fingers balling into fists out of pure frustration.

“Man...you haven’t even shown him the playbook yet, have you?” Chat Noir sighed, shaking his head. “It’s almost not even fair fighting you like this...”

“Try tying one hand behind your back then; I’m sure you could take us,” Mayura said as the Quill Guard slowly rose, retrieved their weapons, and began completing a circle around Chat. Ladybug could see the gears in Chat’s head turning as his eyes bounced between the knights, Mayura, and finally back to hers.

_Rush me_, she silently begged. _Come on; I’m right here. Just come swinging at me._

For a moment, she thought he was going to strike. She could see him tense, hands gripping on his staff as he seemed to be weighing his options.

“Alright...time to bring in some backup,” Chat said, lips curling into a smirk as Ladybug’s eyes widened. “Now!”
Ladybug’s instincts caused her to whip around at the same second that her brain quietly reminded her that she had used the same gag on Chat only a few nights earlier. By the time she turned back around, Chat had disappeared over the edge of the rooftop, leaping through the city with a wave and a toothy grin over his shoulder.

“Where are they coming from?!” Mayura asked, glancing around as Ladybug followed Chat, leaping off the building and latching on to a nearby rooftop. She was dimly aware of Mayura yelling at her to wait as he leapt after her, but she could focus on nothing but the blood pulsing in her ears and the sight of Chat Noir running just a few hundred feet out of her reach.

He glanced over his shoulder, waiting to see if Ladybug was following him before diving off the edge of a rooftop, plunging into the murky alleyways below. Ladybug followed from the ledge above him as far as she could before leaping down into the alleyway after him. The distant echo of Mayura’s Quill Guard as she followed Chat, ducking delivery drivers and vaulting over parked cars as she pursued him straight towards a brick wall.

“End of the road!” Ladybug cried as Chat looked left, looked right, then disappeared into a portal he created in the ground at his feet. Ladybug skidded to a halt as the portal closed, glancing down two distinct side-paths as Mayura caught up with her.

“Which way did he go?” Mayura asked, stopping to adjust the helmet of a Quill Guard who had reassembled himself too quickly.

“I don’t know,” Ladybug said, glancing around.

“Split up?”

“That’s what he wants,” Ladybug groaned, tugging at her hair.

“Don’t got much of a choice, do we?” Mayura said, nodding at two of his henchmen. “Hammett, Hetfield, go with Ladybug and—”

“No, he’ll hear them coming a mile off,” Ladybug said, pointing down the left path. “Go that way; try and flush him towards me and we’ll try and grab him in the middle.
“Sure this is a good idea?” Mayura asked.

“Don’t got much of a choice, do we?” Ladybug echoed, tearing off down the left path as Mayura headed right.

Chat Noir heard the sound of clanging bootsteps as he ran, leaping up, over the rim of a rooftop as he spied an open window on the far side of a row of stately, expensive looking townhouses that felt vaguely familiar, even in the dim light of the streetlamps. As much as he enjoyed nettling Ladybug’s new sidekick, he didn’t fancy taking on the pair of them so early in the game. Mayura was a wildcard that he didn’t have a full grip on yet. He knew that his knights were strong, but still uncoordinated. They could gang up on him, but they couldn’t move like he could.

They were only going to get better, and his fight wasn’t with Mayura.

“I found him!”

Chat swore as Mayura called out behind him, chasing him down a sidestreet as he ran without thought or plan as to where he was going. He needed to get away long enough to get back home; get somewhere where they wouldn’t see him portal back into his room. But with Mayura breathing down his neck, he couldn’t see an easy path of escape.

Rounding the corner and breaking Mayura’s line of sight, Chat spied an open window on a balcony two stories off the ground. Without thinking, he leapt up onto the balcony, stealing into the dimly lit master bedroom and slamming the window shut as a flash of blue came around the corner behind him.

As he landed on the plush, Persian rug, debating his next move, he noticed that the swirling blue patterns on the carpet.

*That looks familiar,* he mused, glancing up at the elegantly forged Persian saber hanging off a rack on the wall.

*...that looks familiar too,* Chat thought, frowning as the door at the far side of the room opened as Kagami Tsurugi stepped out of the bathroom, humming a small tune under her breath and dropping her towel at the exact moment Chat turned to look at her.
“Okay, now that definitely looks familiar, Chat thought.

“Uh...h-hi?” Chat Noir said, waving and averting his gaze as Kagami’s eyes slowly widened as she glanced between Chat and the open window. “I-I’m sorry to disturb you, miss, but I-”

_BANG BANG BANG_

Before Kagami could process the fact that she was currently standing naked in front of one of Paris’ oldest heroes, the sound of an insistent pounding on the door downstairs drew her attention. Grabbing her towel back to her chest, Kagami headed to the window, peeking behind the curtain as she saw four large, blue, heavily armored knights running down the street.

“Friends of yours?” Kagami asked, brushing a wet strand of hair out of her face as Chat mentally cursed at himself for being careless enough to get tracked back to his ex-girlfriend’s house. Mayura had either got lucky or saw the tip of his tail disappear into Kagami’s room.

“He must’ve seen me....” Chat said, eyes still buried in his hands as Kagami grabbed a fluffy pink bathrobe off the corner of the vanity. “I’ll be out the skylight...a-assuming you have one, that is! I-I wouldn’t know; I’ve never been here in my life!”

“I boarded the skylight up when mother passed,” Kagami said, sliding into a pair of fluffy bunny slippers. “Putting in a home theater. Only way out is that window or the front door...neither of which sounds like a good option for you at the moment.”

“I’ll-” Chat Noir made to head for the window only to have Kagami press hard on his chest back towards the bathroom.

“Stay,” Kagami commanded, cinching the bathrobe around her waist as the knocking at the door became more insistent.

“But-”

“You can explain to me why you’re galavanting through my window at eleven o’clock at night when I’ve seen our guests off,” Kagami said, glancing over her shoulder as Chat Noir grabbed her
by the elbow. “...is Ladybug looking for you too?”

The way Chat’s eyes averted in an all too familiar way told Kagami all she needed to know.

“Get comfortable,” she commanded, pushing him back into her bedroom as another thundering series of knocks came

“Hello?! Hey, whoever’s in there, open up! We need to talk!”

“What are you going to do?” Chat asked.

“...act like my mother,” Kagami said, smirking at the visible chill that ran down Chat’s spine. “Cruel, I know, but they interrupted my evening relaxation routine so I’ll be raising the specter of Tsurugi Umeko for one last fright.”

*BANG BANG BANG*

“Coming!” Kagami called, taking a deep, steadying breath as she plucked a Polish saber off the wall, weighing it in her hands as she descended the stairs. The steel in her hand would be useless against a superhero, but just holding it made Kagami feel a little surer of herself. Contrary to popular belief, Kagami was not made from ice and the idea of facing down Ladybug and her garishly dressed new partner in nothing but a bathrobe and slippers was enough to put the smallest wobble her step as she quietly placed the sword in the umbrella stand by the door.

But like in all trying times, Kagami quelled her anxiety by focusing on the facts of the situation. Chat Noir was Adrien, Adrien was her friend, and Ladybug needed to get into her house to get to Chat Noir.

To do so, she would have to go through Kagami.

Hendrix stepped up to the door, hefting his hammer as he prepared to break it down
“Whoa, whoa, whoa, cool it!” Mayura hissed, pushing Hendrix back. “We can’t just go caving in people’s doors left and right.”

Behind him, the front door opened to an irritated pair of amber brown eyes as the owner of the house, a young woman about his age, stepped out in a fluffy pink bathrobe.

“Yes?” Kagami said, pulling her bathrobe tighter around herself as she closed the door behind her. “May I help you?”

“Sorry for, uh...disturbing you ma’am...miss...pal...,,” Mayura said, offering a sheepish wave, eyes bouncing up and down and lingering just a little too long on the cute, button-nosed slippers on her feet. “But I need to get into your house. Official superhero business.”

“...I see,” Kagami said, eyes drifting to the small cadre of armored knights that clustered behind Mayura. “And you would be?”

“Sorry, hi, I’m Ladybug’s partner-”

“I thought that was Chat Noir,” Kagami said, looking the blue-feathered stranger up and down with an appraising raise of her eyebrow. “Mmm...yes, I’m fairly certain that you’re not her usual better half, unless you traded the catsuit for...whatever this is.”

“I...we’ve been all over the news all week,” Mayura said, deflating a little as Kagami seemed to be unphased by the superhero standing in front of her. “...Mayura? The peacock? Ring a bell?”

“I find the news to be depressing, so I try not to watch it too much,” Kagami said, crossing her arms and narrowing her eyes. “And you’ll excuse me if I don’t let random costumed strangers into my home.”

“Okay, look, I know this is weird, but you need to trust me,” Mayura said, stepping up onto Kagami’s step. “Someone just ran into your house; someone Ladybug and I have been fighting with all night-”

“So you’d like to fight with them in my living room?” Kagami sniffed, looking up as Ladybug came tearing down the street. “I don’t think so; that brute with the hammer looks a little too smash-happy to be let near my furniture, thank you very much.”
“What’s going on?” Ladybug asked. “Did you find him?”

“Ch... he’s in there,” Mayura said, jabbing his head towards Kagami’s house. “Saw him go in the open window.”

“So you claim,” Kagami said, turning her attention to Ladybug. “Is this renaissance faire reject here with you?”

Ladybug’s lips pursed, a familiar and uncanny jealousy kindling as Adrien’s ex-girlfriend looked impassively at her. There was no real reason to dislike the woman other than the fact that she made good on her promise of wooing Adrien before she could come up with a perfect way to ask him out. Still, it wasn’t easy watching Adrien walk around with his arm wrapped around her waist or watch Kagami lean in and whisper something that made Adrien blush while they were on double dates.

It didn’t help that Kagami was the only person in the world that could manage to look intimidating while wearing a pink fluffy bathrobe and bunny slippers.

“Sorry to disturb you, miss,” Ladybug said, falling behind her shield of professionalism. “But my partner and I need to search your home...for your own safety.”

“For my own safety?” Kagami echoed with a small laugh, jerking her head up at the cameras stationed at the corners of her home. “My personal security system would have tipped me off to anyone breaking and entering without my knowledge. Since I received no such alert and since my retainers are currently not pouring out of their home right now, I assume your...partner, was mistaken.”

“He went in through the window!” Mayura protested. “I saw him go-”

“Please keep your voice down; people are sleeping,” Kagami said, earning an icy glare from Mayura.

“We won’t be long,” Ladybug said, stepping in front of Mayura with a small smile. “Just a quick look around and we’ll be out of your hair.”
“...just a quick look around?” Kagami asked.

“Ten minutes or less,” Ladybug promised.

“Oh, well in that case...no,” Kagami said, watching Ladybug’s smile crack and brow crease.

“...no?” Ladybug echoed. “But-”

“My home is not a museum for people to wander in and out of as they please,” Kagami said coolly. “Even if the finest security system euros could by were to fail me, I am a silver-medalist fencer in a house full of swords. I daresay anyone who did break in would find me more than capable of tossing them out into the gutter.”

“We just need to-”

“I’m sorry, but it’s very late and I have university classes in the morning,” Kagami sighed, looking down on Ladybug with a tired, dismissive look in her eye. “So if there’s nothing else, I’d like to get back to bed.”

Ladybug gaped incredulously at Kagami, genuinely at a loss for words. “I’m...I’m trying to protect you here!”

“So you claim,” Kagami repeated, eyes narrowing. “But it is well within my rights to decline any offer of protection from a vigilante.”

“V-Vigilante?” Mayura squeaked, gesturing to Ladybug as her fingers balled into fists at her side. “Th-this is Ladybug we’re talking about here!”

“And what branch of the police does Ladybug work for?” Kagami asked. “Does she have any official power to compel me to follow her orders? Or am I expected to comply with every girl in patterned spandex who wants entry into my home simply because she saved the city once or twice?”

“I saved you once or twice!” Ladybug snapped.
“And so I am to surrender my right to privacy to you because you saved me, what was it, four years ago?” Kagam asked, refusing to melt under the volcanic glare Ladybug leveled at her. "Does every person you assist owe you their unquestioning obedience?"

"If you would just-

“I thought as much,” Kagami said, watching Mayura tense up as she cut Ladybug off with a small wave of her hand. “Now, if there’s nothing else, I’d like you and your friends to clear off my doorstep. Thank you for your service, but I do not require your assistance tonight.”

“Look, we’re being nice here, but you know we can just walk past you, right?” Mayura said, crossing his arms. "There's not a hell of a lot to do to stop us, is there?"

“By all means; let my security system catch Ladybug and her new sidekick strong arming a woman in her bathrobe when she refused to let them in her home,” Kagami said, lips curling into an infuriatingly smug smile that made Ladybug’s blood boil. “I’m sure the press would be very interested in footage of Paris’ greatest heroine breaking and entering like a common hoodlum. The social backlash from that should be enough to keep you busy while my attorneys are suing those ridiculous costumes off your backsides.”

“Now, unless there’s anything important to discuss,” Kagami said, opening the door without breaking Ladybug’s gaze. “Have a pleasant evening.”

“You’re making a mis-” Ladybug blinked as the door slammed in her face and the sound of latching locks echoed in the small entranceway. For a moment, Ladybug just stood there, breathing hard, glaring at the peephole, and fighting the urge to rip the door off its hinges and barrel into the house after Chat.

“You sure he went in there?” Ladybug asked.

“Definitely,” Mayura said, glaring up at the windows above their heads. “So either she doesn’t know he’s in there and just being difficult…”

“...or she absolutely does and doesn’t want us to find him,” Ladybug said, glancing up at the security camera before turning away with a small sigh.
Kagami watched through the peephole, heart pounding in her ears as she gripped the hilt of the sword she had carried downstairs. For a moment, it looked like Ladybug was going to break her door down and come after her...but the moment passed and Ladybug slunk away, yo-yo carrying her up into the night as her partner followed.

Kagami let out a breath as the sword clattered to the ground at her feet, head pressed against the door as she fought to regain control of her breathing. She closed her eyes, slowly counting backwards from ten until the terror of talking down Ladybug in a bathrobe dissipated a little and she could stand unassisted. She carefully placed the sword to the umbrella rack, smoothed her bathrobe, and headed up the stairs.

“They’re gone,” Kagami called into the empty house, kicking off her slippers as she entered her bedroom. “You can come out now, Adrien.”

Silence greeted her as she looked around the shadowy room. Rolling her eyes, she shucked the bathrobe off her body as she heard an embarrassed cough coming from the shadows in the corner of the room.

“Thought you were still there,” Kagami said, shooting a small glance in Chat Noir’s direction.

“I should probably-”

“Stay,” Kagami said, tossing a pair of running shorts and a tank-top on her dresser. “Not like there’s anything you haven’t already seen, is there?”

“...the butterfly tattoo is new,” Chat Noir chuckled, averting his gaze as his ex-girlfriend got dressed as though he weren’t even there.

“I went out with some cousins one night and a tattoo parlor in Roppongi was having a sale,” Kagami chuckled, tugging her shirt over her head as she flicked the light on. The sight of Chat Noir, savior of Paris, conspicuously averting his eyes left her little doubt as to his identity; nobody else had looking bashful down to an art form like Adrien Agreste. “Glad you aren’t insulting my intelligence by denying it at least.”

“How long have you known?”
“A year or so,” Kagami shrugged. “It would have been hard not to notice that the only time you ever cancelled plans with me coincided with magical mayhem...that and you were always uncannily good at sneaking out of my room. Goto-san never even realized you were in the house, and he’s ex JSDF.”

“Had a couple close calls; really miss that skylight I used to sneak in through,” Chat Noir chuckled, scratching the back of his head. “Sorry I never told you…”

“It was smart not to confide in someone Hawkmoth had compromised at least twice,” Kagami said, holding up her hand to forestall a protest. “I don’t blame you for anything...I assumed you had your reasons and decided not to pry.”

“Ladybug’s idea, ironically enough,” Chat Noir chuckled.

“And a good one; if you had shared your identity with her, I’m guessing you would be in her clutches instead of hiding out in my house,” Kagami said, looking him over. “Are you going to tell me what this is all about? I take it you didn’t jump through my window to have another post-breakup sleepover.”

“Not exactly,” Chat Noir coughed, biting his lip. “I’m not sure if you should even be involved.”

“I just spent ten minutes staring down a superhero in my bathrobe with only the threat of legal action protecting me,” Kagami said, eyes narrowing. “I’m involved; the least you can do is let me know what I’m involved in.”

“...long story,” Chat Noir sighed.

“I’ll put the kettle on then,” Kagami sighed, heading down the stairs. “But if you’re on the run from the police as well, I’d like some notice in case the constable comes battering my door down.”

Mayura had barely landed behind Ladybug on the roof overlooking her parents’ bakery when a red and black fist socked him hard in the shoulder.
“Ow!” Mayura squawked, rubbing his arm. “What the-"

“What was the one thing I told you not to do?!” Ladybug hissed, brandishing her finger in Mayura's face.

“Look, I didn’t go looking for a fight-”

“Well you found one!” Ladybug snapped. “What were you gonna do if I didn’t show up?!”

“I...I would have thought of something...” Mayura mumbled sheepishly, wincing as Ladybug socked him in the shoulder again. “Okay, that doesn’t actually hurt, but-”

“And you told him you knew who I was?!” Ladybug rambled. “At what point did you think that was a good idea?!”

“I thought we were trying to get under his skin!” Mayura protested. “Get him to make a mistake or something; I thought if I told him how close we were-”

“Tell me you didn’t tell him we used to date,” Ladybug said, grabbing either side of Mayura’s face and tilting his head down. “Look me in the eye and tell me-”

“I didn’t!” Mayura said, cupping the backs of Ladybug’s hands. “Look Mar-”

“Ladybug,” Ladybug cut across. “I am Ladybug. And while I am Ladybug, I need you to forget the fact that you know my name or anything about me! Do you understand?!”

“What’s the big deal?!” Mayura laughed. “So I told him I knew who you were! I could be anybody! You could be anybody! He was your partner for four years and he never figured out who you were, right?!”

“He never figured out who I was because I gave him nothing that would lead him back to me,” Ladybug said vehemently. “Not a side of town I lived on, not a favorite restaurant, not the route I walked to school; nothing. And in the span of two days, he knows that you know my secret
“So what?” Mayura asked. “He doesn’t know a thing about me!”

“He knows you’re the kind of person who names their minions after classic rock guitarists,” Ladybug said, ticking her fingers off as she went. “He knows you have a sister who likes to watch cartoons. He only met you tonight and somehow managed to figure out a way to use his new Aperture Science skills to pit us against each other! I mean, we were tripping over each other out there because you wanted to finish your little cock fight!”

“Alright, not my finest hour, I admit,” Mayura said, holding his hands up. “I was just trying to help...I swear…”

Ladybug shook her head, turning away from him and walking to the edge of the roof as Mayura waited for her to say something. Seconds dripped into minutes before Mayura spoke again.

“Are you okay?” He asked, walking across the rooftop as Ladybug sat on the edge of the roof. He had known Marinette for almost four years; dated her for almost two. He had seen her at her happiest and at her most devastated, but he had never seen her look so tired in all the years he knew her.

“I’m just...I’m scared,” Ladybug said quietly, wrapping her arms around herself as she leaned off the edge of the building. “I’ve had to do this for four years, you know? I’ve had to fight poor brainwashed civilians almost every week of my life...I haven’t even been out of the city since I was fifteen. But...as rough as it’s been...as hard as it is to fight, I’ve always had Chat with me...since day one…”

Ladybug stared down at the people milling about on the street below with glassy, unfocused eyes.

“I know I said he was useless...and that he just gets himself brainwashed…” Ladybug muttered. “But the truth is...all those times he got himself in trouble...all the times an akuma took control of him...that could have been me. It was going to be me, but Chat...stepped in the way.”

Mayura said nothing, simply settling down by Ladybug’s side and watching her out of the corner of his eye.

“...that’s the kind of person he is,” Ladybug said slowly. “That’s the kind of person we’re up
“...that’s the kind of person he is,” Ladybug said slowly. “That’s the kind of person we’re up against...someone who will die to protect something he cares about…”

“I’m sure you’d do the same for the people you loved,” Mayura said, lightly nudging her shoulder.

“That’s the thing though...I wouldn’t,” Ladybug said, shaking her head. “I would try and find a better solution...one where no one had to get hurt. One where everyone could get what they wanted and we didn’t have to choose between what we needed to do and what we wanted to do...Chat will just throw himself into a fight no matter what the cost is...and now that fight is with me.”

“Well...I think I prefer your solution,” Mayura said. “And maybe Chat will still wake up and realize he doesn’t want to fight you anymore.”

Ladybug sighed, leaning against Mayura’s shoulder as he tentatively wrapped an arm around her. “...just because he doesn’t want to, doesn’t mean he won’t.”

They lapsed into a comfortable silence, broken only by the sound of cars and chattering civilians below as Mayura idly wondered what kind of person would willingly fight someone like Marinette; someone he had fought alongside since he was a kid. He didn’t even know the half of the argument, didn’t even know why Chat was upset with his partner, except-

“Hey...you’re not really working with Hawkmoth, are you?” Ladybug stiffened as Mayura looked down at her with a dark, serious expression.

“...who told you that?” Ladybug asked.

“Chat...before you showed up...he said you wanted to use his ring to help Hawkmoth,” Mayura said softly. “...just level with me...is it true?”

Ladybug blinked, brain scrambling for an answer. Part of her wanted nothing more than to let Luka know exactly what he was getting himself into; screamed that it was the right thing to do while another part of her coolly reminded her that telling her partner the truth had led to this situation in the first place. But before she could lie or come up with an answer to satisfy Luka’s curiosity, Mayura burst out laughing.

“Oh man, like anyone would buy that,” Mayura said, lightly rustling Ladybug’s hair. “You working for Hawkmoth…”
“Y-Yeah,” Ladybug laughed, smoothing her hair with trembling fingers. “Crazy, huh...not Gorillaz fanfiction crazy, but-”

“Hey, when they release Murdoc from prison, I can stop filling in the holes,” Mayura said, steadying Ladybug as she slowly rose to her feet. “You gonna be okay?”

“...eventually,” Ladybug sighed, trying a shaky smile. “Just gotta keep...looking on the bright side.”

“Every cloud has one, or so I’m told,” Mayura said, holding out his fist for Ladybug to bump. She raised her fist for a moment before thinking better of it, slipping inside his guard and wrapping her arms tightly around his neck.

“Thank you,” she murmured, breath tickling his ear as she spoke. “I know this is a lot to handle, but...I’m really glad I don’t have to handle it alone.”

Tentatively, his arms wrapped around her waist as he resisted the urge to inhale the warm, strawberry scented hair that tickled his nose. After an all-too-short moment, she pulled back, wiping the corners of her eyes with her palms and shot him a somewhat surer smile.

“Of course,” Mayura said. “Anything you need, I got you.”

“I need a nap.” Ladybug chuckled, turning and heading towards the bakery. “...sorry for losing my temper earlier, I-”

“You’re under a lot of stress; I get it,” Mayura said, holding his hand up. “We’ll do better next time...or I will at least.”

“You usually do,” Ladybug giggled, shooting him a wave over her shoulder. “Night, partner.”

Mayura watched as she hopped across the roof, through the skylight, and transformed back into Marinette. His eyes lingered on her for a long moment as she laced her fingers behind her head, taking a deep breath as her eyes closed. He watched her sit on the edge of her fainting couch, head buried in her hands as her shoulders started to hitch and shake, wanting desperately to break through the skylight and throw his cloak over her shoulders and pull her close like he used to.
Instead, he turned away, quietly stoking the angry voice inside his head that demanded that he thrash the daylights out of Chat Noir for upsetting Marinette so much.

Across town, Gabriel Agreste leaned back in his chair, swirling a tumbler of old, oily scotch in one hand and regarding a picture of a much younger, much happier family with the other."

"I'm going to fix this..." Gabriel murmured to himself, like a prayer, as he had so many times in the past four years. "I'm going to fix this..."

Chapter End Notes

So ends Mayura's first battle.

If anyone thought I jobbed Mayura out here...I did, but I had my reasons. 1) He's been a superhero for only a handful of days while Chat has had literal years to master his abilities 2) Ladybug hasn't trained enough with him yet and 3) I've always seen LB/CN on a different tier than the rest of the Miraculous, something I'll expand on in the future. To use an Exalted reference no one will get, Ladybug and Chat are Solars, Mayura/Hawkmoth/Rena/Carapace/Queen Bee are Celestials, the Zodiac are Terrestrials.

Confused? I hope so!

As always, feedback keeps the writer engine going. I'd especially like to know how I'm writing Marinette since I feel like I need to keep some sympathy with her since 1) she's the main character and 2) I need to try and piece this back together after shattering it with an Angst Hammer. So reviews are greatly appreciated!

NEXT TIME: Finally getting to that Adrinette Date as Mayura does a little sleuthing of his own and Kagami screws Adrien

'...s head on straight.

Tune into my writing blog (siderealscribblings on tumblr) for outtakes/WIPS! Thanks for reading!
Kagami slowly stirred a generous dollop of honey into her tea as she glanced between Adrien and the small floating cat-shaped spirit currently gnawing on a wheel of cheese she fished out from the crisper.

“So, let me see if I have this right,” Kagami said, taking a sip of her tea. “The source of your unfathomable powers of destruction is a cat that is powered by cheese, you and Ladybug working together could grant any wish, Ladybug knows who Hawkmoth is and instead of immediately binning him like she should, she has decided that the maniac in a butterfly costume deserves to have his fondest wish granted and promised to give Hawkmoth your ring. When you refused to surrender your Miraculous, you went to your mentor only to find him hospitalized and three Miraculous, which only Ladybug knew about, gone. You then seized the rest of the Miraculous, Ladybug took issue with that and your erstwhile lady friend demanded your Miraculous at swordpoint...or yo-yo point as the case may be. You fought once to a standstill before she enlisted the help of some sap who apparently knows her secret identity. So...not only does she have Hawkmoth and Birdboy on her side, but she has the ability to create three more heroes and potentially oppose you with a full half-dozen, experienced superheroes.”

“There’s also the chance that Ladybug could be too weak to use both of us and accidentally break reality when trying to make her wish,” Plagg added before attempting to jam the rest of the cheese wheel into his mouth.

“...I see,” Kagami said, taking a bite of her tea biscuit. “We're a bit fucked, aren't we?”

“Royally,” Adrien sighed. “Or rather, I am. You’ve already done enough for me by stonewalling Ladybug like that.”

“I did learn how to be arrogant and condescending from a grandmaster, after all,” Kagami said with a weak chuckle. “If I did it like mother did, they should be feeling impotent and insecure for at least a few days.”

“I can’t see Ladybug wallowing in powerlessness for long,” Adrien said, patting Plagg on the back as he started to gag on his cheese wheel. “She’s a take-action kind of person.”

“You should take a page from her book then,” Kagami said, leaning in with her chin on her palms. “I’m interested to know why you didn’t disarm...what was his name? Meduka?”
“Mayura.”

“Yes...why didn’t you take his Miraculous when you had the chance?” Kagami asked.

“Because Ladybug has me painted as some kind of Miraculous thief,” Adrien said, running his fingers through his hair. “I didn’t want to prove her right. Besides, she could just replace whatever I take off him with another Miraculous and I’d be back to square one.”

“You took twelve other Miraculous already; what’s one more?”

“I took those to keep them safe,” Adrien insisted.

“I doubt that’s how Ladybug sees it,” Kagami said. “Much as your intentions were good, I’m afraid encroaching on her Guardianship pushed her into a corner.”

“Wait, so this is my fault now?” Adrien spluttered.

“I’m not blaming you Adrien,” Kagami sighed, rubbing her temples with her fingertips. “Just assessing the facts; you had good reason to keep the Miraculous out of Ladybug’s hands, but in doing so you may have escalated it to the point of conflict between the two of you...in any case, you two seem to be at war now. Do you think there’s any chance Ladybug will see reason and come over to your side of things?”

“...maybe, but-” Adrien sighed, taking a sip of his tea. “I’ve known her for four years; when she sets her mind to something, she sees it through. And she really believes this is the right thing to do which...I mean, for all I know, it might be.”

“Having second thoughts?” Kagami asked.

“I’ve been having second thoughts since I tried to take her Miraculous for the first time,” Adrien admitted, watching the steam rise off his mug. “This all happened so fast, I’ve barely had time to process it. Two weeks ago we were still friends, still fighting goofy looking monsters together...then Ladybug springs this plan on me and I don’t even have time to get two words in before she’s asking for my ring and saying that making peace with Hawkmoth is the best way to
end this. I don’t even know if that’s such a crazy idea at this point—”

“It is,” Plagg chimed in.

“Is it?” Adrien said. “Ladybug isn’t the type of person who makes decisions without thinking them through first.”

“Well, first time for everything, huh?” Plagg sniffed. “The only way this is going to end without tears is if we bag Hawkmoth before Ladybug gets her hands on me!”

“...there’s a chance though, right?” Adrien said. “A chance that Ladybug could use both Miraculous and this all comes to a peaceful end before Christmas?”

“A chance, sure, but-”

“Let’s say there’s a chance,” Kagami interrupted, drawing Plagg and Adrien’s attention. “Let’s say Ladybug is the kind of uniquely gifted individual she’s proven herself to be and she resurrects Hawkmoth’s wife. Let’s remove the question of can from this discussion for a second and pretend that Ladybug will have no problem granting Hawkmoth’s wish without any complications.”

Kagami dunked the corner of a biscuit in her tea, letting the dark liquid soak the cookie as she contemplated what she wanted to say. “...how many?”

“How many what?” Adrien asked.

“How many people has Hawkmoth possessed over the years?”

“I...I don’t know,” Adrien shrugged, avoiding Kagami’s probing eyes. “Let’s say...once a week for four years...two hundred and eight? Not counting the people who got affected by something the akuma did.”

“So it’s safe to say that if you’ve lived in Paris in the past four years, you’ve been affected by an akuma in one way or another,” Kagami said, chewing on the corner of her lip. “I forget...you’ve never been akumatized, have you?”
“No...guess you know why now, huh?” Adrien chuckled, trying to diffuse some of the tension in the room as Kagami continued to stir her tea with her cookie.

“It’s not an experience you forget,” Kagami said quietly. “I mean...you do, but it sticks around in the corners of your subconscious...the thought that you could be made to hurt someone you cared about without your knowledge or approval...and that it could happen more than once...well, you start to really dread your own bad moods. People in your life look at you differently...mother was always demanding of me, but after Riposte-”

Kagami blinked as she glanced down into a cup full of floating chunks of cookie crumbs, quietly pushing it aside as she looked back at Adrien. He reached across the table, gently taking Kagami’s hand with a reassuring squeeze.

“The thought of him out there, free after what he did to me...I almost killed you, Adrien,” Kagami whispered. “He can’t get away with this...I don’t care who gets hurt. I’m sorry if that makes me sound heartless, but too many of us have suffered because of that lunatic for him to just walk away after this is all said and done….makes me sick to even think about it.”

“He needs to pay,” Kagami nodded, locking eyes with Adrien as she squeezed his hand. “Ladybug may be doing right by Hawkmoth’s family, but Hawkmoth’s family aren’t the only ones who deserve justice... we deserve to have closure. This city deserves to have closure. And if you don’t, I’m going to find out who he is, hunt him down, and drag him back to Paris by his ankles myself.”

“I don’t doubt that you would,” Adrien laughed, smile dropping as Kagami locked eyes with him. He had known her a long time; gotten to know her better than most people could claim. Which is why the look of desperation floating behind her burning gaze made him sit up a little straighter in his chair.

“Promise me that you’ll make him pay, Adrien,” Kagami said. “ Promise me.”

Adrien nodded, lightly squeezing Kagami’s hand a little harder. “I promise. Hawkmoth is going to answer for what he’s done to this city...no matter what the cost.”

“Good,” Kagami nodded with a small smile, wiping the corners of her eyes as she got up to dump her tea slurry in the sink. “If you’re sure, then I’ll do whatever I can to help.”
Adrien shared a brief glance with Plagg. “I mean...I do have about a dozen Miraculous you could probably pick from.”

“Even if the Zodiac doesn’t exactly stack up in terms of power compared to the Inner Circle,” Plagg said.

“Inner Circle?”

“Peacock, Butterfly, Turtle, Fox, Bee,” Plagg said, ticking his paws off.

“Still an upgrade from bathrobes though,” Adrien countered as Kagami leaned against the counter, brows knit in concentration.

“Much as I’d like to beat the wings off Hawkmoth myself, I don’t think that’s such a good idea,” Kagami sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose.

“Why not?” Plagg said, floating up to Kagami’s eye level. “Come on! You’re like the coolest friend Adrien has!”

“Thank you,” Kagami chuckled.

“And you’re a world class swordfighter to boot!” Plagg said, making thrusting motions with his empty paw. “You’d be perfect!”

“I appreciate your confidence in me,” Kagami said, lightly rubbing the top of Plagg’s head with her fingertip. “There’s just one problem.”

“What’s Ladybug going to think when a dark haired, brown eyed woman shows up fighting by Chat’s side?” Adrien sighed, leaning back in his chair.

“Ladybug has good reasons to distrust me already,” Kagami said. “I fully expect that either she or her new pet are going to have their eyes on my house in the near future, so it’s best if you don’t come here in costume anymore. And if I show up on the battlefield-”
“Someone’s going to put it together sooner or later,” Adrien said, chewing on his lower lip. “Would have been nice to have someone watching my back though…”

“It’s not a bad idea, but I don’t think it can be me,” Kagami said, rubbing her chin. “You need to find someone else; twelve, if you can.”

“I don’t even know where to begin,” Adrien sighed. “Who’s going to believe that Ladybug is actually working with Hawkmoth? Mayura literally laughed in my face when I told him.”

“Only because he’s already been poisoned by Ladybug’s idea already,” Kagami said. “You wouldn’t have any proof, would you? Something that confirms Ladybug is actually working with Hawkmoth?”

“Nothing but my word,” Adrien muttered. “However much that’s worth against Ladybug’s.”

“Getting down on yourself helps no one but Hawkmoth,” Kagami clucked, pulling her chair around the side of the table and sitting in front of Adrien, lifting his chin up with her hand. “You’ve fought tooth and nail for this city since you were a skinny little fourteen year old; that has to be worth something.”

“I would hope so,” Adrien said, patting the back of Kagami’s hand as he slowly stood up. “…you know, I’m glad I accidentally jumped through your bedroom window tonight.”

“Accidentally,” Kagami chuckled. “A likely story; just admit you’re still madly in love with me and couldn’t resist being away from me for another moment.”

“If that were true, I wouldn’t be leaving,” Adrien laughed, meandering through the empty house with Kagami as they headed towards the front door. “I should probably get going.”

“Late for a date?” Kagami teased.

“Tomorrow, but not tonight,” Adrien said, avoiding the curious glint in Kagami’s eyes.

“Is that so?” Kagami asked, a teasing lilt creeping into her voice. “Anyone I know?”
“Mayyyyyyybe,” Adrien said.

“Plagg?”

“It’s that Marinette girl who lives in the bakery,” Plagg said simply, spinning in mid air as Adrien flicked him in the back of the head.

“Traitor,” Adrien hissed.

“No need to be so cagey; I’m not going to give her the shovel talk or anything,” Kagami chuckled. “Though it seems you have something of a type.”

“Brunettes?”

“Ambition, artistry, and a magnetic personality seem to be prerequisites, don’t they?” Kagami said, tapping her chin. “In any case, I’m sure you’ll enjoy yourself...as long as you don’t come on too strongly.”

“When have I ever done that?” Adrien snorted, opening the front door and letting a chilly midnight breeze blow into the foyer.

“Our second date was a horsedrawn carriage ride through the park accompanied by a string quartet,” Kagami said flatly. “This was after the rooftop dinner and tickets to the opera.”

“...I see your point,” Adrien chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck.

“Just...try not to go over the top too quickly; maybe save the marriage talk for date five or so, hm?” Kagami said.

“I may have already proposed marriage twice,” Adrien said.
“Of course you have.”

“Jokingly, of course.”

“Of course it was,” Kagami said, pulling Adrien into a tight hug as he turned to walk away. “Be safe.”

“No promises,” Adrien said, kissing her briefly on the cheek. “Thank you...for all of this.”

“Oh please; if Ladybug captures you, my social circle dries up faster than the punchbowl at a Bourgeois Christmas party,” Kagami chuckled, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. “Let me know how I can help.”

“I’m sure I’ll think of something.” Adrien said, shooting a wave over his shoulder as Plagg burrowed into Adrien’s jacket collar. Kagami watched from her doorstep until Adrien rounded the corner and disappeared down a side street before stealing back into her house, locking the door and leaning against it with a sigh.

“Why couldn’t I have normal, boring friends like Mother wanted?” Kagami sighed, turning the lights off as she trudged upstairs.

“You’re getting in rather late.”

Adrien resisted the urge to sigh, privately rolling his eyes as he hung up his coat. His father didn’t look up from his sketchbook, pencil scribble-scribble non stop as Adrien stuck his head in his study.

“Sorry,” Adrien said. “I was out; lost track of time.”

“I can see that,” Gabriel murmured. “Take care you don’t sacrifice your sleep schedule for a few hours with your friends.”
“Yes, father,” Adrien sighed, running his hand through his hair. “I’ll be back before midnight tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow?”

“I...have a date, actually,” Adrien said, studying his father’s facial expressions for any sign of disapproval.

“...is that so?” Gabriel asked, frowning at his sheet of paper. “Is it Mme. Tsurugi again or have you finally caved to Chloe’s advances?”

“Neither,” Adrien chuckled, biting his lip. “It’s...it’s Marinette, actually.”

Gabriel’s pencil stopped moving as his eyes snapped away from the page to look at his son. “...Mme. Dupain?”

"Mme. Dupain-Cheng,” Adrien said, jaw tightening. “Yes...is there a problem with that?”

Gabriel opened his mouth, but to Adrien’s surprise, he seemed to be at a loss for words. Adrien braced himself for a wave of fatherly disapproval, already mentally running through the list of comebacks he had been working on all week.

But to Adrien’s surprise, Gabriel just nodded. “None at all,” Gabriel said, clearing his throat. “Do you need reservations?”

“...I—I’ve made them already, thank you,” Adrien said, a little bewildered at the lack of parental overbearance.

“Of course you have,” Gabriel said, offering his son a small smile. “Thoughtful, as always. Enjoy your evening; let me know if you require anything.”

“....thank you,” Adrien said, frowning in confusion as he backed out of the study and started heading up the stairs. “...that was weird.”
“What was weird; he didn’t seem to have a problem with you and Marinette, did he?” Plagg whispered into Adrien’s ear.

“That’s what was weird,” Adrien said, closing and locking the door to his room as he stepped through it. “When has my father ever passed up an opportunity to micromanage my social life?”

“Maybe he’s finally warming up to the idea that you’re not a kid anymore?” Plagg suggested.

“That’s even weirder,” Adrien laughed, running a hand through his hair. “Maybe he just likes me dating someone ‘in the industry’ as it were…”

“I wouldn’t look a gift horse in the mouth on this one,” Plagg said, lightly punching Adrien in the shoulder. “You deserve to have a nice night out after the crazy week you had. Kick back, have a nice dinner, play your cards right and get invited back to Marinette’s room after—”

“First date, Plagg,” Adrien said, flopping down on his couch. “First date.”

“That means less than nothing to me,” Plagg said, landing on Adrien’s shoulder with a sigh. “Long night…”

“Feels longer than it was,” Adrien yawned, checking his watch. “Not a total wash though.”

“Even if Kagami can’t fight with you, she’s a good source of good ideas,” Plagg pointed out. “And her best one is that we need more backup than we currently have.”

“Maybe we can put an ad out on the Ladyblog,” Adrien chuckled, paging through his phone. “Help wanted; Chat Noir needs YOUR help to defeat Hawkmoth since his partner is being a total butt…”

A bright picture of Ladybug and Mayura greeted him when he opened the Ladyblog, eliciting a small growl of disgust from Adrien who quickly paged away, thumbing back a few weeks to where stories of Ladybug and Chat Noir’s latest akuma battles were still front page news. He paused as he came to a picture of Ladybug and Chat Noir standing with a formerly akumitized eight year old, holding him up on their shoulders while his mother took a picture with her phone.
They had gone out for ice cream after that; spent the afternoon talking and joking with the kid until he felt a little bit better. Ladybug had laughed when the kid innocently asked if Chat Noir was scared of vacuum cleaners like his cat was, almost running into a lamp post as they took him on a quick rooftop tour of Paris. It was moments like that, divorced from the superpowered battle they found themselves in, that Adrien cherished more than anything else.

Letting out a small sigh, Adrien wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, scrolling until he hit the bottom of the Ladyblog. As he was about to turn his phone off for the night, three words in scrawling red font caught his attention at the bottom of the page.

*GOT A TIP?*

Adrien’s thumb hovered over the button, wondering if an anonymous tip that Ladybug had sided with Hawkmoth would be taken seriously. If only he had some kind of tangible evidence; some kind of proof that would tie Ladybug back to-

Adrien sat up, staring at his phone for a long minute. “Plagg...transform me.”

Plagg vanished into his ring before he could say anything and Chat Noir fumbled for his communicator at his belt, flicking it open as a wide, disbelieving smile stretched across his face.

"Jackpot."

“Hey...sorry I haven’t been by to check on you lately.”

Master Fu’s only response was the slow rise and fall of his chest as the heart-rate monitor blipped faintly in the background. Even unconscious, Master Fu still had a way of making Marinette feel uneasy; as though he would wake up at any moment and start berating her for colluding with their enemy. A bag of pastries sat cooling in her lap as she tore strips off the crumpled white paper, rolling them up as she spoke to him.

“I’ve, uh...been busy,” Marinette laughed, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. “I wish I could say it was doing something that made you proud but...well, who knows? Maybe you would be...maybe you’d understand.”
Part of Marinette wondered if Master Fu might be persuaded to come over to her side; that he’d see sense in saving Hawkmoth’s family, if only for his wife and son’s sakes. A word or two from Master Fu might convince Chat to stop his one-man war and help her put an end to years of pointless suffering.

“I don’t know how to make him listen to me,” Marinette muttered, shaking her head. “I’m still trying to get through to him and make him see that we have a chance to make this all...mean something without creating more heartache in the process...why doesn’t he get that? Why is he being so…”

Marinette trailed off with a deep, weary sigh, head dropping as she tossed another shred of pastry bag on the floor.

“I hope you’ll understand why I have to do this,” Marinette said, placing the bag of pastries on the nightstand. “If not...I hope you’ll forgive me someday.”

Marinette stood up, tucking the blankets up around Master Fu’s chest as a tall, slender woman with shockingly white hair stepped into the room, looking over the rim of a medical chart as she noticed Marinette there. “Can I help you?”

Marinette started a bit, dropping the blanket as the woman looked down on her with a hard, suspicious glint in her eye. “I-I was just tucking him in! He looked...well, it’s kinda chilly in here and-”

“You must be Mme. Cheng,” the woman said, looking Marinette over briefly. “You brought him in a few days ago, yes?”

“I...did everything I could for him,” Marinette said, hesitantly offering her hand to shake. “You must be his personal physician.”

The doctor let out a dry laugh through her nose, gripping Marinette’s outstretched hand with a soft, almost regal shake as two assistants in pale blue lab coats craned their necks around the corner of the door. “I am, despite the old tortoises best efforts to refuse to take his medicine. Dr. He, at your service. These are Jun and Lan, my associates and proteges.”

“Pleasure to meet you,” Jun said in English with a small nod her companion mirrored.
“You as well,” Marinette said with a shaky smile as she turned back to the only other French speaker in the room. “...how is he?”

“You may have saved his life by acting as quickly as you did, but it’s frankly too early to tell,” Dr. He said as her assistants followed her into the room, Lan quietly noting Master Fu’s vital signs as Jun started opening vacuum sealed bags of what appeared to be freshly shorn leaves. “Our friend has a...very rare condition that requires special medication to combat. Medication that he has neglected to stock up on for some time.”

“Is that what you’re making there?” Marinette said, watching Jun mince the plant leaves and add them to a stainless steel mortar.

“He’s not yet strong enough to handle the...side effects of the medicine quite yet,” Dr. He said. “We need to build him up a bit first before administering the dose to minimize the risk of complications.”

Marinette’s brow furrowed, opening her mouth to say something as Jun poured a vial of strange green liquid into the mortar and began to grind it with the chopped leaf.

“It’s perfectly safe, I assure you,” Dr. He said, cutting Marinette’s protest off before she could vocalize it. “Something he’s been taking for quite some time, actually. Not exactly something one stores in a pharmacy, so my associates and I need to brew it in small batches.”

“I’ll...leave you to it then,” Marinette said with a slightly nervous chuckle as she turned to leave.

“Before you go,” Dr. He said, glancing up from Master Fu’s medical chart. “Do you happen to know where that silly bracelet of his is?”

Marinette stopped cold, as a chill washed over her, turning back to look at Dr. He looking at her curiously.

“Bracelet?” Marinette echoed, taking note of the way Jun had slowed the grinding of herbs and the way Lan’s eyes seemed to be trained on the monitor that dimly reflected Marinette standing in the doorway. “O-Oh, the one he used to wear, right?”
“A trinket he can’t seem to let go of,” Dr. He chuckled, folding her hands in front of her. “Still, I’ve never seen him without it; it didn’t fall off his wrist when you moved him, did it?”

“Must have,” Marinette shrugged, heart thumping insistently in her ears. “I-I can go look for it back at his house, if you want?”

“I sent Jun and Lan there already; they couldn’t seem to find it,” Dr. He sighed. “Couldn’t seem to find the rest of his collection either.”

“A collection?” Marinette echoed, praying that Dr. He didn’t notice her hands fidgeting with the buttons of her coat.

“A box of accessories; not very valuable, but they have some sentimental meaning to him,” Dr. He said, chewing on a pencil as she stared blankly into space. “I hate to think someone who didn’t realize their worth might have stolen them…”

“I...can’t imagine…” Marinette said, chewing her lower lip. “I mean, he never showed it to me but-”

Frowning, Dr. He crossed the room to Marinette in two fluid steps, gently raising the back of her hand to press against Marinette’s forehead before she could get away. “My dear...you look very pale.”

Marinette dared not to breathe, worried that the slightest hitch in her breath would be enough to give her away. Dr. He’s hand lingered for only a handful of seconds that seemed to stretch on for eternity, before saying something to Jun in Chinese. Jun nodded, reaching into an open leather carrying case and producing a small dark glass bottle with a white cap.

“Take this,” Dr. He said, offering the bottle to Marinette. “A concoction of my own design to boost energy and fortify against sickness. Two drops in any warm beverage should ward off the common cold and perk you up a little bit.”

Marinette glanced between the bottle, Jun, and Dr. He for a split second before hesitantly reaching out a hand to take it. “Thank you,” Marinette said. “I should probably...I mean, I don’t want to get in your way or-”

“Yes, by all means,” Dr. He said with a small nod. “Don’t want to interrupt the rest of your day.
“Yes, by all means,” Dr. He said with a small nod. “Don’t want to interrupt the rest of your day. Please feel free to visit our friend anytime you’d like...I’m sure he’d appreciate your company.”

Marinette nodded, turned and accidentally knocked into a rolling metal cart on her way out of the room. She tried not to look like she was rushing away and didn’t even dare to look over her shoulder at the eyes she felt on her back as she made her way down the clean, sterilized hospital hallways.

She didn’t start breathing again until she reached elevator, taking shaky, unsteady gasps of air as she leaned against the wall for support.

“Who is that?” Marinette whispered to Tikki who poked her head out of Marinette’s coin purse.

“I...I don’t know,” Tikki said.

“Tikki I swear if you’re holding out on me-”

“I didn’t see who you were talking to!” Tikki hissed. “And I wasn’t exactly invited to every single social gathering Master Fu went to!”

“She knew about his Miraculous,” Marinette muttered, fidgeting with the buttons on her coat. “She knew about all of them.”

“She knew he had a collection -”

“-that he never showed to anyone but me ,” Marinette said, holding her deactivated phone up to her ear so she could talk to Tikki without looking like an idiot. “How does she know that? I thought Master Fu was the last Guardian of the Miraculous!”

Tikki was silent for a long moment. “...I can’t say anything else about that.”

“Tikki-”

“I wouldn’t if I could but I literally can’t,” Tikki snapped. “Does the word geas mean anything to
“Should it?”

“To make a long story very short, there are certain things I can and cannot talk about,” Tikki said. “It’s part of being a kwami; I am literally incapable of revealing certain information to you. I can’t even hint at it any more than you could breathe fire.”

“You told me who Master Fu was,” Marinette said, turning the bottle of mystery liquid over and over in her pocket as she walked out of the hospital.

“I was given permission to do so under very specific circumstances,” Tikki explained. “You had learned enough about the Miraculous on your own to break the geas and allow me to talk about him again. But there are some things I can’t actually help you with; the Miraculous, the forces that protect them-”

“How do I know you’re telling the truth?” Marinette asked, stepping out of the hospital and glancing up at the windows looking out on the street.

“You can compel me to do certain things,” Tikki said, a sneer creeping into her voice. “I’m compelled to help you transform; compelled to let you access my powers of creation. This is one thing you can’t compel me to do.”

Marinette stopped as she caught sight of Lan and Jun glancing out the window a few stories above her. They watched her for a few seconds, held her gaze as they offered a small wave before turning and disappearing back into Master Fu’s room.

“Fine,” Marinette said, turning and heading down the street into a dark alleyway. “Didn’t want to have to do this, but I guess I have no choice, do I?”

“Dr. He?”

The sight of Gabriel Agreste in an apron, chopping onions as he tried to read a recipe over the rim of his glasses would have been comical if there wasn’t something so deeply unsettling about it. It
was easy to forget that he was responsible for so much pain and suffering when he looked so
ordinary: just an average Parisian father preparing lunch for himself as though he had never
enslaved people to do his dirty work against their will. It had only been a handful of days since
she had gone to war with her partner, and Ladybug hadn’t slept a full night since. She would rise
in the middle of the night, pace her room, write a hundred messages to Chat and delete them all
before flopping fruitlessly back onto bed, avoiding the judgmental stare of her giant cat plushie.

Gabriel didn’t seem to have lost a wink of sleep over what he had done, humming under his
breath as he added the onions to a pan on the stove.

“Name sounds vaguely familiar, but I can’t place it,” Gabriel said, wiping his hands on a dish
towel and turning to face Ladybug. “Why do you ask?”

“She…” Ladybug bit her lip as she set the glass bottle of medicine down on the counter.
“I...encountered her today. In civilian form. She started asking questions about Master...my
Master. About the Miraculous.”

Gabriel paused in the middle of slicing a chicken breast, glancing up with a look of cold, wary
fear that reminded Ladybug exactly who she was dealing with. “Did she mention them by name?”

“No,” Ladybug said, crossing her arms. “Just that she was looking for the box of ‘trinkets’ my
Master had with him...I swear she knew something. I felt like she was...interrogating me.”

“I’ll see what I can find out,” Gabriel said, sprinkling some salt over his chicken as he reached for
a bell pepper. “In any case, you need to stay away from her.”

“No kidding,” Ladybug snorted. “Just thought you should know we might have more than one
Guardian...even though my Master told me that they were the last one.”

“He probably lied to you,” Gabriel said casually. “Don’t take it personally; we all lie to people we
care about every now and then.”

“Speak for yourself,” Ladybug muttered.

“You lied to your partner for four years about who you were and who the other heroes he fought
beside were,” Gabriel pointed out.
“To keep us safe!” Ladybug snapped.

“Then it was a very good reason to lie,” Gabriel said, holding his hands up defensively. “Honesty isn’t always better than a little deception every now and then.”

“Is that how you sleep at night?” Ladybug scoffed.

“It’s how my son sleeps at night,” Gabriel said, adding the bell pepper to the onions and stirring them around. “Surprised he slept at all last night given the ruckus your former partner caused on the roofs across the street.”

“He just wanted to flex his muscles and toss Mayura around for a bit,” Ladybug muttered. “Nothing you need to worry about.”

“Unlike his new skill set,” Gabriel said, flipping the sizzling vegetables in the pan. “That little disappearing act he pulled seems to have caught you off guard.”

“We just need to iron out some kinks; he won’t get away from us next time,” Ladybug said, leaning on the counter. “...does the name Tsurugi mean anything to you?”

In response, Gabriel flicked the tip of his knife into the cutting board with a loud thunk, tapping the emblem laser etched into the blade of the knife.

“Nearly every professional kitchen in the world uses Tsurugi cutlery, cookware, or kitchen appliances,” Gabriel said. “But I’m guessing you’re not in the market for a new skillet.”

“Chat...got away from us last night,” Ladybug said, staring at the kanji on the knife blade. “Mayura thinks he ran into the house of Kagami Tsurugi, but when we asked to search for him, she wouldn’t let us in.”

“Can’t imagine she would,” Gabriel said, brow furrowing. “I know the girl; Adrien was involved with her for a few years and we ran in similar circles as her late mother. You don’t suppose that she’s in league with our friend in black, do you?”
“Certainly didn’t have a high opinion of me or Mayura,” Ladybug said. “Didn’t make any secret of letting us know it either...if we could have just gone into her house-”

“Be glad you didn’t force the matter,” Gabriel said, adding the chicken to the pan. “The Tsurugi family isn’t one to make an enemy of. They’re rich, influential, powerful-”

“And you aren’t?” Ladybug said, earning a sharp bark of laughter from Gabriel that made her skin crawl.

“Let’s just say there’s *wealthy* and then there’s *wealthy,*” Gabriel chuckled. “I’m nouveau riche; self-made people like myself aren’t always highly regarded by more ‘established’ families like the Tsurugis. My ancestors were pig farmers; theirs were nobility. They’ve had wealth and power longer than a great many nations and I would not advise you to start rooting around in that girl’s personal business without good cause.”

“She’s *one* woman; I think I can handle her.”

“A woman who’s won Olympic gold and survived a childhood with a crucible of a mother breathing down her neck,” Gabriel pointed out, stirring his lunch around the skillet. “By all means, do whatever you need to in order to get Chat Noir’s ring; just be careful you don’t get your spots sued off in the process.”

“Thank you for the *sage* advice,” Ladybug said, tensing as the front door opened.

”Relax, it’s not Adrien; he’s preparing for a date with some friends of his,” Gabriel said.

“Is that so?” Ladybug said, trying to sound casual.

“Yes, seems an ambitious young designer caught his eye,” Gabriel mused, turning his lunch around in the pan as he regarded Ladybug’s reflection in the polished chrome backsplash behind the stove. “Interesting girl; reminds me a lot of myself at that age.”

Three weeks ago, Marinette would have been on cloud nine if someone had compared her to a young Gabriel Agreste; now the comparison made her suppress a shudder of revulsion.
“Sounds like quite a girl,” Ladybug said, crossing her arms.

“Disappointed that someone beat you to Adrien’s affections?” Gabriel said, popping a piece of chicken in his mouth and chewing thoughtfully as he tipped the contents of the skillet onto a plate. “You wouldn’t be the first young lady taken with my son.”

“My...interest in your son is completely professional,” Ladybug said with a small cough. “Hope he and this lady friend enjoy their evening.”

“I’m sure they will,” Gabriel said, picking up the bottle of medicine and turning it over in his hands. “I’ll see what I can find out about this; I have some contacts in the forensics department who owe me a few favors.”

“Thanks,” Ladybug said, turning to head out the kitchen window.

“You should try and get some rest,” Gabriel called after her. “Forgive me for saying so, but you look like an absolute wreck.”

“You just ooze charm, don’t you?” Ladybug grumbled, latching on to a nearby roof and swinging away. Gabriel watched her go for a moment, thoughtfully chewing a piece of chicken as Nathalie quietly entered from the side door.

“...for future reference, sir, young women don’t particularly like it when you comment on how tired they look,” Nathalie said, adjusting her glasses.

“Duly noted,” Gabriel said, rolling the medicine bottle across the counter towards Nathalie. “See what you can find out about this Dr. He person. Last thing we need is another self-important old fool making a mess of things when we’re so close to the finish line…”

Alya crossed her arms, staring at the blank Ladyblog queue with a small frown on her face.

For the first time in four years, there was no akuma attacks to report. No Ladybug and Chat Noir sightings outside the little press tour Ladybug had done with her new partner. It was as though
Chat Noir had disappeared after their little sparring match the week before, melting into the shadows and vanishing without a trace.

Which was odd, given the fact that Chat rarely missed the chance to pose for pictures with tourists or mug for cameras while on a midnight stroll.

With nothing to post, Alya closed her laptop with a small sigh, turning around in her chair to close the window as a sudden breeze blew in-

“Hey there!”

Alya screamed, tumbling backwards and falling out of her chair as she caught sight of a pair of pretty green eyes staring at her from the windowsil.

“Sorry, didn’t mean to scare you,” Chat Noir said, twirling his communicator anxiously between his fingers as Alya righted herself. “Is this a bad time?”

“Depends,” Alya chuckled, brushing her pajama pants off. “Bad time for what?”

“noticed that the Ladyblog was drying up with content and I thought I’d let you in on a little scoop,” Chat said, flicking open his communicator and turning it to show a log of text messages between him and Ladybug. “I was thinking ‘Ladybug Betrays Paris; Sides with Hawkmoth’ would a snappy headline, don’t you?”

Chapter End Notes

Am I going to name all my chapters after lines from the Midnight Crew?

A better question is who is going to stop me?

So I was going to get to the date in this chapter but I figured Chat's chat (ha) with Alya was a good place to leave it (the fact that it's also 6500 words meant that it was a good place to stop as well. Kinda feel like a decompression chapter or two where nobody is fighting would be helpful to bring the pace back down a little bit. Next time we'll have the date and the fallout from Chat Noir going to Ms. Ladyblog with the receipts.

Thanks as always for the reviews/feedback! Pointing out questions you have with the story is helpful when writing the next chapter to see if there's anything I need to go
back and explain better.

Prompt for this week; how are you feeling about our protagonists? Anything bugging (ha) you or anything you’d like addressed in future chapters?
Alya thought her Friday evening was going to be a boring one. She fully expected to spend it cleaning out the Ladyblog’s inbox and making a half-hearted attempt to organize her workspace before working on her essay for Monday morning.

She didn’t expect to be pulled into a national conspiracy with Ladybug at the center of it all.

“I...I don’t understand,” Alya said, paging through log of texts as Chat perched on the edge of her bed. “This doesn’t make any sense; why would Ladybug side with Hawkmoth?!”

“She’s not so much siding with him as she is working to achieve the same goal,” Chat Noir said. “Though, for all intents and purposes, that seems to be the same thing.”

"And what goal is that?" Alya asked, eyes gliding over page after page of heated text conversations she was never meant to see.

"Apparently he's been giving this city grief for the last four years because he wants to bring his family back," Chat Noir sniffed. "Ladybug seems to have taken his side and got a little put-out when I didn’t instantly agree to help her.

“Is that why…” Alya closed his communicator, passing it back to Chat with a curious frown. “Is that why you two were fighting last week? Is that why Ladybug’s been looking to replace you?”

“She more or less demanded my Miraculous and I had to destroy that bridge to just keep her from taking it,” Chat continued, running a hand through his hair. “She...Hawkmoth must have given her that peacock brooch to help her steal the ring off my finger.”
“...I see,” Alya said, jotting something down on her notepad as Chat talked. “So...why tell me this? Why not go to the police or the mayor or-”

“I need your help,” Chat said as he stood up. “Paris needs to know what’s really going on; they need to know that Ladybug and Hawkmoth are working together and I need to use the Ladyblog to get the message out before she lies to anyone else.”

“Local news shut you out, huh?” Alya chuckled, mostly as a way to break the tension a little bit.

“Local news doesn’t have your cred when it comes to Ladybug,” Chat said. “If it came from the Ladyblog, people might be more inclined to believe it. I mean, let’s face it; nobody else in this town has as much credibility when it comes to Ladybug other than...well, Ladybug.”

Alya nodded, still too stunned to do anything but frantically scribble notes on her pad. “...alright, I...something like this, I need time to work on it.”

“I took pictures of my communicator’s text log,” Chat said, rifling through his pockets and pulling out a thick manilla envelope. “This is everything starting from the conversation after our first argument. I don’t know if you need a statement or anything-”

“I’m going to start with this,” Alya said, weighing the packet of photos in her hand. “I’ll let you know if I have any questions...I mean, I probably will...God, I’m still trying to even wrap my head around this.”

“You and me both, sister,” Chat Noir chuckled. “It's, uh...it’s been a tough week.”

“Well...enjoy your evening,” Alya said. “If what you’re saying is true-”

“It is,” Chat insisted.

“-then you should probably take the night off,” Alya said, pushing her glasses up the bridge of her nose. “I’ll message your Ladyblog profile if I need anything.”

“Alright...and, uh...thanks,” Chat said, offering her a small smile. “Glad to have Paris’ number one superhero reporter on my side.”
Chat offered her a short two-fingered salute as he climbed out her window, leaving Alya staring at the packet of evidence and two pages of clumsily handwritten notes on her desk.

“So much for working on that essay,” Alya sighed, burying her face in her hands. "What have you gotten yourself into, girl..."

He was watching her.

The camera’s grainy blue image caught sight of the garishly dressed peacock pacing back and forth on the roof across from Kagami’s townhouse, glancing around as though he were waiting for someone to arrive. Kagami kept an eye on the screen out of the corner of one eye while she quietly worked on a history essay in her favorite armchair.

“And I thought my Friday evening plans were dull,” Kagami clucked, putting the finishing touches on a paragraph as she watched Mayura keep his vigil silently. His arms were folded in around himself and every step he took seemed to brim with impatience and annoyance. Twice, he disappeared from the camera’s eye only to reappear a few seconds later, sighing and resuming his watch on her home.

His fingers fidgeted against his forearm, dancing up and down the blue material of his suit as though he were playing a piano scale...or fretting a guitar chord. Kagami distinctly remembered watching Adrien fidget in a similar way when he was bored, mentally running through finger exercises to keep his mind occupied.

Kagami quietly opened a moleskin notebook next to her laptop and scribbled “Musician?” under Mayura’s name before returning to her essay, humming under her breath as she typed.

There was something almost surreal about getting dressed for a date.

It was so painfully ordinary, Marinette could scarcely believe that it was actually happening still. A week before, when Adrien invited her out, she was still holding on to hope that she could make peace with Chat and bring their war against Hawkmoth to a close without any more hurt caused.
Now, she was just praying this would end sooner rather than later.

With Central St. Martin’s breathing down her neck to accept their offer, Chat’s insurrection couldn’t have come at a worse time. They had been fighting Hawkmoth for four years and now, she had less than nine months to put an end to it before she lost the chance to go to her dream school.

If she couldn’t figure out a way to draw Chat into the open, then…

Marinette shook her head, cinching the belt around the waist of her dress and stepping into her open toed heels. She could worry herself into a hole in the ground tomorrow morning; Mayura was keeping an eye on Kagami’s house and she doubted Chat would surface again so soon. Tonight, all she needed to worry about was what to order for dinner. Tonight, she could just pretend to be a normal person with normal problems that didn’t involve superpowered drama.

*I’m going to need the practice,* Marinette thought, nodding at her reflection in the mirror. *Because someday I will be.*

The promise of an ordinary life where she could pursue her ambitions unhindered by duty dangled just out of reach. In the quiet moments of doubt when she wondered if she was really doing the right thing, Marinette closed her eyes and pictured London. She pictured herself making friends with up and coming fashionistas and building the foundation of what would one day be her brand. She envisioned taking weekend trips to the mainland, coming and going from Paris without worrying whether or not the city would fall down without her holding it up.

It was that promise of a simple life of her own choosing that steeled Marinette against uncertainty.

“I’ll be back in a little bit,” Marinette said, shooting a small smile at Tikki which the bug kwami didn’t return. “Buzz me if you need anything.”

“I’m sure I won’t,” Tikki said, waving over her shoulder as Marinette disappeared through the trap door with a small sigh. She was going to need to do something about Tikki sooner or later; something to at least make peace with her increasingly surly kwami. Maybe she could steal into the kitchen before Adrien arrived and grab a plate of peace offering cookies…

The sound of shattering glass and her mother’s minced oath floated through the door as she
nudged the door to the kitchen open. A plate of filled macarons lay scattered on the kitchen floor, shattered beyond any hope of salvation. The counters were lined to the ceiling with folded white boxes, half of them filled while her father frantically tried to mold the delicate pastries as quickly as he could.

“I’m...stepping out,” Marinette said, sticking her head in the kitchen. “Are you two alright?”

Tom and Sabine shared a brief glance. “Perfectly fine!” Tom said, waving at his daughter.

“Right on track!” Sabine added, sweeping up the macaron disaster with a slightly forced smile. “Have fun on your date, dear!”

“Are you sure you don’t need any-”

“No!” Tom and Sabine said forcefully, making Marinette jump a little.

“We have everything taken care of, honey,” Tom insisted.

“Take the night off,” Sabine added. “We’ll take care of this by the time you get back.”

Marinette lingered in the doorway, glancing between the pile of unfilled pastries and the boxes that still needed to be filled just as the front doorbell rang, drawing her attention away from the minor meltdown in the kitchen.

“I’ll be right back,” Marinette said, ignoring her parents’ cries of protest as she clacked down the hallway, throwing open the door and letting the cool autumn breeze.

“Hey, I-” Marinette paused as Adrien turned around, taking in the sight of Adrien in a tailored black blazer, his hair tousled by the wind. There was a limit to how cute a guy could be and Adrien seemed to find new ways to completely disregard that with just a look and a smile.

“Hey,” Adrien said, leaning on the door frame, eyes wandering over the lines of her dress in a way that made her stomach flip. “This a Dupain-Cheng original?”
“Modification, actually,” Marinette chuckled, tucking a strand of hair behind her ears. “Look, I—

“Adrien!” Tom cried, filling the door behind her as Sabine slid alongside her. “How nice to see
you!”

“Nice to see you…too…” Adrien trailed off, tapping his left cheek as he noticed a glob of
raspberry jam on Tom’s cheek. “Did you get into a fight with a fruit merchant or something?”

“Just a little overzealous with the pastry bag,” Tom chuckled, wiping the jam off his cheek and
hastily wiping it on his apron. “Big order to fill—”

“A very big order,” Marinette said, shooting her father a glance. “Called in at the last minute too—”

“But nothing we can’t handle,” Sabine added, nudging Marinette forward.

“Five hundred jelly pastries are hard to fill with two people,” Marinette said, nudging her mother
back.

“Hard, but not impossible,” Tom added, patting Marinette on the shoulder as Adrien’s eyes
bounced from Dupain to Dupain. “Which means—”

“Which means—” Marinette interjected.

“Which means…you want to stay here and help your family fill their order,” Adrien surmised,
tapping his chin thoughtfully.

“No!” Tom and Sabine insisted.

“Yes!” Marinette replied at the same time.

“Absolutely not, young lady,” Sabine said, crossing her arms. “You are not going to waste
another Friday night slaving over a cookie sheet!”
“But—”

“In fact, you’re reverse-grounded,” Tom said, lightly nudging his daughter forward. “No house chores or family business until you hang out with your friends, miss.”

“I’m sure Adrien will understand that I can’t just walk out on my parents when they’re up to their eyeballs in berry jam with a deadline creeping up on them,” Marinette insisted, glancing back at Adrien who frowned, deep in thought. “Three sets of hands are just a lot faster than two—”

“And four would be a lot faster than three, right?” Adrien interjected before Tom or Sabine could respond. Adrien was treated to the sight of the combined Dupain-Cheng family blinking in unison before they all started talking at once.

“Oh, we couldn’t ask you to—”

“I’m sure you have better places to be than—”

“It’s Friday night, dear—”

“Marinette wants to stay and help, right?” Adrien asked, turning to his date who nodded with a small, apologetic smile. “And the more people help, the faster it would get done, right?”

“Well...of course, but—”

“Adrien, it’s fine,” Marinette assured him. “You don’t have to stick around, really.”

“Yeah, but...” Adrien scratched the back of his head, offering a smile that never failed to make her pulse spike. “I wanted to spend time with you...and if this is where you’re going to be...”

Tom and Sabine shared a glance over Marinette’s head as a chilly breeze washed over her pinkening cheeks.
“...I think we have a spare apron in the cabinet?”

The door swung open before Nino could ring the doorbell again, and Alya’s tired, slightly nervous looking smile greeting him.

“Come in,” Alya said, taking Nino by the hand and tugging him through the darkened kitchen.

“I got your text, but I don’t understand what you’re talking about,” Nino said, letting Alya drag him upstairs towards her bedroom. “Usually your booty call texts are a lot flirtier...”

“Wish I could say I was in the mood, but I’m really not, babe,” Alya sighed, closing and locking the bedroom door behind them.

“Is everything...okay?” Nino asked, frowning as his eyes roamed over the pile of papers spread out on the comforter of Alya’s bed.

“Hard to say,” Alya laughed, running a hand through her hair. “I’ve...I’ve been looking at this for hours now and I’m going crazy; I think I need your help something.”

“Is this normal something or super something?” Nino asked, scowling at what appeared to be a picture of printed out text messages. “Are these-”

“Chat Noir came to my room a few hours ago,” Alya rambled on, flopping into her office chair with a sigh. “You know that Ladynoir sparring match that totaled the bridge?”

“Sure,” Nino shrugged. “Figured they were just playing rough with each other.”

“Yeah, well...Chat says that wasn’t a sparring match,” Alya said. “He says that...they were fighting. For real this time...because Ladybug is apparently working with Hawkmoth.”

Nino’s first response was an involuntary laugh that echoed in the empty house. “...you’re joking, right?”
“He wasn’t,” Alya said, rubbing her arm anxiously. “He was stone serious...he said that they’re working together to try and bring someone back to life and that they need the Ladybug and Black Cat to do it. Ladybug asked him to help her and when he refused...he said she stole the our Miraculous.”

“Stole them? Weren’t they hers to begin with?”

“I guess there’s a master nobody told us about?” Alya shrugged. “And that she was borrowing them from him but...something happened to him and Ladybug made off with the Miraculous, presumably to give to Hawkmoth.”

Nino shook his head, eyes scanning the sheafs of printed out text messages with a deepening frown. “This doesn’t make any sense…”

“He wants me to run an article on the Ladyblog,” Alya laughed, burying her face in her hands. “He wants me to go public with this information. I’ve somehow gone from being a part-time superhero and fanblogger to being at the center of a superpowered marital spat...what am I supposed to do?”

“You’re the journalist here; not me,” Nino said, walking around the side of Alya’s chair and sliding his hands along her shoulders. “I mean...this is wild; we can agree on that much, right?”

“Right…”

“So...when you have a lead on the story, what do you do?” Nino asked.

“I don’t know...follow up...fact check...make sure I’m printing the right information before I post anything,” Alya said, gesturing to the text logs spread out on her bed. “I mean, isn’t this proof enough?”

“I’m looking at cell-phone pictures of a Miraculous text chain,” Nino shrugged. “It doesn’t look good for Ladybug, but...hell, who’s to say these are even legit?”

“You think Chat Noir is lying?”
“Well either he’s lying or...” Nino sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. “Man, I don’t even want to think about or...”

“Either way, it’s bad news,” Alya muttered, chewing on her lower lip. Her eyes drifted between the pile of text messages on her bed and the open laptop on her desk. “But...I think I know what we need to do...or what I need to do anyway. You probably don’t need to be involved in this.”

“Yeah I do,” Nino said, kissing the top of her head. “Like I’m gonna let you walk into this without backup.”

“Have I told you lately you’re the best?” Alya chuckled, punching a number into her phone as she held it up to her ear. “Chloe? Hey, it’s Alya...listen, we gotta talk...”

Mayura’s foot tapped an uneasy rhythm as he sat on the edge of the roof across from Kagami Tsurugi’s house, eyes scanning the darkened horizon for any sign of Chat Noir. Much as he hated bailing on band practice, Marinette would be out of commission for most of the night and somebody needed to keep watch on the off chance that Chat Noir returned to his hiding spot. Unlikely as it was, Mayura almost wanted Chat to show himself.

He was almost reluctant to detransform the night before, fighting the urge to go back and wait for Chat Noir to show himself so he ambush him properly. But despite his grand fantasies of kicking Chat Noir’s ass, the fact of the matter was that Mayura was punching far above his weight class when it came to Ladybug’s former partner. The ease with which Chat Noir tossed him around was frankly frightening, and a quiet part of Mayura’s mind wondered if there was even any hope of fighting him by himself.

Still, if he could get a picture of him coming out of Kagami’s house, then-

“Are you going to be there all night?”

Mayura’s train of thought slid off the rails as a voice called up to him from across the street. Kagami had come out onto the balcony outside her bedroom, setting down a tray of tea as she
settled into a chair looking out over the street. Out of instinct more than anything else, Mayura ducked behind an air conditioning unit.

“I know you’re up there,” Kagami called. “My cameras have been on you since you arrived; I’ve been watching you watch me all night now.”

“How many cameras does this girl have?” Mayura muttered to himself, straightening up and stepping out from his hiding spot and hopping up onto the ledge of the roof.

“I’m just enjoying a night out on the town,” Mayura said with a small shrug. “It’s a free country; not like you own this building too.”

“I do, actually,” Kagami said as a window below Mayura slid open and a tall, burly Japanese man in a floral apron stuck his head out, craning his neck up to see what the commotion was. “Ojama shite sumimasen, Goto-san!”

Mayura shot the man a shaky wave as he stuck his head back in, closing the window behind him with a lingering glare in Mayura’s direction. “Goto-san used to work for my mother before he retired, and naturally I didn’t kick him out of his home when he stopped working for me,” Kagami explained as Mayura skipped off the roof he had lurked on, landing on the neighboring house with a flutter of blue feathers and a triumphant smirk.

“Okay, well...you don’t own this building do-”

“I’m going to save you a lot of time and trouble; my mother bought every house on this street when we moved here as an investment opportunity, so technically.”

“You gotta be kidding me,” Mayura muttered, hopping off the roof and landing on the street below Kagami’s balcony. “Look, I swear I’m not trying to spy on you or anything.”

“Exactly what someone who was trying to spy on me would say,” Kagami pointed out.

“It’s just...we ran into a scary guy last night and I wanted to make sure you were safe,” Mayura explained.
“Is this part of the standard superhero service?” Kagami chuckled, leaning over the railing. “Do you check in on everyone who has a brush with danger?”

“Well, I’m one for one so far,” Mayura chuckled, scratching the back of his neck. “Second night on the real job, so thought I’d get off to a good start.”

“I’m sure this will reflect well on your performance review,” Kagami said, carefully regarding Mayura over the rim of her balcony. “I’m sorry if I was a touch curt with you and your lady friend last night; you had interrupted some much needed personal time and I feel I may have taken that out on you more than I should have.”

“Oh, uh...n-no need to apologize, madam,” Mayura said, coughing awkwardly into his hand, suddenly wishing he had Marinette’s knack for acting so effortlessly heroic. “All in a day’s work...or night’s work...you know what I mean.”

“I’m not sure if I should be flattered that I’m worth the attention or offended that you decided to call me madam,” Kagami said, eyes narrowing. “Just how old do you think I am?”

“...I would answer that if I thought there was a right way to do so,” Mayura chuckled nervously. “Look...Ladybug wanted me to keep an eye on the place for the next few days in case anyone came by. I swear, we just wanted to make sure the...person we’re chasing isn’t going to come back and hurt you.”

“Must be quite the scary person if one of Paris’ heroes is permanently stationed outside my bedroom window,” Kagami said, head tilting back and forth as she thoughtfully regarded him.

“You could say that,” Mayura replied. Something about the way she looked at him made Mayura feel on edge; like she was deciding whether or not to pounce on him from the balcony above.

“Hard to be on the watch for someone when I don’t know what they look like,” Kagami said. “Who exactly is this person you’re worried about?”

“Someone you don’t want to get on the bad side of,” Mayura said. “Can’t exactly say anymore than that; sorry, for your own-”

“...protection, yes,” Kagami sighed, turning her attention back to her laptop. “Well, do whatever you feel is necessary, but I imagine you’re in for a rather dull evening.”
“Tell me about it,” Mayura muttered, backing up towards the middle of the avenue. “So I’ll just—”

“You can resume your perch across the street,” Kagami said. “Just try not to make too much noise; Goto-san gets peevish when you interrupt his evening soaps.”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Mayura said, casting a glance across the street and nearly falling over when he saw Goto glaring out the window of his living room, the frilly apron stretched across his massive frame doing little to diminish the cold, wary suspicion in his eyes.

“Of course I get stuck watching the girl with an attack bear in an apron,” Mayura muttered, fluttering up off the street as Kagami watched him over the rim of her laptop.

“Well that was...something,” Adrien laughed, brushing the flour off his pants as Marinette passed him a warm washcloth to take some of the jam off his cheeks. “Got a little I Love Lucy there towards the end, but I think we made it.”

Marinette didn’t quite know why she found the image of Adrien covered in pastry residue so attractive; maybe it was the fact his shirt sleeves were rolled up and his collar was popped down to his collarbone. Maybe being attracted to bakers was one of those things she picked up from her mother.

“Thank you again for all this,” Marinette said, shooting her parents a wave as they loaded their delivery van with the last of the pastries. “I doubt this was the evening you had planned.”

“Hey, some people would pay a lot of money to have a date at a French bakery,” Adrien said, scrubbing his cheeks down as Marinette hung their aprons up. “Your folks could probably run a side business teaching Americans how to make bread.”

“The fact that my mother even let you in her kitchen is a small miracle,” Marinette chuckled. “I doubt she’d open the doors to her bakery to any tourist who wanted to play baker for a day.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment then,” Adrien said, rubbing his forearms with a small wince. “Man, baking really takes it out of you, doesn’t it?”
“In more ways than one,” Marinette said, fetching Adrien a bottle of water from the fridge. “I don’t know if I could handle the kind of dawn to dusk schedule my parents operate under.”

“Early bird gene must’ve skipped a generation then,” Adrien chuckled, leaning on the counter as he checked his watch. “Shoot...I think our restaurant just shut its doors.”

“Sorry,” Marinette said.

“For what?”

“You...went and planned this night out and my parents’ pastry predicament put a pin in it,” Marinette sighed. “I was...really looking forward to hanging out with you tonight.”

“We hung out,” Adrien said. “Just did it over a pile of pastries instead of a table at Le Grand Paris.”

“Ugh, I missed out on Marlena’s cooking too?!” Marinette moaned, morosely taking a bite out of a pastry. “It’s seriously been weeks since I’ve eaten anything that wasn’t baked and stuffed with some kind of filling...”

“Remind me to bring you a salad or something on Monday,” Adrien said. “Seriously though...I had fun tonight.”

“Glad one of us did,” Marinette muttered a little louder than intended. “N-Not that I didn’t like spending time with you, because I did! It’s just…”

Marinette shrugged, stuffing her mouth with another bite of pastry as Adrien frowned thoughtfully at her.

“You work...three jobs?” Adrien said, cocking his head.

“Feels like four,” Marinette chuckled. *Feels like a lot more lately.*
“On top of applying to design schools and graduating lycée?” Adrien snorted, shaking his head. “And I thought I was the one with the crazy schedule.”

“Certainly surpassed you there,” Marinette said, avoiding Adrien’s almost paternal look of concern. “I’m not biting off more than I can chew, I promise.”

“You’re not doing a hell of a lot for yourself either,” Adrien pointed out.

“Life of a young designer is not the most glamorous,” Marinette sighed. “Look at your father; how many jobs did he work to get Gabriel off the ground?”

“My father isn’t the kind of person I would recommend looking up to,” Adrien countered. “I mean, I love him in a ‘he’s my father so I have to’ kind of way, but look at where all that hustle got him; three different hypertension medications and a fractured home life.”

“Okay, bad example,” Marinette admitted. “I just...no one else is going to fight for the kind of life I want except me. A much help as I get from my friends and family, it’s...it’s just always going to come down to me doing what I need to do to...I don’t want to be stuck making pastries for the rest of my life. I don’t want to be stuck in this city for the rest of my life…”

“I didn’t realize you felt so trapped,” Adrien muttered.

“Selfish of me, I know-”

“Who says being selfish is always bad?” Adrien countered, leaning against the counter next to Marinette. “Who says you have to always drop everything you’re doing and take care of someone else’s needs?”

“That’s the ‘right’ thing to do, isn’t it?” Marinette chuckled.

“It’s not right that you feel like no one else cares about your dreams except you,” Adrien said, lightly bumping her hip with his. “You don’t have to sacrifice the things you want just because you think you have some responsibility to the people around you. With all you do for your friends and family, I’d say...maybe it’s high time you acted a little selfish.”
“I’ll...try to remember that,” Marinette said.

“It’s that or I start kidnapping you before you work yourself to death,” Adrien chuckled, shooting her a small wink. “Still owe you that dinner you know.”

“Still bummed I had to miss out on it tonight,” Marinette said, offering him a small smile. “I think I’m free next week...barring another pastry disaster.”

“Tell your parents if they want my help again, they’re gonna need to start paying me,” Adrien chuckled, plucking his jacket off a coathook on the back door. “Cash, check, or croissant delivery only.”

“I’ll let them know,” Marinette said, plucking a few pastries off the counter and stuffing them into a bag as she followed Adrien out the back door. “Thanks again, by the way. For the help and...well, for the advice.”

“Thanks for the crash course in pastry making,” Adrien said, immediately cracking the bag open and stuffing an apricot pastry in his mouth. “Next time I’ll pack a change of clothes in case something comes up and we have to avert another baked goods catastrophe.”

“I’ll let you know if there are any massive croissant orders coming down the pipeline,” Marinette said, offering him a small wave as he backed down the street. “Careful walking home; holler for Ladybug if you need any help.”

Adrien passed through a streetlight only long enough to catch the tail end of a sad, sour expression before shooting her a small smile. “Yeah...I’ll keep that in mind.”

Adrien headed down the sidewalk, humming under his breath as Marinette watched him chew on the pastry. “Well...not exactly how I thought my first date with Adrien would go,” Marinette chuckled to herself, locking the door behind her and turning off the lights in the kitchen. Still, covered in flour, pastry crumbs, and no small amount of fruit filling, she allowed herself to relish the small moment of peace that had come at the end of such a chaotic week.

Breaking through the trapdoor with a sigh, Marinette walked over to her laptop, idly browsing her social media accounts and checking her email. Amid a follow-up email from Central Saint Martins and a few emails from Alya about the project she was working on, a blinking notification in the
Social tab of her email client caught her attention.

**Ladyblog Admin: [1] Unread Message!**

Marinette let out a fond sigh, shaking her head as she clicked on the email. Having an official presence on the Ladyblog as Ladybug was awkward at first, but in the more trying times of her career as a superhero, letters from grateful citizens always managed to lift her spirits.

Only this time, the message was a little less encouraging.

A chill washed through Marinette as she opened the email, a sickening, gnawing pit of fear growing in her stomach as she read the message. Her fingers shook as she scanned the contents of the message, breath hitching and catching in her chest as her head swam.

“No…” Marinette muttered, fingers pressed against her lips. “No, no, no...oh, God, Chat, what did you do?!”

“What?!”

Kagami glanced over the rim of her laptop at Mayura’s outburst echoed down the street. He seemed to be talking into a communicator, clearly agitated as he started pacing the roof.

“How did he...no...no, just stay there...I’m on my way.”

Closing the communicator with a dark oath, Mayura took off, building up speed on the rooftops before leaping off and gliding across the city.

Frowning, Kagami fished her phone out of her pocket and punched Adrien’s number in, wrapping her jacket around her shoulders as a chill set in.

“Hello?” Adrien answered after a moment, a cheery lilt in his voice.
“That bird I saw the other night was back again,” Kagami said, slipping into Japanese in case anyone was still listening. “Something must have startled him.”

“I wonder what it could have been,” Adrien replied, a smug smirk evident even in his voice.

“Did you get into any mischief while I wasn’t looking?” Kagami asked.

“Wait and see; I’m sure it will all be clear tomorrow morning,” Adrien said.

“If you say so…” Kagami sighed. “Just...wanted to make sure you were safe.”

“Apart from covered in flour, I think I’m okay,” Adrien chuckled.

“What exactly did you two get up to?” Kagami said.

“I’ll tell you tomorrow,” Adrien said. “Let’s just say I think things are looking up for us.”

“Don’t jinx it,” Kagami clucked. “I’ll talk to you in the morning.”

“We can get a celebratory breakfast,” Adrien said. “If I played my hand correctly, I think I found a way to handle our bug problem.”

Kagami set her phone down with a small sigh, leg shaking as she tried to shake the sneaking sensation that something was amiss.

Adrien woke the next morning to the sound of his phone buzzing next to his ear, shaking off the cobwebs of sleep as he rolled over, flicking the television on as he rose with an exceptionally feline stretch.
Glancing at his screen, he noticed the red light on top flashing and a message that informed him that he had missed thirteen calls in the past half hour, all from Kagami. Frowning, Adrien started calling her number, dimly aware of a special news bulletin going on in the background on his television.

“Couldn’t wait to talk to me, could you?” Adrien chuckled as he picked up the phone.

“Where are you?!” Kagami panted, panic creeping into her voice. “I’ve been trying you all morning, I’ve been—”

“Hey, slow down, I just woke up,” Adrien said, frowning as he sat back down on his bed. “Is everything okay?”

Kagami’s end was silent for a long moment. “You haven’t seen the Ladyblog, have you?”

“Just woke up,” Adrien said, rubbing Plagg’s head as he burrowed out of the covers next to him. “Anything interesting posted?”

“Adrien,” Kagami said, voice quavering as she tried to keep it level. “I need you to be calm right now...no matter what happens, I need you to be calm right now.”

“You’re scaring me, Kagami,” Adrien said, switching his phone to speaker mode as he opened his browser. “What’s going on, what’s—”

The front page of the Ladyblog opened to a brand new headline. Adrien frowned in confusion for a moment, reading it once, twice, three times as a slow wave of dread washed over him.

“I...I don’t understand...” Adrien panted, heart throbbing in his ears. “This isn’t...this isn’t...”

"Was this part of your plan?" Kagami asked. "Because if it was-"

"No, this...this isn't what I wanted," Adrien said, teeth gritting together. "This isn't what I wanted at all..."
“Adrien, please,” Kagami begged through the phone. “I know you’re upset, I know you’re scared, but you have to be smart right now! This is clearly some kind of trap! You can’t-”

The rest of Kagami’s warning was swallowed by an angry scream as Adrien transformed, leapt out the window, and started barreling towards Mayor Andre’s residence across the rooftops as fast as he could.

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**Chat Noir Betrays Paris; Sides with Hawkmoth**

In an exclusive interview with the Ladyblog, Ladybug confirmed that last week’s battle between her and Chat Noir was far more serious than an ordinary sparring match.

“It pains me to say this,” Ladybug told Ladyblog reporter Alya Cesaire late last night in an exclusive interview. “But Chat Noir tried to steal my Miraculous a little more than a week ago with the intent of supporting Hawkmoth. When I refused to surrender my earrings, he attacked me and we fought throughout the streets of Paris. I managed to drive him off, but he’s made it clear that he and I are enemies now.”

“I know this may be shocking to hear,” Ladybug continued. “But Chat Noir made his choice. And I’m asking Paris to help me bring him to justice before anyone gets hurt.”

A special press conference with more information will be held Saturday at 9:00 a.m. in front of the Mayor’s residence. This story is still breaking, so please stay tuned to the Ladyblog for more details.

When asked if she had any words for her former partner, Ladybug had only this to say. "You brought this on yourself."

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**Chapter End Notes**

I mean, did you really expect Adrien to have good luck?

Happy Thanksgiving American readers ㋡( ᴄ ᴛ )opyright
Don't Want to Die In Here

Chapter Summary

Chapter title once again comes from Heel Turn 2 (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6MtnwN32ioo) by the Mountain Goats which is now required listening for the press conference scene in this fic.

I expect a full 250 word essay on how this song about bad guy wrestlers relates to Marinette's feelings of helplessness in the face of the crushing responsibility she's lived with since she was a child.

Extra Credit: Explain how Unmasked! from the same album relates to Chat Noir's perspective.

Chapter Notes

HEY GANG, I realize you have strong feelings about characters in this fic and I appreciate that, but if you could please tone down the vitriol in the comment section I would appreciate it greatly. Without naming names, some of the comments have gotten a little more heated than I'm comfortable with and they're honestly a little upsetting to read.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You ready?”

Ladybug nodded, taking a deep breath to quell the rising tide of nerves that threatened to drown her where she stood. Mayura laid a reassuring hand on her shoulder, giving her a small squeeze as they headed up the wooden stairs and onto the podium Mayor Andre erected in front of his house. Carapace, Queen Bee, and Rena Rouge stood off to one side as she passed, eyes not leaving her as she stepped out of the curtain and into a sea of flashing lights.

“Ladybug, are the rumors true?!”

“Did Chat Noir really betray you?”

“Why is he working with Hawkmoth?”
“How long has he been working against the city?”

“How does this betrayal affect your secret love-child?”

“Are he and Hawkmoth romantically involved?”

“One at a time, people,” Mayura said, holding up a hand to quell the stream of questioning. “Ladybug has something she needs to say, and then we’ll do a quick Q&A session after she’s done.”

Silence fell over the crowd of reporters and onlookers. Mayor Andre stood off to one side, his secretary whispering frantically in his ear. Two kids in black and green cat-print shirts caught her eye as she swept the crowd, looking up at her as though they were waiting for her to deny the allegations she put out the night before.

No turning back now...

“Good morning,” Ladybug said, clearing her throat. “I’ve called this press conference to confirm the rumors that Chat Noir has turned on Paris and sided with Hawkmoth in order to steal our Miraculous.”

Silence lingered for another moment before the crowd erupted in a wave of panicked, angry cries.

Twelve Hours Earlier...

From: Ladyblog Admin

To: Ladybug

Message:


“No…” Marinette muttered, fingers pressed against her lips. “No, no, no...oh, God, Chat, what did you do?!”
A picture of a pile of screenshotted text messages was attached to the message from the Ladyblog, each showing page after page of Ladybug begging her partner to help Hawkmoth and give up his ring. Alya Cesaire—her best friend, Rena Rouge, and most importantly, editor of the Ladyblog—had been hand delivered piles of evidence that tied Ladybug to Paris’ greatest terrorist.

It was a full minute and a half before Marinette composed herself long enough to look at the screen again which only brought a fresh wave of panic coursing through her.

“Oh God, what do I do?” Marinette moaned, grateful her parents weren’t around to hear what she imagined was a very loud, protracted nervous breakdown. “What do I do...what do I do...what do I do...”

Her head swam as her mind cycled through a myriad of increasingly catastrophic scenarios, scrambling for some kind of foothold she could grasp onto as Tikki poked her head out of the cabinet, scanning the screen as Marinette paced the floor of her bedroom.

“Marinette,” Tikki said in a soft, gentle tone she hadn’t used with Marinette in a while. “Marinette, please, just breathe...breathe…”

Marinette sank to her fainting couch, head dipping between her knees as she forced each breath to be slower than the one that came before it. Tikki landed on her shoulder, nuzzling into the corner of her neck with a small sigh. “It’s over.”

“What am I supposed to do?” Marinette said, fingers bunching in the fabric of her flour-stained dress.

“You know what you’re supposed to do,” Tikki said gently. “This doesn’t have to break badly for you...this can all still be over tonight. You can call Chat; you can take Hawkmoth down together.”

*And then Adrien loses his father.*

“And then Adrien loses his father,” Marinette laughed, wiping a tear from her eye. “Great; back to square flipping one.”

“Adrien’s father is a *horrible* person-”

“And the last family Adrien has,” Marinette sighed, fingers running through her hair. “I’m
supposed to just orphan him then? And then look him in the eye tomorrow? I can’t be responsible for that, Tikki, I can’t—"

“You are Ladybug,” Tikki said sternly. “You are responsible for the safety of an entire city. I am sorry that Adrien is going to be the one suffering for something he has no role in, but there is no other way to end this. You cannot be blinded by the well-being of one person.”

Marinette stared blankly at the floor for a long moment. “...so, this has nothing to do with Nooroo then?”

Tikki blinked, floating back to look at the angry, bitter look of defeat on Marinette’s face. “That isn’t the same thing.”

“You want me to defeat Hawkmoth because you want me to rescue your friend,” Marinette said, chewing the inside of her lip. “Doesn’t matter who gets hurt as long as Nooroo is safe, right?”

“This is about more than just Nooroo, this is about—”

“The fate of the city, I know,” Marinette said. “A fate I have not stopped fighting for, by the way. Just because I’m trying to mitigate the fallout a little doesn’t mean I’ve stopped caring.”

“You’ve just stopped fighting the enemy you’re supposed to be fighting!” Tikki snapped.

“How many akuma attacks have there been besides Warning Shot who was only akumatized because Chat was being a brat?” Marinette asked. “I thought I was supposed to put a stop to akuma attacks; seems to me like I’ve done that. After four years of pointless fighting, I did that.”

“You’re really counting on Hawkmoth to hold up his end of the bargain?” Tikki sniffed.

“Hey, so far so good,” Marinette said, slowly standing up. “I am under no delusion that Gabriel is a good person, or even an honorable one. But the fact of the matter is that as long as this deal keeps going, we have no more akuma attacks. We move this war out of the streets of Paris and only involve people who know what they’re doing!”

“And how long do you expect this little ceasefire of yours to last?!”
“Long as I can help it,” Marinette said, slowly rising to her feet as she pushed panic aside and began formulating a plan. “Transform me.”

“Where the hell have you been?!”

Gabriel opened the door to his study to find his window open and an irate Ladybug wearing a track in his carpet.

“Making toast,” Gabriel said, setting his dinner down on a table and closing and locking a door behind him. “Adrien is coming home from his date soon, so whatever this is about-”

“We have a problem,” Ladybug said, tapping her foot against the floor.

“Clearly; we don’t communicate unless there is one,” Gabriel sighed, rubbing his eyes. “What is it this time? Is Kagami causing more problems than we thought she would?”

“Worse,” Ladybug said, flipping a phone around and showing Gabriel the image of the chat logs on Alya’s bed. “Chat went to the press with the text logs showing us arguing about whether to help you or not. Tomorrow, all of Paris is gonna know that we’re in cahoots.”

“...I see,” Gabriel said, taking a small bite of his toast. “Bit fucked then, aren’t we?”

“Unless I figure out some way to stop this before it leaks,” Ladybug sighed, running a hand through her hair. “I have two hours to come up with a plan before I have to meet the Ladyblog’s editor. Ideas; now.”

“She called a meeting?” Gabriel said, raising an eyebrow. “She wants to meet with you before she posts the story?”

“Yeah, I guess she wants to get the facts of the case before she goes ahead with publishing it,” Ladybug said, folding her arms. “And I’m kinda blanking on what I’m supposed to tell her to stop the story from running.”
“Really?” Gabriel chuckled. “I thought the answer was obvious.”

“Enlighten me then,” Ladybug said, watching Gabriel pace over to the window, rubbing his chin.

“If Ms. Cesaire wants to meet, I say you meet with her,” Gabriel continued. “I say you take Mayura with you and try and group the rest of your allies together in once place at one time. Sit them down, buy them coffee, and confirm their suspicions.”

“That’s exactly what we’re trying to stop from happening,” Ladybug sighed.

“Let me finish,” Gabriel said, turning back to face Ladybug. “You tell them that you and Chat have been fighting, which is true. You tell them that he tried to steal your Miraculous, which is true. You tell them that he stole a box of Miraculous out from under your nose, which is true.”

“Where are you going with this?” Ladybug said, brow knitting.

“Then...you tell Ms. Cesaire that it is Chat Noir, not you, that has thrown his lot in with Hawkmoth,” Gabriel concluded.

Ladybug blinked, shaking her head as she turned away. “That’s insane…”

“Is it?” Gabriel asked. “History has shown that Paris is more inclined to believe you over Chat. That incident with Copycat a while ago sticks out, but-”

“You want me to publicly slander Chat Noir?” Ladybug scoffed. “That’s your solution?”

“...technically, since it’s in print, it’s considered libel, but-”

“I take it back. Your plan isn’t insane; you are.”

“I don’t understand what the problem is here,” Gabriel laughed somewhat incredulously. “You are being gifted an opportunity to decisively tip the scales in your favor-”
“By spreading lies about my partner...ex-partner,” Ladybug muttered.

“By allowing the Ladyblog to spread one,” Gabriel said, holding his finger up. “Chat Noir tried to steal your Miraculous, right or wrong?”

“Right, but-”

“Chat Noir made off with twelve other Miraculous, correct?”

“Again, true, but-”

“He is holding up a deal that will secure peace for Paris because his feelings got hurt, true?”

“But he still doesn’t deserve to...to...” Ladybug trailed off. “This isn’t right.”

“I must say, you are being remarkably considerate about someone who is behaving so inconsiderately towards you,” Gabriel said, folding his arms. “Noble, to be sure, but it appears your erstwhile partner lacks your sense of fair play...do you really think he’d extend you the same courtesy?”

Ladybug opened her mouth, brow knitting as she crossed her arms, lips pursing as Gabriel stepped off his perch on the wall.

“You have done nothing but give him chances to cooperate with you,” Gabriel continued. “You’re still trying to get him to cooperate with you. And how does he respond? He steals what’s rightfully yours and tries to undo the years of good work you’ve done with a blog post. He continues to harass and attack your allies and tries to undermine you and still you give him the chance to work with you. How many chances does Chat Noir get? What does he have to do to convince you that he isn’t interested in cooperating? That he’s intent on taking your Miraculous and using it in a misguided crusade for revenge?”

Ladybug was silent as Gabriel stood in front of her, hands tucked in his pockets as he looked her over. “The alternative is that you are cast out of Parisian society; that you are hounded by police and government officials and a score of other Miraculous users. It means that our goal becomes infinitely harder to achieve and every good work you’ve done over the last four years gets..."
“So Chat Noir deserves to be totally smeared then?” Ladybug asked, cold blue eyes glaring up at Gabriel.

“You didn’t make the choice to bring your spat public,” Gabriel pointed out. “He did. He chose to involve the press; he chose to drag your name through the mud. He seems to have no qualms about ruining your reputation; why should you have qualms about flipping his little tactic back on him?”

“Because it’s...cheap,” Ladybug said, somewhat lamely.

“It was cheap to involve the press in the first place,” Gabriel countered. “Cheap and desperate; he must be so short of allies that he feels the need to discredit you to even have a fighting chance.”

“Do we really want to push him if he’s that desperate?” Ladybug asked, massaging her temples with her fingertips.

“Desperate people make mistakes,” Gabriel said, pushing his glasses up the bridge of his nose. “Tarnishing his reputation is the quickest way to get him out in the open and making stupid mistakes and with the rest of your team on your side, you could set a trap for him that he would run gladly into. This could be over tomorrow if you play your cards right tonight.”

“You’re not hurting him,” Gabriel said as the silence between them stretched on longer than he felt comfortable. “You’re not torturing him, you’re not putting his life in danger. You are cutting him off from his cherished celebrity and giving him yet another chance to surrender himself. Do you really think he’ll fight so fiercely when people are no longer chanting his name?”

“There has to be an alternative…” Ladybug muttered.

“The alternative is that you find the entire city aligned against you,” Gabriel said, voice taking on a steely quality. “And let me remind you that it’s taken me four years to make any progress because I’ve been unable to act openly due to pending charges of domestic terrorism. I don’t know about you, but I don’t particularly want to waste the rest of my life fighting for my family’s future; do you?”

Ladybug said nothing as Gabriel sat down at his desk, organizing his sketches as Ladybug stared
Ladybug said nothing, lips pursed as she stared at the smooth marble tile for a long moment as Gabriel wordlessly went about his work. He didn’t look up as she walked towards the window, only turning around when she was gone to watch her swing away over the darkening streets until she was long out of sight.

Ladybug touched down on a blank and seemingly empty rooftop a few blocks from Le Grand Paris, coming to a stop as she feared the weight of her decision would eventually snap the fragile yo-yo string that kept her aloft. Silence pressed in around her as she paced the roof, head swimming as she searched for some answer, some alternative that would give her the results she wanted without crossing a line she never believed she would even reach.

As she paced, she became increasingly aware of the chill in the air and the dark corners of the city that hadn’t seemed so frightening before. At times when Chat Noir was being exceptionally flippant or childish, she had felt like the fate of the city rested solely on her shoulders. A small part of her took pride in being the one with the plan; the one who always came up with a strategy to solve whatever stood in their way.

Now Ladybug found herself wishing it wasn’t all up to her.

*Just how much longer do you want to do this?*

She had a choice; lie and tell the whole city that Chat Noir was working for Hawkmoth or allow him to completely destroy her reputation and make ending the fight in her favor all but impossible. The first choice rankled the steely sense of justice her parents had instilled in her since she was a child; the second choice made Marinette Dupain-Cheng blanch, though not because she was worried about her action figure line.

If Chat’s story ran unedited, her escape from the endless akuma cycle only got further and further away. He would drag the city into a civil war rather than allow one terrible person to live in quiet anonymity with his family. As much as she wanted to see Gabriel punished for what he had subjected her to, it was almost worth letting him go if it meant a normal Christmas and a chance at a normal life after school.

*Just how much longer do you want to do this?*

But to do that, she needed to-

Her anxious spiral was interrupted by a set of boots landing on the far side of the roof. Ladybug
whipped around, yo-yo snapping out in pure instinct and smashing into the brickwork next to Mayura’s head.

“Whoa, whoa, easy!” Mayura said, holding his hands up. “It’s me, it’s me!”

Ladybug let her yo-yo fall to the roof as she leaned on a nearby air conditioning unit, taking weak, shaky breaths as Mayura tentatively approached.

“I got your call...” Mayura said, reaching a hand out gently as Ladybug pressed the heels of her palms into her eyes. “Are you okay?”

“No...” Ladybug sighed, fighting the almost uncontrollable wave of sobs that bubbled up in her chest. “No...I’m...I can’t...”

“Hey, breathe,” Mayura said, cape wrapping around Ladybug’s shaking shoulders. “Breathe...deep breaths now, come on...”

It was such a familiar motion; one that Luka had done to Marinette so often in the past when the stress of her own brilliance threatened to collapse around her. His arms wrapped around her shoulders (just tight enough to make her feel secure), his cape hid her from view (to protect her from any possibility of embarrassment) and his voice hummed a low, shushing sound that seemed to stem the oncoming panic before it could take hold of her.

“You okay?” Mayura repeated.

“...I’m tired,” Ladybug said in a small, quiet voice that Mayura almost didn’t capture. “Four years of this...four years of this and now I...”

Ladybug pressed her forehead into the feathered shoulder of Mayura’s cloak. “Alya wants to meet...she wants my side of the story before she runs the story Chat told her.”

“Smart woman,” Mayura said, trying not to indulge too heavily in the strawberry scented locks of hair just under his nose.

“...I have the chance to totally flip this around on Chat,” Ladybug said. “To...to out him in front of
“That’s...that’s great, isn’t it?” Mayura asked, a strange surge of savage thrill rushing through him.
“We could have the whole city looking for him! Who’s gonna team up with him once we show
the city his true colors?”

Ladybug stared aimlessly into the rows of woven blue and purple feathers on Mayura’s chest.
“They’re going to hate him…”

“So?”

“He...we used to be friends,” Ladybug sighed, disentangling from the hug and ambling aimlessly
towards the edge of the roof. “We were more than that, really…”

A sudden and altogether unwarranted sense of jealousy bubbled up inside Mayura. “Were you
two...close?”

“Yes...and no,” Ladybug laughed, shaking her head. “We probably spent a grand total of a few
months’ worth of hours together in the last four years...but you can’t help being attached to
someone who you go through so much weird stuff with.”

A sad, almost wistful smile crossed Ladybug’s face. “You ever...did you ever see that movie
about the guy who gets trapped between two rocks?”

“Is that the one where he has to cut off his arm to get away?” Mayura asked with a small shudder.

“Yeah...gross, right?” Ladybug said, staring into the city below. “I remember watching that and
thinking to myself...I couldn’t do that. I need my arms to draw and sew and do all sorts of things;
how could I cut it off? Would it even be worth surviving with just one arm?”

Ladybug’s smile slowly slipped off her face. “But then...you’re stuck. You’re trapped...there’s no
way out except to just...hack off your arm. And even if it’s messy and even if it hurts and even if
there’s no way to get that arm back...at least a one-armed life is still a life, right? You look up at
your arm and think...I’m going to miss you, but I don’t want to die in here.”
“Especially if that arm tries to stab you in the back when you aren’t looking,” Mayura added, brow knitting. “...we're talking about Chat, right?”

“Something like that,” Ladybug said, turning to Mayura with a small, sad smile that just about broke his heart. “You know...I think I’ve done a good job for this city for a long time...haven’t always been perfect, but I’ve given it my all…”

“I’d say more than that,” Mayura said, leaning on the edge of the roof next to her. “Don’t think I didn’t notice how tired you always were.”

“Still am,” Ladybug said with a deep, almost resolute sigh. “Tired of being tired...tired of being tired of being tired... but I guess I’m just tired of being Ladybug. I think I just want to be...Marinette for a while. Just an ordinary person with an ordinary life…”

Ladybug shook her head, wiping her eyes with the back of her hand. “Can you do something for me?”

“Anything,” Mayura said, almost as soon as she had spoken. “Absolutely anything.”

“This is still such bullshit.”

Alya sighed through her nose, watching her breath condense in front of her as Chloe stood shivering and pouting between her and Nino.

“Unbelievable,” Chloe huffed. “I’m nice enough to be honest about my cool secret identity and you dweebs don’t tell me for four years! And then it’s not even to do anything cool! It’s just ‘oh hey Chloe, I’m a furry, my boyfriend is a Ninja Turtle, Ladybug might be evil, and we need to use your rooftop to confront her in case she is crazy! No buildup; no courtesy! Just a superhero booty call out of nowhere-”

“Nino, could you do the thing?”

“-and now here I am, freezing my cute little butt off on top of my own roof so that you can- ow!” Chloe yelped as Nino reached up and lightly yanked on her ponytail, slapping him in the arm.
“She’s like a lamp; just tug on her and she turns off,” Nino snickered, ignoring the glare and stuck out tongue from Chloe as he huddled closer to Alya. “...you okay?”

“Peachy,” Alya said, stuffing her hands in her pockets. “My childhood heroine might be insane and I’m meeting her on a rooftop thirteen stories over the streets of Paris...babe, if Ladybug kills me, please delete my internet history.”

“Ladybug isn’t going to <i>kill</i> you unless she’s already killed me,” Nino said, wrapping a protective arm around Alya’s waist. “Chloe is going to have to delete both of our internet histories.”

“Not after going through them first,” Chloe said, eyeing Nino and Alya. “I’m a little curious now...”

Things were truly looking dire when Chloe’s incessant whining proved to be a calming influence for Alya who still felt like she was making a mistake. Perhaps it was four solid years of barely restrained Ladybug worship screaming at her to trust Ladybug and forget about whatever nonsense Chat was on about. But something about the way Chat had come to her coupled with the piles of evidence he produced gave her enough pause to orchestrate this little meeting.

Something wasn’t quite adding up for Alya...

A flash of red appeared on the horizon just after the clock started chiming midnight, and for the first time in her life, Alya wasn’t looking forward to Ladybug’s arrival.

“Alright,” Alya said, taking a deep breath and disentangling herself from Nino’s grasp. “We clear on the plan?”

Nino and Chloe shared an uneasy look before nodding.

“Good,” Alya said, straightening her jacket. “Follow my lead...”

Ladybug touched down on the far side of <i>Le Grand Paris’</i> roof taking note of Nino and Chloe with a small look of surprise. “Wow, gang’s all here, aren’t the-”
“That’s close enough for now,” Alya said, one hand clutching her phone as Ladybug stopped in her tracks, looking a little wounded. “We can talk fine like this, for now…”

“Okay,” Ladybug said in a smooth, even voice like she was trying to calm a startled horse. “Alright...I’m not going to hurt you, Alya.”

“Good,” Alya said, quavering voice barely noticeable over the hum of the air conditioning units. “Because we have about twenty security cameras-”

“Twenty-seven,” Chloe chimed in.

“- twenty-seven cameras ready to record you if you try anything funny,” Alya said, fishing Chat Noir’s packet of photographs out from her coat and tossing them across the roof at Ladybug’s feet. “You got my email?”

“Wouldn’t be here otherwise,” Ladybug said, picking up the parcel and turning it over in her hands. “I’m just wondering what it is Chat Noir told you.”

“Pretty juicy scoop,” Alya said, crossing her arms. “He said you betrayed Paris and are working with Hawkmoth. He said you’re trying to bring Hawkmoth’s wife back to life and that there’s no plans on you bringing Hawkmoth in when everything’s said and done.”

Alya studied Ladybug’s guarded expression carefully. “He said you took our Miraculous.”

Ladybug fingered the envelope in her hands for a moment, turning it over as she seemed to be avoiding Alya’s gaze.

“Well...that part is true,” Ladybug said, looking back up at Alya. “Our Master fell ill and I took them for safekeeping.”

“That’s what Chat said about the Miraculous he took,” Alya countered.

“I’m sure he did,” Ladybug said, putting two fingers in her mouth and whistling loudly. Before 
Alya could look around to see what Ladybug was whistling for, something floated overhead, dropping three things on the ground in front of her before landing behind Ladybug in a low crouch.

“Hey, what the hell is he doing here?” Nino said, tugging his jacket up his face in a feeble attempt to hide his identity.

“What happened to nobody knowing who we are!?” Chloe said, eyes narrowing at Mayura as he unfolded behind Ladybug. “And what runway nightmare did you walk off?”

“M. Mayura, I presume?” Alya said, bending down and picking up a familiar looking brown wooden box that landed at her feet.

“Nice to meet you,” Mayura said with a small wave, ignoring the withering looks that Nino and Chloe leveled at him. “Sorry I’m late; Ladybug wanted me to grab something before I showed up…”

Alya cracked open the box, Trixx’s glittering orange pendant laying flush against the plush red velvet inside.

“I took your Miraculous because I knew I was going to need your help,” Ladybug said, watching Nino and Chloe secure their Miraculous with a curious frown. “I didn’t want to have to involve you; I know you’ve worked with Chat in the past and I…”

Ladybug trailed off under Alya’s curious glare, jaw setting as she resisted the urge to break her gaze. There was still a chance to end this; a chance to confess that she was in over her head and desperately needed some kind of help. Maybe she hadn’t thought of every possible solution; maybe there was some clever strategy that she could come up with if she took the time to…

Time.

That’s what it came down to; time. Time she didn’t have; time that was slowly dripping away. She didn’t have enough time to end the fight the way she wanted to, she didn’t have enough time to do all the things she always wanted, she didn’t have enough time to figure out a way to save herself and Chat…

Just how much longer do you want to do this?

“...I’m not the one working with Hawkmoth; Chat is.”
Ladybug was surprised at how quickly the words tumbled out of her mouth; how easy it was to
damm her partner without even tripping over her tongue. It was out of her mouth before she even
had time to process it; an ugly secret bare for the whole world to see.

She waited for the indignant gasps of shock and disbelief; waited for the barrage of questions she
wasn’t entirely prepared to answer. But something had shifted between the three of them when
she wasn’t looking, and instead of looking at her for answers, Nino and Chloe simply turned to
Alya.

She would have made a good Ladybug, Ladybug mused as Alya closed her eyes with a sigh.

“You’re sure?” Alya asked, gesturing to the photos. “Those pictures…”

“Never seen them before in my life,” Ladybug said. “I don’t think this kind of thing is hard to
fake; I’m no artist, but I’d wager that’s a pretty easy thing to photoshop, isn’t it?”

“It is,” Alya said unevenly, turning the box over in her hands as she regarded Ladybug. “You
don’t happen to have any proof of that, do you?”

“Proof?” Mayura echoed incredulously, gesturing to Ladybug. “This is Ladybug; what proof do
you-”

“It’s fine,” Ladybug said, holding her hand up to silence any further protest from Mayura. “And as
it turns out...I don’t...but why would I lie to you?”

“You’d lie if you were working with Hawkmoth like Chat said you were,” Alya pointed out,
absentmindedly fastening Trixx’s necklace around her neck.

“If Ladybug was working with Hawkmoth, why would she give you your Miraculous back?”
Mayura butted in. “Why wouldn’t she just ask him to akumitize you or something?”

“He’s got a point,” Nino chimed in. “Brainwashed lackeys are always more reliable, aren’t they?”
“Too true,” Alya said, narrowing her eyes at Ladybug. “...and what do you want us to do?”

“I don’t want this to blow up into a full scale war,” Ladybug said, chewing on her lower lip. “Chat and I are...well, whatever we are, we were friends once. And if we can end this fight without hurting him, I would like that.”

“But that’s not totally necessary,” Mayura chuckled, earning a sharp glare from Ladybug. “…sorry.”

“We just need his ring,” Ladybug continued, looking at each of her allies in turn. “If we draw him out into the open, we can team up and capture him before he can cause any more destruction...I mean, you saw what he did to that bridge a few weeks ago…”

Alya seemed to chew this over for a moment, rubbing her chin. “And how are we supposed to draw him out?”

“He expects that you’re just going to take his word at face value,” Ladybug said. “But, if you tell the city that Chat Noir is working with Hawkmoth instead of me, he’ll come running; probably be too angry to think straight. If he comes at us hot, we have the chance to catch him making a mistake. We set up a press conference, lure him somewhere enclosed, and bring him down tomorrow if we play our cards right.”

“So, you want me to use the Ladyblog as bait?” Alya asked, raising an eyebrow. “And then lay a trap for Chat Noir at some kind of press stunt?”

“That’s the cleanest way I can think to stop this madness,” Ladybug said.

“And how are we supposed to know that Chat Noir isn’t the one telling the truth here?” Alya asked.

She wants to believe you; just give her the chance.

Ladybug bit her lip. “Why would I lie to you, Alya? After everything, why would I lie to you?”

For a moment, she wondered if Alya sensed her treachery; wondered if she had prematurely handed over the few Miraculous as an empty gesture of good will. Silence lingered between the two for only a handful of moments, but under Alya’s piercing brown eyes, it felt like an eternity.
“...I know,” Alya sighed, rubbing her temples. “I know you wouldn’t lie to me like that, it’s just...hard for me to believe, you know?”

“Not any easier for me, believe me,” Ladybug chuckled, somehow elated and dismayed that Alya didn’t see through her ruse. All the arguments and contingencies her frazzled brain had concocted in the last hour evaporated, and all Ladybug was left with was the aftermath of having looked her best friend in the eye and completely lied to her.

*You can make it up to her when this is over.*

“After all the times we fought with him...doesn’t make sense that Chat would just turn his back on the city like that,” Nino said, crossing his arms with a thoughtful frown down at his bracelet.

“...maybe he’s just tired of fighting,” Ladybug sighed, glancing at Chloe. “And you?”

“As if you even need to ask,” Chloe scoffed, flashing Ladybug a small wink. “You know I’m your biggest fan, right?”

“I don’t need fans right now,” Ladybug said, affording Chloe a small smile. “I need teammates; people I can trust to help me bring Chat Noir in and end this stupid superhero fight once and for all.”

“What we do tomorrow secures peace in Paris,” Ladybug said, setting her jaw as she took a hesitant step forward. “No matter how much it hurts or how much we don’t want to do it, we have a responsibility to ensure that *no one* is akumatized ever again. We have a responsibility to the people of this city, our neighbors, and...I think we have a responsibility to ourselves. Because, I don’t know about you, but fighting an endless war is *not* what I wanted to do with my life.”

“I hear that,” Chloe chipped in.

“So...can I count on you?” Ladybug asked, eyes landing on Alya.

“Wouldn’t be much of a Ladyblogger if I ditched you now, would I?” Alya chuckled, smiling at Ladybug for the first time. “You’ve always had our backs; always managed to put this city back together after Hawkmoth gets on his nonsense. Doesn’t really make sense that you’d totally turn your backs on us now, right?”

*You haven’t. You’re still fighting for Paris’ best interests.*
“Thank you,” Ladybug said. “Alya and I should probably work on the article...if we could get this started tonight, we could probably work on a plan to trap Chat and still have time for lunch tomorrow.”

“Let’s meet at my place in about thirty,” Alya said, jerking her head in Nino’s direction. “Gonna make sure Nino gets home safe.”

“I get scared of the dark,” Nino chuckled.

“I’ll have the security footage of tonight deleted too,” Chloe said with a sharp, toothy smile. “Oooh, can’t wait to see the look on Chat Noir’s face.”

“I can,” Ladybug muttered to herself as she shot them a small wave. “Alright; Mayura and I will work on the battle plan and let Alya know what the score is.”

“And I’ll let these two know when we’re ready to catch a stray,” Alya said, waving back. “See you in thirty.”

“Sure...and thanks again, everyone,” Ladybug said, latching on to a nearby rooftop and swinging off the roof into the city below.

“Nice to meet you guys,” Mayura said, shooting them a sharp, two-fingered salute before leaping after Ladybug, soaring behind her as they disappeared into the night.

"...noice tuh meet u gais!” Chloe sneered, shooting off three salutes in rapid succession towards Mayura’s retreating rear. "What a tool..."

“Hard to believe that Chat Noir just suddenly started to work with Hawkmoth,” Nino mused.

“Harder to believe that Ladybug suddenly decided to join the Mothsquad,” Chloe countered.

“You’re right,” Alya muttered, palming her Miraculous. “That is pretty hard to believe.”
“I’ve called this press conference to confirm the rumors that Chat Noir has turned on Paris and sided with Hawkmoth in order to steal our Miraculous.”

Ladybug allowed the crowd’s cries of horror and betrayal to carry on a few moments, staring blankly into the sea of shocked and terrified faces that could have just as easily been turned towards her. A child in the front row let the Chat Noir action figure slip from his fingers, the cheap plastic toy shattering on the flagstones in front of the Mayor’s residence and snapping Ladybug back to reality.

_No going back now. Just get it over with._

“I know this is shocking,” Ladybug continued. “And no one is shocked more than I am. To call this a betrayal would put it too lightly; I counted on Chat Noir more than anyone else to stand by my side. I trusted that he would always have my back; that we would do everything in our power to do what was best for _everyone_ in Paris. But when it came to it...when it came to it, Chat Noir chose a path that would leave a trail of destruction running through this city.”

The eyes of Paris on her, Ladybug steeled herself, looking straight into the camera.

“I am calling on all citizens, public agencies, and law enforcement officers to help us bring Chat Noir to justice,” Ladybug continued, eyes scanning the rooftops for any flicker of black. “Every minute that Chat Noir walks free is another minute this city is in jeopardy. So, with heavy heart, I ask Paris to.”

A flicker of movement caught her attention seconds before something slammed into the ground between the crowd and the podium, scattering flagstones and kicking up dust as onlookers leapt backwards, falling over each other to get out of the way. Mayura instinctively flung an arm out in front of Ladybug as the dust slowly cleared, and a tall, black clad figure slowly stepped out of the haze.

Some small, optimistic part of Ladybug held on to the hope that she could one day make things right with her partner; she didn’t know how much she relied on that hope until one icy glare from Chat Noir killed it dead.

“Hey there, _partner_,” Chat Noir growled.
So now you have Ladybug's side of the story leading up to the press conference.

I was a little unprepared for how, ah, passionate some of you were regarding this pivotal moment in the story. I hope you always feel free to express your thoughts and feelings in the comments section; they let me know how people are receiving these characters and how I need to course correct to get the reaction I want.

Next time! Will Chat Noir survive his ill-conceived confrontation with Ladybug? What is Alya's plan? Will Kagami save her ex-bf before he gets his furry ass kicked? Will someone FINALLY put Chat Noir over clean????

All these questions and more will be answered in Chapter Sixteen: Aristeia!

In the mean time, go listen to Beat the Champ and be sad with me
The Last Hero(es) in Paris

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Nadja Chamack slowly wobbled to her feet, hacking up the lungful of dust that had erupted only moments before. Through the ringing in her ears, she could hear people screaming in terror and police rushing past her towards the tall, black clad figure stepping out of the small crater he had landed in.

“Theo...Theo, are you alright?!” Nadja stammered, hauling her cameraman to her feet and angling him towards the clearing dust. Ladybug stepped out from behind Mayura’s protective arm despite the latter’s protest, walking down the steps of Mayor Andre’s house with Queen Bee, Rena Rouge, Carapace, and Mayura in tow.

“Just keep rolling,” Nadja said, taking a deep breath as she straightened her hair out. Something Albert Londres worthy was coming and Nadja was going to survive long enough to record it.

“Nadja, we lost you for a second,” her anchor chirped in her ear. “Are you alright?”

“Y-Yes, Arthur,” Nadja said, clearing her throat as the camera panned over Ladybug and Chat Noir. “Moments...after Ladybug announced Chat Noir’s betrayal, the former hero arrived on the scene, apparently to confront his former partner-”

“-and the crowd of onlookers.”

Master He sighed through her nose as the television showed Ladybug approach Chat Noir, smacking the unconscious Master Fu on top of his head.

“Wake up, you old goat,” Master He hissed. “Or your pupils are going to tear each other apart!”

“Should we do something, Master?” Jun asked, chewing on her lower lip.
“Yes; prep Quingfu’s latest infusion,” Master He sighed, fingering her bracelet absentmindedly. “I will step in if this gets out of hand…”

“Mayura is now saying something to Ladybug, but her attention appears to be on Hawkmoth’s newest pawn!”

Gabriel took a small sip out of his mimosa with a satisfied sigh, kicking his feet up on his desk as the TV’s in his office showed Ladybug advancing on Chat Noir as her allies formed a semi-circle between Chat and the Mayor’s residence.

“Good girl,” Gabriel said, fingers running over his pin. “Now close the deal.”

“Police are evacuating Mayor Andre away from his residence and we are being told that we have to move back out of the-”

“Idiot!” Kagami hissed, turning off the television as she pulled her other boot on. “Stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid boy!”

Bounding down the stairs two at a time, Kagami snagged a pair of keys off the foyer table and flung the door open to reveal Goto, a plate of cookies balanced in one hand and the other raised to knock on her door.

“Everything alright, miss?” Goto asked in his deep, quiet voice. “You seemed out of sorts, so I brought some-”

“I need to borrow the Maserati!” Kagami panted. “Please, my friend, Adrien, he’s….”

“Slow down, miss,” Goto said, laying a reassuring hand on her shoulder. “What is wrong?”

“No time! Please, Goto, just-”
“Miss, I may no longer enjoy the pleasure of serving your family, but do not think I do not care about you anymore,” Goto said softly, laying the cookies on the table just inside the front door. “If there is something I can do to help you, I will...but I can’t protect you from what I don’t know about.”

Kagami took a deep breath, eyeing her longtime friend for a moment as she debated what to tell him. “Ladybug is in league with Hawkmoth and intends to sell out the city, Chat Noir is the last hero opposing him, and I need to rescue him before his damned pride gets him captured or killed by Ladybug or her lackeys!”

“...I will drive,” Goto said, wrapping an arm around Kagami and ushering her towards the garage under his home.

Nobody said anything until the last of the civilians had evacuated the area.

Chat Noir just stood with his hands folded on top of his baton, glowering green eyes silently locked on Ladybug while people scrambled out of the square in front of Mayor Andre’s house. Ladybug kept her eyes on him, studying the relaxed, reserved way he just stood there. He looked almost calm, only a burning glare and dried tear stains on his cheeks betraying his anger.

“Quite the party, isn’t it?” Chat Noir said when he was sure they were alone, voice barely quavering above a dull monotone. “Gang’s... all here, aren’t they...well, almost. Guess your new chum didn’t make the invite list, did he?”

Ladybug set her jaw, stepping forward a few steps out of rank as she refused resolutely to break Chat’s stare. “It’s over, Chat. Alya didn’t buy that story you sold her for a second; she came to me last night and told me what you told her...really, those photographs were such low quality.”

“You don’t say?” Chat Noir said, eyes drifting over Carapace, Queen Bee, and Rena Rouge. “I suppose if I told you three that Ladybug was working with Hawkmoth and planned to deliver the city to him on a silver platter, you wouldn’t believe me, would you?”

Queen Bee and Carapace glanced at Rena as she straightened up a bit under Chat’s gaze. “Is there a reason we should?”
“...why would you?” Chat Noir sighed, eyes returning to Ladybug’s. “I’m just a shmuck in a catsuit; not like I’ve saved half the city’s lives a hundred times over, right?”

“You want a fucking medal for that?” Mayura scoffed. “You’re just mad that your little smear campaign blew up in your face.”

“Oh, I’m mad,” Chat Noir said in a soft, quiet voice that made the hair on the back of Ladybug’s neck stand up. “Positively... furious, actually...but not because of that...”

Chat Noir trailed off, eyes boring a hole in Ladybug’s as the silence between them stretched torturously on. Carapace glanced between Ladybug and Rena Rouge, Queen Bee spun her top anxiously on the tip of her finger, and Mayura fingered a handful of quills, ready to toss them at Chat given the slightest twitch of movement.

“...so?” Chat Noir asked Ladybug. “Anything you’d like to say to me?”

Ladybug took a deep breath through her nostrils, chin definitely lifting as she fought an onrush of engineered guilt. “I am very sorry that it came to this, Chat. I am sorry that we couldn’t solve our differences without dragging the whole city into our fight, but since you insisted-”

“This is all...my fault then,” Chat Noir said, nodding as though considering Ladybug’s words.

“...I didn’t go to the press,” Ladybug said quietly. “You wanted this public? It’s public now...and you really should have brought more than a handful of crummy photographs if you wanted to turn the city against me.”

“Thought I had more credit than I did,” Chat Noir chuckled weakly. “Guess I shouldn’t have tried to turn the Ladyblog against Ladybug without a videotaped confession from you, huh?”

“I don’t plan on confessing to anything ,” Ladybug said, fingers tightening around her yo-yo string. “You are out of options, Chat. You have no one to turn to, no one to rely on, and no hope of defeating all five of us...I don’t want to fight you, Chat, but if you continue to resist, I will do whatever it takes to protect my Miraculous.”

Chat Noir said nothing, lip quivering as his eyes continued to roam between Mayura, Queen Bee,
Rena, Carapace, and Ladybug.

Ladybug sighed. “I am giving you a chance to-”

“No!” Chat snapped, jabbing his finger at Ladybug as his eyes brimmed with angry tears. “I...I am giving you a chance now! I am giving you a chance to come clean; I am giving you a chance to tell me where our enemy lives! I am giving you a chance to put this stupid truce of yours aside; I am giving you one...last...chance to help me put a stop to all this!”

Ladybug took a step back, mouth falling open as Chat Noir’s outburst nearly knocked her off her feet. She had always been dimly aware of the kind of person that bubbled behind his usually flippant exterior but to see Chat Noir in such a raw, emotionally vulnerable state was something entirely new and unsettling. In the four years of chaos they had endured together, she had never seen him shed so much as a single tear. But any restraint, any pride he had was gone, washed away by the almost palpable tide of anger that radiated off him.

“You can tell the whole world that I brought this on myself, but you and I both know that you have a choice!” Chat Noir spat. “You chose this; not me! I didn’t make a deal with a lunatic for our Miraculous; I didn’t cut you out of a decision that affects the rest of your life. I didn’t decide to start working with-”

“Hey, that’s enough!” Mayura snapped, stepping in front of Ladybug as he pulled a fresh handful of quills from his fan. “You know, I’ve just about had it with temper tantrums, pal!”

“Oh, please keep talking,” Chat Noir snarled, green eyes narrowing at Mayura. “Please give me an excuse to use your head like a football again; I’m begging you.”

“Good; get used to begging,” Mayura snapped, tossing his quills down in on the broken flagstones as his knights materialized out of the ground. “You’re gonna be doing a lot of it in a minute.”

“Dude, chill out!” Carapace interjected, holding his hands up. “Ladybug’s trying to stop this from getting crazier than it needs to be! She doesn’t need your hotheaded ass making things worse!”

“She can try all she wants; her sidekick over here is done listening,” Mayura spat, glancing at Queen Bee and Rena Rouge. “Are you just gonna stand there and let him talk to her like that?!”

“Mayura, wait!”
“Come on; he’s right here!” Mayura spat, gesturing to Chat Noir who made no attempt to escape despite Mayura’s knights closing in on him. “We outnumber him nine to one! Let’s go! Let’s get him!”

“Mayura, stick to the plan!” Ladybug demanded as Mayura’s knight slowly closed the circle around Chat Noir. Rena watched as Ladybug turned Mayura around to face her, noting the way the knight with the spear maneuvered itself behind Chat Noir who only seemed to have eyes for Ladybug’s earrings.

Before Rena could say anything, the knight with the spear lunged, driving the glittering silver tip towards the center of Chat’s back. Chat turned a second too late, tip of the spear grazing his throat and unhooking the bell that dangled around his neck. Ladybug watched in horror as the bell dropped to the ground, bouncing once with an echoing ring that seemed all the louder given the fact that everyone seemed to be holding their breath. The bell rolled along the flagstones, coming to a rest at Ladybug’s feet as Chat stumbled backwards, grasping at the place where the bell used to be.

Silence.

“Dude, what the fuck!” Carapace shouted.

“I...I didn’t…” Mayura stammered, glancing between the knight with the spear and Ladybug who covered her mouth in shock. “Hammet...he moved on his own, I don’t know what-”

Mayura’s head jerked back as Chat lunged faster than anyone could track him; faster than Ladybug had ever seen him move in her life. His fist collided with Mayura’s face and a sickening smack echoed throughout the empty plaza. Flagstones underneath Mayura’s feet shattered as the blow connected, glass in the windows behind him splintered as Chat Noir threw his whole weight into the blow.

Nathalie bounded up the stairs two-by-two, flinging the door to Gabriel’s office open to find Hawkmoth sprawled out on the floor, clutching his shocked face in pain.

“Are you alright?!” Nathalie asked, bending down and helping Hawkmoth back to his feet and
kicking aside the pieces of a chair he had crashed through. “I heard a crash downstairs, what—”

Nathalie trailed off as Hawkmoth rubbed the dark, purplish bruise that started forming under his mask.

Mayura flew backwards like he had been struck by a car, bouncing off an ornate marble column and tumbling down the steps in front of Mayor Andre’s house.

Mayura slowly staggered to his feet, clutching his face in shock as real, definite pain pulsed in his cheek. His eyes were wide and fearful as his hand came away, revealing a darkening purple bruise blossoming on his right cheek.

“...that hurt,” Mayura said quietly, looking helplessly at Ladybug who seemed rooted to the spot in fear. “I thought...I thought you said our suits protected us…”

Ladybug could come up with no explanation and surprisingly, Chat looked as shocked as the rest of them. His eyes bounced between Mayura’s bruise, his trembling hand, the shattered flagstones at his feet, the broken windows in Mayor Andre’s house, and finally, Ladybug herself. Silence hung in the air for a long, painful moment before Queen Bee eloquently summarized what everyone seemed to be thinking.

“...oh shit.”

“We are now receiving reports that a scuffle has broken out among the gathered superheroes! We are unable to get a better view due to police presence, but it looks like...yes, it sounds like there’s a fight going on just inside the plaza! I hear shattering glass...someone just—”

The crackling sound of a small explosion followed by panicked screaming echoed through the car radio as Kagami sat drumming her fingers against the back seat, peering through the tinted windows as onlookers rushed past on the sidewalk. News helicopters whirled overhead, jockeying to get a good view of the battle going on just on the other side of the wall.

“Police blockade up ahead,” Goto muttered as the car approached the Mayoral residence. “Shall
I find another way around?"

“If you can,” Kagami sighed, chewing on her lower lip as the distant sound of a pitched battle echoed over the rooftops. “Keep your distance; we don’t want to get too close to the—"

A large, heavily armored figure fell from the sky a few feet in front of the car, impaled by a feathery spear that jutted out of its chest. A few seconds later, two more crumpled balls of metal only vaguely recognizable as suits of armor crashed through the walls of the mayoral mansion, splintering the street in front of the car as they landed.

“...this is too close,” Goto mused, flinching as the fourth knight landed on an empty police car, neatly bending it in half.

“Far too close,” Kagami agreed, buckling her seatbelt as Goto threw the car in reverse.

Carapace was no stranger to pitched battles.

A year before, a Nutcracker akuma had raised an army of giant rats and tried to kill Mayor Andre. Carapace had spent his Christmas bludgeoning monster rats with the blunt end of his shield, deflecting cannon balls and doing battle with toy soldiers.

The year before that, the dreaded Sharkhands nearly bit his head off with the massive Great Whites that hung from each shoulder. And just the summer before, he and Chat Noir had saved the city from the baffling Chai-mera that shot scalding hot tea from its mouth.

Those fights were crazy; this was fucking bedlam.

In all the years Carapace had fought alongside Chat Noir, he had never seen him like this. Shoulders hunched, claws outstretched, and green eyes wild with fury, Chat was a jet black force of nature that fought like a wild animal caged. Staff forgotten on the sidewalk, he lashed out with punches, kicks, and wild, flailing limb strikes that shattered stone with every failed hit.

Worse than any of that was the pained, terrified look in Ladybug’s eyes as she scrambled to get some distance between herself and a wild, raving monster that nobody could seem to stop.
Carapace barely raised his shield in time to deflect a stray piece of concrete that Chat Noir flung at Mayura. Queen Bee’s top lashed out, wrapping around Chat Noir’s wrist before he could drive it forward into Ladybug’s face. With an almost feral snarl, Chat Noir yanked Queen Bee off her feet, tossing her across the courtyard in Carapace’s direction.

“Coming in hot!” Queen Bee squealed as Carapace tossed his shield at Chat Noir, freeing up both hands to pluck Queen Bee out of the air. “Oof...kitty’s mad. Kitty’s really mad.”

“No kidding,” Carapace said, dropping Queen Bee back on the ground as he charged into the action. Chat’s claw lashed out, seemingly driving through Ladybug’s stomach until the illusion shattered, disappearing into a cloud of orange smoke as Ladybug and Mayura lunged at Chat Noir from behind.

“Grab his legs!” Mayura shouted as Carapace picked up his shield from the ground mid stride. Chat whipped around, claw crackling with some kind of dark energy as he lunged for Ladybug’s earrings. Mayura threw himself in front of Ladybug, but Carapace was quicker, catching the claw attack on his shield. He braced, shield rattling as the force of Chat’s blow drove him backwards into Mayura’s chest.

“You’re making a mistake!” Chat hissed, driving claw strike after claw strike against the flat of Carapace’s shield. “She’s working with Hawkmoth! She’s trying to steal my Miraculous! Why won’t you listen to me?!”

“Come on,” Carapace grunted, weathering blow after blow from Chat Noir. “You gotta give me more than that, dude!”

Chat’s fist smashed against the center of Carapace’s shield with an echoing ring, driving him back as Chat Noir disengaged, refocusing his attention on Ladybug. The warm, beating heart of Adrien Agreste broke just a little when he saw the fear in Ladybug’s eyes; the last remnants of his feelings towards her bemoaning the fact that his friend and partner now looked at him like he was some kind of monster.

But the rest of Adrien only reveled in each bruise and stone broken under his feet.

“You wanted me?!” Chat Noir hissed, hauling a hunk of broken cement off the ground and whipping it like a frisbee at Ladybug’s head. “Here I am!”
Ladybug flattened herself as three hundred pounds of stone sailed through the wall above her head, scrambling out of the way as Chat Noir pounced, clearing the courtyard and smashing into the ground where she lay with reckless abandon.

“You wanted an end to this??!” Chat Noir snarled, swiping at her ears with wild, reckless abandon as she backed into the mansion foyer. “Let’s end it!”

His claw tore a chunk out of a stone column as Ladybug ducked his blow, hammering into his side with her elbow as she tried to create space. She needed time to back off; if she could just come up with some kind of plan, she could-

Chat’s palm collided with her cheek, derailing her train of thought as another dull, throbbing shock of pain spread throughout her cheek. It didn’t hurt any more than accidentally running into a door or column, but the fact that she had felt anything—the fact that she was no longer completely invulnerable—was cause for concern.

And by concern, she meant mind-blanking terror that turned her guts to jelly.

Mayura crashed through a window from the courtyard as they fought, tackling Chat against a column. Before Ladybug could capitalize, Chat slammed both fists into Mayura’s back, knocking him flat to the the floor as the wind left his chest with a sudden gasp.

“What’s wrong?” Chat Noir snarled, stomping on Mayura’s wrist as he scrambled for his fan. “Come on; you’re Ladybug’s partner! That means getting your ass kicked while Ladybug watches!”

Chat Noir kicked Mayura in the stomach with all the force he could muster, sending him rolling down the hallway with a series of grunts and barely muffled curses as he scrambled to stop himself. Chat turned to pursue him, stopping as Ladybug’s yo-yo snaked around his wrist.

“Leave him out of this !” Ladybug demanded, yanking Chat Noir towards her with a grunt.

“Hey, good news, rookie!” Chat Noir laughed as Ladybug’s fist slammed into the side of his head. “Ladybug likes you better than me! I can’t remember the last time she got so nettled when something happened to me.”
Ladybug drove blow after blow into the side of Chat’s face, but his smooth, pale skin remained unblemished as her attacks seemed to have no effect on him. His hand snatched hers out of the air mid blow, yanking her in with a wide, almost manic smile.

“Don’t get used to it, though,” Chat Noir called over his shoulder as Mayura. “Soon as she’s done with you, you’ll find yourself Public Enemy Number One! Kicked to the curb and traded in for a good little stooge who won’t question her!”

“Don’t say that!” Ladybug hissed, kicking Chat Noir away. “How dare...how dare you act like I just used you?! We were friends! We were partners!”

“Oh don’t make me laugh !” Chat Noir snarled, backing Ladybug down the hall as she threw anything she could get her hands on at him. “If I was your partner then why did you wait a whole year before telling me about Master Fu! If I was your partner, why did I never get a say in who joined our team?! If I was your partner, why did you pull rank on me when I questioned this stupid plan of yours!”

Chat Noir’s plucked a chair out of the air as Ladybug threw it, turning around and breaking it over Mayura’s head as he tried to lunge at him from behind. He caught Mayura by the throat, hoisted him off his feet, and punted him down the hallway like a football.”

“I was only your partner as long as I shut up and took hits for you,” Chat Noir said, jerking a thumb over his shoulder. “Least I’m taking hits better than Junior over there...how you holding up, bluebird?”

“Peachy ,” Mayura spat, staggering to his feet as he held his side with a small wince.

“Hey, he makes for a good punching bag,” Chat Noir said, eyes narrowing at Ladybug. “You might want to keep this one around for a while; maybe he can die for you a few times before you ditch him...”

Ladybug swallowed, jaw setting as she refused to give into the impulse to look away from Chat Noir; refused to be cowardly on top of treacherous.

“Forgot about that, didn’t you?” Chat Noir murmured.

“I didn’t...I didn’t forget,” Ladybug said, shaking her head. “If you thought I did...or if you
“...then just didn’t mean anything to you,” Chat Noir said, shaking his head.

“It can still—” Ladybug trailed off with a frustrated growl. “It can still mean something! You can still help me, Chat! I can undo this whole mess if you just helped me!”

“Oh, so Miraculous Ladybug is gonna erase a whole press conference then?!” Chat Noir spat. “This city and everyone in it is gonna be calling for my head on a plate by nightfall! You think you can just snap your fingers and make it all go away?!”

“I can tell them Hawkmoth brainwashed you or something,” Ladybug said, running her hands through her hair.

“Oh I can see the headlines now; Chat Noir Gets His Stupid Ass Brainwashed Again; Ladybug Has to Save Incompetent Doofus From Himself,” Chat Noir sneered.

“But only if I’m a good boy and give you my Miraculous first,” Chat Noir sneered. “Only if I endorse this stupid plan of yours and help that costumed creep get away!”

“...would that be so bad?” Ladybug asked quietly. “It’s one person...you can’t let one person go if it meant the whole rest of the world could finally be at peace?”

“...not this one,” Chat said, pacing out of the front door of the mansion as Ladybug followed through a hole in the wall. He was dimly aware of Queen Bee, Rena Rouge, and Carapace forming a small circle as Mayura stumbled through the wall behind him. “Not him. Your commitment to this little ‘win-win’ situation is admirable, but I’m not playing that game. It’s him or me...and you’ve made it clear which one you want.”
“I wanted both!” Ladybug said, snapping her yo-yo out at Chat Noir’s face. He raised a hand just in time, plucking her yo-yo out of the air before it struck and holding it tight in his ring hand. A snap of black energy sizzled from the ring, flowed down his fingers, and zig-zagged over the case of the red and black yo-yo as he clenched his fist.

Ladybug felt the weight at the end of the string suddenly go slack as the yo-yo shattered, crumbling between Chat Noir’s fingers and scattering on the ground at his feet.

“We don’t always get what we want,” Chat Noir snarled, wrapping the string around his hand and yanking Ladybug off her feet. Ladybug lurched forward, allowing Chat’s strength to pull her in feet first. Her kick connected with his face, sending him reeling backwards and tumbling on the pavement in a heap. Mayura was on him before he could get up, driving his knee into the middle of Chat’s back and pinning him to the flagstones as he reached for his ring.

“How you holding up there, alley cat,” Mayura said, grabbing for Chat Noir’s ring.

“Peachy,” Chat Noir hissed, hand crackling with black energy. “Positively Cataclysmic.”

Ladybug stopped dead in her tracks as tendrils of black energy coursed from Chat’s hand through the courtyard, arcing out and snaking up the columns of the mayor’s house. A symphony of splintering cracks filled the courtyard as the ground beneath them and the house behind them shifted...then shattered.

“Get some cover!” Carapace cried, throwing his shield over Ladybug’s head as he, Rena, and Queen Bee ducked under it. Mayura scrambled out of the crumbling hole in the ground, barely grabbing onto Ladybug’s yo-yo before the flagstones beneath their feet shattered. Stone, steel, and glass fell in a shower as they all sank into the ground, born down by the weight of Chat’s destructive power. Snapping power lines snaked back and forth above them as they fell, broken sewer pipes spilled water into the deepening hole, and under twenty seconds, a pristine, marble hole was all that remained of Mayor Andre’s house.

As the world fell around her, Ladybug wondered whether or not even Chat knew exactly what he was capable of. A thick cloud of dust and debris settled over the wreckage of the mayoral residence as Ladybug slowly wobbled to her feet, careful not to step on any crumbling patches of ground.

“Everyone okay?” Ladybug called.
“Define okay,” Queen Bee huffed, crawling out from under Carapace as Rena hauled him to his feet. “My childhood home just fell down around my ears!”

“At least no one was in it,” Mayura coughed, scanning the haze with his back to Ladybug.

“And at least my hair’s not on fire!” Queen Bee sneered. “Just because it’s not worse, doesn’t mean it’s-”

“Quiet!” Ladybug snapped, fingers wrapping around the remnants yo-yo string as she scanned the wreckage around her. “Chat?! Are you alright?!”

Nothing answered her, save for the sound of crumbing stone and the distant screech of emergency sirens.

“We have five minutes until his ring wears off; somebody find him!” Ladybug whispered, gesturing for her team to spread out and pick through the crater. As the smoke cleared, Rena Rouge climbed over the broken suite of luxury cars that Mayor Andre kept in the garage under his house, scanning for any sign of movement in the wreckage.

Total devastation would have been an understatement. Rena couldn’t even compare it to a bomb blast because even bomb blasts spared the toughest of materials. Cataclysm ripped, rendered, and ruined steel, stone, and support structures without any prejudice. Everything he touched was destroyed in one form or another.

Rena dropped down off a crumbling ledge into a large sewer drain, readying her flute and holding her nose as she followed the metal pipe that ran under Mayor Andre’s house. In the distance, she could hear what sounded like footsteps on metal growing further and further away. Glancing over her shoulder, Rena delved further and further into the sewers.

Her vulpine eyes adjusted to the darkness relatively quickly as she walked, carefully following the sounds of splashing, muffled curses, and footsteps down one access pipe after another. Deeper and deeper she went into the sewers, until the sound of Ladybug crying for Chat could no longer be heard...and for that matter, neither could Chat Noir’s footsteps.

Rena was about to turn around when she felt him behind her, his low, frenetic breath registering on her ears and the back of her neck. Before she could turn around, she felt his hands on her
wrists, twisting and pinning them against the wall before she could raise her flute.

“You know this is why people prefer cats with bells on,” Rena muttered, heart beating as Chat Noir’s wide, glowing green eyes looked down at her from the darkness.

“Seem to have lost mine,” Chat Noir croaked, glancing over his shoulder nervously as though he expected the rest of Ladybug’s team to follow. “Where’s your boyfriend?”

“Looking for you,” Rena said, glancing down the access pipe. “You better get gone before he finds us like this...then again, he’s always been a big fan of yours, so this is probably one of his top ten fantasies.”

“What are you doing?” Chat Noir hissed.

“What are you doing?” Rena countered. “You need to get out of here before Ladybug finds you.”

Chat released her wrists, head tilting in an almost feline expression of confusion. “You...wait…”

“Whatever is going on between you and Ladybug, all I’m getting is a lot of hearsay,” Rena explained, crossing her arms. “I don’t necessarily believe you...but I sure as hell don’t believe Ladybug either. And if you get binned today, I get the feeling that the truth behind this clusterfuck gets locked up with you.”

“I told you the truth,” Chat Noir said as Rena grabbed his wrist, leading him down a side tunnel away from the main canal. “If you have doubts about Ladybug, then why not help me?!”

“Because Ladybug knows who I am, where I live, and how to get to me,” Rena said, scanning the sides of the tunnel for any kind of door. “She knows how to get to all of us and as of last night, Mayura does too.”

“What?” Chat Noir hissed. “Ladybug told Mayura who you guys are and she didn’t tell me?!”

“You don’t know?” Rena Rouge asked. “She never told you who we were?”
“Why would she; I’m just the shmuck who fought for her until Mayura showed up,” Chat Noir spat bitterly. Being kept in the dark on the identities of his partners was a bitter pill Chat had learned to swallow because he believed it to be necessary; believed it was just a way to keep everyone safe.

“Guess it was never about safety,” Chat laughed. “Just another way for Ladybug to lord herself over me…”

“Save it for couples counseling; you need to get to the surface before you detransform,” Rena Rouge said, kicking the lock off a ladder that led to a manhole above their heads. “Look, even if I wanted to help you fight Ladybug, I can’t risk my civilian self getting exposed; not while Ladybug has her foot on my neck. If you get me proof-”

“I got proof!” Chat Noir said. “Ask Alya Cesaire of the Ladyblog; I showed her my text logs and—”

“Alright,” Rena Rouge shushed. “I will follow up with this…Alya person and see what I can figure out. In the meantime…if you can get me undeniable proof that Ladybug sold this city out, we’ll help you out. In the meantime—”

“Hey Rena!” Chat Noir froze as Mayura’s voice called down into the sewer. “Any luck?”

For a hair of a moment, Chat thought Rena might betray him before she turned and shouted. “Nothing! I’ll be up in a second!”

“Alright, well, hurry it up; Ladybug wants to take to the rooftops,” Mayura called, footsteps disappearing back up the access tunnel.

“…jackass,” Rena Rouge muttered as soon as she was sure Mayura was gone.

“You know, this may be the adrenaline talking, but I could just about kiss you right now,” Chat Noir breathed.

“Please don’t; you’re kinda snotty,” Rena chuckled, wiping the corner of Chat’s sooty, tearstained cheek. “Ladybug may or may not have gone off the deep end, but some of us remember that you saved our bacon and hers enough times to get a little credit. But I’m gonna need something a hell
of a lot more solid than text messages if you want me to fight Ladybug for you.”

“So what are you going to do?” Chat asked.

“Help Ladybug look for Chat Noir,” Rena said, backing down the tunnel. “Shame I always sucked at hide-and-seek.”

Before Chat could ask anything else, Rena was gone, melting into the shadows and leaving him slightly dumbstruck in her absence.

“Come on…” Kagami muttered, eyes scanning the rooftops and the sidestreets from the backseat of her car. “Where are you…”

“We should go home, miss,” Goto said, turning into a sidestreet as the crowds became too thick to move in. “He isn’t going to just spring out of the ground in front of-”

Goto slammed on the brakes, causing Kagami to lurch forward enough to see Chat Noir crawling out of the manhole in front of them, almost running him over as he whipped around and looked at them with wide, fearful eyes.

“...then again, I’ve been wrong before,” Goto muttered as Kagami kicked the passenger door open.

“Get in,” Kagami commanded.

“I...Kagami?” Chat asked, tilting his head to one side. “What are you-”

“Get in ,” Kagami repeated coolly.

“Kagami, I don’t have time for this right now,” Chat hissed, crouching down as a shadow passed overhead. “Get out of here before Ladybug-”
“Get in the car,” Kagami repeated, eyes narrowing at Chat Noir. “Or you’re on your own.”

Before he even had the chance to respond, Kagami’s hard, steely glare informed him that she was, in fact, completely serious. Casting a quick glance around the alley, Chat let out a deep sigh, crawling into the back of Kagami’s car as the door closed behind him.

“Take us home, please,” Kagami called up to Goto who wordlessly took them out of the alley and down a side street. From behind tinted glass, Chat could see Rena Rouge and Queen Bee scouring the streets from the rooftops above him. Carapace jogged past the car, talking into a communicator as two of Mayura’s knights ducked into a shop on the street. The giant television above the street replayed the press conference, blowing up the moment when all Paris turned on Chat Noir and replaying it over and over again with the words Chat Noir Betrays Paris, Destroys Mayor’s House, Sides with Hawkmoth repeating on a tickertape at the bottom of the screen.

“How could she do this to me?!” Chat growled, punching the leather backed seat in front of him. “After all the time we fought together, after everything I’ve done for this city, she just smears me like none of it meant anything! And let’s face it, it might as well not have! I saved her life over and over and over again and now she just…”

The words caught in Chat Noir’s throat as Kagami simply watched him impassively, letting the anger and frustration billow off him like great clouds of steam. “…are you finished?”

“I just might be,” Chat Noir sighed, head jerking to one side as the back of Kagami’s hand collided with his cheek. “Hey, what the hell?!”

“What part of that little stunt out there helped your cause?” Kagami asked, crossing her arms and glaring at Chat who just sat there, rubbing his cheek. “What part of causing a scene and attacking Ladybug in broad daylight was a good decision? What part of destroying the mayor’s house was supposed to disprove Ladybug’s lies?! What, pray tell, the fuck were you thinking?!”

“I don’t know…” Chat Noir mumbled. “I… I was just… I hoped…”

“Wrong... answer ,” Kagami seethed. “I understand that you’re feeling slighted and betrayed and hurt-“
“You don’t,” Chat Noir snapped.

“Oh cut the woe-is-me shit, Adrien,” Kagami spat. “It doesn’t help anyone; least of all yourself.”

“What was I supposed to do then?!” Chat Noir countered. “Just let her lie to the whole city and stir them up against me?!”

“Well you did a fine job of helping her drive your reputation into the bloody catacombs,” Kagami said, flipping her phone out and bringing up the news footage of Chat Noir confronting Ladybug. “Does this look like the behavior of a person who’s been wrongfully accused? Or does this look like a crazed, unhinged maniac who wants to steal poor innocent Ladybug’s Miraculous?”

Watching Mayor Andre’s house crumble under a wave of black energy, Chat’s defensiveness slowly melted away. From the helicopter, he could see himself tossing Carapace and Queen Bee around, lunging and slashing at Ladybug like some kind of wild animal as she fearfully retreated from every swipe of his claws.

He looked positively terrifying.

“You have always helped Ladybug and your outbursts are still helping Ladybug,” Kagami said. “You want to throw a fit? Go rent a room where you can pay to break plates. Don’t do it when fate of the city is in jeopardy; more importantly, when your fate is in jeopardy.”

The car pulled into the garage under Kagami’s house, plunging the cabin into darkness as Chat Noir stared blankly out the window.

“You are the last hero in Paris,” Kagami said, lightly squeezing his shoulder as Goto got out of the car. “You need to start acting like it. I promised I would help you, but I can’t help someone who isn’t going to help themselves. I can’t help someone who will run headlong into danger without a thought for their own safety.”

“Ladybug-”

“Ladybug isn’t coming to save you this time,” Kagami said emphatically. “No one is going to save you if you get kidnapped or brainwashed or killed again. The people of Paris aren’t going to rise up and help you take out Ladybug.”
“I hoped they would,” Chat said, voice heavy and thick with emotion as he leaned forward, resting his forehead on his knees. “…no one believed me, Kagami. Even with a whole pile of evidence…I thought after all these years…”

Chat trailed off as Kagami wrapped her arms around his chest, squeezing him gently as his green, glowing eyes lit up the darkness.

“…it didn’t mean anything,” Chat Noir said quietly. “Nothing I did mattered…”

The weight of being a hero never really registered for Kagami until that moment; all the long, tiresome, dangerous work that went into keeping the city safe. Chat Noir had spent four years keeping the city from falling down and at the end of the day, all it took was one blog post to turn the entire city against him. It was enough to make Kagami want to chuck her gold medal in the river; enough to make her wish she had never fenced for France in the first place.

“I know…you frog-eaters are a faithless bunch, aren’t you?” Kagami muttered, satisfied with the traitorous laugh that bubbled out of Chat Noir’s chest. “And that Ladyblog fangirl just lost herself a premium subscriber.”

“Two,” Chat chuckled, wiping his eyes with the backs of his hands. “…I kinda screwed up, didn’t I?”

“Let this be your last screw up then,” Kagami said, kissing the top of Chat Noir’s head. “You are more than enough to beat her; you just need to stop being reckless and start being smart.”

“I’m really not sure I can though,” Chat Noir sighed. “She’s…I mean, for some reason I can hurt them now but…Ladybug...she’s-“

“She’s a person,” Kagami said. “Flesh and blood: just like you. She’s not smarter than you, she’s not stronger than you. She isn’t some glowing golden goddess without any weaknesses or vulnerabilities. The fact that you bruised her pretty little face is evidence enough of that. You just need to find her weaknesses and dig at them until she begs for mercy.”

“She’s tired of fighting? Show her the real meaning of tired,” Kagami continued, running her hands through Chat Noir’s unruly hair. “Exhaust her; run her into the ground. Drag this out as long as you possibly can and create friction between Ladybug and her new partners. If she wants
to fight dirty, fight *dirtier*. Fight positively *filthy* until she wishes she never picked a fight with you in the first place.

“You know, you’re scary sometimes,” Chat Noir laughed.

“I didn’t destroy a city block~” Kagami chuckled. “Between the two of us, I think Ladybug’s in for a scare of her life. So why don’t we put the kettle on and figure out a way we can win this?”

“Yeah...” Chat Noir said, frowning down at his ring. “You can...go ahead..I’ll be in in a second...”

Kagami simply nodded, retreating out of the back of the car and closing the door behind her. Chat leaned back in the seat, staring at his ring for a long moment as he listened to the clock on the garage wall tick.

“I suppose you’re wondering why you haven’t transformed back, hm?”

Chat Noir yelped, sat bolt upright, and grabbed at his staff as the woman in the front passenger seat of the car turned around to look at him. He hadn’t seen anyone come in; the door hadn’t opened since he had crawled into the back seat. But judging by the way the tall, white haired woman sat in the front seat, hands folded across the coat in her lap, she hadn’t snuck in when he wasn’t looking.

“Rather curious...though it ties into my theory of spontaneous emotional development,” the woman mused, stroking her chin. “Tell me, is this your first instance of retaining your Mantle after using Cataclysm?”

“How...who...why…” Chat Noir stammered uselessly, pointing between the woman and the door.

“Oh, forgive me,” the woman said, adjusting her glasses. “I so rarely have an opportunity to see the Black Cat in all its brutality, I seem to have taken leave of my courtesy. My name is He Qiong; Dr. He to my peers and Master He to my apprentices.”

“I am sorry for barging in uninvited,” Master He continued, taking Chat Noir’s flabbergasted silence as an invitation to keep talking. “I’m sure you have quite a few questions; I might be able to answer them if you’re willing to answer just *one* of mine...where are the other Miraculous Master Fu was protecting?”
The cold night air whipped against Ladybug’s cheeks as she watched Mayura, Queen Bee, Carapace, and Rena Rouge converge on her location.

“How is looking for a black cat at night going to be easier?” Rena Rouge countered.

“Nobody said this was going to be easy,” Mayura sniffed. “If you’re not up for a double patrol, then-“

“Hey, she never said she wasn’t up to it, pal,” Carapace butted in.

“If memory serves, she’s been up to it longer than you have,” Queen Bee said, examining her nails. “We all have, actually. Doesn’t change the fact that Kitty Noir probably went to ground after destroying that building.”

“So we’re just gonna quit because it got dark out?” Mayura said. “We should-“

“No…” Ladybug sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose. “No…it’s too late; we’re not going to catch him today.”
Shaking her head, Ladybug turned back over the city, head swimming as she tried to imagine the myriad of places Chat Noir could have been hiding.

*This was supposed to be the end of it.*

“Alright, well…we’ll try again another day,” Ladybug said, turning back to the team of assembled superheroes with a small smile. “Thanks…all of you. You did really well today-“

“Not well enough,” Mayura muttered, so quietly only Rena heard him.

“I’ll get in touch with you when it’s time to search for Chat again,” Ladybug said.

“Actually, I was thinking…maybe we could hang on to the Miraculous and do a little solo patrolling?” Rena suggested, gesturing to Queen Bee and Carapace. “I mean…are you really going to have time to track us down one by one and distribute our Miraculous when Chat sticks his head up again?”

Ladybug glanced between Mayura and Rena, a detail that wasn’t lost on Queen Bee whose eyes narrowed as Ladybug looked to Mayura for support.

“I don’t know…” Ladybug said, scratching the back of her neck.

“I mean, you don’t take mine back,” Mayura said, earning a small, curious scowl from Carapace behind his cowl. “Would make responding to Chat a lot easier if they were able to get in the action quicker, wouldn’t it?”

“I guess…” Ladybug sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose. “It’s not…I mean, I trust you; all of you. It’s just-“

“Not how we’ve done things in the past,” Rena conceded. “But…I think it’s safe to say the way we’ve done things isn’t gonna cut it anymore.”

“No, you’re right,” Ladybug nodded. “Okay…until Chat Noir is captured, you can each hang on to your Miraculous. I don’t think I need to stress how important it is to keep them secure; we’ve worked together long enough that you should know the score by now, right?”
“Like I’d ever let anyone lay hands on my sweet little honey bee,” Queen Bee cooed, petting the pin with Pollen in it.

“We’ll take good care of them,” Carapace nodded, fingering his bracelet.

“I just…want you all to know how much I appreciate the support,” Ladybug said, smiling a small, shaky smile. “Last few weeks haven’t been easy for me but…”

Ladybug took a deep, steadying breath. “I’m just glad you trust me on this…I wish Chat could have done the same, but-”

Ladybug trailed off as Carapace and Queen Bee shared a look behind Rena’s back.

“We got your back, girl,” Rena said, shooting Ladybug a warm, beaming smile. “Always and forever.”

Rena extended a fist for Ladybug to bump, and for a moment, Ladybug looked like she was going to reciprocate. But as her hand raised, she just offered Rena, Queen Bee, and Carapace a small wave as she backed towards the edge of the building.

“Get home safe,” Ladybug said, yo-yo latching on to a nearby rooftop and swinging away, followed closely by Mayura who shot them a crisp two-fingered salute before flying after Ladybug.

Rena’s smile slowly dropped as she watched Ladybug and Mayura fly away until she could no longer make out their colored silhouettes against the skyline. “Twenty minutes,” she said to Carapace and Queen Bee as soon as she was sure Ladybug and Mayura were out of earshot. “Take the long way. Make sure you’re not followed.”

Rena leapt off the roof without looking backwards, flipping once and landing in a low crouch behind a dumpster as she detransformed. Casting a quick look around, she turned the collar of her jacket up, sticking her hands in her pocket and lightly stroking the top of Trixx’s head as she walked.
“Gonna have to let me know what to feed you,” Alya mused, turning down a sidestreet with a quick glance over her shoulder.

“I may have picked up a coffee addiction in Morocco I never managed to shake,” Trixx yipped, slithering up Alya’s coat and nestling in her hair.

“Girl after my own heart...or are you a boy kwami?” Alya asked, turning into an alleyway.

“It would take at least a month to explain why that question doesn’t even make sense,” Trixx chuckled.

“Fair enough...serves me right for assigning a gender to a floating fox spirit,” Alya chuckled. “You know, I think this is the most we’ve ever talked. Ladybug tends to just chuck my necklace at my head and take it back when we’re done.”

“Does that mean we get that sleepover you’ve been promising since you were a kid?” Trixx asked.

"Probably less of a pajama party than I hoped, but I’m sure we can have some girl time in,” Alya said. “Or...girl/boy time in...or-”

“Fox Talks?”

“Yeah, we’ll have a lot of Fox Talks,” Alya said, stepping through a door as it swung open, ducking out of the way of a man in a white apron carrying a bag full of lobster shells.

“Evening Marc,” Alya said, patting the chef on the shoulder as she pushed into the kitchen, picking up a completed plate of food and depositing on the serving counter as she passed. “Hey Mama.”

“Hey honey,” Marlena said, burning the alcohol off a pan of flambe with a fireball that sent Trixx scurrying back into her pocket. “Hanging out here tonight?”

“Just meeting some friends,” Alya said, eyeballing a towering stack of chocolate and caramel the pastry chef was drizzling with white chocolate. “Is that even on the menu?”
“It is for Her Highness,” Marlena sighed, rolling her eyes. “Honey, could you take that over to the Peach Garden Room? It’s for.”

“Yeah, I think I know who it’s for,” Alya said, plucking the wobbling dessert and a fresh pot of coffee off the counter and elbowing her way through the swinging doors. A low hubbub of chatter, mostly concerning Ladybug and Chat Noir’s most recent battle, floated through the air of Le Grand Paris’ restaurant as Alya passed, weaving her way through tables of patrons towards the doors at the far end of the main restaurant.

Stepping through the doors, the artificial smell of peaches wafted through the air as she stepped under the boughs of silver and gold artificial peach trees. The television over the bar showed the same footage that had been rolling all day, but Alya’s attention was drawn to a table at the center of the room that looked ready to snap under the weight of every dessert the restaurant served.

“What the hell is this?” Alya asked, sitting down at the table as Chloe shoveled a spoonful of chocolate cake into her mouth.

“What does it look like?!” Chloe hissed, washing the bite of cake down with a sip from a root beer float. “I’m eating my feelings! Join me, won’t you?!”

“Those are some ugly looking feelings,” Alya said, picking up a spoon and tearing into the marshmallow cream on top of a tart with a small moan. “But they taste sooooooo pretty…”

“I didn’t sign up for this shit!” Chloe babbled, chocolate crumbs flying from her mouth. “I thought we were in for a fun superhero romp against one of Hawkmoth’s stupidly dressed cronies! I did not sign up to fight Chat Noir in full psycho mode!”

“Hey, this wasn’t on anybody’s job description,” Alya said, gingerly touching Chloe’s root beer float against a darkening bruise on her collarbone. “But it’s part of the job now.”

“Should I have brought insulin to this little party?” Nino asked as he walked up to the table, struggling to find a place to set his jacket down that wasn’t covered in pastries. “Or something not covered in chocolate?”

“Why would you want something not covered in chocolate?” Chloe asked, pushing a wobbling croquembouche towards Nino. “Why would I?”
“Weren’t you on a diet though?” Nino asked, prodding a cream puff monstrosity with a fork.

“Fuck my diet!” Chloe whimpered through a mouthful of jelly doughnut. “We got bigger things to fry right now and the only way I’m gonna make it through this is if some of them are covered in sugar and filled with jam!”

“Okay, can we take a step back from the diabetic ledge we’re poised on for a second?” Alya said, pouring herself a cup of coffee as she surreptitiously scooted her chair closer to the table. “Kinda have a lot to unpack here…”

“Fuck unpacking; let’s just chuck it in the river,” Nino sighed, popping a cream puff in his mouth, rubbing his shoulder with a small groan. “What a total shitshow…”

“Absolute clusterfuck,” Chloe added.

“As much as I agree with you, we gotta keep our heads on straight,” Alya said, taking a sip of her coffee. “So…what do you guys think?”

Chloe and Nino shared a look. “Can’t believe I’m saying this,” Chloe sighed, dunking a raspberry in whipped cream and popping it in her mouth. “Really, really, really wish I didn’t have to say it, but…ugh…I don’t trust Ladybug.”

“Ditto,” Nino said, scratching the back of his neck. “I mean…whole thing seems really shifty for some reason; unnecessarily shifty too.”

“Like she’s keeping us at arms length while getting all cuddly-cuddly with Mayura,” Chloe said, rolling her eyes.

“Yeah, I don’t like that guy either,” Nino said, leaning back and crossing his arms. “He is like…super intense and never shuts up about Ladybug.”

“Like he’s her lapdog or something,” Chloe chimed in. “And he totally thinks he’s number two in this outfit, doesn’t he?”
“Right?” Nino huffed. “Fucking barking out orders like his feathered ass isn’t greener than goose shit.”

“You’re just mad because the press called him ‘Team Ladybug’s New Leading Man’,” Chloe snickered.

“I mean that’s the thing, isn’t it?” Nino asked, turning to Alya. “Are we Team Ladybug?”

Alya steepled her fingers in front of her as she thoughtfully gazed into the sea of sugary excess in front of her. “I’m not,” she said after a long moment.

“So we’re for Chat then?” Chloe asked, sharing an uneasy look with Nino.

“I mean he tore through that building like it was made of styrofoam,” Nino said. “He was a fucking maniac out there. I’ve got bruises on my bruises and I’m pretty sure I sprained my shoulder trying to stop just one of those palm strikes. I have never seen him that pissed...and Ladybug looked really scared of him.”

“I’m a little scared of him,” Chloe said, poking a piece of cake with her fork. “I mean...we got hurt. He hurt us.”

“Doesn’t mean he’s lying though,” Alya said, chewing on her thumbnail. “Of course that doesn’t mean he’s telling the truth either. Much as I don’t trust Ladybug, I don’t know if Chat’s evidence can be completely believed either...”

“So either Ladybug’s lying about Chat or Chat’s lying about Ladybug?” Nino asked.

“Or they’re both lying about something.” Chloe chimed in. “Maybe Hawkmoth doesn’t even factor into whatever’s going on between them?”

“Yeah, but...we don’t know for sure, do we?” Nino said. “I mean, that’s the rub, right? I’m not down to support either of them at this point until we get more information.”
“I agree,” Alya nodded, taking a sip of her coffee. “We played along with Ladybug and got our kwamis out of her hands; if Chat’s telling the truth, we rescued three Miraculous from Hawkmoth’s grip.”

Alya’s eyes drifted up to a television hanging over the bar as the image flashed to a scene from the Ladybug and Chat Noir statue in the park. A small crowd had gathered to watch as a construction worker started taking a powersaw to Chat Noir’s neck, cutting through the brass until it toppled off his shoulders and landed on the grass in front of a cheering mob.

“If Chat’s telling the truth…we just helped Hawkmoth smear the last hero left in this city,” Nino said with a small shiver.

“Hey, what about us?” Chloe huffed. “We’re heroes!”

“She’s right,” Alya said, tearing her gaze away from the television. “No matter what’s going on with Ladybug and Chat Noir, we’re three independent heroes now. Teaming up with Ladybug today got us our kwami back, but I say this is the last time we really help her until we’re sure she’s telling the truth.”

“She’s gonna get suspicious if we don’t turn up to Chat hunting parties,” Chloe pointed out.

“Not to mention she knows everything about us already,” Nino added. “Where we live, who we talk to; if we go against her, she’s gonna...well, shit, I don’t know what she’s gonna do, but-”

“So we pretend to be good little soldiers for her,” Alya continued, twirling a lock of hair anxiously. “Show up, make a show of looking for Chat Noir, pretend to be one hundred percent invested in her cause to get close to her. We just...slow things down a little. Look for Chat but don’t look too hard. And none of this ‘attack on sight’ bullshit Mayura’s on about. The fact that he’s Team Ladybug without even questioning it makes me a little leery of him.”

“Bordo knows too much already,” Nino agreed, scooping a pile of whipped cream off one of Chloe’s desserts and dropping it in his coffee.

“Yeah, where does Ladybug get off letting him know who we are?” Chloe huffed.

“Everyone knows who you are,” Nino said dryly.
“It’s the principle!” Chloe said, slamming her fist on the table so hard it toppled the croquembouche, sending cream puffs rolling across the table.

“So, we’re agreed then?” Alya asked. “We don’t move until we know more. Whatever Ladybug and Chat Noir are up to, we stay out of the thick of it, get more information, and only throw our lot in with the one we’re sure is in the right.”

“If Chat’s right, is he really going to accept our help after the Ladyblog served his metaphorical head to the Parisian populace?” Nino asked, gesturing at the crowd dumping the dismembered Chat Noir statue in the river.

“The Ladyblog is my responsibility,” Alya said, with a nod to reassure herself. “Let me worry about rectifying this situation if Chat Noir is telling the truth. I hate to think I slandered an innocent person, but-”

“It’s libel if it’s in print,” Chloe said. “And it’s not like you did it to dump on Neko Noir because you hate him or anything; we had to get Ladybug to trust us enough to let us accessorize whenever we wanted to. Strictly business.”

“Hope he sees it that way,” Alya said, chewing her bottom lip.

“After the treatment this city has given him, I’m sure he’ll accept whatever help he can get,” Chloe chuckled, earning a sharp glare from Nino. “...not helping; got it.”

“We did what we had to for the power to protect this city,” Nino said, laying a hand on Alya’s shoulder with a small squeeze. “And we will until Hawkmoth rips our Miraculous off of us.”

“Long as he doesn’t touch my hair that is,” Chloe said, wiping the corner of her mouth with a napkin. “So on the topic of team names, how does the Miraculous Bee Team sound?”

“Hey, if it’s Team Anyone, it’s Team Rena,” Nino said. “Alya’s been handling all the legwork so far and pretty much secured our Miraculous out from under Ladybug’s nose.”

“So that means the whole team gets to be named after her?” Chloe pouted. “I’m putting us up here in a safehouse! If Ladybug and her blueberry boy-toy show up, it’s my black and yellow ass
they’re going to kick!"

“Well why don’t we put it to a vote?” Nino asked, raising a hand. “Alya, what team are we?”

“Cheater,” Chloe said, sticking her tongue out.

“Not Team Rena,” Alya said with a fond chuckle, fishing a piece of chocolate cake off the table and feeding it to Trixx in her pocket. “We’re not electing a leader here or appointing one of us as the mascot of this little splinter cell. In fact, officially, this team doesn’t exist. We’re not a team, and somehow...somehow we’re the only team left with Paris’ best interests at heart.”

As Alya spoke, she noticed how Nino and Chloe seemed to sit up a little straighter, all playful bickering immediately put on hold as they both turned to give her their undivided attention.

“Ladybug and Chat Noir are obsessed with each other,” Alya continued. “Even when they’re battering each other through buildings. But while they’re focused on whatever lover’s spat they’re having, Hawkmoth is still out there somewhere. And sooner or later, he’s gonna take advantage of this split between Team Ladynoir and make his play for the Miraculous. That’s what he’s always wanted, and until he has them or he gets captured, we can’t count him out of the fight just yet.”

“Through all this superpowered nonsense, we have to keep our heads cool,” Alya said, insistently poking her finger on the tabletop. “We have to get to the bottom of this, we have to do our own research, we have to see through this Miraculous shell game and find out which cup Hawkmoth is hiding under so we can put him on the shelf for good.”

Chloe nodded as Alya spoke, sharing a glance with Nino as the television screen behind the bar showed a city gripped by fear, mistrust, and betrayal. Mayor Andre and Chief Raincomprix were making a joint statement, no doubt calling for Chat Noir’s arrest, but Alya was oblivious to the opinions of anyone not currently seated at the table.

“We’re not Team Ladybug and we’re not Team Chat,” Alya said. “We are first, foremost, and forever Team Paris. We are for this city and the people in it; right or wrong, good or bad, and regardless of whatever Miraculous bullshit gets thrown their way...or at least I am.”

Alya leaned back, glancing between her two unlikely partners as a pregnant silence lingered between them. A kind of static electricity hung in the air; years later, Alya would look back on that moment with a kind of clarity that only came from hindsight.
Nino was the first to act, plucking a dessert fork off the table and holding out like a sword towards the middle of the table. “Alright...guess I'm Team Paris.”

“Team Paris,” Chloe said, lips curling into a small, slightly savage smirk as she crossed her spoon with Nino’s fork.

“Team Paris,” Alya said, folding her fork over her new partners’ cutlery, forming a small silver triangle of cutlery in the middle of the table.

Chapter End Notes

So why am I being so mean to Adrien?

Part of what I want to do with this fic (other than rip the still-beating hearts out of Ladynoir shippers) is “fix” some of the things that irk me about Miraculous Ladybug’s canon (what else is fanfiction for if not venting your grievances with canon in story format?)

One of the biggest gripes I have is that Adrien/Chat is a very static/helpless character.

He doesn’t ask questions, he doesn’t follow up on leads (like the BOOK OF MIRACULOUS IN HIS FATHER’S OFFICE) and he spends a lot of the show pining after Ladybug and just waiting to be saved. He relies on Ladybug to save him if his reckless fighting style gets him hurt, he wants Ladybug to save him from his loneliness, he wants his father to save him from his lousy family situation. Ladynoir, in show, is a pretty unequal partnership, mostly because Ladybug more often than not has to do all the work. She has to plan, she has to fight Chat or fight alone or worry about recruiting someone in the thick of battle, and at the end of the day, Ladybug has to carry the day in a way that Chat Noir just doesn’t need to do.

Chat doesn’t need to rely on himself in the same ways Ladybug does.

I like Adrien more than I’ve liked a cartoon character in a long time, but I realized that I like his potential more than I like the way he’s presented in the show. So if (by my subjective interpretation you’re encouraged to disagree with) Adrien is a character that relies on Ladybug for practically everything, the best way to get him to develop would be to put him at odds with his former idol and force him to save himself. He has support from Kagami, but that support isn’t going to come in the form of placating his wounded ego or excusing his mistakes. No one is going to bring him back if he gets killed again; no one is going to Miraculous Ladybug his problems away. If he gets kidnapped, caught, or brainwashed just once, that’s the ballgame. He needs to either rise to Ladybug’s exceedingly competent level, or get his Miraculous snatched. No more hiding, no more waiting for his knight in spotted armor to rescue him; it’s sink or swim from here on out.

Whether he does or not is something you’ll have to wait and see~
Thank you again for making this the second-most commented on story I have (behind SBIB’s thousands of comments). It really means a lot to me that people take time out of their day to respond/yell at me. Next part is in the works and then we can get into the bulk of the cold war proper~

Until next time!
Chapter Summary

Required listening for this chapter: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Qv3-vANWwcU

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“You have a lovely home.”

Kagami said nothing, arms crossed across her chest as Master He sat across the table from her, cup of tea growing cold in front of her.

“Interesting decoration,” Master He remarked, looking over the rim of her glasses at a polished silver scimitar that hung on the wall. “Is that a Persian shamshir?”

“...a tulwar, actually,” Kagami said tersely, glancing at the clock on the wall that taunted her with every tick.

“Are they not similar though?”

“...at a glance, perhaps.”

“I see,” Master He said, non committedly. “...forgive me for prying, but are you and Chat Noir-”

“We don’t need to talk,” Kagami sighed.

“Just trying to make conversation,” Master He shrugged.

“Though I am curious as to how you entered my car without my knowledge,” Kagami said, eyes
narrowing at her unexpected guest.

“I used the door,” Master He said simply.

“...you expect me to believe that?”

“How else does one enter a car?” Master He asked, raising an eyebrow as Kagami suppressed the urge to roll her eyes.

“I would have noticed if you came in through the bloody door,” Kagami muttered.

“Not, unless, I didn’t want you to,” Master He said with a thin smile as the garage door swung open again.

“Were you followed?” Kagami asked as Chat Noir sat down at the table, placing a long, slender wooden box in front of him.

“ Took the extra-extra long way around to make sure I wasn’t,” Chat Noir said, unlatching the box and opening it in front of Master He. Twelve polished, metallic pieces of jewelry sat glittering in the dim light of the kitchen, pressed into plush red velvet. Master He couldn’t suppress the small gasp of surprise that slipped through her lips, leaning forward as she scrutinized each Miraculous in turn.

“...you were telling the truth then,” Master He said, leaning back in her chair. “Thank you for being so...forthcoming.”

“I have nothing to hide,” Chat Noir said, folding his arms across his chest. “If you are a friend of Master Fu, that is.”

“I have nothing to hide either,” Master He said, producing a faded, yellowing photograph with a flick of a wrist and holding it up for Chat Noir to see. A group of eight, elderly Chinese people sat posed around a table in what appeared to be early 1900’s fashion. The small, hunched figure of Master Fu sat off to one side, no different than when Adrien had seen him only a few weeks before. Next to him, Master He sat, arms folded and glaring at the camera with a kind of judgemental suspicion.
“I am a woman who values honesty above all else,” Master He said, leaning in and steepling her fingers as the photo disappeared back up her sleeve with another flick of her wrist. “Secrets and subterfuge are Master Fu’s purview; mine is the spread and dissemination of knowledge, so I will be perfectly candid with you. I am here because I believe that Ladybug and the Ladybug Miraculous are in grave danger.”

“So he got away?”

“We spent all day looking for him; couldn’t find him,” Ladybug sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose as she stared at Hawkmoth’s back across the room. “He must have scurried off in the wreckage after that Cataclysm destroyed the Mayor’s house.”

“Were you planning on fixing that?” Hawkmoth asked, staring out the window at the pile of smoking rubble in the near distance. “I don’t mean to be a bother, but that was the home of one of our family friends—”

“Haven’t had time; looking for Chat has kinda been at the forefront of my priority list,” Ladybug said, waving a hand dismissively.

“Yes, and leaving a smoking hole that Chat Noir created only gives credence to our version of events,” Hawkmoth said, nodding thoughtfully. “Still, I would see to that before too long. Maybe get a nice press shot of Ladybug saving the day once again.”

“I don’t need to jockey in front of the cameras for attention,” Ladybug said coolly. “I don’t need public acclaim in order to do the right thing.”

“Of course you don’t,” Hawkmoth said, turning around and frowning at the bruise Chat Noir left on Ladybug’s cheek. “Seems our friend is finally realizing his destructive potential.”

Ladybug scowled, touching her bruised skin unconsciously with the tips of her fingers. “Any theories as to why that might be?”

“You picked a fight with a physical avatar of destruction and you’re surprised that he can destroy things?” Hawkmoth said, raising an eyebrow. “No offense, but—”
“Choose your next words carefully,” Ladybug said. “I have had a very rough day.”

“You and Chat Noir have been relatively stagnant over the past couple of years,” Hawkmoth said, holding his hands up defensively. “You have each only scratched the surface of what you’re individually capable of.”

“Not like you ever gave us a reason to step up our game,” Ladybug scoffed.

“Perhaps, but what happened today was a result of Chat Noir evolving,” Hawkmoth explained, rubbing his chin. “He is rising in power in opposition to you, and he’s made it clear that he has no qualms about hurting you to get what he wants...I understand you two were friends, but...I’m afraid you’ve been too lenient with him.”

“Too...lenient?” Ladybug echoed, gesturing out the window. “Mayor Andre just declared Chat Noir Public Enemy Number One! They are dismembering the Chat Noir statue in the park and calling for his head on a stick! He is being hunted like an animal and you think I’m being too lenient?!”

“You are still giving him opportunities to join you when he’s made it clear that he has no intention of ever coming around to our side of things,” Hawkmoth said, hands folding on top of his cane. “You are still hanging on to the hope that Chat Noir will not be harmed in any of this when he seems to bear no such feelings towards you. This is not going to end well for Chat Noir, and if you don’t realize that—”

“Hey, I realize that,” Ladybug shot back. “Nobody realizes how bad this is going to be for Chat Noir more than I do, okay? Just because I’m not out for his blood yet doesn’t mean I don’t know that he...”

Ladybug swallowed heavily, biting her bottom lip as she forced herself to remain calm in Hawkmoth’s presence. The place for tears was not standing in front of Paris’ greatest exploiter of emotional vulnerability.

“I know he’s not going to get that happy ending your family will,” Ladybug said. “I know he...I know we’re effectively enemies now...”

“Then you need to start treating him like the enemy he is,” Hawkmoth said. “Because that is how
he will be treating you the next time you meet.”

“If we can just pin him down after a Cataclysm-”

“Cataclysm may be the least of your worries,” Hawkmoth said walking over to a table and picking up a manilla folder. “You’ve done well to isolate him from most sources of support and get the remaining Miraculous holders on your side, but-”

Hawkmoth tossed the folder to Ladybug who plucked it out of the air with one hand. Inside, a picture of a white bracelet on Dr. He’s wrist sat superimposed next to a copy of a page from the Miraculous book, detailing a figure clad in white and standing next to an elegant crane.

“It seems you missed a spot.”

“Wait...you mean working with a deranged brainwashing lunatic is putting Ladybug in danger?!” Chat Noir gasped facetiously. “You don’t say!”

“This must be the kind of genius insight that awards you the title of master,” Kagami said dryly.

“Scoff all you’d like,” Master He sniffed. “But do not underestimate the fact that Hawkmoth has his talons wrapped around one of the most powerful forces in the universe.”

“You seem awfully sure of that,” Chat Noir said evasively. “Who’s to say Ladybug’s not telling the truth and I’m the one who’s really working for Hawkmoth?”

“I had my suspicions,” Master He said, stirring her tea slowly. “But the fact that we’re sitting here talking to each other means that you’re not the one that Hawkmoth is manipulating.”

“I thought you would have sought out Ladybug at first,” Kagami said, tapping her finger to her cheek thoughtfully.

“I did,” Master He said, taking a sip of her tea. “But there is something...or some one preventing
“Dr. He...is a Miraculous user?”

“Yes, it would see that your master’s doctor runs in the same circles as he does,” Hawkmoth said as Ladybug studied the image of Dr. He’s bracelet. “I wish I could say that was the worst of it, but I had my personal assistant do some digging and...well...I have reason to believe that the old bat is much older than she appears.”

Ladybug turned the page, scowling at the identical image of Dr. He posing for an early photograph, the same cold, analytical look turned on the camera.

“I suspect she’s a sorceress of some kind,” Hawkmoth said, frowning as Ladybug let out a derisive snort. “Something funny?”

“A sorceress?” Ladybug sniggered. “You have to be kidding me.”

“Do I look like the kind of man who indulges in kidding?”

“Being a Miraculous user wasn’t enough?”

“As I’m sure you’re well aware, each Miraculous has a very limited purview of abilities,” Hawkmoth sniffed. “You could no more destroy a city block than Chat Noir could heal a broken bone. To stray outside one’s purview of expertise requires study of forces beyond the scope of human abilities. I hesitate to call them ‘supernatural’ since they seem to be baked into the very fabric of the world we live in, but-”

“You’re talking like you’re...familiar with these forces,” Ladybug said, narrowing her eyes at Hawkmoth.

“Like I said, Miraculous have limitations,” Hawkmoth said, running his fingers over his brooch. “The Butterfly allows me to make a gift of power to someone, but tragically does not allow me to compel them to do my bidding. To do that, I needed to...broaden my horizons.”
“Gabriel Agreste; fashionista, C.E.O. and amateur warlock,” Ladybug said, crossing her arms. “You’re a regular triple threat, aren’t you?”

“Quadruple if you count my gardening skills,” Hawkmoth said, regarding Ladybug with a strange, appraising look for a moment.

“You garden?”

“You haven’t seen my flowers, have you?”

“Must’ve missed it on the way in,” Ladybug said, turning to leave. “I really should be getting going…”

“Please...I insist,” Hawkmoth said, pressing a button on the wall that opened what appeared to be an elevator door on the far side of the room. “I feel as though we need to...understand each other.”

“...if that is some kind of euphemism, I swear to God-”

“Don’t be perverse ,” Hawkmoth groaned as he headed into the elevator. “You must half my age...what kind of monster do you take me for?”

“What kind of monster are you?” Ladybug asked, narrowing her eyes at Hawkmoth.

“I’d like to show you,” Hawkmoth said, rubbing the back of his masked head. “I feel it’s...important that you understand just what kind of monster I am.”

“...a warlock is shielding Ladybug from your sight?” Kagami asked, deadpan incredulity dripping from every syllable.

“What you call them is irrelevant,” Master He said, folding her hands in her lap. “Hawkmoth or
someone working for him is versed in magic that-

Kagami’s giggle interrupted Master He’s monologue.

“I’m sorry, but seriously,” Kagami said, looking between Chat Noir and Master He. “Magic? Warlocks? You really believe this woman?”

“A thumb-sized talking cat powered by stinky cheese lives in my ring and gives me unfathomable powers of destruction,” Chat Noir said blankly. “And you’re having trouble buying the fact that Hawkmoth might have gone to Beauxbatons?”

“...forgive the interruption,” Kagami said, sitting back in her chair with a thoughtful nod.

“As I was saying,” Master He said, eyes narrowing at Kagami. “There is a haze of dark power surrounding Ladybug that prevents me from getting an accurate idea of her location. I was able to find you largely because my divination abilities weren’t hampered, and even then it was only because you hadn’t detransformed yet.”

“Could Hawkmoth do the same?” Chat Noir asked, unconsciously fingering his ring.

“If he could, he would have already,” Kagami countered.

“I doubt he has the same...experience as I do,” Master He said with a small smile.

“Though enough experience to thwart your efforts to locate him and Ladybug,” Chat Noir said.

“Master Fu long suspected that there was something more to Hawkmoth than just the Butterfly Miraculous,” Master He said. “The fact of the matter is that Nooroo does not confer upon his user the ability to influence people’s minds. Whatever he’s done to create these akuma lies outside of Nooroo’s purview...and given their insidious nature, it’s not a stretch to assume that Hawkmoth is employing some heinous sorcery to coerce his victims into complying with his goals.”

Kagami nodded, brow knit and mouth pursed in concentration as she stared into the swirling woodgrain of her tabletop.
“Make no mistake; Hawkmoth has not showed the full breadth of his abilities,” Master He continued. “It takes a special kind of person to learn sorcery...one willing to sacrifice and endure a great deal of hardship. And any person like that is not one you’d like to make an enemy of.”

“...too cheap to spring for music, huh?”

Of all the strange things Ladybug had done in her tenure as a superhero, riding in a cramped elevator with Hawkmoth ranked among the strangest.

“Wings in,” Hawkmoth said as elevator descended, taking a deep breath as Hawkmoth’s suit disappeared and revealed a very tired looking Gabriel Agreste. For a moment, Ladybug eyed the brooch around his neck only a scant yard or so in front of her. She mused at how easy it would be to take it from him; how simple disarming Hawkmoth once and for all would be...but at this point, would Chat really be satisfied with that? After demolishing an entire block, how much more would he be willing to destroy until his thirst for revenge was satisfied?

The elevator landed on the bottom floor before Ladybug could follow that train of thought any further as Gabriel fished a ring of keys out of his pocket.

“I don’t like to come down here as Hawkmoth,” Gabriel muttered, producing a silver key that fit into a lock on the side of the elevator door. “Seems...indecent somehow.”

“Because being Hawkmoth is so decent above ground?” Ladybug asked, stepping away from the doors in case they opened into the eighth circle of hell. Instead of fire and brimstone, she was struck with a sickeningly sweet floral aroma as the elevator doors opened into an eerily serene setting. At the end of a long, empty cathedral looking setting was a lush, extravagant floral setting at odds with the rest of the stark environment.

“What...what is this?” Ladybug asked as Gabriel started walking down the cold steel gangplank, each step echoing as he headed towards the far side of the room.

“Emilie...Adrien’s mother loved flowers,” Gabriel said somewhat haltingly, running a hand through his hair and smoothing his suit jacket out. “Had a knack for bringing the most hopelessly lost plants back from the brink of death. I...I tried to keep some of her plants alive after we declared her missing, but...well, this is all that remains.”
Ladybug’s confusion only worsened as she approached the little garden on the far side of the room and took notice of the smooth, glassy cylinder under the towering butterfly shaped glass window overlooking the room. Inside lay a woman with smooth, fair skin, soft blond hair, and delicate, refined features that reminded her all too much of Adrien.

“What...what the hell is happening?” Ladybug asked, head swimming as Gabriel plucked a handkerchief out of his breast pocket, methodically wiping a corner of the glass window that accumulated dust in his absence. “Is that...you said she…”

“I...am grateful that you have come this far to help my family,” Gabriel said, eyes never leaving his wife’s face even as he spoke to Ladybug. “But if we are to go further...I need you to understand what it is you are fighting for.”

“Sorry if I’m not feeling too concerned about my former partner’s well-being at the moment.”

“I understand that you’re upset with her right now-”

“Upset doesn’t even begin to scratch the surface,” Chat Noir hissed, standing up from the table and pacing around the edge of the kitchen. “Upset is the understatement of the whole goddamned year! For four years I risked my life to protect this city and Ladybug and she just throws it all away because I wasn’t a good little boy who did what he was told! I told her working with Hawkmoth was a bad idea, so why should I care if Mme. Know-It-All gets her spotted butt in trouble?!”

“Ladybug is not going to get away with this,” Master He said sternly. “If she has promised the services of her kwami to a deranged lunatic, there will be consequences for the girl under the mask; make no mistake about that. I am not asking you to help me save Ladybug; I am asking you to help me recover the Ladybug Miraculous before she or Hawkmoth use it for some nefarious purpose.”

“Forgive what might be an ignorant question,” Kagami interjected. “But how can the power of creation be used nefariously?”

“It is when it’s used to create nefarious things,” Master He said simply. “And whatever Hawkmoth’s plans for it are, I doubt they factor in the best interests of Paris. Wrestling control of
the Ladybug Miraculous away from Hawkmoth is our number one priority.”

“That’s all well and good, but our situation just got a lot dicier,” Chat Noir said, flicking the television mounted on the wall on with a button.

“Emilie and I were...well, I can’t say childhood sweethearts because I spent most of college pining after her from afar,” Gabriel chuckled, running a hand through his hair. “I spent so much time thinking she was just...unattainable, that I didn’t work up the courage to ask her out until graduation threatened to separate us forever.”

“Why would she be unattainable?” Ladybug asked, leaning against the railing that separated the small garden from the rest of the room. “She’s a person; not an object.”

“She was... is the daughter of a Austrian banker and a child actress to boot,” Gabriel chuckled, shaking his head. “Never mind the fact that she was as beautiful then as she is now and I was a skinny fourteen year old nobody who could barely say two words to her without making a total fool of myself...still honestly a bit surprised that she gave me the time of day.”

“Punching above your weight class, huh?” Ladybug said.

“Emilie is above everyone’s weight class,” Gabriel said, fingertips lingering over the glass lid of the casket. “The fact that she chose me... picked me is nothing short of miraculous.”

Ladybug said nothing as Gabriel trailed off, eyes going slightly unfocused as he stared up at his wife’s face.

“I knew I was never going to be worthy of her,” Gabriel continued. “Her family made it clear what they thought of their daughter marrying below her station...but I tried. I fought and I struggled and I worked around the clock to build my business into something not even her father could look down on. I made Gabriel into the company it is today so that my wife would want for nothing....that she would never have cause to regret the choice she made.”

“Something tells me your wife wouldn’t be thrilled with your behavior since her disappearance,” Ladybug said, studying Emilie’s serene expression. “…but she didn’t disappear, did she?”
“No...she didn’t,” Gabriel muttered, almost under her breath. “She went to the doctor for help with a phantom pain in her stomach...they handed her a death sentence. A disease so rare the impossible fraud who diagnosed her named it after himself...called it Licter’s Syndrome. As if he had invented the damned thing…”

Gabriel’s mouth twisted into a bitter snarl as he turned away, taking off his glasses with a shaky sigh.

“She was thirty six years old,” Gabriel said. “Thirty six and already preparing herself for death...can you imagine that? Watching someone you love fill out her will while nursing your infant son? Watching the...only source of light and happiness in your life dim as it prepared go out forever?”

Gabriel turned to face her for the first time, a quiet anger brimming behind his eyes.

“Could you accept that?” Gabriel asked. “Would you just...lie down and let death come for the person you loved more than anything in the entire world? Or would you do something about it? Do anything to save the life of the person you loved?”

“That’s what you did then?” Ladybug asked, raising an eyebrow. “You didn’t try...conventional medicine first’?”

“I tried everything ,” Gabriel laughed, shaking his head. “Poured millions into medical research, flew in experts in rare diseases from around the world, paid for expensive herbal compounds that swore they would ease her pain...every time, I was disappointed. Every...single...time, they let me down. Conventional medicine failed my wife...so I turned to more unconventional medicine.”

“-shocked more than anyone else at this tragic and unfortunate turn of events,” Mayor Andre said as photographers snapped pictures of him in front of the rubble of his house. “To have someone this city nurtured as a hero betray us is truly saddening, but the renegade Chat Noir has made his lack of care for this city apparent today. It is fortunate that no one was harmed in today’s battle, but I fear next time we may not be so lucky. Therefore, the City of Paris stands with Ladybug and formally issues a warrant for the capture of Chat Noir on grounds of property destruction, terrorism, and attempted murder!”

“Hear that? I’m a terrorist now,” Chat Noir spat, turning the television off.
“People who blow up buildings tend to garner that label,” Master He sniffed.

“Okay, master, what would you have done in that situation?” Chat Noir asked, crossing his arms across his chest.

“Would have made myself scarce; stayed out of the public eye until the chaos Ladybug was trying to create died down,” Master He said simply. “Attacking Ladybug erased any doubt there might have been in the minds of Parisians or your fellow heroes. Now I don’t see any way forward that doesn’t involve a great deal of chaos and destruction.”

“Destruction Ladybug is responsible for,” Chat Noir countered.

“Does Ladybug hold the Black Cat?” Master He said. “Does she control you like a puppet? Does she decide what is and isn’t destroyed with a cataclysm?”

Chat Noir opened his mouth to respond but found himself coming up short, averting his gaze from Master He’s firm, unwavering stare.

“No one is responsible for your actions except you, Chat Noir,” Master He said. “The course you chart going forward is entirely your own; it is up to you to determine how to use the power Master Fu trained you how to use.”

“Master Fu didn’t train me in anything,” Chat Noir said, fingering his ring as he stared off into space. “He was... is my friend, but he was never my mentor. All that sage wisdom and Miraculous hero training was saved for Ladybug who seems to be putting it to great use.”

Master He frowned, sitting up in her chair. “He...at least trained you how to fight, correct?”

“I took karate until I was sixteen and have fenced since I was eight,” Chat Noir said. “I learned more from fighting Kagami here than I did from Master Fu.”

“He told you about Sanctuary though, right?” Master He said, glancing between Kagami and Chat Noir who looked equally nonplussed. “You’ve...you’ve used environmental transformations in the past, so he must have taught you how to brew different elixirs, right?”
“He would give me a wheel of cheese with the different powers I needed,” Chat Noir shrugged, ancient indignation bubbling up inside him. “Once I ran out of underwater cheese so Ladybug just recruited Carapace while I sat on the rooftop and watched the water battle from a distance.”

Master He blinked, shook her head and stared off into space for a few moments.

“Well...that’s...,” she said. “I...it’s not unusual for Master Fu to play favorites, but to... completely neglect the training of the most dangerous Miraculous of all is just...gods...what was he thinking?”

“You received no training from this supposed mentor of yours?” Kagami asked, turning back to Master He. “Tell me; will he be well enough once he recovers to weather a slap to the face?”

“He will have to weather more than that,” Master He sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose. “Overcautious old fool!”

“Ladybug said he was training her to be the next Guardian,” Chat Noir said, watching Master He’s normally composed expression crumble into a hodgepodge of confusion, disbelief, and anger. “And again; doing a great job with that!”

“Guardians are the most secretive of our orders, to be sure, but this...gods, he’s making you pay for his mistakes!” Master He hissed, shaking her head.

“I sense we’re missing some context here,” Kagami said, sharing a look with Chat Noir.

“Welcome to Team Chat,” Chat Noir snorted. “You get used to missing context after a while.”

“Okay...okay,” Master He sighed, shaking her head. “Never send a Guardian to do a Vizier’s job...okay, here’s what’s going to happen. You are going to keep your head down for a few weeks at the least. You are not going to make any public appearances or antagonize Ladybug in any way. If Ladybug is as desperate to end things as you say she is, she will try and provoke you; try and fill the silence you leave in your wake. The longer we can prolong this, the more we can force tension between her and her new partner.”

“So, what, just take a vacation?” Chat Noir asked. “I thought you said we needed to move on Ladybug?”
“We do, but you need to catch up on the training Master Fu should have been giving you,” Master He said, slowly standing up. “When you’re ready to have some real instruction, you know where to find me. Until then-”

Chat Noir blinked as the image of Master He evaporated, leaving Kagami and him staring at a blank patch in the kitchen where she used to be.

“...am I going mad,” Kagami asked, head slowly tilting to one side. “Or did a strange Chinese woman just break into my house, lecture you, and disappear into thin air?”

“That or I hit my head harder than I thought I did,” Chat Noir sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. “This is a weird question, but-”

A pop split the silence as Kagami tore the cork out of a bottle of white wine with her teeth as she fished another out of a cupboard by the sink.

“Read my mind,” Chat Noir said, clinking the necks of the wine bottles together as he tipped the moscato straight down his throat.

Master He’s eyes opened to the sight of her apprentices looking at her curiously over the rim of Master Fu’s bed.

“Everything alright?” Jun asked as Master He slowly stood up from her chair, shaking her head as she came back to her senses.

“Lovely,” Master He said, straightening her tie. “Jun, please prepare the Sanctuary for Chat Noir’s use. Lan, please prevent me from strangling Quingfu before he has recovered.”

Master He stared at her unconscious friend’s sleeping face with a small sigh. “We have a lot of ground to make up…”
“...magic?”

“It sounds silly when you refer to it as such-”

“So what would be a better term for it?” Ladybug asked.

“...I prefer the study of supernatural forces,” Gabriel muttered, adjusting his glasses.

“Sure you do,” Ladybug said. “So...you started researching the occult for a way to cure your wife?”

“Some men might have prayed for a miracle; I’m more of a do-it-yourself sort of person,” Gabriel said, leaning on the railing a few yards away from Ladybug. “I admit, I got a little desperate; Emilie’s health only worsened as Adrien grew older. I spent the better part of two years indulging every charlatan and witch doctor I could find...I was disappointed by most of them.”

“Not all?” Ladybug asked.

Gabriel scratched the back of his neck somewhat uneasily. “...let’s just say I finally found someone with more power than money; someone who was willing to sell a secret or two for a few hundred euros.”

“Didn’t realize Hogwarts tuition was that cheap,” Ladybug chuckled, more of out nervousness than anything else. “Is that how you learned of the Miraculous?”

“Every road I went down mentioned them in some capacity,” Gabriel shrugged. “Or hinted at them. Four thousand years of secret history is shaped by a set of strange objects; two that are rumored to guarantee their wielders absolute power. So...naturally I sought them out; paid people to make inquiries and go places I couldn’t. I spent another two years looking for any sign of them and then...”

Gabriel trailed off eyes losing focus as he stared into the inky black glass that stretched out over the back wall of the cathedral.
“I got an offer,” Gabriel said. “From a...curiosities dealer. Two Miraculous and a whole book detailing their secret history...sounded too good to be true...”

Gabriel closed the car door behind him, wrapping his jacket tightly around his shoulders as Gorilla eyed the dilapidated warehouse with a curious frown.

“This seems...unsafe,” Gorilla said as Gabriel forged ahead, boots crunching on the gravel road leading up to the entrance of the building. “Sir, we should-”

“Wait outside, Gorilla,” Gabriel said, lightly patting his assistant on the shoulder. “They wanted me to come alone.”

“I’m aware of that, but-”

“If I’m not back in half an hour, take the car, and go home,” Gabriel said, pulling the front door open with a wrenching creak of rusted iron hinges. “And take care of Emilie for me.”

Gorilla nodded somewhat uneasily, watching Gabriel disappear into the old warehouse with a worried frown. A lone glimmer of light shone down from the ceiling, illuminating half of a long wooden table that sat in the direct center of the facility. Glancing around the abandoned maze of metal shelves and forgotten forklifts, Gabriel walked towards the chair table as the email had instructed, pulled it out and took a seat. His breath came out in great clouds of steam, but a cold sweat still ran down the back of Gabriel’s neck as he waited, eyes scanning the shadows for any sign of movement.

“Mr. Agreste.”

Gabriel nearly fell out of his chair as a disembodied voice came across the table. Through the darkness, he could vaguely make out the figure sitting in the chair opposite him; a tall, featureless figure that seemed to have been waiting for him since he entered the building.

“Good of you to come,” the voice said in perfect French.
“Good of you to meet me,” Gabriel said, sitting up a little straighter in his chair. “I confess, I thought I was coming out here on another wild goose chase.”

“Chase enough geese, and you’re bound to catch one eventually,” the voice said, laying something heavy on the table just out of the circle of light. “I understand that you’ve been asking around about the Miraculous…I hope it’s not for some garish runway display.”

“I have an accessory department for that kind of thing,” Gabriel said, leaning in with his fingers pressed together. “...my wife is sick; incurably so. I need something, well, miraculous in order to save her life...and I’m willing to pay the rest of my fortune in order to get the miracle I need.”

The purple eyes regarded him unblinkingly from the darkness, fingers tapping rhythmically on the table in consideration.

“You’re no ordinary warlock,” the voice murmured. “Here I thought we were dealing with just another power hungry little charlatan.”

“We?” Gabriel asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Nothing you need to concern yourself with,” the voice said, sliding a metal briefcase across the table as Gabriel fumbled to catch it before it fell. Fingers trembling, he cracked the briefcase open as the flickering fluorescent light bulb shone down on a purple butterfly shaped pin and a blue Peacock shaped pin. Between them was an old, dusty with an intricately carved gold symbol pressed into the leather.

“Two Miraculous and the grimoire,” the voice said as Gabriel lifted the butterfly out of the box almost reverently. “As promised.”

“And these...will help my wife?” Gabriel asked.

“Possibly,” the voice said. “The Butterfly is capable of bestowing...unique capabilities on its Champions. You might be able to create a Champion capable of healing your ailing wife but...well....it’s not exactly the Ladybug.”

“The Ladybug?” Gabriel asked, opening the book and landing on a page featuring a red and black clad figure.
“Power of absolute creation,” the voice mused. “Paired with the Black Cat, the power of absolute destruction...well, you could even bring someone back from the grave with that kind of power.”

“My wife isn’t dead yet,” Gabriel snapped, closing the case with a thoughtful frown. “Who has the Ladybug and Black Cat?”

“Really wish I knew,” the voice said. “Whoever has them isn’t going to reveal them without good cause...but as you said, you don’t need to bring your wife back from the dead yet.”

Gabriel nodded. “I see...I don’t believe we discussed terms, did we?”

“We have not,” the voice said.

“What is this going to cost me?” Gabriel asked. “I have money put away, if that’s what you’re looking for-”

“Nothing.”

“I...beg your pardon?” Gabriel asked.

“That’s what this is going to cost you,” the voice said. “Nothing.”

“You would part with two artifacts of immense power for...nothing?”

“There is nothing you have that I want...yet,” the voice said. “And as I said, my partner and I aren’t getting much use out of these at the moment. Better to...pass them on to someone who might do some good with them. See if you can’t heal your wife.”

“I don’t accept charity,” Gabriel said, stiffening as the voice let out a low, throaty chuckle.
“A man in your position doesn’t need it,” the voice said. “So consider this a...gift. Friends give each other gifts now and then, don’t they?”

“We’re friends?” Gabriel asked.

“I’d like to be,” the voice said. “And if there comes a day when you have something that I need—”

“I see,” Gabriel said, adjusting his glasses thoughtfully. “...as long as it has nothing to do with my son or my wife, I suppose I owe you and your partner a favor down the road...to repay the friendship you showed me today.”

“I’m glad we understand each other,” the voice said, slowly rising from their seat. “There is...just one more thing I’d like to request.”

“And that is?” Gabriel asked, stiffening as the figure stepped into the light for the first time. A smooth, solid, featureless black helmet covered their head. A long, black, military coat swept the ground a scant few inches above the polished black boots that clacked audibly on the floor with every step. Gabriel’s breath seized in his throat as the figure stopped by his chair, leaning down until he could see his terrified reflection in the polished metal of the helmet.

“...take good care of your son,” the figure said in an oddly cheerful voice that made Gabriel’s blood freeze in his veins. “You only get one chance to be a father...would be a shame if you squandered it, hm?

A heavy, gloved hand patted Gabriel on the shoulder as the figure padded away, leaving Gabriel sitting alone in the warehouse, trembling hands clutching the briefcase to his chest.

Ladybug’s heart thrummed in her ears as Gabriel finished, slowly taking a handkerchief out and wiping his sweating brow.

“...who were they?” Ladybug asked.

“I was hoping you knew,” Gabriel chuckled weakly. “I never saw them again after that...and I suppose you know the rest of the story, don’t you?”
Gabriel walked back towards Emilie’s pod, laying a hand almost yearningly on the glass as he looked up at her.

“The Peacock didn’t help her,” Gabriel said. “And none of my akuma helped her either. She was running out of time and I was running out of options...so I took a gamble and drew out the Ladybug and Black Cat.”

“Is that what she would have wanted?” Ladybug asked, looking up at Emilie. “Would she have wanted you to tear your way across the city trying to save her life?”

“No,” Gabriel said, shaking his head. “She would have rather died than allow anyone else to suffer on her behalf...but if she survives long enough to hate me, then I’ll have done my job.”

Gabriel pulled his hand away, meticulously wiping his palm print from the glass until it was clean again.

“I managed to put her in an engineered sleep,” Gabriel said, glancing back over the empty room. “I froze her in time along with her beloved garden and built my mansion on top of it to hide her from the rest of the world. This...whole room used to be filled with flowers, but I’m not strong enough to keep time from running its course...it seems again that I am in danger of failing my wife.”

He seemed diminished in a way; tired, haggard, and at the end of his rope as he looked at her with an almost pleading expression.

“You asked me what kind of monster I was,” Gabriel said. “I am the kind of monster who loves his family. I am the kind of monster who would burn the world down if my loved ones could thrive in the ashes. And for four years, I’ve done just that; left nothing but bitterness and destruction in my wake until you showed up. Until you gave me another path forward.”

Ladybug said nothing, eyes quietly drifting between Gabriel and Adrien’s sleeping mother.

“I don’t expect you to like me or forgive me,” Gabriel said quietly. “When this is done, I will gladly subject myself to whatever punishment you feel I’ve earned...as long as Emilie and Adrien can live together in peace and happiness, I’ll be content.”
“I appreciate the great personal toll this war with Chat Noir must be exacting from you,” Gabriel continued, bending down and retrieving. “And I am more than capable of compensating you for your time and hardship—”

“Keep your money,” Ladybug sighed, shaking her head as she turned around, heading back towards the elevator. “I’m not doing this for a reward; I’m doing this because…”

Ladybug paused at the elevator door, glancing back at the woman who reminded her so much of Adrien.

“It’s just the right thing to do,” Ladybug said, stepping back into the elevator and leaving Gabriel alone with his wife.

Marinette kicked the hatch to her room open, staggering in with a sigh as she fished her phone out of her pocket. A series of missed calls flashed on screen that confused Marinette for a split second until she recognized the number.

“Shit,” Marinette swore, frantically mashing redial. “Shitshitshitshitshitshitshitshit… hello, Victor?! Y-Yes, I got your calls...yes, I know I was supposed to work this afternoon but I….no, it was just a family emergency! Yes my...my aunt Stefanie tripped and fell down some stairs and I had to...really?...I...I-I know I’ve missed a few shifts lately, but if you could just...is there anything I can do to...no...no, I understand...I’ll drop my apron off tomorrow...sorry…”

“...so much for my career as a barista.” Marinette sighed hanging up her phone with a sigh as her face fell into her hands. She pressed her palms into her eyes as warm, wet tears leaked down her cheeks, struggling to maintain composure as she flicked on the television.

“-scene in the park where a mob of concerned citizens have taken to the streets, dismantling Chat Noir’s statue in the park,” the reporter explained as a small mob tore into Chat Noir’s statue, dismembering it with chisels and saws and shattering his limbs with sledgehammers on the sidewalk. “Only hours after Ladybug was brazenly attacked by her former partner, Paris has moved quickly to erase the legacy of the once stalwart protector of this city, turned diabolical-”

Marinette’s finger pressed the mute button, watching the silent scene of posters, billboards, and any image of Chat Noir being torn down and burned in makeshift bonfires in the street. She
watched in silence as grinning, winking images of her former partner were consumed by fire, crowds of her friends and neighbors coming out in unanimous support of Ladybug.

Marinette never knew having the whole city on her side could feel so rotten.

“What’s wrong?” Tikki asked softly from her perch on the couch next to her. “Why are you crying? The whole city is on your side. No one is going to believe that you’re working with Hawkmoth now...isn’t this is what you wanted, isn’t it?”

“This is what he wanted,” Marinette sniffed, wiping her eyes with the back of her hands. “I never wanted to make this city pick between us because I knew this was going to be the outcome...not my fault he was so eager to enlist the press.”

“Of course...you were just doing the right thing,” Tikki said, glaring up at Marinette with hard blue eyes.

“...the right...thing,” Marinette said, aimlessly staring at the mayhem taking place on the television screen. “You know...I’ve done the right thing. I think I’m pretty good at knowing what the right thing is and doing it. For four years, I’ve done nothing but the right thing; nothing but put the needs of everyone in this city over my own...and maybe that’s why I’ve been so hellbent on convincing myself that I’m doing the right thing. Because...maybe that’s all I’ve been told I can do. Maybe that’s...just what I’m good at.”

“When akuma attack during my job or my classes or my free time? I do the right thing and drop everything in order to stop them,” Marinette chuckled, shaking her head. “My...handmade birthday gift to Adrien is hijacked by his father? I do the right thing and let Adrien’s dipstick dad take the credit for it. When my classmates have a problem, I do the right thing and drop what I’m doing to help them. When mean Italian girls try and turn my friends against me with lies, I do the right thing and just let her go. When the guy I am actually in love with wants me to plan a double date for me and his new girlfriend, I do the right thing and help him out!”

“When my partner acts like being a superhero is some kind of game and shows up to every fight flirting and cracking jokes, I gently remind him that people’s lives are on the line,” Marinette rambled, shoulders shaking and tears streaming down her face. “Because that’s the right thing to do, right?! Constantly babying someone and cajoling them into doing their job no matter how frustrated you are because that’s the right thing to do! Being solely responsible for the safety of this city is the right thing! Managing a team of superheroes all by myself is the right thing! I have lived and breathed the right thing for four years and where has it gotten me?!”

Marinette was all but incandescent as four years of pent up anger, frustration, and bitterness
wafted off her like great waves of heat.

“I have done so much for everyone around me,” Marinette spat. “And when I ask for one thing for myself; just one simple wish that would make the life of the person I care about better, you act like I’m some kind of monster! Like nothing I’ve done up until now has earned me a little credit! Like I haven’t bled and fought and suffered for this city over and over and over again, day after day, week after week, every single month for four years!

“So, no, Tikki,” Marinette said, wiping her eyes with the back of her hands. “No, I don’t think I’m doing the ‘right’ thing. I don’t think I’m being just or righteous or pure or selfless; I’m not going to lie and say this is objectively the right thing to do because it isn’t! But you know what? It’s the right thing for me... just once... this one time, we’re doing the right thing for me... even if I’m the only one who will...”

There were times when Tikki forgot that her charge was just scraping eighteen years old, and Marinette never looked younger than she did standing there, cheeks bruised, and shawl dropping off her shoulders like a cape. Ladybug had been stripped away, and all that remained was Marinette; tired, angry, frustrated Marinette screaming at the top of her lungs for some small bit of solace.

Sighing, Tikki floated over to Marinette, placing her little paws on the back of Marinette’s hand and gently guiding them up to her face. “Close your eyes and think about... grass growing.”

“What?” Marinette asked.

“Think about... spring,” Tikki continued. “Renewal... rebirth. Think about the warm sun and flowers blooming and baby birds hatching. Focus on creation... on life. Imagine... life flowing through your fingertips.”

Marinette did as she was told, closing her eyes and imagining the countrysides outside of Paris in full bloom. She imagined picking flowers with her mother; back when she could safely leave the city without worrying about an akuma invasion. She thought about baby birds poking out of their nests; of little baby sea turtles fighting to reach the sea. And as she thought of this, her bruised cheek started tingling; like a thousand little ants were walking across the surface.

Marinette opened her eyes, looking in the mirror to find that her formerly bruised skin had faded back to soft, pink skin and the remnants of a warm, pink light disappeared from her fingertips.
“What...did I...did you?” Marinette, pressing her fingertips into her cheek and feeling no pain. She looked down at Tikki who fixed her with a warm, almost maternal look that nearly made her heart break.

“I don’t say this to all my Ladybugs,” Tikki said, lifting a lock of black hair away from Marinette’s face. “But I think you’re my favorite. No one has partnered with me longer or more faithfully. Even now; despite all of this, you have been a good friend to Paris. You have given so much...and while I still don’t agree with you...I am with you.”

“Really?” Marinette whispered, almost afraid to believe it.

“If your plan to use Plagg and I is to succeed, you are going to need all the help you can get,” Tikki said, shaking her head. “And even if that toad of a man doesn’t deserve any happiness...Adrien does. You do. And if Plagg is going to help his chosen as much as possible...I can at least do the same for you. But...I hope you know what you’re getting into.”

“If this is about Hawkmoth, then—”

“I’m talking about Chat Noir,” Tikki said seriously. “What he did today—the fact that he could hurt you in a way that your suit couldn’t protect you from—means that he’s learning how to use his Miraculous powers more and more efficiently. Plagg is opening the doors to a whole armory of destructive power...and there is a very real danger that you might be seriously harmed unless I do something to help you.”

“I hate Hawkmoth,” Tikki said. “I hate this plan, I hate that you’re pitting me against my other half...but I love you more than I hate any of that. Now I won’t...I won’t approve of the things you do or encourage you to do them. I will never stop trying to convince you to mend things with Chat Noir...but I will heal you. And I will protect you. I don’t have grave, reality bending powers that Plagg has; I can’t make you punch harder or fight better or destroy a building...all I can do is heal. Protect...and heal.”

Tikki guided Marinette’s hand down to the bruise on her waist.

“Think of spring,” Tikki said. “Just...think of spring.”

Marinette closed her eyes as warm, pink light flowed from her fingertips, propelled by thoughts of flower fields in spring, grass shooting up out of the ground, and Adrien’s warm, gentle smile.
I know a lot of this chapter was a full mess of expository dumping, but we gotta move this plot forward because I don’t really want to get sucked into padding to meet that three month timeframe I so foolishly bragged about in the opening chapter.

I wanted to end on an emotional beat for Marinette who turns heel in the middle of a heated motive rant. I hesitate to call her a villain since I still feel like she’s acting out of a desire to do good for Adrien but she’s 100% turned heel. Full bore AJ Styles at the top of Bullet Club’s popularity. She’s not quite at the point where she’s raking eyes and hitting people with chairs, but she is definitely going to hold the tights and pull her opponents off the apron before they can tag in. I’d say on the scale of heels with one side being full chickenshit Kevin Owens and the other being diabolical sadist Minoru Suzuki, she’s probably Becky Lynch back when WWE was trying to sell Becky Lynch as a hell; just kinda rude and kinda dirty fighter, but she’s not putting Young Lions in chokeholds just yet.

Have I alienated my readerbase yet?

Shoutout to @ladybeug on Tumblr for the chapter name. Song link in the header is definitely reflective of both Gabriel and Marinette and the idea that things like creation, healing, and love might not be inherently good things. I’m also fully aware that I’m taking a jigsaw to canon at this point and the things I say may/may not be in line with Thomas Astruc’s story. At this point if I deviate from the canon backstory of Fu and Gabriel, I just ask that you go with it. It’s not so much that I don’t know how Fu lost the Butterfly or how Gabriel gained it...I just don’t really care for the purposes of this story.

Follow @siderealscribblings on Tumblr for updates (or if my blogs are purged in the Great Tumblr Fire, @siderealsandman on Twitter/Pillowfort)
Chapter Notes

Tw: Character Death...kinda.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Smoke and blood clogged Adrien’s nostrils as his spear plunged through the shield of the man in front of him.

His horses bore him forward, faster and faster as his chariot cut a bloody swathe through the crowds, black flames bellowing from his shield as he rode.

The lucky were trampled under the silvery hooves of his mares; the unlucky were pierced and burned as he turned his baleful gaze on them.

There was a flash of light, and a beautiful naked woman appeared before him, red hair wrapped around her like a robe as she held a hand up to shield a cowering archer from his wrath. His spear drove into her side as a pained, ear-splitting wail ripped through the chaos of battle all around him.

Another flash of light, and a tall, armored figure bore down on him, spear ready to cleave him in half.

To Adrien’s savage glee, he screamed louder than the woman did.

Adrien jerked awake, kicking the blanket off as he sat bolt upright. His t-shirt clung to his chest, pillow drenched with sweat as the nightmare faded from his mind.

What the hell was that? Adrien thought, looking down at his shaking hands. No stranger to nightmares, he had never woken up remembering the sensation of a spear punching through the armor with such clear distinction; as though he could still feel the weight of metal in his hands.

Sunlight streamed through his open blinds as he looked down at his ring that seemed to faintly pulse against his skin with each panicked beat of his heart.
“What the *fuck* happened to you?”

“Nice to see you too, Jules,” Luka mumbled, grabbing a packet of peas from the fridge.

“No, seriously, what the literal, actual *fuck* happened to you?” Juleka said, cereal spoon dropping back into her bowl as Luka tugged his jacket on. “You were out all weekend, you didn’t come back until, like, three last night and you come downstairs looking like a truck hit you...wait, did a truck hit you?! Is that why-”

“Hey, say that louder, I don’t think Mom heard you,” Luka hissed, tucking his ice pack against his side as he headed out the back door. “Off to work; text me what you want for dinner.”

“I'm going to group tonight so-”

The door closing behind him cut Juleka off as Luka stepped down the back steps of their townhouse, trudging down the street with his hands stuffed into his pockets. His head still throbbed from the thrashing Chat Noir had given him only a few days before and the cold November sun was just a little too bright to bear.

Luka’s fingertips, brushed over the cool metal of Duusu’s pin as it currently sat holding his belt together around his waist. Even the simple act of walking to his job at the warehouse with a hundred other Parisians all gossiping about events they had no hand in was almost painfully mundane. He wondered if it came with the territory; the yearning to take off in flight to cover even the shortest of distances. Maybe Marinette could relate to the almost crushing sense of loss that came every time he took off Mayura’s suit; the sensation of being reduced back to the plain, ordinary person he was without all encompassing power propelling every beat of his heart.

Then again, Marinette had never been plain or ordinary.

The only satisfaction he got came from walking past newspaper stands with Chat Noir’s stupid face framed by a wanted poster and watching talking heads on televisions cry for his head on a plate. As much as Saturday’s battle had been a shitshow on par with a Van Halen reunion show, the world finally saw Chat Noir for the two-timing traitor that he was. It was only a matter of time before his luck ran out; Luka just hoped to be there when it was.

*Keep running,* Luka thought, lip unconsciously curling as a smiling, winking image of Chat Noir flashed across a nearby television screen. *That’s about all you can do, isn’t it?*
“Luka!”

Luka glanced up as a bright, uncharacteristically beaming Marinette came running down the sidewalk, weaving through crowds of Monday commuters.

“Hey, don’t you have- ow!” Luka winced as Marinette tugged him into a nearby alley. “Hey, still sore from Saturday, what are you-”

Luka trailed off as Marinette shoved her hand under his shirt, closed her eyes and took a deep breath. “Okay...flowers, flowers...grass, grass...baby turtles, baby turtles…”

“Okay, starting to freak me out a little, Mari,” Luka chuckled, biting his lip as her fingertips traced the bruise on his side. After a few seconds, a warm, pink light flowed from the tips of her fingers, shining through his shirt as the pain from Chat Noir’s kick slowly started to fade under her touch. After a few seconds, Marinette pulled Luka’s shirt up so he could see the perfectly healed patch of skin where his bruise used to be.

“...could you always do that?” Luka asked as Marinette puffed up under Luka’s look of awestruck confusion.

“My kwami and I worked on it the other night,” Marinette said with a sharp smile. “Seems like anything Chat Noir can break, I can put back together again, including my partners.”

“You need to seriously reel back on the cool-factor before someone else realizes you’re Ladybug,” Luka chuckled, biting his lip as Marinette withdrew her touch from his side. “We still on for tonight?”

“Rena, Carapace, and Queen Bee all signed on so I think we’re good to go,” Marinette nodded, adjusting her backpack. “I think between the five of us, we can cover the whole city; do at least a couple sweeps before the night is over...unless you have plans.”

“I can move stuff around,” Luka shrugged. “Just need to swing by Jules’ support group to make sure she’s getting home safe.”
“Always the concerned older brother,” Marinette chuckled. “If there’s somewhere you need to be, then-”

“I’ll be there,” Luka said, lightly bumping Marinette’s shoulder with his fist. “Come on; I’m Team Ladybug’s leading man, remember?”

Marinette rolled her eyes, but the small smile that tugged at the corners of her mouth was worth mentioning it. “I owe you one,” Marinette said.

“Keep healing my bruises and I think we’ll be square,” Luka said with a small frown. “Is school out today or something?”

“Hm?” Marinette said, glancing down at her watch with a mortified look. “Shit!”

Marinette dashed out of the alleyway, pivoting around to shoot Luka an apologetic look. “I-I’ll call you later!”

“If you can,” Luka replied, fingers, touching the spot where the bruise had been only a few moments earlier. The faint touch of her skin on his had been enough to make his head swim as he stumbled out of the alley.

“Of course Marinette has a magical healing touch now,” Luka sighed, shaking his head with an almost wistful smile.

“Cutting it a little close there, aren’t you?”

The last bell tolled as Marinette slid into the seat next to Alya, sitting up straight as Mme. Mercer walked in, trying to act like she had been there the whole time.

“Overslept,” Marinette lied, pulling her calculus notebook out as Mme. Mercer started writing on the board. Her eyes drifted over to the row across from her that was empty except Nino at the far end of the bench.

“Are M. Agreste and Mme. Bourgeois not joining us today?” Mme. Mercer asked.
“Adrien has a family thing he’s gotta take care of,” Nino said, clearing his throat. “And Chloe is, uh-”

The door on the far side of the classroom opened as Chloe stepped through the door with a tired, sad smile.

“I am very sorry that I’m late, Mme. Mercer,” Chloe said, tugging a black and yellow scarf tighter around her shoulders. “I had...well...something of a rough weekend.”

“Of course, Mme. Bourgeois,” Mme. Mercer nodded with a small, sympathetic smile. “I’m sure we’re all aware of the difficulties you’ve had this weekend and we thank you for the lengths you went to to protect this city.”

“You have to be fucking kidding me,” Marinette grumbled as Alya just shook her head.

“Oh...thank you,” Chloe said, pressing a hand against her chest. “It means...so much to me that my family home wasn’t destroyed in vain.”

“Ladybug fixed it,” Marinette muttered.

“Ten hours later,” Alya shrugged.

“Still got fixed,” Marinette said as Chloe floated down the aisle, offering their classmates a soft, serene smile as she slid into her seat next to Nino who looked on the verge of cracking up. Her eyes landed on the seat next to Chloe with a small frown as Mme. Mercer began lecturing.

Master He glanced over the rim of her clipboard as she sensed someone enter the room. “May I help you?”

A tall, blond young man lingered at the doorway, a bouquet of flowers dangling from one hand as he stared at the prone, slumbering figure of Master Fu.

“I hope so,” the young man said in accented but otherwise perfect Mandarin, placing his flowers
in a vase on a nearby table. “I’m looking for my teacher.”

Master He put her clipboard down, frowning at the young man. “Was he your teacher?”

“My friend,” the young man said, meeting Master He’s eyes. “But never my teacher.”

Master He nodded slowly, glancing at the silvery ring on the young man’s finger. “So you’re still in need of a teacher?”

“I hope I’ve found one,” the young man said, holding his hand out. “Adrien Agreste.”

“Good to formally meet you,” Master He said, shaking his hand. “I think I saw your face on a bus advertisement the other day.”

“Gotta build that Gabriel brand,” Adrien chuckled, eyes drifting down to Master Fu’s sleeping face. “Is he...do you think he’s going to be-”

“He’s weathered worse than this,” Master He sighed, rubbing her eyes as she tapped an IV tube that was feeding Master Fu a thick, viscous pink liquid that seemed to be faintly glowing. “After a...certain age, it becomes more important to take one’s medicine.”

“And what age would that be?” Adrien asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Old enough to require some very unique medicine,” Master He said, looking over the rim of her glasses. “But, I take it you didn’t come here looking for a pharmaceutical lesson.”

“I was hoping you could help out with something else,” Adrien said with a sharp look. “Something more practical.”

“Nothing in this world is more practical than the study of medicine,” Master He sniffed, motioning Adrien to follow her as she crossed the room towards a narrow closet stuffed with overcoats and lumpy pillows. “The preservation of human life is the single most valuable vocation one can pursue.”
“My vocation is a little more...destructive,” Adrien said, frowning in confusion as Master He withdrew what appeared to be a smooth, black key from her coat pocket.

“Of course it is,” Master He sighed, rolling her eyes as she shut the closet door and pressed the tip of the key against the lockless doorknob. “But if you came here expecting a clear-cut path to power, I’m afraid you’re going to be disappointed.”

Adrien watched as the doorknob shimmered, bending around the key as it slid in with the sound of metal scraping on metal and locks disengaging in an almost musical way. Master He waited for a moment before turning the key, a shuddering thunk of a final deadbolt unlatching echoing from beyond the door.

“I will be with you momentarily; mind the stairs, won’t you?” Master He said as Adrien opened the door, wincing as a blinding flash of multicolored light spilled into the room. Shielding his eyes, Adrien stepped forward, heedless of Master He’s warning as his foot fell through empty space. With a yelp, he started tumbling down a set of smooth, translucent stairs, flipping end over end until he came to a stop in a pile at the bottom of an excessively long staircase.

“She did warn you about the stairs, bro,” Plagg snickered as Adrien hauled himself to his feet brushing himself off as he looked around the cavernous room he saw before him.

A field of endless, shimmering stars swirled high above his head as he stumbled further into the room. Each footstep on the featureless stone floor echoed off the smooth, black marble walls. As he walked closer, Adrien could make out intricate carvings of armored figures doing battle etched in silver. He could see Greek soldiers, Roman legionaries, and modern day army grunts all battled in an intricate tableau of destruction and chaos. Above the scene were large, towering figures, some wielding spears, others carrying swords, all staring down at Adrien with cold silver eyes that glimmered like stars.

“Plagg...where are-” Adrien stopped in his tracks as he stared up at a towering, thirty foot tall engraving of Chat Noir, baton balanced over his shoulders.

“This is the Sanctuary,” Master He’s voice called from behind him. “Or rather...it’s your sanctuary.”

Adrien turned to see Master He clad in an elegant white suit, hair held in a bun fastened with a pair of white feathers, and face concealed by a pale porcelain mask that jutted out from her nose to give her the appearance of a beak.
“Master He I presume?” Adrien asked.

“It’s Master Crane now; I thought it would be best if we were perfectly transparent with one another,” Master Crane said, offering a small nod of her head to Plagg. “Saa’aathanek, Suul’Kumath. Kar’Rotha che’theo kara u’tana keliik.”

Without missing a beat Plagg replied, “Kel’tha aa’ranaka, Kreto tethyeas. Llemastro uu’thiinik qua keo methras.”

“Am I having a stroke?” Adrien asked, eyes glancing back and forth between Master Crane and Plagg.

“Forgive me; I get so few opportunities to practice my Primordial, I couldn’t resist greeting your friend in the Old Tongue,” Master Crane chuckled.

“You should keep practicing, Master,” Plagg snickered. “Unless you meant to say that my humble serpent welcomes me to my Sanctuary.”

“Yes...well, Duolingo doesn’t exactly have a master class on the language of spirits,” Master Crane sniffed, turning back to Adrien. “I’m sure you have questions.”

“Only a few thousand,” Adrien chuckled, glancing up at Chat Noir’s towering effigy. “Namely who I should talk to about updating my portrait…”

“Ow!” Chloe slapped Nino’s shoulder as he shepherded her out of the hallway and into an empty classroom. “Do I need to start wearing my hair up around you?!?”

“What part of ‘let’s not make things worse’ was hard for you to understand?” Alya sighed, hopping off the teacher’s desk as Nino locked the door behind him.

“How am I making things worse?!” Chloe huffed.

“Oh, I’m sorry I didn’t do my homework, M. LaChance, but you see, my favorite teddy bear was
so cruelly buried by Chat Noir’s thoughtless destruction of my childhood home,” Alya crooned. “How long are you gonna milk this?”

“Long as I can,” Chloe snorted. “People are being nice to me for the first time in my school life.”

“God, wonder why that could be,” Nino snorted, earning another slap from Chloe.

“Just cool it on the Chat Noir hate; we don’t need this city getting more up in arms than it needs to be,” Alya sighed.

“Says the girl who penned an article accusing him of terrorism,” Chloe said, sticking her tongue out.

“Speaking of which,” Nino said, stepping between Chloe and Alya before the situation could bubble over. “You guys got the text, right?”

“Nine tonight; Ladybug wants us to do a sweep of the city,” Alya said with a small shrug. “I don’t think Chat is gonna stick his head up though.”

“Cops all over the city are looking for him; I don’t think we’re gonna see one hair on his furry head until the New Year,” Chloe agreed.

“Might be a good chance to do some digging on Ladybug though,” Nino said, rubbing his chin thoughtfully as he looked at Alya. “She’d probably open up to you more, right?”

“She’s not being super open with us, but I guess I’ll take a shot at it,” Alya shrugged. “You want to handle Birdo? We still know nothing about this guy other than the fact that he’s got a classic rock fetish and a serious hate-boner for Chat Noir.”

“I’m sure we can get to know each other a little better,” Nino said, glancing over his shoulder. “We good on the plan?”

“Guess we got dinner plans,” Chloe nodded. “Much as I’d rather spend the evening with anyone besides Mayura.”
“I think by the time we’re done with him, the feeling will be mutual,” Nino chuckled, cracking his knuckles.

Kagami stole into the back of the room as quietly as she could, softly closing the door behind her as she entered the almost unearthly calm auditorium. A small circle of chairs was arranged in the center of the room, and plump, bearded man in his mid-50’s waved Kagami in with a warm, beaming smile.

“Hello Kagami,” Dr. Berger said, nodding to a seat between Ivan Bruel and Alix Kubdel. “Nice to see you again.”

“Forgive me for being late,” Kagami apologized, offering Ivan and Alix a small smile as she slipped into the cheap plastic folding chair. “Not interrupting anything, am I?”

“Not at all; Marc was just about to share something with the group,” Dr. Berger said, turning his soft, accepting smile to the nervous looking black haired boy opposite Kagami in the circle.

“Oh...no, that’s fine,” Marc chuckled, fidgeting with a loose strand of his multicolored gloves. “I was just gonna...I mean I...I don’t want to bother anyone...”

“Nothing you say here is a bother to anyone, Marc,” Dr. Berger said, accompanied by small murmurs of encouragement from the assembled group. “If you have something you’d like to share, we are more than happy to hear it.”

Marc trailed off as Nathaniel slipped a hand into his, squeezing it gently as Marc took a moment to steady himself.

“It’s just...all this Chat Noir stuff is putting me on edge again,” Marc said, chewing on his lip. “I know there hasn’t been any akuma attacks in a month now but...it’s almost scarier that Chat Noir is working for him now.”

“I know I’m certainly taking Chat Noir’s betrayal very personally,” Dr. Berger said with a small nod. “I think it’s very natural to be afraid now that one of Paris’ greatest heroes has seemingly abandoned the city.”

“Seems strange that Chat Noir would turn on this city after years of faithfully defending it, doesn’t
“It?” Kagami said, crossing her arms over her chest as all eyes turned to look at her. “The boy fights tooth and nail for every akuma victim for four years and then throws his lot in with the monster who creates them?”

Kagami watched the assembly shared uneasy glances with one another. “I’m just having a hard time understanding why Chat Noir would do such a thing.”

“Yeah, well, I mean,” Kim coughed into his hand. “He was always kinda...you know...dark?”

“Yes, those homeless kitten PSA’s he did for the animal shelter were positively terrifying,” Kagami said as a smattering of nervous chuckles filtered through the auditorium. “I’m just saying I’m having trouble coming up with a reason as to why Chat Noir would turn on Paris overnight.”

“Denial is a very natural part of grief,” Dr. Berger said. “It’s hard to accept the fact that someone you trust and admire is capable of hurting you; it’s...natural to try and deny that truth for as long as possible.”

Kagami glanced around the circle. “So...all of you believe Ladybug at face value then? Despite the fact that she’s presented no evidence that Chat Noir is working with Hawkmoth?”

An uncomfortable silence filled the room as everyone shared uneasy glances with their neighbors.

“I mean, come on,” Mylene chuckled. “It’s Ladybug.”

“Yeah, Ladybug wouldn’t lie to us,” Rose said, glancing up at Juleka who said nothing, staring across the room at Kagami with a thoughtful expression. “That’s just...crazy, right?”

“We are not trying to invalidate your grief, Kagami,” Dr. Berger said diplomatically. “It’s important to remember that everyone has different reactions to trying situations.”

Kagami fought the urge to roll her eyes, just nodding as she studied the faces of the assembled support group as the session wound on. A large chunk of Adrien’s class was present along with one or two random akuma victims who drifted in and out depending on the week. She felt a little cheap coming back here after so long; like she was just using this group to work through her own trauma and offering little in return. That guilt had driven her to leave a few months back, but her curiosity demanded that she find out how Hawkmoth’s most affected victims reacted to the news.
“Thank you all for joining us today,” Dr. Berger said, snapping Kagami out of her meditative musing. “In these...trying times, it’s important to remember the value of community. Our next meeting will be next Sunday at two o’clock, but you all have my number; please don’t hesitate to call about anything.”

Dr. Berger aimed that last line at Kagami who pretended not to notice as the congregation rose with a shuffle of chairs scraping on linoleum.

A light nudge against Kagami’s shoulder drew her attention as she stood to leave. “Haven’t seen you in a bit,” Juleka said.

“Lot on my plate at the moment,” Kagami said, quietly wondering if that was the biggest understatement of the year. “School’s...keeping me busy, but I needed to come back after what happened on Saturday.”

“I hear you,” Juleka muttered, glancing at Rose who was deep in conversation with Mylene before turning back to Kagami. “Does seem...kinda odd that Chat Noir would just up and turn on Ladybug without any provocation, doesn’t it?”

“I’d be more convinced if Ladybug offered any kind of evidence to support her claim,” Kagami said.

“Right?” Juleka said, voice dropping a little as she glanced over her shoulder. “I mean...I know the whole city is ready to pull Chat Noir limb from limb but...I don’t know...it’s hard to think that that goofy guy just suddenly-”

“You good, Jules?”

Kagami turned in time to see Juleka’s older brother slide through the back doors, hair tousled from the wind.

“I gotta run somewhere, so you’re on your own for-” Luka trailed off as he spotted Kagami, face losing color and mouth falling open slightly.

“You okay?” Juleka said, glancing between Kagami and her brother. “You remember Kagami,
“Been a little while, hasn’t it?” Kagami asked with a polite smile.

“Has it?” Luka shook his head. “I-I just mean that it doesn’t seem that long since you stopped coming to these things?”

“Time certainly has a way of getting away from us,” Kagami chuckled. “Your mother, is she-”

“She’s doing better,” Luka said, nodding a little too much. “Doctors are pretty optimistic, actually.”

“That’s a relief,” Kagami sighed, offering a sympathetic smile to Juleka. “I understand things were fairly rocky for a bit.”

“Apparently everything’s in remission, so just a matter of building her strength back up,” Juleka nodded, glancing at Luka for confirmation.

“Not out of the woods by any means, but we’re pretty-”

“Luka? Everything o-” The door opened again and Kagami turned to see Marinette Dupain-Cheng take two steps into the auditorium before freezing in her tracks, staring at Kagami with the same stunned look of silence that Luka wore a few moments earlier.

“Goodness, quite a reunion, isn’t it?” Kagami said, shooting a small smile in Marinette’s direction. “How have you been, Marinette?”

Marinette shared a quick, uneasy glance with Luka before returning Kagami’s smile somewhat warily. “G-Good. Just, uh...busy with school, you know?”

“University doesn’t get any easier, I’m afraid,” Kagami said, eyes drifting between Marinette and Luka. “Adrien says that you’ve been accepted into Central Saint Martins?”
“Accepted, but I—I’m still weighing my options,” Marinette laughed, scratching the back of her neck. “Lots of good schools out there, you know?”

“Tons,” Luka chimed in. “Not that Marinette needs much schooling, right?”

“Always something to learn,” Marinette said, teetering on her heels as though she were waiting to bolt at the first available opportunity.

“Quite,” Kagami said, glancing between Luka and Marinette. “Am I keeping you from something?”

“No!” Luka blurted out

“Yes!” Marinette blurted out at the exact same time.

“We were just gonna get some coffee!” Luka said

“Luka got off a long shift and we’re gonna catch up!” Marinette added.

“I’m always game for some coffee,” Juleka said, wrapping her arm around Rose’s waist as her girlfriend saddled up next to her. “Mind if we-”

“It’s a school night,” Luka said. “I’m sure you two have a lot of homework.”

“Marinette’s got a lot of homework,” Rose chirped. “She’s in more advanced classes than we are so-”

“You’d actually be surprised,” Marinette laughed. “It’s less homework but more...uh...schoolwork.”

“Uh-huh,” Juleka said. “Look, if you two don’t want us cutting in on your date-”
“Not a date!” Marinette said, turning to Kagami with an intense look in her eyes. “Not a date; Luka and I are not dating. Do not tell Adrien we are dating because this is definitely-”

“I think she’s got it,” Luka said somewhat tersely as Kagami’s eyes roamed over their shifty, uncomfortable looking faces. “Just...old friends catching up.”

“Of course,” Kagami said, eyes locking with Marinette’s. “Well, don’t let us keep you; have fun with your...not-date.”

“We will,” Marinette nodded, backing towards the door and towing Luka along with her by the elbow. “N-Nice to see you again!”

“Be-” Kagami blinked as they disappeared through the door. “...safe?”

“Smooth.”

“Thank you, Mme. Not-A-Date,” Luka muttered. “I didn’t expect her to be there; she threw me off.”

“She’s really good at that,” Marinette sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose. “Come on; I’d like to get some searching in so I can get to my homework.”

“Thought you said it was more classwork than homework?”

“Seems I’m getting better at lying then,” Marinette muttered to herself as they ducked into an alley to transform.

“Okay, so...pretend for a second my former Master told me about nothing even remotely related to Miraculous secrets...and then stop pretending because that’s exactly what happened.”

Master Crane sighed through her nose as she paced around the perimeter of the enormous chamber. “When humans and kwamis first formed partnerships, we realized that we needed a place to train without causing catastrophic destruction. The best minds of the time, human and spirit, pooled their collective intelligence and came up with...this. This Sanctuary, for lack of a better term, is a place to grow and train in power; a place where the Black Cat can harness their full destructive potential without needlessly risking life to do so.”
“So it’s like some kind of…Hyperbolic Time Chamber?” Adrien asked, eyeing the carved effigies of ancient warriors with a curious frown.

“Do I look like I have any idea what that means?”

“Sorry; continue,” Adrien coughed, scratching the back of his neck.

“Each Miraculous has a designated space where time ceases to have meaning,” Master Crane continued as Adrien mouthed Hyperbolic Time Chamber to Plagg behind her back. “Past and present collide in this space with the goal of creating a crucible to temper the steel of the Black Cat. Discovering Ladybug or Hawkmoth’s identities will do no good if you are not strong enough to stop them.”

“Not exactly like there’s anyone we can talk to about Ladybug,” Plagg shrugged. “Besides me of course, but-”

Adrien and Master Crane turned to Plagg with identical looks of confusion.

“Plagg?” Adrien said. “Is there something you’re not telling us?”

“Yes,” Plagg nodded.

“Is it about Ladybug?” Master Crane asked.

“Mmm,” Plagg responded.

“Do you…know who Ladybug is?” Adrien asked.


“Why didn’t you say something sooner?!” Adrien spluttered.
“Can’t,” Plagg said simply.

“...you can’t?” Adrien said, squinting in disbelief.

“I... really wish I could help you out, but I can’t,” Plagg shrugged. “Sorry.”

Adrien stared at his kwami for a long moments, hoping that he would spontaneously develop eye laser powers and roast his kwami where he floated.

“Plagg,” Adrien said quietly. “Ladybug is hell bent on using your power to fuel her misguided Christmas gift for Hawkmoth, remember?”

“Mmhmm,” Plagg nodded.

“And we need to stop her,” Adrien said slowly.

“Yeah, we really need to get on that,” Plagg nodded.

“And it would be easier to stop her if I could bushwack her civilian persona while she was getting coffee,” Adrien said, eyebrow twitching.

“Yeah, probably-”

“So why in God’s name aren’t you telling me who she is?!” Adrien fumed.

Plagg sighed, shaking his head. “Ladybug’s true identity is-”

Plagg mouth opened, but all that came out was a deep, pained retching noise from the pits of his throat.
“Ladybug’s name is—” Plagg started gagging again, a dry, rattling cough slipping out of his mouth.

“You go to—” Plagg started retching before he could get any words out. “She lives—”

“Oh you must be kidding me,” Master Crane sighed, rubbing the bridge of her nose through her mask.

“What’s happening to him?” Adrien asked, glancing between his choking kwami and Master Crane.

“Master Fu,” Plagg coughed. “Made me promise to not reveal Ladybug’s identity to you or anyone else. And I don’t think you understand how much I can’t break that promise.”

“Spirits live and die by treaties, contracts, and promises,” Master Crane said. “If Plagg swore to never reveal Ladybug’s identity, then Plagg literally can’t tell you who Ladybug is; anymore than you could turn into a chipmunk or photosynthesize at will.”

“Is there any way you can like...hint at it?” Adrien said, digging into his pocket and pulling out a crumpled up sheet of paper and pen. “Could you write it?”

“I wouldn’t waste your time,” Master Crane sighed, watching Plagg start to write out Ladybug’s name only to snap the pen and eat the wad of paper in one bite. “Master Fu has had quite a long time to figure out how to make an airtight contract that would prevent Plagg from revealing anything even if pressed. As inconvenient as it is for us, these kinds of oaths are what prevent Hawkmoth from pumping Nooroo for information.”

“Once again, Master Fu helps Ladybug more than he helps me,” Adrien muttered.

“Pouting is not part of your training regimen,” Master Crane said, eyes narrowing at Adrien through her mask. “Regrettable as it is that Master Fu has neglected your training, sulking over it will not help you now. You need to take responsibility for your own development as a Black Cat if you are to succeed in rescuing the Ladybug Miraculous.”

“And how am I supposed to do that?” Adrien asked, glancing up at the stars that turned overhead. “Practice katas in outer space until I reach Super Chat Noir Level Two?”
“You certainly could, but for our purposes, I think you need a little more martial and a little less art,” Master Crane said, producing the black key that she used to unlock the Sanctuary. “I’ll let you get acquainted with your new...training program for a while. See what you make of what the Sanctuary has to offer you.”

Adrien accepted the key with a frown as Master Crane turned, walking up the staircase and back towards the shimmering door at the top.

“Any advice?” Adrien called up after her.

“I would transform, if I were you,” Master Crane called back as she disappeared through the door.

Before Adrien could ask what she meant, a rustle of motion behind him drew his attention. The carvings of fighters on the wall started rustling as smooth, inky black shadows pulled themselves out of the obsidian surface. Four tall, lightly armored Greecian warriors stepped out of the wall, each brandishing a long silvery spear and a broad silvery shield that glowed faintly with crackling green runes.

“...hi, my name’s Adrien,” Adrien said, causing the figures’ heads to snap in his direction, their pale silver eyes glaring at him from beneath their helmets. “You guys must be part of the training program Master He talked about.”

The figures silently regarded him with curiosity as Adrien shucked his jacket and started stretching.

“Four on one is hardly a fair fight, isn't it?” Adrien said, cracking his neck. "You do know who you're dealing with, right?"

"Oh...I think I have some idea," a low, haughty voice called from the other side of the room. The phantom hoplites parted revealing a tall, lean, athletic figure striding out of the darkness and into the light of the shining stars. Unlike the other phantoms, this one appeared to be mostly human, clad in smooth black leather armor and wielding a long, silver spear that reminded Adrien a little too much of his own staff. A heavy black shield in the shape of a roaring lion's head dangled from one arm and the man's cold, glittering green eyes glared at him from the mouth of a black lion shaped helmet.
Most striking of all was the glimmering silver ring on the man's right hand; one that was identical to the trembling, pulsing ring around Adrien's own finger.

"I'm dealing with housecat that likes to play at being a predator," the figure chuckled, hand resting lazily on the haft of his spear as the hoplites circled around Adrien. "

"Black cat aesthetic and an over inflated ego?" Adrien snorted. "You must be Chat Noir."

"What I call myself is none of your concern," the figure laughed. "A mouse needn't concern himself with the name of the cat that eats him."

"I can't tell if you're threatening me or flirting with me at this point," Adrien said, glancing at Plagg who seemed to be staring at the figure with a kind of aching recognition that made Adrien's heart hurt just a little. "You know this guy?"

"Adrien," Plagg said in a hard, serious tone Adrien had never heard him use before. "You need to transform...now."

"Calm down, Plagg; this is just a training exercise, right?" Adrien chuckled. "What's the worst thing that could happen to-"

Adrien staggered backwards as the blow struck him, ears ringing as he felt something sharp, hard, and cold jam into his chest. He blinked in surprise, glancing down to see the silvery haft of the figure's spear sticking out of chest as a faint blossom started soaking his shirt. He had thrown the weapon so quickly that Adrien only realized he had been stabbed when his vision started to blur.

"...Plagg?" Adrien croaked, blood leaking out of the corner of his mouth. "What is...what's..."

"You really should have transformed, boy," the figure chuckled as Adrien sank to his knees, feebly clawing at the spear sticking out of his chest. He looked to Plagg for help, but the kwami just sighed, shaking his head as Adrien's heart feebly beat its last. "Is this really the youth of today...no honor...no valor...no soul..."

"Let's just say we got our work cut out for us, Diomedes old pal," Plagg said, voice strangely distant as Adrien's vision went black.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j_nV2jcTFvA

And that's all we have for Adrien's story. A character that struggled and fought against forces out of his control only to perish in a meaningless way that GRRM would just gush over.

Merry Christmas!

...okay, at the risk of spoiling myself, Adrien is not actually dead. But did you really expect the Black Cat's training regimen to be pleasant? Especially given Adrien's mythological dancestor (Shitty Homestuck Reference Count: 2) at the helm?

This was going to be a downtime chapter but I couldn't risk ending 2018 without hitting you in the gut one last time!

RE: Why Can't Kwami's Just Tell Their Wielder Who The Other Is. I hope I cleared up some confusion that I addressed in the comments of last chapter. Dark Owl is a deathbell for Enemies!AU's so I needed to come up with a reason that prevents Tikki and Plagg from spilling the beans. So from here on out, I'm just going to ask you to accept the fact that there is no way for Tikki or Plagg to directly reveal the identity of the other person any more than Nooroo could reveal Master Fu's identity.

That said, hope everyone has a good holiday/day!
“Alright...I know the last few days have been hectic, but I think it’s important that we keep things in perspective.”

“Even though Chat Noir got away from us, we were able to work together, as a team, to shut him down and force him to flee. If anything, this just proves that Hawkmoth’s latest lackey isn’t the unstoppable force of destruction he seems to think he is. He knows that he doesn’t stand a chance of beating all five of us, so all we need to do is pin him down one more time and force him to use his Cataclysm. Once he plays that card, all we need to do is trap him and this whole shitshow will be over.”

“I know we’re asking a lot of you, but we wouldn’t do it if we didn’t think you were capable of the challenges we face. And I know that, if we work together, we can stop Hawkmoth and Chat Noir once and for all!”

Silence resonated over the rooftops as Queen Bee, Carapace, and Rena Rouge just stared at Mayura for a long, painfully uncomfortable moment.

“Yeah, uh...Ladybug usually gives the rousing speeches around here, dude,” Carapace coughed into his hand.

“I was...pretty much going to say the same thing,” Ladybug said, patting a slightly deflated looking Mayura on the arm. “Okay, let’s spread out in groups of two or three; Mayura? You’re with Queen Bee and Carapace for the evening. Take everything north of the Seine and radio in if you run into anything suspicious. Rena and I will take everything south of the Seine; meetup at Square d’Alleray around midnight if you don’t find anything.”

“Do you really think he’s going to be out here?” Queen Bee asked, raising an eyebrow. “If I blew up someone’s house, I wouldn’t be crawling the streets in the middle of the night.”

“We have to at least try and look for him,” Ladybug sighed. “God only knows what he’s up to
“Wouldn’t it be better if, uh, we went together?” Mayura asked. “I mean no offense to you two, it’s just...I’m still a little green at this and I’ve never worked with anybody other than you-”

“Perfect night to start,” Ladybug shrugged. “You guys are gonna be working close together from here on in; might as well start learning each other’s rhythms.”

“We have an uneven number anyway and seeing as how Rena is the most experienced, it makes sense to group her and Ladybug together on the two-person squad,” Carapace interjected.

“Yeah...it’s just that-

“Relax, rookie,” Queen Been said, draping an arm over Mayura’s shoulder. “We’ll get you a nice hot cocoa to celebrate your first ass-kicking and make a night out of it, hm?”

Mayura shot Ladybug an uneasy glance. “...if you think that’s what’s best.”

“You’ll be in good hands,” Ladybug said with a reassuring smile. “Carapace and Queen Bee will take care of you, right?”

“Of course,” Carapace said, draping his arm over Mayura’s shoulder. “We’re gonna have a lot of fun, aren’t we partner?”

“Uh…” Mayura glanced back and forth between Queen Bee and Carapace, each smiling just a little too widely for his comfort. “Sure?”

"Whatever you three do, just make sure finding Chat is a priority,” Ladybug sighed, glancing over the shadowy rooftops. "Who knows what he's doing now..."

Adrien Agreste returned to life with a pained gasp of air, hacking up a lungful of dust as he rolled over onto his hands and knees. His hand plunged through something cracked and brittle and as his
eyes adjusted to the dim, green light, he found himself kneeling on a mountain of smooth, dry, pearly white bones illuminated by a sickly green light hanging above him. Bird skulls bounced around inside of human skulls as Adrien jerked back, sending a small avalanche of assorted bones sliding down the hill as he sat up, looking around for any sign of life.

“Plagg?” Adrien called out, staring down into the shadowy valley beneath him. Piles upon piles of broken buildings, ruined architecture, and shattered piles of rubble stretched as far as the eye could see, all heaped together and piled on top of one another in an indecipherable mess.

“Told you you should have transformed, dude,” Plagg’s voice snickered from behind him.

“Next time a crazy Greek dude wants to stab me in the chest, warn me!” Adrien said, turning around and nearly falling over as he was confronted with the sight of a skinny, fourteen year old Chat Noir reclining on top of an elephant’s skull.

“Next time a crazy Greek dude wants to stab you in the chest, dodge,” Chat Noir said in Plagg’s voice, smiling a large, impossibly toothy grin.

“...do I want to know why you look like my fourteen year old self?” Adrien asked.

“Don’t you know better than to ask why I do anything at this point?” Plagg chuckled, looking himself over appraisingly. “I was feeling nostalgic for a time when you were just a squirt with more guts than brains...which technically only ended like a month ago, but-”

“Some part of me is still hoping that someone spiked my water at the gym and this is a strange, drug induced hallucination,” Adrien sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. “Was getting stabbed in the chest part of your brilliant training regime?”

“...in all fairness, you were supposed to-.”

“Transform,” Adrien sighed. “Yeah...got it.”

Master He glanced at her watch, tapping her foot against the linoleum floor of Master Fu’s hospital room as she stared at the closet door.
“It’s been several hours now,” Jun said softly, replacing the vial in Master Fu’s IV device.
“Shouldn’t Chat Noir have come back by now?”

“He may be receiving some...intensive training,” Master He coughed. “He has quite a bit of ground to make up so I’m sure he’s just...training a little harder than usual this first time out.”

“...or?”

“Or he’s been totally destroyed—body, mind, and spirit—and consumed by the endless black hole of energy that is the Black Cat Miraculous,” Master He sighed. “In which case, we may need to interview new Black Cat candidates.”

“So where the hell am I?”

“Where do you think things that get Cataclysmed go?” Plagg chuckled, twirling Chat Noir’s baton between his fingertips as Adrien passed through a small glade of petrified trees, long dead leaves crunching under their feet as they walked. “Everybody’s got a garbage can; this just happens to be mine.”

“Explains the smell,” Adrien said, wrinkling his nose as a dry breeze intensified the general smell of decay that infested the air around them. “Lovely as your backyard is, I was kinda hoping to get out of here before Achilles stabs me in the chest again.”

“Ooh, do not say the A-word around Diomedes,” Plagg said with a wince. “Always rankled him that Achilles got most of the credit for winning the Trojan war. He spent the better part of ten years pouting in a tent when we were out killing men by the literal boatload, and who does everyone remember?”

“To be fair, he didn’t come up with the horse idea.”

“To be fair, Odysseus didn’t stab two gods in under half an hour,” Plagg countered. “Underworld has a whole city full of the people Diomedes killed and most people just draw blanks when you mention him.”
“You got a type, don’t you?” Adrien chuckled. “Are all Black Cats destructive rich kids with fragile egos?”

“They tend to take to the power of Destruction the easiest,” Plagg said with an almost wistful smile. “He was your age when we pulled down the walls of Thebes together; not much older when we started cutting through Princes of Troy like they were watermelons.”

“Arson, murder, and destruction of property?” Adrien muttered. “Sounds like a peach of a guy.”

“You get used to him,” Plagg said, draping an arm over Adrien’s shoulder as the glen gave way to a wide, barren field littered with broken chariots, bent spears, and shattered shields. “He was one of the better kittens I’ve had so naturally I thought he could give you some pointers.”

“Did one of those pointers need to be the point of a spear?” Adrien asked, touching the bare, unblemished patch of skin on his chest where the spear had pierced him.

“Oh don’t be such a party pooper,” Plagg huffed. “Death is a slap on the wrist over here; it’s not unusual for Black Cats to die a couple hundred times while training.”

“I knew I should have swapped with Ladybug a while ago,” Adrien muttered as they approached the high, ruined walls of an ancient looking city.

“You and I both know you’re not giving up the black ensemble for anything in the world,” Plagg chuckled, tugging at Adrien’s cheek as he stepped through a gaping hole in the wall. “Ahh, Troy. Been a long time since a city has been properly sacked like this one. Bombs and cannonfire just lack that personal touch, you know?”

“Is this little walk through Chat Noir’s Greatest Hits leading me back to the entrance?” Adrien asked, feeling around in his pockets. “Did you happen to see the key that Master He gave me?”

“Uh...ha...a-about that,” Plagg chuckled, scratching the back of his head. “You see-”

Clink.
A pearly metallic clink drew Adrien and Plagg’s attention down a ruined street towards an open city square. A tall wooden horse stood forgotten at the far corner of the square, and at the foot of it, a tall, dark figure held the black metal key aloft on one hand, clinking it against his shield as it swung from a leather strap.

“Drop something?” Diomedes called, voice echoing down the empty streets.

“...okay,” Plagg said, holding his hands up. “But in my defense-”

“Claws out!” Adrien hissed, watching a rush of dark power flow out of his ring and surround him. He felt Chat Noir’s suit settle over him with a familiar rush of energy even as Plagg’s strange new body didn’t seem to dissipate. Chat Noir’s gloved hand rose to pluck the spear Diomedes threw at him out of the air, spinning it around and leveling it at him with an icy glare.

“Looks like someone’s learning their lesson,” Diomedes chuckled. “You may not be as thickheaded as I originally took you for.”

“Let me assure you, he is absolutely as thickheaded as you think he is,” Plagg said.

“So are you like Ladybug’s boyfriend or something?”

The jet of hot chocolate that spurted out of Mayura’s nose was the only confirmation that Queen Bee needed.

“B-Boyfriend?” Mayura spluttered, laughing weakly as he glanced between Queen Bee and Carapace. “Wh-What makes you think I’m her boyfriend?”

“Stab in the dark,” Carapace shrugged. “You two seem pretty close; close enough for her to trust you with Chat Noir’s job after they split up anyway.”

“She went to you before she went to any of us,” Queen Bee said, leaning against the railing of the rooftop. “So we figured you two were-”
“No,” Mayura said quickly, shaking his head. “No we’re...just friends. I mean...I don’t even think Ladybug would have time for a boyfriend, right?”

Carapace shared a look with Queen Bee behind Mayura’s back.

“She had one,” Carapace said. “For a while, right?”

“She told you about that?” Mayura asked. “I thought...she would be pretty tight lipped about that kind of thing.”

“She wasn’t specific, but she told Chat there was a guy in her life a while back,” Carapace said casually, leaning on Mayura’s other side. “Think it lasted, what, a year or so?”

“Little longer than it should have, according to her,” Queen Bee snorted.

“...I see,” Mayura said, feathers rustling as he stared down into the city lights below. “Can’t imagine anyone would breakup with Ladybug though.”

“She broke it off with him, according to Rena,” Carapace shrugged, glancing at Mayura’s expression. “Guess she liked the guy just fine...just never fully loved him like he loved her, I guess. Better off as friends, in her opinion.”

“Kind of a shumck, if you ask me,” Queen Bee snorted. “If Ladybug wanted to break up with me I wouldn’t have let her go without a fight.”

“Maybe he was trying to respect her feelings,” Mayura muttered. “Isn’t that important?”

“Sure, but-”

“We should probably keep going,” Mayura said a little too hastily, dumping out the rest of his cocoa and leaping up on the edge of the roof. “Lots of ground to cover, you know?”
With a flutter of feathers, Mayura took off, gliding across the street as Carapace and Queen Bee watched him for a moment.

“Came on a touch strong there, Queenie,” Carapace sighed.

“I thought we were trying to get answers out of him,” Queen Bee huffed, pulling out a black and yellow notebook and scribbling ‘Ladybug’s Boyfriend???’ on the front page. “At least we’re getting some answers out of him.”

A cold, dusty wind blew through the streets of the ruined city as Chat Noir stared across the courtyard at Diomedes and the skeletal, hollow-looking soldiers that seemed to melt out of the shadows that stretched out of every ruined building. They shambled forward with janky, uneven steps, hollow green eyes staring daggers at Chat Noir and Plagg as they converged.

“Friends of yours?” Chat Noir asked, twirling Diomedes’ spear between his hands.

“Seem to be the bodies of unfortunate wretches that ran afoul of a Cataclysm,” Diomedes said, twirling the black key by its lanyard as his eyes slowly swept the courtyard. “I’ve never seen them in such numbers before...the two of us here must’ve called them out of their holes; drawn to the power that slew them in the first place.”

“They’re not with you?” Chat Noir asked, glancing over his shoulder as shadowy archers stumbled out of a house behind him.

“I thought they were your revenge for that little knick I gave you earlier,” Diomedes chuckled, stepping away from the Trojan horse as the circle of soldiers closed around them. “Plagg must’ve risen them to give you some target practice but he seems to have overdone things, haven’t they?”

“You call a spear in the chest a knick?” Chat Noir snorted.

“You live, don’t you?” Diomedes sniffed, eyeing Plagg’s form with suspicion. “I would ask why you’ve taken to dressing like a feline fool, but I know better than to question your insanity by this point.”
“Oh like you didn’t pick that lion shaped helmet yourself,” Plagg said, sticking his tongue out as Chat Noir backed up against the encroaching hoard, dancing out of the way of a haphazardly fired arrow that shattered on the cobblestones at his feet.

“Okay, okay, we’re all weird furries here,” Chat Noir said, raising the spear in a defensive stance in front of his face. “You gonna give me my key back, Percy Jackson, or am I gonna have to take it from you?”

“That was my original plan, but these creatures seem to have other ideas for us,” Diomedes chuckled, raising his lion-head shield in front of him. “Up for a little sport?”

“My idea of sport has a lower body count.”

“You were right about this one, Plagg; all talk and no teeth.”

“You gossiped about me?!” Chat Noir snapped.

“Kids, kids, please, I love you both equally,” Plagg chuckled, raising his baton in front of his face as he backed into Chat Noir and Diomedes’ back. “Can we talk about this after you two re-kill these guys? Keeping Adrien from dying takes a lot out of me so if we could keep the kid alive—”

“Hey, I can handle myself!” Chat Noir insisted.

“The spear-wound in your chest begs to differ,” Diomedes sniffed as dozens of phantom Trojans poured out of neighboring alleys in a steady, consistent stream of wobbling wrecks all bearing down on them with single minded malice in their eyes. “Can’t talk your way out of this one, boy.”

“You’ve never heard me talk before,” Chat Noir said, batting another arrow aside with the haft of the spear. "Though these guys seem saltier than usual."

“They’re miffed that someone ripped their bodies apart with magic,” Plagg said, shooting Diomedes a dirty look. “They’re pissed at you, not Adrien!”

“It was war; at least I granted them a painless death,” Diomedes muttered, head ducking behind
his shield. “A courtesy I won’t extend a second time!”

The smell of spice and charcoal filled the air as a gout of black and green fire erupted from the mouth of Diomedes’ shield, arcing out and engulfing the encroaching wall of soldiers as they struggled to raise their shields in time. Faint, disembodied screams filled the air as the fire washed over them, leaving cinders and blackened weaponry in its wake. The blistering heat prickled Chat Noir’s exposed skin as he took a step backwards, getting behind Diomedes as he swept the flaming arc over the crowd.

“And here I thought I was the most needlessly dramatic Black Cat,” Chat Noir sighed as the wall of dead soldiers charged as one.

“Trust me, you’re not even in the top ten,” Plagg snickered, ducking out of the way of an arrow shot and braining a charging soldier in the face with the staff. “When you’ve burned down a city in a fit of anger you can talk.”

“One time that happened!” Diomedes snapped, catching a sword strike in his shield’s mouth and melting it in another wave of flame.

“Troy, Corinth, Olynthus, Sybaris, Thebes-”

“Thebes had it coming!” Diomedes roared, lion’s shield expelling another gout of flame into his attacker’s face.

“Next time Ladybug says I’m immature, I’m introducing her to you,” Chat Noir muttered, deflecting an arrow attack with the haft of the spear. “After I take her Miraculous!”

“Are you at odds with that black and red spotted witch?” Diomedes laughed, braining an oncoming soldier with the thin end of his shield and sending them crumbling to dust at his feet. “Marvelous; Plagg wouldn’t let me throttle that Amazon Ladybug in my day!”

“Suffice to say, you aren’t the first Cat to have Lady problems,” Plagg muttered as Chat Noir ducked under a spear strike, kicking his attacker hard in the chest and sending them tumbling away. “I thought he’d be the most sympathetic?”

“Just to be clear, I’m not looking to throttle Ladybug!” Chat Noir grunted, hurling his spear through the chest of an archer that dissolved as though it were made of ash.
“Then you’ve already lost,” Diomedes grunted, loosing another blast of fire from his shield that engulfed another dozen soldiers. “Victory goes to the warrior who perfectly embodies killer instinct and you, dear boy, do not strike me as a killer.”

“You know, that’s the nicest thing you’ve said to me all day!” Chat Noir chuckled, ducking out of the way of a sword strike and uppercutting a phantom soldier’s head clean off its shoulders as another rose to take its place. “God, how many of these guys are there?”

“How many people did you end up killing again?” Plagg asked.

“Eight thousand, six hundred, and thirty two,” Diomedes said somewhat proudly, punching another soldier clean in half with his shield. “Not counting deer, horses, elephants, lions—”

A distant roar caught their attention from the far side of the mob.

“...and if we’re counting lions?!”

“Been awhile since we had just a girl’s night, hasn’t it?”

“Mm,” Ladybug grunted non-committedly, eyes scanning the horizon for any motion of black on the rooftops.

“Heh...who would have known that Chat Noir needed to turn evil for us to finally do a solo patrol, huh?” Rena chuckled.

“Yeah...weird how that worked out,” Ladybug said, voice distant and detached as she fruitlessly searched for any sign of her former partner. Silence lingered in the cold night air for several long, painful moments as Rena studied the face of someone she had fought alongside since she was a girl; someone who toed the line between idol and comrade. Even though she was technically still under suspicion, Rena wasn’t blind to the way Ladybug’s posture seemed a little tighter than usual; as though she were a spring one wind away from splintering under the pressure.
She had never seen Ladybug looking anything less than perfectly polished and at the top of her game and even the smallest visual cracks in her armor made Rena’s stomach turn.

“Look…” Ladybug tensed a little as Rena laid a hand on her shoulder. “I know I’m just a part-time hero and I know I wasn’t as close to Chat as you were, but...I just want you to know that I know what you’re going through. We all trusted Chat and he let us all down. He was our partner and...well, I can understand if you’re feeling a little wonky about all of this still.”

Ladybug nodded, fingers running over the splintered cracks in the yo-yo Chat Noir had destroyed. The fact that Tikki’s power had been insufficient to completely erase the damage he had done worried her; a testament to the fact that there were some wounds that were still beyond her healing abilities.

“I…” Ladybug swallowed, laying a hand on Rena’s with a small squeeze. “...I’m glad you’re on my side, Alya. I don’t think I could do this if you weren’t on my side.”

Rena offered Ladybug the warmest smile she could, hoping some of it would melt the wall of silence that Ladybug had built up around her.

“You know you can talk to me about anything...right?” Rena said, squeezing Ladybug’s shoulder. “Anytime you need a friendly ear, I’m here for you, m’kay?”

“Thanks,” Ladybug muttered, returning Rena’s smile somewhat unsteadily as she cracked open her communicator to check on the time. “We should probably call Carapace and see how they’re getting on.”

Ladybug’s fingers scrolled through the scant list of heroes on her communicator’s roster, pausing as she noticed a bright green light next to Chat Noir’s name.

Glancing at Rena out of the corner of her eye, Ladybug bit her lip, typing out a quick message and hitting send before she could talk herself out of it.

Ladybug: Are you there?
Chat Noir’s communicator buzzed on his waist as he drove his foot through another shadowy soldier’s head, dispelling it with a grunt as another soldier took a swipe at his shoulder. He smashed his spear haft into another’s stomach, turned around and skewered another through the eye socket, dodged out of the way of an arrow attack, and narrowly avoided a javelin tossed at his head.

“Keep the pressure up!” Diomedes roared, green flames swirling around his hands as he clapped his palms around a phantom soldier’s head, immolating it and sending it to the ground with a pained scream. The body of the soldier disappeared, but the flames lingered, floating to the ground like leaves on the wind and burning even though there wasn’t anything to consume. The battlefield was awash in flickering green light as great patches of flame sent beads of sweat running down Chat Noir’s neck.

Chat Noir howled in pain as a sword strike glanced off his shoulder. Anger, fear, and frustration started to bubble up inside him, erupting from his mouth in a pained scream as the flames around him seemed to grow in intensity. He was deaf to the roaring of the flames as he lashed out with his claw, driving through the attacking soldier’s breastplate as green and black flames suddenly erupted from the wound. The soldier screamed in pain, flames spewing from his mouth in an emerald jet as he fell to the ground, disintegrating into cinders in front of him.

“That’s new…” Chat Noir muttered, gazing down at his claw still wreathed in green and black fire as a low snarl came from behind him. He ducked in time for the wispy, emaciated lion to sail over his head, taking out a small cadre of soldiers before turning and rounding on him. Its hollow, glowing green eyes glared daggers at Chat Noir as it charged, a distant roar echoing out of its mouth as it ran. Chat grit his teeth, hefting the spear and throwing it as hard as he could into the lion’s open mouth.

The silvery spear cleaved the lion in half as it passed through it, catching fire and sailing through the last remaining archer’s head and exploding in a small fireball that quickly ate through the last remaining soldiers. A brilliant, green light ended the battle and left the three Black Cats standing alone among the flaming wreckage.

“Not bad,” Diomedes chuckled. “Almost as fun as it was to kill them the first time...how many did you bag?”

“Didn’t count,” Chat Noir muttered, staring at the flames dancing around his fingers. “How do you turn this off?”

“You turned it on; figure it out,” Plagg shrugged.
“Helpful as ever, aren’t you?” Diomedes chuckled weakly as Chat Noir stared at the flames around him.

“Green Flame differs between Black Cats,” Plagg huffed. “Diomedes liked to shoot fireballs out of his shield and helmet. Adrien seems to have taken a more hands-on approach; whatever mnemonic device he thinks will work will-”

Chat Noir raised a flaming hand, concentrated on it for a moment, then extinguished it with a snap of his fingers.

“There you go,” Plagg said, golf-claps echoing off the walls of the city. “One flaming kitten, ready to go.”

“Couldn’t have just told me how to do it, could you?” Chat sighed, snapping his fingers and illuminating his hand in green flame again. “You had to have me murdered and dragged to the city of Troy to fight a legion of hellspawn with a psycho for backup, didn’t you?”

“Yep!” Plagg chirped cheerfully.

“Our power is not won without struggle,” Diomedes said, crossing his arms across his chest. “To know Destruction, one must destroy and be destroyed.”

“That was deep; did you get that from a fortune cookie?” Chat Noir sighed, wrenching the still flaming spear out of the wall and snapping his fingers to put it out. “Not exactly the Spartan type so you’ll forgive me if I’m not exactly jazzed about spending my night fighting all the unfortunate chumps you ended back in Greece.”

“For someone who isn’t the Spartan type, you took to my spear well enough,” Diomedes countered.

“It’s just a staff with a pointy end,” Plagg snickered, as Chat Noir offered the spear to Diomedes haft first. “Not that hard to use.”

“Minute to learn; lifetime to master,” Diomedes said, accepting the spear from Chat Noir and twirling it around in his hands. “And yet this staff with a pointy end spilled the blood of Ares. I doubt there’s anything in this world that it cannot pierce…”
Diomedes pressed a small emerald in the middle of his spear. With a faint *click*, the spear shrank in on itself, collapsing until it was a little more than a foot and a half long. He looked at it almost fondly for a long moment before he snapped into action again, whipping it at Chat Noir faster than he could react. The glimmering silver tip sank into his chest, but to his surprise, there was no pain like there was last time. The short-spear simply passed through his body as a weight settled on his back.

“I don’t exactly have much use for it anymore, seeing as how the afterlife is so tediously pleasant,” Diomedes sighed as Chat Noir reached back to feel the spear hanging from a holster across his costumed back. “And I’m glad to lend my support to anyone who opposes that witch of life, so I’m happy to hand it over to you. Cut her treacherous heart out and roast it on the flames of your own fury. Should make for a fine treat to celebrate your victory”

“Oh, listen pal,” Chat Noir sighed, closing his eyes to still the pounding headache in his skull. “There will be no heart cutting, no heart roasting, and certainly no heart—”

Chat Noir opened his eyes to find Diomedes gone, the city gone, and himself standing in the Sanctuary where Diomedes had stabbed him.

“...eating?” Chat Noir said, eyes sweeping the empty Sanctuary, looking up at the tall, carved effigy of Diomedes staring down at him.

“...that was weird,” Chat Noir muttered, snapping his fingers and illuminating the dark room with crackling green flame. He reached back, retrieving two smooth metal staffs that were crossed across his back, duplicates of his original weapon/communicator that rested on his right hip. Frowning, Adrien pushed the buttons in the middle of each staff, flinching as a bright, glittering spearhead materialized on the end of either of them.

“Not that I’m not a sucker for medieval weaponry, but I don’t see how this is supposed to help me stop Ladybug without putting a hole in her chest,” Chat sighed.

“Nobody said this was gonna be easy,” Plagg said, floating out from behind his ear in his usual cat form with the black key dangling between his teeth. “My whole schtick is causing death, destruction, and decay on astronomical levels; *you* are trying to fight without too much collateral damage. As much as Kagami and Master He poke at you for blowing up the mayor’s house, that’s what we do, Adrien. We destroy things.”

“So I should just shank Ladybug the next time I see her?” Chat Noir growled, flinging both of his
spears across the room with a sigh. “Destroy her and pick the Ladybug Miraculous out of the ash pile?”

“Oh gods no,” Plagg said. “I’m not saying restraint is a bad thing; Diomedes was a great Black Cat but he was a pretty rotten person, if you couldn’t tell. Guy took a little too well to the power to destroy anything his heart desired. You have the power to destroy the city with a flick of your wrist, but that doesn’t mean you should. Things would be a lot easier for you if you stopped holding back and stopped caring about who you hurt.”

“That wouldn’t be right though,” Chat Noir countered.

“That wouldn’t,” Plagg agreed.

“For all Ladybug’s done, she doesn’t deserve to be destroyed by me,” Chat Noir sighed, looking down at his hands. “But destruction is all I got, huh?”

“Lucky you got a brain between those ears, huh?” Plagg snickered, rubbing the top of Adrien’s head. “If anyone can find a way to make wanton chaos and destruction non-lethal, it’s you.”

“Don’t suppose anyone else has some less destructive tricks, do they?” Chat asked, eyes passing over the rows and rows of Black Cats that came before him.

“See how you do with the new kit and we can talk about getting you a less intense mentor,” Plagg said, patting Chat Noir on the head.

“I’m beginning to think this whole place is crazy,” Chat Noir muttered. “Especially seeing as how you don’t seem to disappear when I transform.”

“Yeah, I can kinda do whatever I want in here and nobody can really stop me,” Plagg chuckled, smiling a wide, toothy grin at Chat Noir. “Want to fight ninjas riding a giant t-rex? I can make that happen for you. Want to use undead Nazis as target practice for your fireballs? Say the word and we can light em up! We’re here to make you a better, leaner, more capable Chat Noir, but that doesn’t mean we can’t have some fun along the way.”

“Was that fun?” Chat Noir snorted.
“You didn’t think fighting undead elephants in the ruined city of Troy was fun?” Plagg said, tilting his head to one side. “Do I even know you anymore?”

“Did you ever?”

“Anything from your end?”

“Nothing but some rubbernecking tourists at the cafe,” Queen Bee sighed, slurping the last of her iced coffee in one long noisy slurp. “We got some cute selfies for the Instagram account, but other than that, no sign of Tall Dark and Furry.”

“Nothing on our end either,” Ladybug sighed, rubbing the bridge of her nose. “I mean...it was a long shot anyway. We’ll just have to keep at it; maybe patrol once a week to keep our presence out there.”

“Might be a good idea to do smaller patrols too,” Rena added, glancing at Mayura. “If we expose our newest member without a full squad to protect him, Chat might pounce on him like he did last time.”

“He got lucky last time,” Mayura bristled. “He’s not gonna catch me flat-footed again.”

“Chat doesn’t get lucky,” Queen Bee snickered. “Unless you have shittier luck than he does, I think he’s just better than you, bluebird.”

“Hey, who’s side are you on?!” Mayura snapped, rounding on Queen Bee with an unusually sharp glare.

“Don’t get your tailfeathers twisted, honey,” Queen Bee sniffed. “I’m just stating facts; Chat Noir’s got miles more experience than you do. Everytime you two go head to head, you get stomped on.”

“Well maybe I wouldn’t get stomped on if we spent more time training instead of posing for pictures!”
“Hey, I am building connections with the people we protect!” Queen Bee snapped, poking Mayura in the middle of his chest. “The people of this city need to be reassured that their heroes are still out there protecting them!”

“Oh yeah, the people of Paris really need to see Queen Bee making duck-lips with her Starbucks order!” Mayura barked, swatting Queen Bee’s finger away. “Real morale boost that is!”

“Enough!” Ladybug and Rena snapped at the same time, glancing at each other as Ladybug put a hand on Mayura’s shoulder.

“Look...we’ve had a rough couple of days,” Ladybug said diplomatically as Rena pulled Queen Bee back a little. “Maybe we should take five and train a little; get Mayura caught up to the rest of us.”

“Gonna take more than five,” Queen Bee muttered under her breath, earning a sharp glare from Mayura.

“Only a matter of time before Chat makes his presence known again,” Rena said, glancing at Ladybug.

“If he survived a city block falling on his head, that is,” Mayura said, crossing his arms. “How do we know he’s even still alive.”

“He’s alive,” Ladybug said quickly, avoiding Mayura’s questioning gaze. “He’s just...lying low. Won’t be long before he sticks his head up again.”

Ladybug’s fingers brushed across her communicator subconsciously as she shot her team what she hoped was a confident smile. “Good first patrol, everyone. We’ll be in touch for some training exercises soon but for now, lay low and keep an eye out for our friend in black.”

“Sounds good,” Carapace said, backing towards the edge of the roof. “Man...iced coffee would hit the spot right now.”

“I could go for another,” Queen Bee said, glancing at Rena. “Anyone else want to come?”
“I’m good,” Mayura said quickly. “I got...family stuff I should be doing.”

“I’m gonna clear my head,” Ladybug said, jerking her thumb over her shoulder. “Swing around
town for a bit. Thanks for the invite though.”

“I won’t say no to free coffee,” Rena said, bumping Queen Bee in the shoulder as the three of
them headed towards the rooftop.

“Wait, I’m buying?!” Queen Bee squeaked.

“You can afford it,” Carapace chuckled as they dove off the rooftop, swinging over the rooftops
and into the cold evening. Ladybug stood next to Mayura for a moment, watching them go before
turning to leave.

“Hey,” Mayura said as she got ready to swing off the rooftop. She turned around to see him
scratching the back of his head, feet shifting as he seemed to be searching for the right words to
say.

“Something wrong?” Ladybug asked.

Mayura opened his mouth a few times before trailing off with a shaky laugh. “You know what,
ever mind.”

“You sure?” Ladybug asked, head tilting to one side. “You’ve been acting kind of...angry lately.”

"I get angry when people I care about get hurt," Mayura said, heading towards the edge of the
roof. “I gotta go check up on Mom; let me know when you have some time to spar with me a
little.”

Before Ladybug could follow up, Mayura leapt off the rooftop, gliding down through the streets
and out of sight. She thought of following him for a moment, stepping to the edge of the roof as
she palmed her communicator in one hand.
Chat Noir’s notification light shone green up at her, her message from before unanswered even if she was sure he had seen it. She sat down on the edge of the roof, biting her lip as she typed out another response.

Ladybug: I looked for you all night

Ladybug: I wondered if you were out and about like you usually were…

Ladybug: Didn’t seem to be in any of your favorite spots.

Ladybug: Almost wanted to see if leaving any croissants as bait would work.

Chat Noir sat with his back pressed up against the obsidian wall of the Sanctuary, watching Ladybug’s messages scroll past on his screen with little pings that echoed across the smooth, featureless black stone.

Ladybug: I patrolled with everyone for the first time today.

Ladybug: Everybody gave it their all but…just not the same, you know?

Of course it’s not the same, Chat Noir thought, chewing on his lower lip as Ladybug continued to type.

Ladybug: I don’t know what you’re doing.

Ladybug: Or if you’re even still alive.

Ladybug: Though I guess a building falling on your head wouldn’t be enough to do you in, huh?”
Silence. Nothing but the blinking red letters on her communicator screen looked back at her.

Ladybug: I just...I just need to know you're okay.

Ladybug: In spite of everything, I

Ladybug stared at the communicator, desperately trying to complete the sentence that hung unfinished on the screen.

Ladybug: In spite of everything, I still care about you.

Chat Noir: you got a real funny way of showing it

His reply nearly knocked her off the roof as she read it, scrambling to keep her footing as she stared down at the black text floating on the screen.

Ladybug: Police are still looking for you.

Ladybug: Mayor Andre is calling in a special task force to take you in.

Chat Noir: five superheroes, one super villain, and the whole damn country against me, huh?

Chat Noir: guess i should feel honored

Chat Noir: though your press conference probably helped my "popularity"

Ladybug: And the small fact that you destroyed a building

Chat Noir: you fixed it, didn’t you?
Chat Noir: you fix your boyfriend’s broken nose too?

Ladybug: He's not my boyfriend, but any bruises you left behind, I healed.

Chat Noir: wow, you're talented

Chat Noir: seems to me the only one who lost something permanently is me, huh?

Ladybug sighed through her teeth, gazing down at the park where Ladybug’s statue stood alone next to a broken pedestal where her partner’s effigy once stood.

Ladybug: I can still fix this if you give me a chance.

Ladybug: We're not too far gone, Chat.

Chat Noir: the Parisian mob clearly disagrees

Ladybug: We can come up with a story to make them trust you again.

Ladybug: If we work together, we can still put this behind us.

Chat Noir snorted, shaking his head as he gazed up at the dozens of Black Cat carvings that surrounded him.

Chat Noir: you’d like that, wouldn’t you?

Chat Noir: quietly fix everything before people find out the truth?
Chat Noir: before rena and the others learn you're lying to them

Chat Noir: well

Chat Noir: i’m not interested in fixing anything anymore

Chat Noir: see

Chat Noir: i just spent my day getting fireballs shot at me and fighting the legions of hell that my kwami raised just for me to practice on

Ladybug: What????

Chat Noir: and if i’ve learned anything from my psychotic tutor it’s that

Chat Noir: sometimes, peace isn’t the answer

Chat Noir: sometimes, the only way to cure an infection is to burn it out at its source

Ladybug: Even if it means burning me too?

Ladybug watched the screen for a long, tense moment as the question hung in the air between them.

Across the city and in another dimension, Chat Noir did the same thing, scowling down at the keypad as he struggled to come up with a response.
Chat Noir: fire doesn't care about what it destroys

Chat Noir: anything that's too close to the blaze is likely to get burned up as well

Ladybug: Is that a threat?

Chat Noir: no; that's simple physics

Ladybug watched Chat's communicator blink off, leaving her alone with her thoughts as the first drop of a cold autumn storm landed on her head.

Chapter End Notes

Happy 2019!

I know I threw a lot of lore at your faces so feel free to speak up if things get confusing. I wanted to introduce the Sanctuary here so I could have Adrien passively working on his Chat Noir skills while more character driven stories are happening in the foreground. Still have to flesh out Luka's situation a little bit better so next chapter may focus on the side characters a little bit more.

As some of you correctly guessed, Diomedes is the Greecian hero Homer wrote about and incidentally the flamethrower shield was Homer's idea, not mine! Even ancient Greeks could appreciate the beauty of big fuck-off fireballs shot from badass shields.

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